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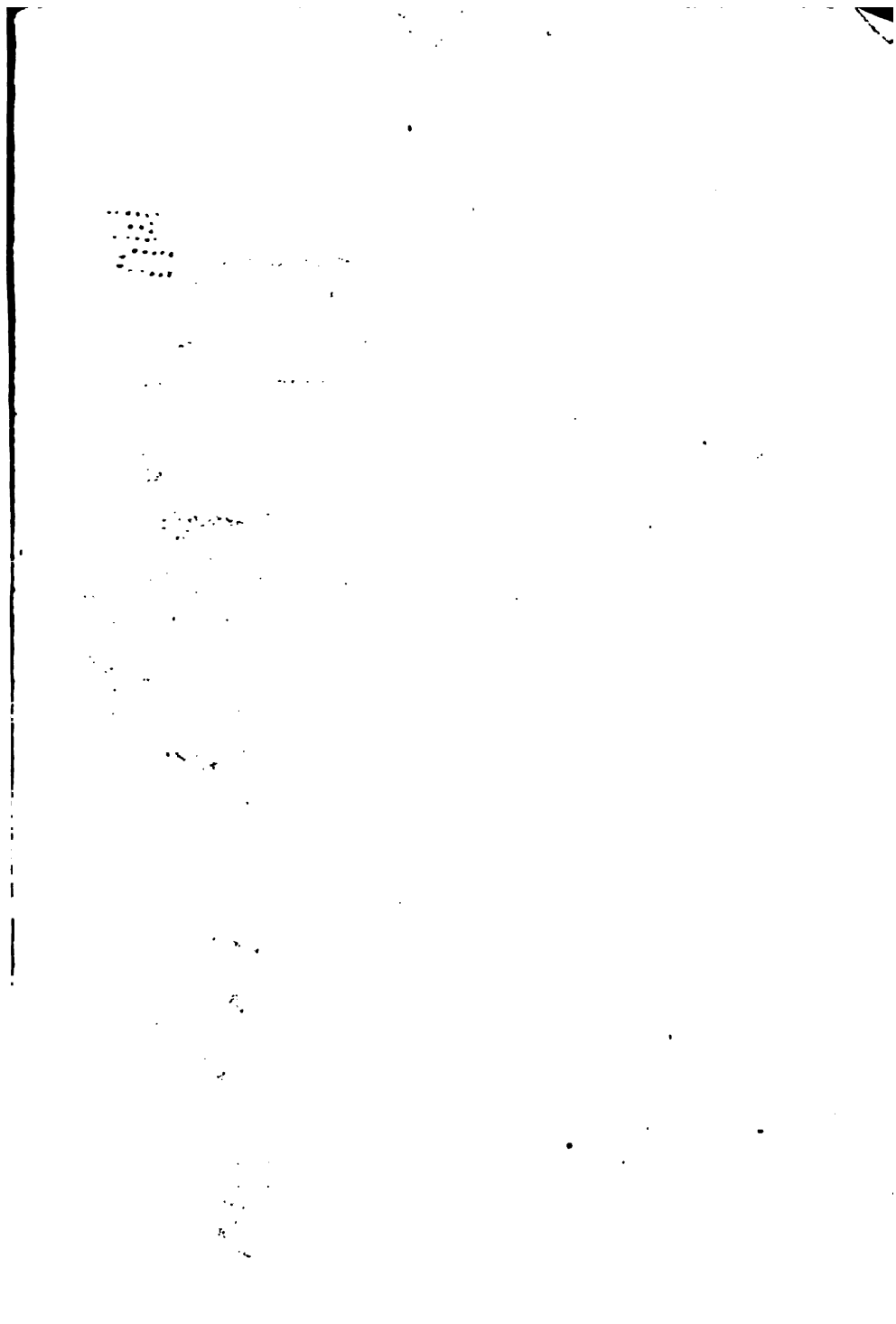


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THE PUBLISHER TO HIS PATRONS.

The twenty-first volume of the Museum is now completed, and the publisher most heartily thanks the patrons who have brought him so far on in his work.

The new series which is now to begin, will show that with the increase of his sale he is willing to incur additional expense. The size of the work will be greatly increased; and after a few weeks we shall print it upon a new and very beautiful type now casting for the purpose. Perhaps we may not have this type before the April number.

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215 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, November, 1832.



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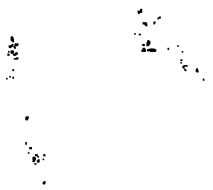
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James A.

THE AUTHOR OF THE CH

E. Littell Chestnut St. 1

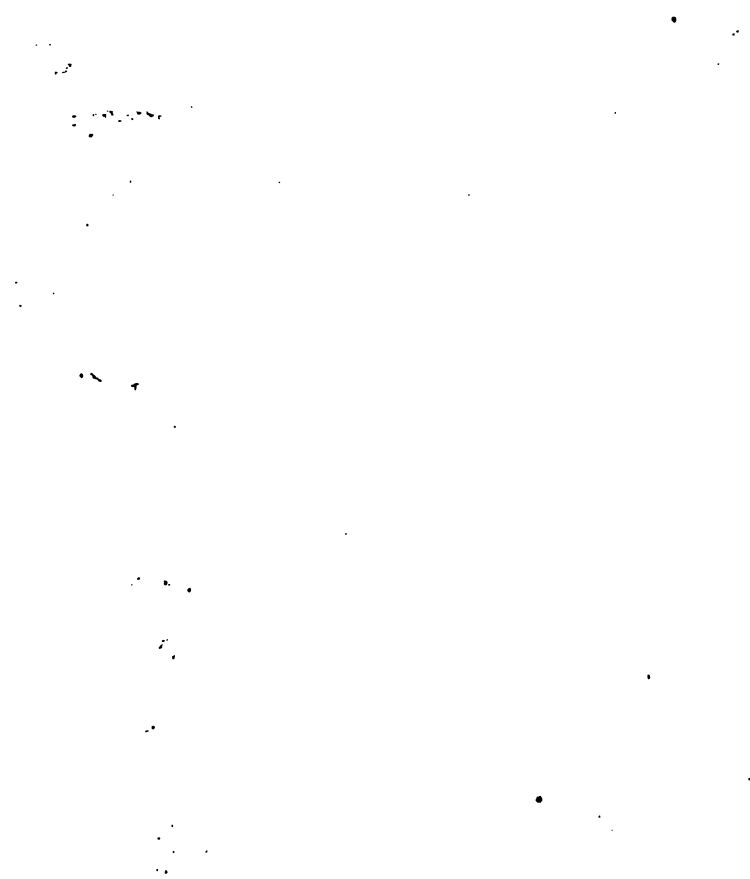


James

THE NUMBER OF THE YEAR

E. Lottel Chalmat St P





fied to see his countrymen rallying round him in such numbers at the dinner which they gave him; but we trust that their admiration of his talents and his honesty will be shown in some more substantial style.

Adieu, kind Shepherd!—sixty years have pass'd
Since through this world you first began to
jog;
Five dozen winters more we hope you'll last,
The pastoral patriarch of the tribe of Hogg!

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

LIFE AND TIMES OF LORD BURGHLEY.*

THE work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface. The prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us, better than by saying, that it consists of about two thousand closely printed pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten; and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Doctor Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labours,—the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations,—is an agreeable recreation. There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and went to the oar. Guicciardini, though certainly not the most amusing of writers, is a Herodotus, or a Froissart, when com-

pared with Dr. Nares bulk, but in specific memoirs exceed all tions. On every sub discusses, he produces pages as another man as tedious as another is swelled to its vast repetitions, by episod to do with the main from books, which arbitrary, and by reflection happen to be just, as must necessarily occur reader. He employs ing and defending a writer would employ Of the rules of history not the faintest notion ground nor background. The wars of Charles are detailed at almost Robertson's *Life of the* of Scotland are related. *Life of John Knox*. to deny that Doctor N industry and research competent to arrange has collected, that he them in their original

Neither the facts were covered, nor the argument will, we apprehend, in nion generally entertained of history concerning Burghley can hardly be. He was not one of those energy change the fat by nature and habit only—not one of those who recorded, either of his indicates intellectual his talents, though not eminently useful kind though not inflexible, than those of his associates. He had a cool temper great powers of application to the main chance it seems, fond of practical out of these he contrived cuniary profit. When at Gray's Inn, he lost books to his companions. He accordingly bored separated his chamber, and at midnight passage threats of penitence in the east who lay sweating funded his winnings. "Many other the old biographer, "long to be here ley was somewhat sportive saying

* *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Honourable William Cecil Lord Burghley, Secretary of State in the Reign of King Edward the Sixth, and Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Containing an Historical View of the Times in which he lived, and of the many eminent and illustrious persons with whom he was connected; with extracts from his Private and Official Correspondence and other Papers, now first published from the Originals. By the Reverend Edward Nares, D. D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 3 vols. 4to. London. 1828. 1832.*

icon. They show generosity; an reasons for ex for keeping it. acknowledged that he was rigorous ful for the public advantage, as well as for his own. To extol his moral character, as Doctor Nares has extolled it, would be a d. It would be equally absurd to represent him as corrupt, rapacious, and bad-hearted man. He paid great attention to the interest of the state, and great attention also to the interest of his own family. He never deserted his friends till it was very inconvenient to stand by them; was an excellent Protestant when it was not very advantageous to be a Papist — recommended a tolerant policy to him as strongly as he could recommend it without hazarding her favour,—never put to any person from whom it did not get the very useful information required,—and was so moderate in his desires, that he left only three hundred dis- of estates, though he might, as his son's warrant assures us, have left much more, if he would have taken money out of the Exchequer for his own use, as many have done.

Burghley, like the old Marquess of Winchester, who preceded him in the custody of the White Staff, was of the willow, and not of the oak. He first rose into notice by defending the supremacy of Henry the Eighth. He was subsequently favoured and promoted by the Duke of Somerset. He not only continued to escape unhurt when his patron fell, but became an important member of the administration of Northumberland. Doctor Nares assures us over and over again, that there could be nothing base in Cecil's conduct on this occasion; for, says he, Cecil continued to stand well with Cranmer. This, we confess, hardly satisfies us. We are much of the mind of Falstaff's tailor. We must have better assurance for Sir John than Bardolph's. We like not the security.

Through the whole course of that miserable intrigue which was carried on round the dying bed of Edward the Sixth, Cecil so demeaned himself as to avoid, first, the displeasure of Northumberland, and afterwards, the displeasure of Mary. He was prudently unwilling to put his hand to the instrument which changed the course of the succession. But the furious Dudley was master of the palace. Cecil, therefore, according to his own account, excused himself from signing as a party, but consented to sign as a witness. It is not easy to describe his dexterous conduct at this most perplexing crisis, in language more appropriate than that which is employed by old Fuller:—"His hand wrote it as secretary of state," says that quaint writer; "but his heart consented not thereto. Yes, he openly opposed it; though at last yielding to the greatness of Northumberland, in an age

when it was prudent drowning not to swim with the stream." But as the philosopher tells us, that, though the planets be whirled about daily from east to west, by the motion of the *primum mobile*, yet they have also a contrary proper motion of their own from west to east which they slowly though surely, move in their leisure; so Cecil had secret counter-endeavours against the strain of the court here in, and privately advanced his rightful intentions against the tyrannical duke's ambition."

This was undoubtedly the most perilous conjuncture of Cecil's life. Wherever there was a safe course, he was safe. But here every course was full of danger. His situation rendered it impossible for him to be neutral. If he acted on either side—if he refused to act at all—he ran a fearful risk. He saw all the difficulties of his position. He sent his money and plate out of London, made over his estates to his son, and carried arms about his person. His best arms, however, were his sagacity and his self-command. The plot in which he had been an unwilling accomplice ended, as it was natural that so odious an absurd a plot should end, in the ruin of its contrivers. In the meantime, Cecil quietly extricated himself, and having been successively patronised by Henry, Somerset, and Northumberland, continued to flourish under the protection of Mary.

He had no aspirations after the crown or martyrdom. He confessed himself, therefore, with great decorum, heard mass in Westminster Church at Easter, and, for the better ordering of his spiritual concerns, took a priest into his house. Doctor Nares, whose simplicity passes that of any casuist with whom we are acquainted, vindicates his hero by assuring us, that this was not superstition, but pure unmixed hypocrisy. "That he did in some manner conform, we shall not be able, in the face of existing documents, to deny; while we feel in our own minds abundantly satisfied, that, during this very trying reign, he never abandoned the prospect of another revolution in favour of Protestantism." In another place, the Doctor tells us, that Cecil went to mass "with no idolatrous intention. Nobody, we believe, ever accused him of idolatrous intentions. The very ground of the charge against him is, that he had no idolatrous intentions. Nobody would have blamed him if he had really gone to Westminster Church, with the feelings of a good Catholic to worship the host. Doctor Nares speaks in several places, with just severity, of the sophistry of the Jesuits, and with just admiration of the incomparable letters of Pascal. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that he should adopt, to the full extent, the jesuitical doctrine of the direction of intentions.

We do not blame Cecil for not choosing to be burned. The deep stain upon his memory is, that, for differences of opinion for which he would risk nothing himself, he, in the day of

his power, took away without scruple the lives of others. One of the excuses suggested in these memoirs for his conforming during the reign of Mary, to the Church of Rome, is that he may have been of the same mind with those German Protestants, who were called Adiphorists, and who considered the popish rites as matters indifferent. Melancthon was one of these moderate persons, and "appears," says Doctor Nares, "to have gone greater lengths than any imputed to Lord Burghley." We should have thought this not only an excuse, but a complete vindication, if Burghley had been an Adiphorist for the benefit of others as well as for his own. If the popish rites were matters of so little moment, that a good Protestant might lawfully practise them for his safety, how could it be just or humane that a Papist should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for practising them from a sense of duty. Unhappily these non-essentials soon became matters of life and death. Just at the very time at which Burghley attained the highest point of power and favour, an Act of Parliament was passed, by which the penalties of high treason were denounced against persons who should do in sincerity what he had done from cowardice.

Early in the reign of Mary, Cecil was employed in a mission scarcely consistent with the character of a zealous Protestant. He was sent to escort the Papal Legate, Cardinal Pole, from Brussels to London. That great body of moderate persons, who cared more for the quiet of the realm than for the controverted points which were at issue between the Churches, seem to have placed their chief hope in the wisdom and humanity of the gentle Cardinal. Cecil, it is clear, cultivated the friendship of Pole with great assiduity, and received great advantage from his protection.

But the best protection of Cecil, during the gloomy and disastrous reign of Mary, was that which he derived from his own prudence and from his own temper;—a prudence which could never be lulled into carelessness,—a temper which could never be irritated into rashness. The Papists could find no occasion against him. Yet he did not lose the esteem even of those sterner Protestants who had preferred exile to recantation. He attached himself to the persecuted heiress of the throne, and entitled himself to her gratitude and confidence. Yet he continued to receive marks of favour from the Queen. In the House of Commons, he put himself at the head of the party opposed to the Court. Yet, so guarded was his language, that even when some of those who acted with him were imprisoned by the Privy Council, he escaped with impunity.

At length Mary died. Elizabeth succeeded, and Cecil rose at once to greatness. He was sworn in Privy-counsellor and Secretary of State to the new sovereign before he left her prison of Hatfield; and he continued to serve

her for six years. He was the highest of his kind precisely: He belonged to the Pelhams. He was the St. John and the C. original of the original of it would be to keep him was not Elizabeth and daughter cautious. tails of him not aspires to shake the old and the Leicester punishment happens the could depend he possesses sometime man who Burghley both of wley. she r she was a person to on whom stantly as a chair w old mini shire esquires of t bled then length, h tors and nours. I death-bed of her aff passed, v inherited been for

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to see a line of demarcation, which, since his death, has been very little altered, strongly drawn between Protestant and Catholic Europe.

The only event of modern times which can be properly compared with the Reformation, is the French Revolution; or, to speak more accurately, that great revolution of political feeling which took place in almost every part of the civilized world during the eighteenth century, and which obtained in France its most terrible and signal triumph. Each of these memorable events may be described as a rising up of the human reason against a caste. The one was a struggle of the laity against the clergy for intellectual liberty; the other was a struggle of the people against the privileged orders for political liberty. In both cases, the spirit of innovation was at first encouraged by the class to which it was likely to be most prejudicial. It was under the patronage of Frederic, of Catherine, of Joseph, and of the French nobles, that the philosophy which afterwards threatened all the thrones and aristocracies of Europe with destruction, first became formidable. The ardour with which men betook themselves to liberal studies at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, was zealously encouraged by the heads of that very church to which liberal studies were destined to be fatal. In both cases, when the explosion came, it came with a violence which appalled and disgusted many of those who had previously been distinguished by the freedom of their opinions. The violence of the democratic party in France made Burke a tory, and Alfieri a courtier; the violence of the chiefs of the German schism made Erasmus a defender of abuses, and turned the author of Utopia into a persecutor. In both cases, the convulsion which had overthrown deeply-seated errors, shook all the principles on which society rests to their very foundations. The minds of men were unsettled. It seemed for a time that all order and morality were about to perish with the prejudices with which they had been long and intimately associated. Frightful cruelties were committed. Immense masses of property were confiscated. Every part of Europe swarmed with exiles. In moody and turbulent spirits zeal soured into malignity, or foamed into madness. From the political agitation of the eighteenth century sprang the Jacobins. From the religious agitation of the sixteenth century sprang the Anabaptists. The partizans of Robespierre robbed and murdered in the name of fraternity and equality. The followers of Kniperdoling robbed and murdered in the name of Christian liberty. The feeling of patriotism was, in many parts of Europe, almost wholly extinguished. All the old maxims of foreign policy were changed. Physical boundaries were superseded by moral boundaries. Nations made war on each other with new arms,

—with arms which no fortifications, however strong by nature or by art, could resist—with arms before which rivers parted like the Jordan, and ramparts fell down like the walls of Jericho. Those arms were opinions, reasons, prejudices. The great masters of fleets and armies were often reduced to confess, like Milton's warlike angel, how hard they found it

“To exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.”

Europe was divided, as Greece had been divided, during the period concerning which Thucydides wrote. The conflict was not, as it is in ordinary times, between state and state, but between two omnipresent factions, each of which was in some places dominant and in other places oppressed, but which, openly or covertly, carried on their strife in the bosom of every society. No man asked whether another belonged to the same country with himself, but whether he belonged to the same sect. Party spirit seemed to justify and consecrate acts which, in any other times, would have been considered as the foulest of treasons. The French emigrant saw nothing disgraceful in bringing Austrian and Prussian hussars to Paris. The Irish or Italian democrat saw no impropriety in serving the French Directory against his own native government. So, in the sixteenth century, the fury of theological factions often suspended all national animosities and jealousies. The Spaniards were invited into France by the League; the English were invited into France by the Huguenots.

We by no means intend to underrate or to palliate the crimes and excesses which, during the last generation, were produced by the spirit of democracy. But when we find that men zealous for the protestant religion, constantly represent the French revolution as radically and essentially evil on account of those crimes and excesses, we cannot but remember, that the deliverance of our ancestors from the house of their spiritual bondage was effected “by plagues and by signs, by wonders and by war.” We cannot but remember, that, as in the case of the French Revolution, so also in the case of the Reformation, those who rose up against tyranny were themselves deeply tainted with the vices which tyranny engenders. We cannot but remember, that libels scarcely less scandalous than those of Hebert, mummeries scarcely less absurd than those of Cloutz, and crimes scarcely less atrocious than those of Marat, disgrace the early history of Protestantism. The Reformation is an event long past. That volcano has spent its rage. The wide waste produced by its outbreak is forgotten. The landmarks which were swept away have been replaced. The ruined edifices have been repaired. The lava has covered with a rich incrustation the fields which it once devastated; and, after

having turned a garden into a desert, has again turned the desert into a still more beautiful and fruitful garden. The second great eruption is not yet over. The marks of its ravages are still all around us. The ashes are still hot beneath our feet. In some directions, the deluge of fire still continues to spread. Yet experience surely entitles us to believe that this explosion, like that which preceded it, will fertilize the soil which it has devastated. Already, in those parts which have suffered most severely, rich cultivation and secure dwellings have begun to appear amidst the waste. The more we read of the history of past ages,—the more we observe the signs of these times—the more do we feel our hearts filled and swelled up with a good hope for the future destinies of the human race.

The history of the Reformation in England is full of strange problems. The most prominent and extraordinary phenomenon which it presents to us, is the gigantic strength of the government contrasted with the feebleness of the religious parties. During the twelve or thirteen years which followed the death of Henry the Eighth, the religion of the state was thrice changed. Protestantism was established by Edward; the Catholic Church was restored by Mary; Protestantism was again established by Elizabeth. The faith of the nation seemed to depend on the personal inclinations of the sovereign. Nor was this all. An established church was then, as a matter of course, a persecuting church. Edward persecuted Catholics. Mary persecuted Protestants. Elizabeth persecuted Catholics again. The father of those three sovereigns had enjoyed the pleasure of persecuting both sects at once; and had sent to death, on the same hurdle, the heretic who denied the real presence, and the traitor who denied the royal supremacy. There was nothing in England like that fierce and bloody opposition which, in France, each of the religious factions in its turn offered to the government. We had neither a Coligni nor a Mayenne;—neither a Moncontour nor an Ivry. No English city braved sword and famine for the reformed doctrines with the spirit of Rochelle; nor for the Catholic doctrines with the spirit of Paris. Neither sect in England formed a league. Neither sect extorted a recantation from the sovereign. Neither sect could obtain from an adverse sovereign even a toleration. The English Protestants, after several years of domination, sank down with scarcely a struggle under the tyranny of Mary. The Catholics, after having regained and abused their old ascendancy, submitted patiently to the severe rule of Elizabeth. Neither Protestants nor Catholics engaged in any great and well organized scheme of resistance. A few wild and tumultuous risings,—suppressed as soon as they appeared—a few dark conspiracies, in which only a small number of desperate men

engaged—such were by these two parts of human rights, tyranny.

The explanation which has generally been given, but by no means of the crown, it is and was in fact its own, seems to us

It has long been introduced by Mr. Hallam, that the English monarchy in absolute monarchy it appears to a supposition it is true, often in language as harsh as that which the Great She punished with the House of Commons carried the freed assumed the power of proclamations. Without bringing the future was often the laws of England confessions from her dungeons. Chamber and throne was at its height were imposed on discussion. The time limited. No license; and even scrutiny of the Parliament. Persons waiting to the court Stubbs, or put conformity was queen prescribed faith and discipline from that rule, either was in danger of

Such was this that it was loved who lived under the fierce contest both the hostile Elizabeth as of Queen has now thirty years in. Yet her memory a free people.

The truth seen of the Tudors was variations, a popular forms of despotism seem that the people not less ample than the sixteenth—that he as quious as his people had as much as The extravagant eulogized her people went beyond the Moliere. Louis

ceive from those who composed the gorgeous circles of Marli and Versailles, the outward marks of servitude which the haughty Britoness exacted of all who approached her. But the power of Louis rested on the support of his army. The power of Elizabeth rested solely on the support of her people. Those who say that her power was absolute, do not sufficiently consider in what her power consisted. Her power consisted in the willing obedience of her subjects, in their attachment to her person and to her office, in their respect for the old line from which she sprang, in their sense of the general security which they enjoyed under her government. These were the means, and the only means, which she had at her command for carrying her decrees into execution, for resisting foreign enemies, and for crushing domestic treason. There was not a ward in the city—there was not a hundred in any shire in England, which could not have overpowered the handful of armed men who composed her household. If a hostile sovereign threatened invasion—if an ambitious noble raised the standard of revolt, she could have recourse only to the trainbands of her capital, and the array of her counties—to the citizens and yeomen of England, commanded by the merchants and esquires of England.

Thus, when intelligence arrived of the vast preparations which Philip was making for the subjugation of the realm, the first person to whom the government thought of applying for assistance was the Lord Mayor of London. They sent to ask him what force the city would engage to furnish for the defence of the kingdom against the Spaniards. The mayor and common council, in return, desired to know what force the Queen's highness wished them to furnish. The answer was—fifteen ships and five thousand men. The Londoners deliberated on the matter, and two days after "humbly intreated the council, in sign of their perfect love and loyalty to prince and country, to accept ten thousand men, and thirty ships amply furnished."

People who could give such signs as these of their loyalty were by no means to be misgoverned with impunity. The English in the sixteenth century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not, indeed, the outward show of freedom; but they had the reality. They had not a good constitution; but they had that without which the best constitution is as useless as the king's proclamation against vice and immorality—that which, without any constitution, keeps rulers in awe, —force, and the spirit to use it. Parliaments, it is true, were rarely held; and were not very respectfully treated. The great charter was often violated. But the people had a security against gross and systematic misgovernment, far stronger than all the parchment that was ever marked with the sign

manual, and than all the wax that was ever pressed by the great seal.

It is a common error in politics to confound means with ends. Constitutions, charters, petitions of right, declarations of right, representative assemblies, electoral colleges, are not good government; nor do they, even when most elaborately constructed, necessarily produce good government. Laws exist in vain for those who have not the courage and the means to defend them. Electors meet in vain where want renders them the slaves of the landlord; or where superstition renders them the slaves of the priest. Representative assemblies sit in vain unless they have at their command, in the last resort, the physical power which is necessary to make their deliberations free, and their votes effectual.

The Irish are better represented in parliament than the Scotch, who indeed are not represented at all. But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch? Surely not. This circumstance has of late been used as an argument against reform. It proves nothing against reform. It proves only this,—that laws have no magical, no supernatural virtue; that laws do not act like Aladdin's lamp or Prince Ahmed's apple; that priestcraft, that ignorance, that the rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless; that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such, that in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water—a people of such temper and self-government, that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the gravity of judicial proceedings, and of the solemnity of religious rites—a people whose national pride and mutual attachment have passed into a proverb—a people whose high and fierce spirit, so forcibly described in the haughty motto which encircles their thistle, preserved their independence, during a struggle of centuries, from the encroachments of wealthier and more powerful neighbours—such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. It is indeed most desirable that such a people should exercise a direct influence on the conduct of affairs, and should make their wishes known through constitutional organs. But some influence, direct or indirect, they will assuredly possess. Some organ, constitutional or unconstitutional, they will assuredly find. They will be better governed under a good constitution than under a bad constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of constitutions, the con-

of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst, perhaps as the worst, in Christian history. Yet the Scotch are not ill governed. The reason is simply that they will not be ill governed. Some of the Oriental monarchies, in Afghanistan, for example, though there exists in each which an European publicist would consider as the sole checks on the power of the sovereign. A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under kings who levied benevolences, and chided the House of Commons as they would have chided a pack of dogs. People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural checks were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the royal authority,—the knowledge that if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be found irresistible. If a large body of Englishmen became thoroughly discontented, instead of presenting requisitions, holding large meetings, passing resolutions, signing petitions, forming associations and unions, they rose up; they took their halberds and their bows; and, if the sovereign was not sufficiently popular to find among his subjects other halberds and other bows to oppose to the rebels, nothing remained for him but a repetition of the horrible scenes of Berkeley and Pomfret. He had no regular army which could, by its superior arms and its superior skill, overawe and vanquish the sturdy Commons of his realm, abounding in the native hardihood of Englishmen, and trained in the simple discipline of the militia.

It has been said that the Tudors were as absolute as the Cæsars. Never was parallel so unfortunate. The government of the Tudors was the direct opposite to the government of Augustus and his successors. The Cæsars ruled despotically, by means of a great standing army, under the decent forms of a republican constitution. They called themselves citizens. They mixed unceremoniously with other citizens. In theory, they were only the elective magistrates of a free commonwealth. Instead of arrogating to themselves despotic power, they acknowledged allegiance to the senate. They were merely the lieutenants of that venerable body. They mixed in debate. They even appeared as advocates before the courts of law. Yet they

could safely indulge in cruelty and rapacity, while the monarch remained faithful. Our Tudors, on the other hand, under the titles and formal supremacy, were essentially despotic magistrates. They had no means of defending themselves against the public. They were therefore compelled to seek public favour. To enjoy all the personal indulgences of absolute monarchy, to be adored with Oriental pomp, to dispose at will of the liberty of the subjects, the life of ministers and courtiers, the freedom granted to the Tudors. The position on which they were suffering was that of the servants of Whitehall was, that the mild and paternal sovereign. They were under the same regard to their people, under a despotic is placed with regard to their subjects. They would have found it a grind their subjects with cruelty. Nero would have found it to be a hazardous game of ambition, to the most fearful dangers. Cromwell, Surrey, Sudley, Norfolk, Percy, Essex, perished. But in general the country was hunted, and the merchant trade. Even Henry, as cruel as Domitian, more politic, contrived, while the blood of the Lamiae, to be the cobbler.

The Tudors committed very many crimes. But in their ordinary dealings with the people, they were not, and could not be, tyrants. Some excesses were committed. For the nation was proud of its blood of its magnificent primary proceedings which had then have condemned, the same noble spirit which had scorned at Parma and at the endurance there was a limit. They ventured to adopt measures for the body of the people, really it was soon compelled to. When Henry the Eighth forced a loan of unusual amount, of unusual rigour, the encountered was such stubborn and imperious. We are told, said, they treated thus, "then the taxes of France; an bond, and not free." They rose in arms. The king to an opposition which would, in all probability, of a general rebellion. The reign of Elizabeth herself aggrieved by the queen, proud and shrunk from a con-

admirable sagacity, conceded all that subjects had demanded, while it was yet power to concede with dignity and

cannot be supposed that a people who their own hands the means of checking princes, would suffer any prince to impose on them a religion generally detested. absurd to suppose, that if the nation had decidedly attached to the Protestant faith, could have re-established the Papal supremacy. It is equally absurd to suppose that nation had been zealous for the ancient religion, Elizabeth could have restored the ancient Church. The truth is, that the people were not disposed to engage in a struggle for the new or for the old doctrines. A sense of spirit was shown when it seemed that Mary would resume her father's of church property; or that she would to the interests of England to the husband she regarded with unmerited tenderness. That queen found that it would be as to attempt the restoration of the abbey lands. She found that her subjects would suffer her to make her hereditary kingdom of Castile. On these points she offered a steady resistance, and was obliged to give way. If she was able to suppress the Catholic worship, and to persecute those who would not conform to it, it was only because the people cared far less for Protestant religion than for the rights of property, and for the independence of the English crown. In plain words, they did not think of difference between the hostile sects worth fighting. There was undoubtedly a zealous Protestant party, and a zealous Catholic party. Between these parties were, we believe, very

We doubt whether both together, up, at the time of Mary's death, the middle part of the nation. The remaining twenty per cent. halted between the two religions; and were not disposed to risk a revolution in the government, for the purpose of giving to either of the extreme factions an edge over the other.

We possess no data which will enable us to compare with exactness the force of the two sects. Mr. Butler asserts that, even at the accession of James the First, a majority of the population of England were Catholics. a pure assertion; and is not only unsupported by evidence, but we think, completely contradicted by the strongest evidence. Dr. Ward is of opinion that the Catholics were half of the nation in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. Richton says, that when Elizabeth came to the throne, the Catholics were two-thirds of the nation, and the Protestants only one-third. The most judicious and impartial of English historians, Mr. Hallam, the contrary, of opinion that two-thirds Protestants, and only one-third Catholics. To us, we must confess, it seems altogether inconceivable, that if the Protestants

were really two to one, they should have borne the government of Mary; or that, if the Catholics were really two to one, they should have borne the government of Elizabeth. It is absolutely incredible that a sovereign who has no standing army, and whose power rests solely on the loyalty of his subjects, can continue for years to persecute a religion to which the majority of his subjects are sincerely attached. In fact, the Protestants did rise up against one sister, and the Catholics against the other. Those risings clearly showed how small and feeble both the parties were. Both in the one case and in the other, the nation ranged itself on the side of the government, and the insurgents were speedily put down and punished. The Kentish gentlemen who took up arms for the reformed doctrines against Mary, and the great Northern Earls who displayed the banner of the Five Wounds against Elizabeth, were alike considered by the great body of their countrymen as wicked disturbers of the public peace.

The account which Cardinal Bentivoglio gave of the state of religion in England, well deserves consideration. The zealous Catholics he reckoned at one-thirtieth part of the nation. The people who would without the least scruple become Catholics, if the Catholic religion were established, he estimated at four-fifths of the nation. We believe this account to have been very near the truth. We believe that the people, whose minds were made up on either side, who were inclined to make any sacrifice, or run any risk for either religion, were very few. Each side had a few enterprising champions, and a few stout-hearted martyrs; but the nation, undetermined in its opinions and feelings, resigned itself implicitly to the guidance of the government, and lent to the sovereign for the time being, an equally ready aid against either of the extreme parties.

We are very far from saying that the English of that generation were irreligious. They held firmly those doctrines which are common to the Catholic and to the Protestant theology. But they had no fixed opinion as to the matters in dispute between the churches. They were in a situation resembling that of those Borderers whom Sir Walter Scott has described with so much spirit;

"Who sought the beeches that made their broth,
In England and in Scotland both;"

And who

"Nine times outlawed had been
By England's king, and Scotland's queen."

They were sometimes Protestants, sometimes Catholics; sometimes half Protestants half Catholics.

The English had not, for ages, been bigoted Papists. In the fourteenth century, the first, and perhaps the greatest of the reformers, John Wickliffe, had stirred the public mind to its inmost depths. During the same cen-

tary, a scandalous schism in the Catholic Church had diminished, in many parts of Europe, the reverence in which the Roman pontiffs were held. It is clear that a hundred years before the time of Luther, a great party in this kingdom was eager for a change, at least as extensive as that which was subsequently effected by Henry the Eighth. The House of Commons, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, proposed a confiscation of ecclesiastical property, more sweeping and violent even than that which took place under the administration of Thomas Cromwell; and though defeated in this attempt, they succeeded in depriving the clerical order of some of its most oppressive privileges. The splendid conquests of Henry the Fifth turned the attention of the nation from domestic reform. The Council of Constance removed some of the grossest of those scandals which had deprived the Church of the public respect. The authority of that venerable synod propped up the sinking authority of the Papedom. A considerable reaction took place. It cannot, however, be doubted, that there was still much concealed Lollardism in England; or that many who did not absolutely dissent from any doctrine held by the Church of Rome, were jealous of the wealth and power enjoyed by her ministers. At the very beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth, a struggle took place between the clergy and the courts of law, in which the courts of law remained victorious. One of the bishops on that occasion declared, that the common people entertained the strongest prejudices against his order, and that a clergyman had no chance of fair play before a lay tribunal. The London juries, he said, entertained such a spite to the Church, that they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain. This was said a few months before the time when Martin Luther began to preach at Wittenberg against indulgences.

As the Reformation did not find the English bigoted Papists, so neither was it conducted in such a manner as to make them zealous Protestants. It was not under the direction of men like that fiery Saxon, who swore that he would go to Worms, though he had to face as many devils as there were tiles on the houses, or like that brave Switzer, who was struck down while praying in front of the ranks of Zurich. No preacher of religion had the same power here which Calvin had at Geneva, and Knox in Scotland. The government put itself early at the head of the movement, and thus acquired power to regulate, and occasionally to arrest, the movement.

To many persons it appears extraordinary that Henry the Eighth should have been able to maintain himself so long in an intermediate position between the Catholic and Protestant parties. Most extraordinary, it would indeed be, if we were to suppose that the nation consisted of none but decided Catholics and decided Protestants. The fact is, that the great

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no generations later, by dramatists ed to please the multitude. We re- no Friar Dominic—no Father Foin- g the characters drawn by those ts. The scene at the close of the f Malta might have been written by Catholic. Massinger shows a great for ecclesiastics of the Romish and has even gone so far as to bring s and interesting Jesuit on the stage. that fine play, which it is painful to l scarcely decent to name, assigns a editable part to the Friar. The par- Shakespeare for Friars is well known. st, the Ghost complains that he died xtreme unction, and, in defiance of le which condemns the doctrine of 7, declares that he is

“Confined to fast in fires,
ful crimes, done in his days of nature,
and purged away.”

ies, we suspect, would have raised a us storm in the theatre at any time e reign of Charles the Second. They uly not written by a zealous Protes- or zealous Protestants. Yet the au- ing John and Henry the Eighth was o friend to Papal supremacy.

is, we think, only one solution of the na which we find in the History and ama of that age. The religion of Eng- a mixed religion, like that of the Sa- settlers, described in the second book t, who “feared the Lord, and served ven images;”—like that of the Ju- Christians, who blended the ceremo- doctrines of the synagogue with those urch;—like that of the Mexican In- ho, for many generations after the ion of their race, continued to unite rites learned from their conquerors hip of the grotesque idols which had ored by Montezuma and Guatemo-

feelings were not confined to the po- Elizabeth herself was not exempt em. A crucifix, with wax-lights round it, stood in her private chapel. ys spoke with disgust and anger of iage of priests. “I was in horror,” bhishop Parker, “to hear such words from her mild nature and Christian conscience, as she spake concerning ly ordinance and institution of matri-

Burghley prevailed on her to con- the marriages of churchmen. But dd only connive; and the children rom such marriages were illegitimate ccession of James the First.

which is, as we have said, the great character of Burghley, is also the ain on the character of Elizabeth. erself an Adiphorist,—having no about conforming to the Romish when conformity was necessary to

her own safety,—retaining to the last mo- ment of her life a fondness for much of the doctrine and much of the ceremonial of that church,—she yet subjected that church to a persecution even more odious than the perse- cution with which her sister had harrassed the Protestants. We say more odious. For Mary had at least the plea of fanaticism. She did nothing for her religion which she was not prepared to suffer for it. She had held it firmly under persecution. She fully believed it to be essential to salvation. If she burned the bodies of her subjects, it was in order to res- cue their souls. Elizabeth had no such pre- text. In opinion, she was little more than half a Protestant. She had professed, when it suited her, to be wholly a Catholic. There is an excuse,—a wretched excuse,—for the massacres of Piedmont and the *autos-da-fe* of Spain. But what can be said in defence of a ruler who is at once indifferent and intole- rant?

If the great Queen, whose memory is still held in just veneration by Englishmen, had possessed sufficient virtue and sufficient enlargement of mind to adopt those principles which More, wiser in speculation than in action, had avowed in the preceding generation, and by which the excellent l'Hospital regulated his conduct in her own time, how differ- ent would be the colour of the whole history of the last two hundred and fifty years! She had the happiest opportunity ever vouchsafed to any sovereign, of establishing perfect free- dom of conscience throughout her dominions, without danger to her government, or scandal to any large party among her subjects. The nation, as it was clearly ready to profess either religion, would, beyond all doubt, have been ready to tolerate both. Unhappily for her own glory and for the public peace, she adopted a policy, from the effects of which the empire is still suffering. The yoke of the Established Church was pressed down on the people till they would bear it no longer. Then a reaction came. Another reaction fol- lowed. To the tyranny of the establishment, succeeded the tumultuous conflict of sects, infuriated by manifold wrongs, and drunk with unwonted freedom. To the conflict of sects, succeeded again the cruel domination of one persecuting church. At length op- pression put off its most horrible form, and took a milder aspect. The penal laws against dissenters were abolished. But exclusions and disabilities still remained. These exclu- sions and disabilities, after having generated the most fearful discontents,—after having rendered all government in one part of the kingdom impossible,—after having brought the state to the very brink of ruin, have, in our times, been removed; but, though re- moved, have left behind them a rankling which may last for many years. It is melan- choly to think with what ease Elizabeth might have united all the conflicting sects

Life and Times of Lord Burghley.

shelter of the same impartial laws, the same paternal throne; and thus have the nation in the same situation, as far as rights of conscience are concerned. in the end at length stand, after all the heart-sicknesses, the persecutions, the conspiracies, the seditions, the revolutions, the judicial murders, the civil wars, of ten generations. This is the dark side of her character. Yet surely she was a great woman. Of all the sovereigns who exercised a power, which was nearly absolute, but which in fact depended on the love and confidence of her subjects, she was by far the most illustrious. It has often been alleged as an excuse for the misgovernment of her successors that they only followed her example;—that precedents might be found in the transactions of her reign for persecuting the Puritans, for raising money without the sanction of the House of Commons, for confining men without bringing them to trial, for interfering with the liberty of parliamentary debate. All this may be true. But it is no good plea for her successors, and for this plain reason, that they were her successors. She governed one generation, they governed another; and between the two generations there was almost as little in common as between the people of two different countries. It was not by looking at the particular measures which Elizabeth had adopted, but by looking at the great general principles of her government, that those who followed her were likely to learn the art of managing untractable subjects. If, instead of searching the records of her reign for precedents which might seem to vindicate the mutilation of Prynne, and the imprisonment of Eliot, the Stuarts had attempted to discover the fundamental rules which guided her conduct in all her dealings with her people, they would have perceived that their policy was then most unlike to hers, when to a superficial observer it would have seemed most to resemble hers. Firm, haughty,—sometimes unjust and cruel in her proceedings towards individuals or towards small parties,—she avoided with care, or retracted with speed, every measure which seemed likely to alienate the great mass of the people. She gained more honour and more love by the manner in which she repaired her errors, than she would have gained by never committing errors. If such a man as Charles the First had been in her place when the whole nation was crying out against the monopolies, he would have refused all redress; he would have dissolved the Parliament, and imprisoned the most popular members. He would have called another Parliament. He would have given some vague and delusive promises of relief in return for subsidies. When entreated to fulfil his promises he would have again dissolved the Parliament, and again imprisoned his leading opponents. The country would have become more agitated than be-

fore. The next House of Commons which preceded it, agreed to all that it would have solemnly sworn to oppose. Monopolies for ever. A large supply in readiness, and within half a year more oppressive than those which would have been granted. This was the policy which followed the long line of kings. It was the policy of his countrymen, and it was their fold.

Elizabeth, before she could address her subjects, the words which she used, the name of the nation beyond their desire, showed close upon her. She treated the nation as a party which had advantages as possible. She was to extort as much as she could. Her benefits were given once, they were given too with a full heart, a princely generosity, which enhanced the value of the gifts received by the poor men, who had come of resentment, with God save the Queen, up half the prerogative of the Commons; and then she turned to the Grand

We had intended
that illustrious
is the central figure
last of the bards
Snowdon, encir-

“Many a baron
And gorgeous
In bearded

We had intended
ing the dexter
Oxford, the
plished Sydney
nament of the
del of chivalry
nius, whom
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the Taimud, or collating Polybius with Livy. We had intended also to say something concerning the literature of that splendid period, and especially concerning those two incomparable men, the Prince of Poets, and the Prince of Philosophers, who have made the Elizabethan age a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind, than the age of Pericles, of Augustus, or of Leo. But subjects so vast require a space far larger than we can at present afford. We therefore stop here, fearing that, if we proceed, our article may swell to a bulk exceeding that of all other reviews, as much as Dr. Nares' book exceeds the bulk of all other histories.

THE EXILE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

THE exile on a foreign strand
Where'er his footsteps roam,
Remembers that his father's land
Is still his cherished home.

Though brighter skies may shine above,
And round him flowers more fair,
His heart's best hopes and fondest love
Find no firm footing there.

Still to the spot which gave him birth
His warmest wishes turn;
And elsewhere own, through all the earth,
A stranger's brief sojourn.

Oh! thus should man's immortal soul
Its privilege revere:
And mindful of its heavenly good,
Seem but an exile *here*.

'Mid fleeting joys of sense and time,
Still free from earthly leaven,
Its purest hopes, its joys sublime
Should own no *home* but HEAVEN!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

THE daily increasing familiarity of the beligerent classes with the use of the pen will, if we mistake not, lend one important distinguishing feature to the English literature of the present age. Books such as these on our table cannot be multiplied among us without affecting, to a considerable extent, not only the general tone of contemporary thought and sentiment, but even the materials and mechanism of popular language. New words, new phrases, and a whole host of new images and allusions are, from this source, rapidly finding their way into the common stock; and

the martial triumphs of the era of Trafalgar and Waterloo will probably tinge, a thousand years hence, the vocabulary, both tragic and comic, of yet nameless nations, flourishing thousands of leagues from the scenes of their achievement.

From the mere *style* of any people—from the prevailing character of the figures and illustrations, inwoven into almost any work of literature that ever acquired great popularity among them—one might pronounce, 'with a near aim,' as to the main scope of occupation, and business, and habitual feeling in the nation. Every page of the drama of Athens bespeaks, as plainly as Athenian history, a nation of political partisans and restless mariners; the high estimation of agriculture, and the proud tumults of the camp, are written with equal distinctness in the most urbane and pacific of Roman lucubrations. The languages of this country and France are, *ex facie*, those of the two *active* nations of modern Christendom. That is seen, not merely, nay not so much, in the vocabulary of either, as in the structure and march of its sentences, as compared with any of the neighbouring tongues. The stately indolence of the Spaniard is reflected in the slow sonorousness of even his billet-doux; the Italian, unless when he tortures himself into a perplexed and obscure mimicry of Tacitus, makes scarcely better progress in his liquid paragraphs of 'linked sweetness long drawn out,' than a pinnacle floating at height of noon on one of his own beautiful lakes; the German author, no matter what ground he takes, builds up such heavy columns, and carves them with such a drearily quaintness, that we perceive at once he belongs to a people whose literature is *mainly* a literature of professors—stamped, in every lineament, in spite of gallant individual efforts in the contrary direction, with the mental, and indeed corporeal, habits of a caste of pedantic recluses, who seldom have the mouth-piece of the ponderous Meerschäum pipe out their lips, unless when they mount the desk to overcloud gaping boys with metaphysical vapours, about as consistent and refreshing as those of their tobacco. A good French prose book is easily converted into a good English one—and *vice versa*—(we say nothing of poetry); but no skill in *translation* can make even treatises like Frederick Schlegel's, or tales like Ludowick Tieck's, acceptable to the readers of London or Paris: their materials, however precious in themselves, must be *refondus*, as the French express it, before they can acquire that *lucidus ordo*, that direct steady clearness of arrangement, that succinctness of garb, and life and spring of movement, without which nothing will command general attention in a country whose own literature has taken its predominant bias and colouring from men of the world and of business.

We must not at present, however tempted, be seduced into a lecture on this subject; but
No. 121.—B

* Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Capt. Basil Hall, R. N. Second Series. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh. 1832.

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

Style of Captain Hall.

tain, that the first popular works in English came from the pens of authors finished in active life; and that, in every living age, the originally uncloister-like character of English composition has on the been sustained. With few exceptions, our poets have been men trained and sed in stirring occupations—certainly dramatists and novelists worth notice been such; and every one of these masses enriched the national exchequer with stamped in the mint of his own calling. This that gives to all our literature that of practical pith, shrewdness, and sagacity, by which it is brought much nearer, in general effect, to the literature of France, than, spite of far more intimate kinsmanship of blood—and, we may add, as to many of the most important branches, of opinion and sentiment—it is ever likely to approach the German; and it is this same old-established custom of drawing largely on professional dialects (as we may call them) that leads us to anticipate extended and lasting effects from those literary habits which appear of late years to be taking such a deep root among our soldiers and sailors. Who would have fancied, thirty or twenty years ago, that A. D. 1832, one of the most successful periodical publications in the country should be a magazine devoted exclusively to naval and military topics, written entirely by officers of the united service, and edited by a sprightly veteran, minus a leg? or who, that knows that such is now the fact, and knows also that many of the most popular histories, novels, tales, and descriptive essays of all sorts, have for some years past been supplied to the London market by Halls, Napier, Marryatts, &c.*—in short, gentlemen who took their only degrees under such tutors as Nelson and Wellington—can doubt that the habitual feelings and expressions, the *tonos* and *trous*—the wit, whims, and humors even—of the modern camp and cockpit, are at this moment settling themselves into the great body of our written speech, in the same fashion that the histrionic habits of our early dramatists familiarized the national ear, two hundred years ago, and for ever, to the technical glossary of the green-room?

Continuations are proverbially hazardous; but the second group of Captain Hall's adventures, like that of Don Quixote's, completely sustains the spirit of the first,—nay, we think it will be generally considered as justifying our prediction, that the story would become more and more interesting as it advanced into the maturer experiences of its hero.

He, above all the rest of those 'who lay

* In our *et cetera* we do not wish to include the author of 'Cavendish, or the Patriotic at Sea'—one of the most impudent bundles of trash and vice that ever issued from any press. We are much at a loss to conjecture for what class of readers such compounds of filth and dullness are manufactured.

down the sword and up a song has it, deals in the imagery of his own special reference. That observations have been made, to be skilful in various departments of science, and master of the his profession; and he has, we 'surveyed the globe from China his own microscopic optics, as stars in both hemispheres, with London's best portable telescopes from his writings, we should in general reading to have been makes no pretensions to being perly so called, and, therefore, views of men and things before not that copious supply of read and expressions which persons rary education and habits can upon; he is thrown continual proper personal resources, and advantage of himself and his the log-book at his elbow into same circumstance, indeed, of extraordinary freshness to his nions themselves, as well as the which he develops them. What about, however hackneyed the ways feel that here is a shrewd thinking for himself, and for listen to him with a degree of interest which we should find unable to bestow on an exp the very same thoughts, in a and flowing sequence of what of Monkbarns calls 'pyet w almost venture to apply to Jonson's famous lines:—

"His learning savours not th
That most consists in ecl
termin,

Nor any long or far-fetch'd
But a direct and analytic
Of all the worth and first e

—It is so ramm
That it shall gather stre
being,

And live hereafter more a

Nothing more true than
I 'honne;" in his there
a hard corner, an ungrea
tion; but it is all genui

* See the 'Poetaster,' describing *Virgil*, but how ever doubt that he was a sately graphic character as any one great poet could appear? Of whom else v said

'That which he hath
Is with such judgme
Through all the nee
That could a man r
He should not touc
But he might breat

no gummy flesh, far less any padding; and we prefer it to the smooth, oily, well-balanced sing-song in which one mere *litterateur* echoes another, as much as we do a real young face, even with irregular features, to the most finished beauty in a barber's window.

There is a *critical* digression in one of these little volumes which we must quote,—first, because the writer does not often poach on our manor,—and, secondly, because the passage is a capital one, and will fall in very advantageously with what we have been saying about his own style. Nobody is fonder of a paradox than the captain. Who has forgot his bold, blunt assertion, at the opening of a chapter in the former series, that “it is highly for the benefit of humble-born sea-officers that the scions of nobility should be promoted rapidly in the navy?” or his more recent oral announcement of his belief that—

“A party man is the noblest work of God.”

On the present occasion he sets off thus:—

“When things are possessed of much intrinsic interest, the very multiplicity of previous descriptions will rather help than stand in the way of subsequent accounts, provided these be written with skill worthy of the subject. We may even, I think, go further,—it will be in favour of the writer that his topic should have been not only repeatedly but *well* treated by previous authors. Who can doubt, for instance, that the ‘Diary of an Invalid’ owes its chief interest to the hackneyed nature of the topic? We are enchanted to recognize incidents and scenes the most familiar to our thoughts, trimmed up for fresh inspection by a scholar and a gentleman, who, to much knowledge of his subject, and of the world generally, superadds a rare felicity of expression, and the happy knack of giving new interest to all he touches. If a man of genius, minute and varied local information, and correct taste, were to write a book, and call it ‘London,’ it would assuredly outrun in freshness of interest, in the opinion even of the Londoners themselves, all other books of travels. Whatever talents, in short, an author may possess, their most touching and popular exercise will generally be found to lie in those departments with which his readers are most familiar. When Taglioni descends from her pirouettes, and dances the Minuet de la Cour, or the Gavotte, or Paganini leaves off his miracles of sound, and plays some simple air which is well known to every one, we feel, not indeed the same astonishment as before, but ten times more real pleasure. Thus, too, such a novel as ‘Pride and Prejudice,’ probably derives its greatest charm from the characters and incidents being such as we are already well acquainted with, either from personal observation, or from a thousand previous descriptions.

“Many writers, however, fall into the mistake of imagining that every thing will bear this degree of handling, and forget that, while the ductility of fine gold is almost infinite, every other metal has its limit. This analogy will hold in all the fine arts, and perhaps in

none more than the art of composition, whether in prose or verse. When will the poets exhaust the good old topics of love and beauty? or painters fail to discover, in mountain scenery, and in the sunsets of summer, varieties of tints, and lights, and shades, far beyond all their power of colouring? On the other hand, has not the whole strength of one celebrated school of painting been unequal to impart true interest, and what has been termed graceful pleasure to vulgar images? Has not even the mighty ‘Childe Harold’ compelled us to withdraw much of our respect for his genius by seeking to describe what is essentially vicious and degrading?”

All this is introduced by way of apology to the author's professional friends for inditing a chapter entitled “A Man Overboard!” and that persons who have, times without number, seen the two-legged, featherless, but no longer laughing animal, so situated, will hold the said attempt to be justified by the method of its execution, we do not doubt. To us, however, and to the great majority of Captain Hall's readers, no apology of this sort could be necessary on the occasion in question. That the manner of the essay is excellently clear and energetic, we, too, can feel:—but the subject-matter itself, has the charm of almost absolute novelty:—

“After all that has been said of the exact nature of a man-of-war's discipline, and the degree of foresight, preparation, and habits of resource, which enable officers to act promptly and vigorously in the midst of difficulties, it is truly wonderful to see men of experience so completely at a loss as the oldest officers sometimes are, when the cry is given that a man is overboard. I have beheld brave and skilful men, who could face, unmoved, any other sort of danger, stand quite aghast on such occasions, and seem to lose all their faculties just at the moment of greatest need. Whenever I have witnessed the tumultuous rush of the people from below, their eagerness to crowd into the boats, and the reckless devotion with which they fling themselves into the water to save their companions, I could not help thinking that it was no small disgrace to us, to whose hands the whole arrangements of discipline are confided, that we had not yet fallen upon any method of availing ourselves to good purpose of so much generous activity.

“Sailors are men of rough habits, but their feelings are not by any means so coarse; if they possess little prudence or worldly consideration, they are likewise very free from selfishness; generally speaking, too, they are much attached to one another, and will make great sacrifices to their messmates or shipmates when opportunities occur. A very little address on the part of the officers will secure an extension of these kindly sentiments to the quarter-deck; but what I was alluding to just now was the cordiality of the friendships which spring up between the sailors themselves, who, it must be recollected, have no other society, and all, or almost all, whose ordinary social ties have been broken across either by the chances of

or by the stern decrees which, I fear, will render impressment absolutely unavoidable by the very nature of their roving and sultry life, which carries them they really know not where, and care not wherefore.

"I remember, when cruising off Terceira in the *Intrepid*, that a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion, and fruitless search in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was at the fore-castle, and on looking about me, all the men were at their station, missed one of the fore-top men. Just at that moment I observed some one curled up, and apparently hanging himself under the bow of the barge, between the boat and the booms. 'Hillo!' I said, 'who are you? What are you doing here, you skulker? Why are you not at your station?'

"'I am not skulking, sir,' said the poor fellow, the ferrows in whose bronzed and weathered cheek were running down with tears. 'The man we had just lost had been his messmate and friend, he told me, for ten years. I begged his pardon, in full sincerity, for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his berth for the rest of the day. 'Never mind, sir, never mind,' said the kind-hearted seaman, 'it can't be helped. You meant no harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir, but I must do my duty.' So saying, he drew the sleeves of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mastering his grief within his breast, walked to his station as if nothing had happened.

"In the same ship, and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing alongside in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding-sail on the water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard-arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all seafaring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions, the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the lee-ropes. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much farther than his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man! and along with his confidence, away also went his power of keeping his head above water. So

to the speechless horror could lend

time, to which they

At last he desisted, saying themselves if they had a mind would he help them; but no sinking figure of the advent catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, pains of his hands over his position in one instant, and with a swifter motion by a smart pull against the anchor, shot head first into the water. The poor lad sunk so was at least a couple of fathoms before he was arrested by a sailor, who soon rose again, he dived boy in his hand, and called youngsters to take better care, men, chucked him right into the sail in the midst of the party, was hanging in the calm, near the, and by it the dripping set up again to his old berth on the himself like a great Newfion then, jumping on the deck, p the fore-castle to shaft for him.

"At the top of the ladder he the marine officer, who had whole transaction, as he sat a way hammocks, watching the trying to get his own consent labour of undressing and dressing to the sailor. 'That will of you, my man, and right well of grog. Say so to the gun-room pass; and tell him it is my or a stiff norwester.' The kindly meant, but rather at least so thought Jack; for his head in acknowledgment instinctively touched his hat by an officer, he made no marine's hearing, when he chuckled out to the people good gentleman suppose grog for saving a boy's life.

This is followed by an buoy now generally in the invention of Lieutenant wise and humane suggestion himself as to the propriety *qua non* that every able swimmer, and that the ous parts of the crew, overboard, should be *secundum artem*, and time rehearsed:—

"The life-buoy at his Majesty's ships, a

the iron rod slips down, to a certain extent, lengthens the lever, and enables the lead at the end to act as ballast. By this means the mast is kept upright, and the buoy prevented from upsetting. The weight at the end of the rod is arranged so as to afford secure footing for two persons, should that number reach it; and there are also, as I said before, large rope beackets, through which others can thrust their head and shoulders, till assistance is rendered.

"On the top of the mast is fixed a port-fire, calculated to burn, I think, twenty minutes, or half-an-hour; this is ignited most ingeniously, by the same process which lets the buoy fall into the water. So that a man falling overboard at night, is directed to the buoy by the blaze on the top of its pole or mast, and the boat sent to rescue him, also knows in what direction to pull. Even supposing, however, the man not to have gained the life-buoy, it is clear that, if above the surface at all, he must be somewhere in that neighbourhood; and if he shall have gone down, it is still some satisfaction, by recovering the buoy, to ascertain that the poor wretch is not left to perish by inches.

"The method by which this excellent invention is attached to the ship, and dropped into the water in a single instant, is, perhaps, not the least ingenious part of the contrivance. The buoy is generally fixed amidships over the stern, where it is held securely in its place by being strung, or threaded, as it were, on two strong perpendicualar iron rods fixed to the taffrail, and inserted in holes piercing the framework of the buoy. The apparatus is kept in its place by what is called a slip-stopper, a sort of catch-bolt, which can be unlocked at pleasure, by merely pulling a trigger. Upon withdrawing the stopper, the whole machine slips along the rods, and falls at once into the ship's wake. The trigger, which unlocks the slip-stopper, is furnished with a lanyard, passing through a hole in the stern, and having at its inner end a large knob, marked 'Life-Buoy'; this alone is used in the daytime. Close at hand is another wooden knob, marked 'Lock,' fastened to the end of a line fixed to the trigger of a gun-lock, primed with powder; and so arranged, that when the line is pulled, the port-fire is instantly ignited, while, at the same moment the life-buoy descends, and floats merrily away, blazing like a light-house. It would surely be an improvement to have both these operations performed simultaneously, that is, by one pull of the string. The port-fire would thus be lighted in every case of letting go the buoy; and I suspect the smoke in the daytime would often be as useful in guiding the boat, as the blaze always is at night. The gunner who has charge of the life-buoy lock sees it freshly and carefully primed every evening at quarters, of which he makes a report to the captain. In the morning the priming is taken out, and the lock uncocked. During the night a man is always stationed at this part of the ship, and every half hour, when the bell strikes, he calls out 'Life-buoy!' to show that he is awake, and at his post."

The chapter thus ends:—

"I have seldom witnessed a more interesting sight than that of eighty or a hundred per-

sons, stationed aloft, straining their eyes to keep sight of a poor fellow who is struggling for his life, and all eagerly extending their hands towards him, as if they could clutch him from the waves. To see these hands drop again is inexpressibly painful, from its indicating that the unfortunate man is no longer distinguishable. One by one the arms fall down, reluctantly, as if it were a signal that all hope was over. Presently the boat is observed to range about at random—the look-out men aloft when repeatedly hailed and asked 'if they see any thing like him?' are all silent. Finally, the boat's recall flag is hoisted—sail is again made on the ship—the people are piped down—and this tragical little episode in the voyage being concluded, every thing goes on as before."

The first volume of this second series contains among other things a voyage to India, in the course of which the author contrives to put together a very complete picture of sea life in tropical latitudes. We have no wish to follow strictly the course of the captain's narrative,—that possesses all the charm of a romance,—and we should be sorry to disturb it; and shall, therefore, merely string together a few of the episodic passages.

Among the "enjoyments ahead," fishing, after his own fashion, fills no inconsiderable space in the imagination of the mariner. The captain describes scenes of this sort with hardly less *gusto* than the chase, which no reader can have forgotten, of his little French privateer in the Irish Channel:—

"Perhaps there is not any more characteristic evidence of our being within the tropical regions,—one, I mean, which strikes the imagination more forcibly,—than the company of those picturesque little animals, the flying-fish. It is true, that a stray one or two may sometimes be seen far north, making a few short skips out of the water; and I even remember seeing several close to the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in latitude 45°. These, however, had been swept out of their natural position by the huge gulf-stream, an ocean in itself, which retains much of its temperature far into the northern regions, and possibly helps to modify the climate over the Atlantic. But it is not until the voyager has fairly reached the heart of the torrid zone that he sees the flying-fish in perfection. No familiarity with the sight can ever render us indifferent to the graceful flight of these most interesting of all the finny, or, rather, winged tribe. On the contrary, like a bright day, or a smiling countenance, or good company of any kind, the more we see of them, the more we learn to value their presence. I have indeed, hardly ever observed a person so dull, or unimaginative, that his eye did not glisten as he watched a shoal, or it may well be called, a covey of flying-fish rise from the sea, and skim along for several hundred yards. There is something in it so very peculiar, so totally dissimilar to every thing else in other parts of the world, that our wonder goes on increasing every time we see even a single one take its flight. The incredulity, indeed, of the old Scotch wife on this head is sufficiently ex-

Fragments of Voyages

ble. "You may have seen rivers o' milk, mountains o' sugar," said she to her son, "rinded from a voyage; but you'll ne'er gar believe you have seen a fish that could flee!"

The pleasant trade which had wafted us, in different degrees of velocity, over a distance of more than a thousand miles, at last actually failed. The first symptoms of the approaching calm, was the sails beginning to flap gently against the masts,—so gently, indeed, that we half hoped it was caused, not so much by the diminished force of the breeze, with which we were very unwilling to part, as by that long and peculiar swell which,

"In the torrid climate
Dark heaving,"

has found the hand of a master-artist to embody it in a description more technically correct, and certainly far more graphic in all its parts, than if the picture had been filled up from the log-books of ten thousand voyagers. The same noble writer, by merely letting his imagination run wild a little, has also given a sketch of what might take place were one of these calms to be perpetual; and so true to nature is all his pencilling, that many a time, when day after day has passed without a breath of wind, and there came no prospect of any breeze, I have recollected the following strange lines, and almost fancied that such might be our own dismal fate:

"The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they
dropped,

They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their
grave;

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished."

"In vain we looked round and round the horizon for some traces of a return of our old friend the trade, but could distinguish nothing save one polished, dark-heaving sheet of glass, reflecting the unbroken disk of the sun, and the bright, clear sky. The useless helm was lashed amidships, the yards were lowered on the cap, and the boats were dropped into the water to fill up the cracks and rents caused by the fierce heat. A listless feeling stole over us all, and we lay about the decks gasping for breath, in vain seeking for some alleviation to our thirst by drink! drink! drink! Alas, the transient indulgence only made the matter worse."

A heavy squall succeeded this calm, then a dead calm again, in which the difficulty of keeping company at sea, when the helm is useless, without sad accidents from the collision of ships, was strikingly exemplified. At length a light air sprung up in the desirable quarter, and the story thus proceeds:—

"While we were stealing along under the genial influence of this newly-found air, which as yet was confined to the upper sails, and every one was looking open-mouthed to the

eastward
dozen
der the fo...
ward at the...
the surf...

"A large company with us abreast of the weather way, at the depth of two or three fathoms as usual, glistening most beautifully; but no sooner detected our poor dear listless take wing, than he turned his head toward them, and, darting to the surface, leaped the water with a velocity little seemed, of a cannon ball. But although petus with which he shot himself gave him an initial velocity greatly that of the flying-fish, the start which prey had got enabled them to keep him for a considerable time. The dolphin's first spring could not be less than a yard; and after he fell we could see him like lightning through the water, when he again rose and leaped with considerably greater velocity and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell the water at the end of each hug of circles was sent far over the surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror although enough to set the royal masts studding sails asleep, was felt below. The group of wrecks thus hotly pursued, at length reached the sea; but we were rejoiced to find they merely touched the top of the waves, scarcely sunk in it,—at least they set off again in a fresh and evasive flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction of the flight was quite different from the one I had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy and were now gaining rapidly upon them. Indeed, indeed, was two or three times their—poor little things!—varied their flight in the lost not the tenth part of a new course, so as to cut off their pursuer, in a manner really noble, and doubled more than once their strength and speed. But it was soon that their strength and speed were ebbing. Their flights were shorter, and their course more uncertain, while the dolphin appeared to grow at each bound. Eventually we saw, or fancied we could see, such an assurance of success to fall, at the end of each spot on which the whale about to drop! Sometimes the place at too great a distance from the deck exactly what mounting high into the air said to have been in a position to discover that the

by of such size,
at of the water;
skinned away
in or twelve fathoms

tures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws, as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards. It was impossible not to take an active part with our pretty little friends of the weaker side, and accordingly we very speedily had our revenge. The middies and the sailors, delighted with the chance, rigged out a dozen or twenty lines from the jib-boom-end and spritsail yard-arms, with hooks baited merely with bits of tin, the glitter of which resembles so much that of the body and wings of the flying-fish, that many a proud dolphin, making sure of a delicious morsel, leaped in rapture at the deceitful prize.

"It may be well to mention, that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the ancient poets. Ours, which, I learn from the *Encyclopædia*, is the *Coryphæna hippurus* of naturalists, is totally different from their *Delphinus phocæna*, termed by us the porpoise. How these names have shifted places I know not, but there seems little doubt that the ancient dolphin of the poets, I mean that on the back of which Dan Arion took a passage when he was tossed overboard, is neither more nor less than our porpoise. For the rest, he is a very poetical and pleasing fish to look at, affords excellent sport in catching, and when properly dressed, is really not bad eating."

This leads the captain to treat at some length of the classical dolphin.

"When the shoal of porpoises is numerous, half the ship's company are generally clustered about the bowsprit, the head, and any other spot commanding a good view of the sport. When a mid, I have often perched myself like a sea-bird on the fore-yard-arm, or nestled into the fore-topmast staysail netting, till I saw the harpoon cast with effect by some older and stronger arm. A piece of small but stout line, called, I think, the foreganger, is spliced securely to the shank of the harpoon. To the end of this line is attached any small rope that lies handiest on the fore-castle, probably the top-gallant clew-line, or the jib down-haul. The rope, before being made fast to the foreganger, is rove through a block attached to some part of the bowsprit, or to the foremast swifter of the fore-rigging; and a gang of hands are always ready to take hold of the end, and run the fish right out of the water when pierced by the iron.

"The strength of the porpoise must be very great, for I have seen him twist a whale harpoon several times round, and eventually tear himself off by main force. On this account, it is of consequence to get the floundering gentleman on board with the least possible delay after the fish is struck. Accordingly, the harpooner, the instant, he has made a good hit, bawls out, 'Haul away! haul away!' upon which the men stationed at the line run away with it, and the struggling wretch is raised high into the air, as if still in the act of performing one of his own gambols. Two or three of the smartest hands have in the meantime prepared what is called a running bowline knot or noose, which is placed by hand round the body of the porpoise, or it may be cast, like the South American lasso, over its tail, and then, but not till then, can the capture be considered

quite secure. I have seen many a gallant prize of this kind fairly transfixed with the harpoon, and rattled like a shot up to the block, where it was hailed by the shouts of the victors as the source of a certain feast, and yet lost after all, either by the line breaking, or the dart coming out during the vehement struggles of the fish. I remember once seeing a porpoise accidentally struck by a minor description of fish-spear called a grains, a weapon quite inadequate for such a service. The cord by which it was held being much too weak, soon broke, and off dashed the wounded fish, right in the wind's eye, at a prodigious rate, with the staff erected on its back, like a signal post. The poor wretch was instantly accompanied or pursued by myriads of its own species, whose instinct, it is said, teaches them to follow any track of blood, and even to devour their unfortunate fellow fish. I rather doubt the fact of their cannibalism, but am certain that, whenever a porpoise is struck and escapes, he is followed by all the others, and the ship is deserted by the shoal in a few seconds. In the instance just mentioned, the grains with which the porpoise was struck had been got ready for spearing a dolphin; but the man in whose hands it happened to be, not being an experienced harpooner, could not resist the opportunity of darting his weapon into the first fish that offered a fair mark."

"It happened in a ship I commanded that a porpoise was struck about half an hour before the cabin dinner, and I gave directions, as a matter of course, to my steward to dress a dish of steaks, cut well clear of the thick coating of blubber. It so chanced, that none of the crew had ever before seen a fish of this kind taken, and in consequence there arose doubts among them whether or not it was good or even safe eating. The word, however, being soon passed along the decks, that orders had been given for some slices of the porpoise to be cooked for the captain's table, a deputation from forward was appointed to proceed as near to the cabin door as the etiquettes of the service allowed, in order to establish the important fact of the porpoise being eatable. The dish was carried in, its contents speedily discussed, and a fresh supply having been sent for, the steward was, of course, intercepted in his way to the cook. 'I say, Capewell,' cried one of the hungry delegates, 'did the captain really eat any of the porpoise?' 'Eat it!' exclaimed the steward, 'look at that!' at the same time lifting off the cover, and showing a dish as well cleared as if it had previously been freighted with veal cutlets, and was now on its return from the midshipman's berth. 'Oh! ho!' sung out Jack, running back to the fore-castle; 'if the skipper eats porpoise, I don't see why we should be so nice, so here goes!' Then pulling away the great clasp-knife which always hangs by a cord round the neck of a seaman, he plunged it into the sides of the fish, and, after separating the outside rind of blubber, detached half-a-dozen pounds of the red meat, which, in texture and taste, and in the heat of its blood, resembles beef, though very coarse. His example was so speedily followed by the rest of the ship's company, that when I walked forward, after dinner, in company with the doctor, to take the *post mortem* view of the porpoise more critically than be-

fore, we found the whole had been devoured and eaten within half-an-hour after I had unconsciously given, by my example, an official sanction to the feast."

But the fox-chase of the sea—the sport of sports—is furnished by Jack's hereditary enemy, the shark.

"The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into his case; the computer working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the Complete Book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once seeing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the afterpart of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks. 'What's the matter with you, Master Mona?' said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear. 'Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork,' cries the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage. 'Where's your hook, quarter-master?' 'Here, sir, here,' cries the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds; for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in flavour for the stomach of a shark. The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce-looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

"A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious *haut goût*, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found. While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizen top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or

can find leisure for any thing gaze on the monster, who as yet the ocean, but who, they trust their power. I have seen this together; after which, the shark his mind to have nothing to either swerved away to wind any breeze at all, or dived a place could be detected only a or flash of white many fathoms of a Spanish galleon, in a persuaded, could hardly cause more or call forth more intemperate anger and impatience. On the suppose the first symptom of coming down in the fight was a greater joy than is felt by a shark turning round to seize the whisper of delight passes from every eye is lighted up, and as bronzed their cheeks by too long sun and wind, may be seen to from pale to red, and back to the tints of the dying dolphin.

"When a bait is towed astern has any motion through the water necessarily brought to the surf. This of course obliges the shark from below; and as his mouth his chin, not over it, like that he must turn nearly on his back to seize the floating piece of the hook is concealed. Ever turn completely round, he is himself, as it is called, so far a portion of his white belly. white skin flashes on the sight of the crew, a subdued cry, or a gasp, is heard amongst the sailors as one speaks, for fear of alarming the monster.

"Sometimes, at the very instant cast over the stern, the shark such eagerness, that he actually out of the water. This, On these occasions he gorges the hook, and a foot or two of the any mastication or delay, and treacherous prize with such power and force, that it makes the shark as soon as the whole coil is drawn in, however, he goes more and seems rather to suck in the bait at it. Much dexterity is hand which holds the line at a bungler is apt to be too quick to jerk away the hook before enough down the shark's mouth, friend, indeed, is never to be quish what may once have midable batteries of teeth; but premature tug of the line, in part of the jaw so weak, that the violent struggle which The secret of the sport is, to let the monster gulp down the huge bait then to give the rope a violent jerk at the barbed point, quitting the buries itself in the coats of the shark's or stomach. As the shark is not submit patiently to such treatment be well for any one whose foot accidentally on the coil of the

the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

"The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggle of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe! No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may be in the water, they are rarely attended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device of a running bow-line knot, is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or trust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method of measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead, would furnish a sort of scale for the force exerted.

"I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the afterguard. For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be rather a spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the fore-castle, amidst the

kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career, by stabbing him with their knives, boarding pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

"The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad-axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration, was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark, stood with a foot on each side, and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, 'There, my lad, d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!'"—p. 266-272.

Our closing quotation shall be from Captain Hall's account of the blockade of New York in 1804.

"We were rather short-handed in those days, and being in the presence of a blockaded enemy, and liable, at half an hour's warning, to be in action, we could not afford to be very scrupulous as to the ways and means by which our numbers were completed, so that able-bodied men were secured to handle the gun-tackle falls. It chanced one day that we fell in with a ship filled with emigrants, a description of vessel called, in the classical dictionary of the cockpit, an 'Irish guineaman.' Out of her we pressed twenty Irishmen, besides two strapping fellows from Yorkshire, and one canny Scot.

"Each of this score of Pats was rigged merely in a great-coat, and a pair of something which might be called an apology for inexpressibles; while the rest of their united wardrobe might have been stowed away in the crown of any one of their hats. Their motives for emigrating to a country where mere health and strength of body are sure to gain an independent provision, were obvious enough; and I must say, that to this hour, I have not been able to forget the melancholy cry or howl with

which the separation of these hardy settlers from their families was effected by the strong arm of power. It was a case of necessity, it is true, but still it was a cruel case, and one for the exercise of which the officer, who put it in force deserves almost as much pity as the poor wretches whose feelings and interests it became his bounden duty to disregard.

"In most admired contrast to this bewildered drove of half-starved Paddies stood the two immense, broad-shouldered, high-fed Yorkshiremen, dressed in long-tailed coats, corduroy breeches, and yellow-topped boots, each accompanied by a chest of clothes not much less than a pianoforte, and a huge pile of spades, pick-axes, and other implements of husbandry. They possessed money also, and letters of credit, and described themselves as being persons of some substance at home. Why they emigrated they would not tell; but such were their prospects, that it was difficult to say whether they or the wild Irishers were the most to be commiserated for so untoward an interruption. Be this as it may, it cost the clerk half an hour to write down a list of their multifarious goods and chattels, while a single scratch of the pen sufficed for that of all the Irishmen.

"At last honest Saunders came under review. He was a tall, raw-boned, grave-looking personage, much pitted with the small-pox, and wearing a good deal of that harassed and melancholy air, which, sooner or later, settles on the brow of an assistant to a village pedagogue. He was startled, but not abashed, when drawn to the middle of the deck, and asked, in the presence of fifty persons, what clothes and other things he possessed? Not choosing at first to betray his poverty, he made no answer, but looked round, as if to discover where his chest had been placed. He then glanced at his thread-bare sleeve and tattered shoon with a slight touch of dry and bitter humour playing about the corners of his mouth, and a faint sparkle lighting up his grey and sunken eye, as he returned the impatient official stare of the clerk, who stood, pen in hand, ready to note down the items. 'Don't be frightened, man,' said the captain; 'no one is going to hurt you, your things are quite safe. What does your property consist of?' 'A trifle, sir, a trifle,' quoth poor Sawney, 'Fourpence ha'penny, and an auld knife!'"—Vol. ii. pp. 103—106.

It is so difficult to choose passages for extracting in a book thus 'rammed' with amusement, that we shall pause here—having left two volumes out of three almost untouched. In the lighter department of materials we admire particularly the chapters on "A Pic-nic Party at Elephantia;"—the Hindoo ceremony of "Throwing the Cocoa-Nut;"—"The Admiralty List;"—and "Bombay."—But the graver pages are in their way quite as good. In each volume, we observe, the author introduces, on the principle of ballast we suppose, one or two sections of strictly professional didactics. That on "a Method of diminishing Naval Punishments," in Volume Second, is perhaps the most valuable of all these; but the one in which the utility of the Marines

is discussed, is exceedingly interesting; that on the subject of the trade-winds, not only in philosophical reasoning, but in curious, and, as far as we know, novel observations, that must fix the attention of the student of geographical and nautical science. The essay on "Taking a Line in the Wind" is another masterly serious piece, full of sagacity, and, what distinguishes it, of all the author's professional disquisitions, a generous humanity of thought and sentiment; nor can we say less of that of his favourite text, "Cheerfulness is a duty;" though we doubt the truth of one or two passages, particularly that in which Paul is complimented for his "very like conduct" during the storm. The "The Ship-Church" leads us from a very happy specimen of mere description to a pithy little sermon on the importance of religious observances at sea, and the disgrace of not having a chaplain on every ship, which we sincerely hope will be studied at the admiralty as carefully as Hall's anecdotes of pet monkeys and parrots are likely to be in the cockpit. All through the book are scattered hints of the peculiar duties of officers of the rank, especially lieutenants and captains, deduced from the natural modest style of the author, and the pregnant wisdom, the long experience and reflection, of which, in port, deserve the most serious consideration of the classes for whose benefit they are signed.

The same harmless eccentricities, we said something formerly, are conspicuously visible in these pages as in those that went before them:—at such things a smile, and some may occasionally laugh, but to take the work as a whole, it is one of the best of these days for which we would wish a prophecy permanent acceptance. In fact, a performance altogether unique in our literature; opening at once an accomplished officer's personal history, rich in the abundance of anecdote and adventure, "flood and field," and a panorama of existence, habits, and manners, from the emperor's region down to the cabin-boy's; and picturesque, that it cannot fail to request while any part of the old English character and taste shall remain. Subjected in any coarser hand, would have been, become not only inoffensive but ridiculous in Captain Hall's; and he has succeeded to equal the graphic effect, and in many places even the humour, of Smollett's manner, without introducing a single trifle that can wound the delicacy of the most sensitive woman. The style is at once lively and low. The author of such a work has more of his country than he could have by almost any service in the active part of his profession; and we are sure that he will be disappointed if he does not get

ster 1833, a third series, devoted entirely to a magnificent subject, which he has on this occasion barely touched—that of

From the Athenæum.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WRITINGS OF GOETHE.

IF biographical notices of Goethe have appeared in all the daily papers, we must be that our readers know already, that he was born in 1749, at Francfort on the Rhine, of respectable parents; that he studied law at Leipzig and Strasburg; became early in life distinguished as an author, and in consequence, when only twenty-two years of age, appointed Counsellor of Legation by the Duke of Weimar, with a seat in the Diet; and that he subsequently became a Counsellor, a Baron, and a Minister of State. It is not, therefore, our intention, on this occasion, to touch on these matters, but to enter into any critical review of the relative merit of his different works: but to take an enlarged view of the general character of the writings of this extraordinary man, and the influence they had on his country.

The great German critic (Wolfgang Menzel) has described the mass of modern poetry as a *contradistinction* to that of the ancients, and the middle ages, as a *theatrical poetry*. Truly, he observes, men wrote from an impulsive impulse; their hearts were full, the melody of verse seemed but to express these involuntary feelings: but now, few exceptions, it is a matter of calculation. Men sit down and ask themselves, shall I write to amuse the public? what shall I assume? what feelings shall I put on? They are never in earnest—and the varying *fashion* in the world of letters and the Proteus-like character which literary men have assumed.—In all this we agree, as well as in the critic's opinion, that Goethe's literary productions are essentially his theatrical character. Goethe was unquestionably a man of vast talent; his intuition is perhaps unequalled by any other writer; whatever he saw, made an indelible impression on his mind, and he possessed a power of reproducing such impressions, or, if it be considered the same thing, of creating perhaps unequalled. All his works, too, to use the language of the sister art, are as perfect as if they had been shaped by the chisel of a Zeuxis, and are at the same time eminently endowed with organic life. When we compare them to those of the Greek sculptor, we only refer to their minuteness, to their plastic finish,—not to the grandeur of the conception; for Goethe's poetical creations hardly assume that character. His habit of viewing nature through the eye of an artist, made a flowery mea-

sure as interesting to him as the starry heavens or the boundless ocean; a hovel as attractive as the palaces of "Babylon and Great Alcairo and all their glories;" a group of children eating bread and butter,* as armies ranged in battle to decide the fate of empires—provided they offered scope for picturesque or poetical representation, which his magic power seems always to have rendered possible, and the consciousness of this, perhaps mainly influenced him in selecting his subjects. We do not blame him for this, any more than we object to a lilac tree, because it has not expanded itself into a cedar: although we prefer Raphael to Jan Steen, we do not reject the "pictures in little" of the honest Fleming, because they do not inspire us with the same sublime emotions which we feel in the contemplation of the creations of the immortal Italian. But we cannot persuade ourselves, that Goethe's partiality for low life, and, we may add, low vice, was in accordance with true taste; or that the constant recurrence of such scenes in some of his most celebrated works, can be conducive to the true ends of poetry—which are, to reveal man to himself, to strengthen his moral faculties, and to teach him that nature must bow before the divine power which is in him, and may be moulded by his virtuous will, which alone entitles him to the distinctive and high character of lord and master of creation. We admit that the faults we allude to, do not exist in his *Herman and Dorothea*, his *Tasso*, his *Iphigenia*, and several of his minor productions: we grant that in all his writings, the mighty hand of the master is evident; and that even the most objectionable scenes are treated with a delicacy that removes much of the disgust which they would otherwise excite. Nor can it be denied, that, for the consummate skill with which he has traced human frailty through all its tortuous ramifications, much wisdom may be learned. In this and many other respects, he has, no doubt, operated beneficially on German literature; for through his influence and example, literary men were induced to study nature more attentively, their views become more acute and universal, and their style acquired an elegance and polish, which before his time were almost unknown.

But the moral effects produced by Goethe's works, must, in the main, have been pernicious. Readers do not examine writings as works of art, or, to use the language of German critics, in an æsthetical point of view. They judge from feeling—that which powerfully affects, powerfully influences them—else why was it that Schiller's "Robbers" brought highwaymen into vogue, and from the "Sorrows of Werther" was reaped a rich harvest of suicides? Even the reprobation pronounced by authors against the vicious persons and actions embodied forth in their

* Vide Werther.

works, will scarcely prevent this perverse misapplication of fiction. What then must have been the effects of Goethe's writings, when, with the epic indifference, he narrates the most revolting scenes of debauchery, when he covers with an irresistible charm of his magic diction, characters full of selfishness, weakness, sloth, and servility? What virtuous resolution was strengthened in the young heart, seeing that all this wretchedness was represented as an indispensable ingredient,—nay, the essence of human nature? What power was given to rouse them from the degradation of sensuality, when, under its baneful sway, in some of the works of this all-admired master, the hero perishes ingloriously and without a struggle; when in others, no solution whatever is offered to the difficulties which beset life; and in others again, a sort of universal dilettanteism is called in as the mediating divinity which in its influence is to modify this world of temptation and strife.

Let us not be misunderstood; we do not of course desire that a poet should become a preacher, and sermonize everlastingly upon the moralities—but that he should indirectly by character as example, or by sentiment, by the tone of feeling awakened in the heart of the young enthusiast, encourage and strengthen the moral faculties. We do not object even, when his hero appears under the dominion of great vices, provided the power be made manifest, by which, if turned into a different channel, equally great virtues would have characterized him;—but the bane of literature, in our opinion, is the display of weak egotism, without object, but the gratification of its grovelling impulses, and without a god but its own miserable self.

We do not, of course, charge Goethe with having wilfully laboured at the corruption of the age: still less do we join in the insane cry of some of his countrymen, that he sold himself for this purpose to the great of the earth, whose wish, they say, it is, to degrade the people, by lulling them with poetical opiates into apathy and selfish enjoyment. We believe Goethe, with all his genius and learning, was "of the earth earthy"—that he took a tone *from*, rather than give it to his age. His countrymen desired worldly wisdom, and he taught it better than any other man—they wanted to be amused, and he amused them with more exquisite and graceful trifling, than either his predecessors or contemporaries.

But the name of Goethe will not perish—it has not been written on water. His works will always be resorted to as a mine of psychological knowledge; they will always be admired for their plastic beauty, their elegance, and the mastery of skill displayed throughout. But their influence is rapidly passing away with the circumstances which called them into being. The mighty events of the last forty years have conjured up, in

Germany, a spirit which demands richness rather than elegant sentimental lessons than those of epicurean wisdom; this present generation, young Germany, is not the Germany of Goethe, is evil the reception of all his later work great and eventful times were prefigured by the genius of a Herder, a Schiller, Goethe neither foresaw their coming nor aimed to produce or hasten them from the years 1813 to 1815, Germany's giant strength, and with a might shattered the bonds which foreign had succeeded in riveting, while it slumbered and dreamt. Goethe's late attempt to speed the wheel and add to the general enthusiasm by the publication of his "Epimenides" failed. But it was a cold and feeble work; came when it was no longer wanted and unheeded. Latterly, he partially succeeded in regaining some little influence by his scientific works, and the more expedient of standing sponsor to the productions of obscure writers had long outlived the idolatry of which he was once the object; the reign of Goethe's fatality is over; and patriotism, virtue, religion, are once more the themes alone the German nation can be inspired by.

From the Edinburgh Review.

HISTORY, PRESENT WRONGS, AND CLAIMS OF POLAND.

WITHIN the Dwina and the Dniester; east; the Oder and the Carpathian mountains; west; with the Baltic for her north and the Black Sea for her southern boundary: what once was—Poland; a flat, fertile, irrigated by numberless rivers, and containing more than 20,000,000 of souls. This was under the dominion of a race of princes and nobles; it was the seat of the earliest modern free state of magnitude; and for centuries was the bulwark of Christendom against the Tartars from the east, and their allies, the Turks, from the south. Poland—it is now no more! Its members form discontented portions of three states of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, while its brave and patriotic sons are degraded by the superstition, if not the belief, of a remote national reunion.

The pamphlet which we have before us, the head of this article, gives, in a

* 1. Thoughts on the Present State of Poland. By an Englishman. London: 1831.

2. History of Poland. (Lardner's Cyclopaedia.) London: 1831.

3. Memoires sur la Pologne, et les changes depuis 1788 jusqu'à la fin de 1815. Par Oginski. 5 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1826.

4. Constitutional Charter of the Kingdom of Poland. London: 1831.

scope allows, an admirable and liberal view of Poland; but not so the "History," which, though very well arranged, and interspersed with many useful remarks, yet is written with so very strong a leaning towards Russia, and so remarkable an hostility to the ancient government of Poland, that we shall make no further apology for introducing some few sketches of our own.*

* * * * *

The remaining chivalry of Poland now made its way to France. The well-known Polish legion of Donbrowski, amounting to some 15,000 men, rejoiced to meet the destroyers of their nation on the plains of Lombardy. Napoleon, than whom a better judge of a soldier's merits never existed, appreciated the Poles; and at Jena and at Friedland they nobly earned the restoration of their diminished country, under the name of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Much virtuous indignation has been vented upon Napoleon for not giving more to the Poles; and yet he gave them a Constitution which the other powers had refused; he abolished serfage, and that *veto* which they had supported; and he gave them a country which they had stolen. True, he might have given more; and had he with a bold hand flung away the scabbard—had he called for the entire restoration of all Poland, when he committed himself to the mighty struggle with Russia—he might have anticipated the defection of Austria and of Prussia; and would probably have reseeded Poland, and not have been overthrown himself. But had he done thus, how would those who reproach his niggard policy to the Poles, have exclaimed against his treaty-breaking propensities! With some persons, France can never do right, nor her opponents wrong. At all events, Napoleon gave to the Poles that which he had conquered with a bold hand from those crowned conspirators, who had filched it with sanctimonious professions of honesty; and who, to say the most, could produce no better title to their usurpations than that by which Napoleon restored them—conquest. But the only restorer of Poland fell, and deservedly. Restoration, and national independence, and civil liberty, were the spells by which he was struck down. By no one were those magic words more profitably employed than by the late emperor Alexander. So soon as his last great contest with Napoleon became probable, he adroitly played with the hopes of the Poles. In 1811, he encouraged Oginski† to read a memoir to him on the subject of the erection of his Polish provinces into a grand Duchy of Lithuania, under their peculiar

laws and officers; and on the nobles of Wilna expressing their gratitude to him for this flattering intention, he graciously replied to them in an autograph letter written in Polish. As the contest approached, he became more explicit; and in a public letter to Oginski, he distinctly said, "*je vous autorise à faire connaître que ma volonté est de rétablir la Pologne.*" The Poles were thus artfully kept back, or won over from the standards of Napoleon; and their enthusiasm for their country's restoration excited, when their aid was required. The crusade, in favour of restoration and civil liberty, rolled onward to Paris. Napoleon, the spoiler, was banished to Elba; and a congress of the deliverers of Europe, and of their ministers, assembled at Vienna.

It is not our purpose to follow the dark labours of this celebrated Congress. It met in the name of restoration, and separated with the imputation, if not confession, of having made partition the basis of its arrangements. It parcelled out nations, and fractions of nations, with the same indifference that drovers in a fair, or West Indians in a market, separate and select cattle or slaves. The king of Saxony was its selected victim. Lord Castlereagh, in an official note, declared that it was necessary to make an example of him, "*a cause de ses tergiversations, et parce qu'il à été le plus dévoué des vassaux de Buonaparte*;"—two reasons, not easily reconcilable with one another; and neither of them particularly well adapted to the consciences of those whom he addressed. A more acute observer said, that this king was to be punished because his watch had gone a quarter of an hour slower than the more fortunate timekeepers of the allied sovereigns. But Lord Castlereagh required that he should be deposed;—that his hereditary dominions of Saxony should be erased from the map of Europe, and ceded to Prussia;—his Polish Grand Duchy erected into a free and distinct kingdom, under a separate dynasty; and the ex-king kept in reserve to rule over some embryo subjects, who might be collected for him on the banks of the Rhine and Moselle. This was a singular proposal to make to a restoring Congress; but there was much that was bold and practical in the plan. The Congress effaced all that was good in it, while they retained and heightened all that was evil.

The emperor Alexander had long stimulated the hopes of the Poles. We have seen his written pledge for the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland. He and his allies had also vehemently exclaimed against the plundering propensities of the victorious French; but affairs were now changed; the French were defeated, and the allies victorious. Accordingly, Savoy, Holland, and the Rhenish provinces, and Lombardy, and the Tyrol, and Belgium, and Genoa, and Venice, and Parga, were, in the phraseology of the Congress, to be liberated; but with Poland it

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* We have omitted a long dissertation on the history of Poland down to the period of the third partition in 1795, several articles on the subject having already appeared in the Museum. See vols. XVIII. and XIX., pp. 182 and 241. [Ed. Museum.]

† *Memoires*, vol. iii. p. 73.
Museum.—Vol. XXI.

was far different. It certainly had been annihilated under the auspices of Russia, and subsequently even to many of those French spoiliations which were now to be restored: a portion of it also had re-achieved its independence; and the allies, who, in 1795, had destroyed Poland, found, in 1814, the Grand Duchy of Warsaw in recognised political existence, and in possession of a free Constitution. Still the erection of an independent kingdom of Poland was not to be endured by Russian and Prussian ambition. No: the courts of these two countries were resolved to retain, not only their former and their late acquisitions, but to exact rewards for their disinterested exertions in the deliverance of Europe. And the minister of England now learnt that deliverance meant the aggrandizement of these two northern powers at the expense of their neighbours. He was alarmed and indignant; and attempted a secret league with Austria and France, against these late magnanimous allies, who had just been so welcomed and bepraised in England; but who were now ready to go to war with her, for presuming to require them to restore *their* spoiliations, in the same spirit in which they were resuming the spoiliations of Napoleon.

Alexander beckoned to his endless battalions; Prussia stood firmly by his side; while the Grand Duke Constantine, with an admirable effrontery, called upon the Poles to arm in the defence of their *national rights*. Thus, those glorious triumphs over the French Revolution, for the attainment of which millions had been spent, and myriads had bled, were about to end in fresh wars and fresh loans. But the meteor light of Bonaparte, which once more flashed upon the shores of France, saved the policy of England from the exhibition of such a result. Alexander, with a quickness more politic than generous, signified, that the force of his services against the common enemy would depend upon the settlement of the Polish question being made more in accordance with his views. Thus Russia prevailed; and Saxony was not saved, though Poland was added to the list of victims. The one was slit in two; the other subjected to a quintuple partition; by which the allegiance, the interests, and the connexions of the unfortunate Poles were endlessly subdivided. This was the answer of Russia to the demand of Lord Castlereagh, for the erection of an independent kingdom; and this the fulfilment of the emperor's written pledge, in the hour of danger, for the restoration of Poland. But Russia thus rounded her frontier, and planted the advanced post of her dependent kingdom upon the flanks of her two neighbours—Austria and Prussia; who, seeing her so well provided, sought with a greedy scrambling for territories and population in every corner of Europe.

But though Alexander seized lion's share of the spoils of Poland not do so unconditionally. The emperor, though they failed to erect a new kingdom between Russia and Prussia, and, accordingly, the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which was the ministers of all the powers then assembled, defines the terms on which Russia was to possess Poland. It declares, "that the Kingdom of Poland, with the exception of provinces which are otherwise disposed of, shall be irrevocably bound to the Russian Empire by its Constitution." It allows it internally to extend this new kingdom, to annex to it the whole, or such of his Polish provinces as he might wish. It also provides, "that the Polish Kingdom, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall be bound to present, and national institutions shall be introduced into such form of government as upon whom they depend may judge to be best." These valuable provisions were further secured and specified by declarations, and treaties between Russia and the other powers; which were all recognised by the General Congress, and formally incorporated as integral parts of its arrangements. In the month of December of the same year, the new constitution was perfected by a Charter, which was solemnly proclaimed to the kingdom of Poland by Alexander.

For a time, the emperor was pleased with this kingdom of his own construction; long as its diet gave him small trouble, and Europe remained tranquil, the emperor of fifty millions was pleased to play with a little kingdom as with a toy; and the constitutional rebukes of its subjects with the same deference that monarchs paid to the sallies of their privilege. He also continued to encourage the cherished hopes of his Polish provinces, even went so far, in giving an address to a deputation from them, as to remark, "Ogiński in the following strong terms: 'Vous êtes mécontents en Lithuanie, vous devez l'être aussi long temps que vous ne serez pas amalgamés avec les Russes; vous ne jouirez pas des bienfaits de la Constitution.'" Thus smoothly began the constitutional career of the king; but those auspicious days there were no more. The emperor's fractions of the treaty. Russian troops occupied the soil of Poland; and the Grand Duke Constantine, whose name is a sufficient thesis to all good government, was appointed emperor-in-chief, and daily arrogated exclusive authority. But these were comparatively slight, and Poland enjoyed peace and tranquillity.

This was too soon disturbed: for the breaking of royal pledges through

* Mémoires d'Ogiński, vol. iv. p. 1

continent produced the revolts of the south, and the secret associations of Germany;—when there was a suspicion, too, that the passive obedience of Russia was tainted by that glorious Calmuc army of occupation, which had imbibed notions of free agency in France, perfectly incompatible with imperial discipline—then Alexander changed; and the constitutional restrictions of the kingdom of Poland became as bands of flax to this northern Sampson. Constantine, too, taunted his liberal brother with what he called the folly of dallying with freedom. Well might Dombrowski exclaim, "What have we to hope? what have we not to fear?" The publication of the debates of the diet was prohibited; and a rigorous censorship of the press was established. The Palatinate of Kalisz was deprived of its representatives; the election of popular nuncios forcibly obstructed; and the patriotic nuncio, Vincent Miemoiewski, was seized and carried off to a prison, where he lingered till the late revolution released him. Then the Diet was dissolved; a reinforcement of Russian troops called in; personal liberty violated; and five whole years allowed to elapse without the re-assembling of a Diet. There was also a daily increasing severity exercised by Constantine. But even yet, certain forms of constitutional government were maintained; and when the revolutions in the south were put down by foreign arms, the rigour of Alexander relaxed; and the pupil of La Harpe once more returned to liberal forms. A diet was assembled, redress was promised, and the hope of amalgamation again held forth to the long disappointed Polish Russians. But a dark mysterious plot pervaded Russia. Alexander was thought too liberal and too European. The old Muscovite faction, which for the last century has divided Russia, again reared its head. Rumours of dissatisfaction were afloat. The distant army of the Caucasus and its general were thought to be disaffected. Foreigners were regarded with an evil eye. The last hour of the victorious Alexander approached; and, at an obscure town in Bessarabia, he fell a victim either to treachery or disease.

Of the coronation of his successor, it has been said, that he went to the altar, preceded by the assassins of his father, followed by those of his brother, and accompanied probably by his own. The proclamation of Nicholas to the Poles, on his accession, contained these words—"Je jure devant Dieu que j'observerai l'acte Constitutionnel, et que je mettrai tous mes soins à en maintenir l'observation." This oath was made but to be broken; the Russian government strained every nerve to implicate those Poles who had shown themselves zealous for the liberties of their country in the dark Russian plot which had accompanied Alexander's death, and Constantine's younger brother's blood-stained accession. The most arbitrary and illegal arrests

took place—torture was employed—a standing military commission, of which half the members were Russians, was appointed. For two long years, the accused were harassed with imprisonment; and when at length they were pronounced innocent by the highest court of law, the Grand Duke Constantine not the less despatched many of them to dungeons in Russia, where some even now remain.

Such was the commencement of Nicholas's reign, and such his sense of the obligations of an oath, and of the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna. With the same contempt for this treaty, he broke through all its provisions in favour of the Polish subjects of Russia. He most iniquitously abrogated all their Polish laws and institutions; and discountenanced the use of the Polish language, and even of the Polish dress. Their religion also—the United Greek Church—was persecuted; and those wretched subjects who sought to escape from this persecution of their very name and nation in Russia, by exchanging it for a tyranny of their persons at Warsaw, were dragged back—not to be replaced in their deserted homes of Lithuania or Podolia—but to be exiled to the wastes of Siberia. Meanwhile the Grand Duke Constantine was let loose upon Poland; arbitrary arrests and arbitrary punishments were his constitutional ministers. The police under his immediate direction exercised an inquisitorial power; hired spies and informers were to be found in every station of life and every society. No one was safe. The prisons were filled; more were built—he filled them also. The universities were remodelled; their studies restricted or perverted; and many of the students seized, banished, or drafted into the army. But above all, the ferocious martinet tyranny of Constantine over the military, and the military schools, shone forth with a fanaticism of discipline bordering on insanity. The sons of the nobility were separated from their parents to be mewed up in these military schools, where many were detained and treated at the same time both as common soldiers and as children till the ages of twenty, thirty, forty—in short, till the Grand Duke thought fit to release them. The encouragement of profligacy and debauchery formed a part of this system. Constantine appears to have had a diabolical pleasure in outraging all the decencies of female delicacy; while, with the true instinct of despotism, he allowed for no distinction of classes or education. All, from the highest to the lowest, were equally, in his sight, slaves. The blow and the degrading punishment were inflicted with tyrannic impartiality. A citizen and a common vagabond, might be found upon the parade, rolling the same wheelbarrow; the merchant and the Jew pedlar harnessed to the same cart—followed by a medley gang of degraded officers, common thieves, and obnoxious gen-

tyranny, reigned paramount at Warsaw; the days of Drewitz and Suwarrow were revived—perhaps modified in expression—but the same in spirit. That Muscovite faction under which Nicholas rules, and which is so well known for its Asiatic love of despotism and sanguinary rigour, was resolved to break the neck of Polish independence, and assimilate the loyalty of the Poles to the stolid obedience of the Russians. The European institutions of Poland had thus to bear the brunt of this hostility, backed by the dead weight of a mighty empire. The only person who might effectually have opposed, and whose interest it was to oppose this attack, had he been truly ambitious,—the Grand Duke Constantine,—led away by his own instinctive love of tyranny, lent it all the aid in his power.

But it was natural that the Russians should enforce despotism on the Poles, it was at least as natural that the Poles should resist it. Hence arose an increase of spies, denunciations, conspiracies, imprisonments, executions—all the full flood of tears that spring from the exercise of and resistance to oppression, modified by the disposition and character of the agents and nations where they occur. The disposition of Constantine, and the character of the Russian government, afford a sure and melancholy guarantee for the general truth of the severities said to have been inflicted on the Poles. Few or none doubt them; but many have questioned the wisdom of the late revolt; and, living peaceably under the security of our own admirable institutions, have exclaimed, "Why were the Poles so mad as to rise against the overwhelming power of Russia?" The worm will turn; and we were little surprised, though we heard it with a foreboding sorrow, that one of the most high spirited and most injured of the nations of Europe had turned upon its oppressor. But let us do the more considerate part of the nation the justice to say, that however deeply they resented their country's wrongs, the hasty insurrection did not originate with them. It sprang up amidst those fiery youths of the military schools, and of the universities, whom Constantine kept mewed up for the brightest years of their lives within barrack prisons. The news of the second French revolution burst upon their indignant minds. It was the index of the state of Europe. Belgium, Hesse, Switzerland, fast followed in the same track; and the patchwork of the Congress, and the shackles of the Holy Alliance were rent in twain. The successive news of these events, in spite of all precautions, penetrated the charged atmosphere of Warsaw. Associations were rapidly formed and extended;—plans were proposed, and speedily betrayed by the four thousand spies of Warsaw, whose names were afterwards found enrolled in the office of Rosniecki. Numberless arrests took place; and on a dark

evening in November, 1830, it was that the principal military school surrounded in the morning by Russian and a military commission instigated trial of offenders. On that very 29th of November, the cry of "God bless Poland," within the walls of this devoted before the morning dawned, Constantine a fugitive. Many of the school youth of Warsaw had prepared for and one or two regiments were but on the rest of the inhabitant unexpectedly as upon the Russians themselves. The oppression of Constantine, had been so intense, that it was universal, and he was expected may use the term, by acclamation.

On the following morning, a native Council was formed; and that the more sober part of the part which has not yet met with of praise. They had groaned under the yoke of Russia, in common with trymen; but with a patriotic spirit, they bore with the oppression they saw no present hope for them in resistance. The brilliant success of the revolt did not blind them to the fear it would provoke—to the interest compromise. They saw their danger, and they saw their own. That the punishment of an unsuccessful revolt falls on the chiefs and on the property; they also knew full well. A large hand Russia metes out to a sinner. Hitherto they were innocent might save themselves, their parents, their families, by disavowing the which the intemperate youth of Poland won; they might act as moderators to the Emperor and their country under the mask of that officer, and chances with the world; and thus, show of honour, shelter themselves from the coming storm. But they knew their own hearts, and they knew their own danger, they did not know the past, they had small hope for the future but they saw that the strife was begun. They knew that from the present rulers there might be security for there would be no forgiveness for try; and they therefore with a devoted patriotism, flung their scales, and gave the weight of their characters, and their fortune to the cause. That cause was the Polish cause. There might be a chance of salvation, but the odds were against them. The Lord of Hosts they committed to God; and they took the direction amidst the shouts of "God bless Poland!"

This act of calm and devotedness was the best refutation of those interpositions which have been too frequently

the higher Polish nobles. They have been held up to Europe as a band of overbearing selfish chiefs; jealous only of their own unbridled license and privileges; careless of the real independence of their country, and oppressive to their unfortunate serfs and dependants. The aspersion is most calumnious. Sweet are the uses of adversity. The descendants of those military oligarchs, whose seigniorial, civil, and religious persecutions and oppressions rent Poland during the ruinous dynasty of the Vasas, became—in one generation, by their exile in France, in another, by the lessons learned in their desperate struggles against the partitioning powers, in the third and present, by the collision of opinions resulting from the French Revolution—an amended, an enlightened, a patriotic, and a temperate aristocracy. The humane and self-divesting reforms of the Czartoryskis, in 1765—the wise institutions of Zamoyski and others, which led to the admirable Constitution of 1791,—and the conduct, during the late struggle, of the present descendants of the Czartoryskis, the Zamoyski, the Potoski, the Radzivils, and others too numerous to particularize, are the glorious evidences of this assertion. There was no finching—there was no violence. They held out, indeed, a deprecatory hand to Russia,—but without dishonour; and they maintained an arduous contest, without violence,—without one single disorganizing appeal to the oppressed peasants and subjects of their oppressor. This last generosity deprived them of much early assistance from Lithuania; and in requital they are now exiles in foreign lands, or travelling on foot, with their heads shaved, as slaves, to the prisons of Siberia.

On the morning of the 30th November, within a few short but important hours after the breaking out of the revolt, Prince Adam Czartoryski, Prince Michael Radzivil, and other distinguished Poles, attended the grand council of the kingdom to which they of right belonged, but to which they had not lately been summoned. Niemcewitz, the fellow-prisoner and worthy companion of Kosciuszko, addressed the anxious multitude from the balcony of the Council Chamber. He urged them to order, and to the preservation of tranquillity; and a thousand students of the University instantly enrolled themselves as a city guard.

As the intelligence of these occurrences at Warsaw spread through the kingdom, all with one accord joined in throwing off the yoke of Constantine. Some of the Polish guards, who, with a high sense of military honour, had remained with the Grand Duke for his personal defence, now that the revolt had become a revolution, signified the impossibility of their continuing any longer arrayed against their countrymen; and on the 3d of December, within four short days after the breaking out of the insurrection, this Imperial com-

mander in chief, whose frown had hitherto been the signal for disgrace and imprisonment, was compelled to address the following letter to the grand council of Warsaw: "Je permets aux troupes Polonaises qui me sont restées fidèles jusqu'à ce dernier moment de rejoindre le leurs. Je me mets en route avec les troupes impériales pour m'éloigner de la capitale, et j'espère de la loyauté Polonaise qu'elles ne seront pas inquiétées dans leurs mouvemens pour rejoindre l'empire. Je recommande de même tous les établissemens, propriétés, et les individus à la protection de la nation Polonaise, et les mets sous la sauvegarde de la foi la plus sacrée." (*Varsorie*, ce 3^{um} Décembre 1830.) The Poles, thus appealed to, magnanimously permitted their oppressor to retreat unmolested; although the Russian troops under his command, as usual, committed excesses on their route, and destroyed among others a new and beautiful villa of the Countess Wonsowicz. The Polish army now rallied round Warsaw; many of those Poles who had deserted the interests of their country for the guilty honours of Constantine's Court, were generously retained in their commands; and it is to the praise of the Polish character, that none of them betrayed their trust. General Chlopicki was placed at the head of affairs, both civil and military. But one of those many evils which are inseparable from all moments of excitement, now appeared in the form of a most mischievous Club, calling itself patriotic, and which, indeed, had sprung up with the first days of the revolution; but the early adherence of the greater nobles to the cause of their country had checked its budding ambition; and a Provisional Government, under Czartoryski, Niemcewitz, and others, had been appointed, by whose prudence it was hoped that external warfare and internal strife might be avoided. Unfortunately, some secret members of this club gained admission into the provisional government, and by their influence and communications encouraged its proceedings. A national diet was convoked: the resources of the country were called forth; and the government, without relaxing from warlike preparations, awaited the result of a deputation which had been despatched to St. Petersburg; for as yet there was no intention of throwing off allegiance to Nicholas. All acts were still carried on in his name; and the Poles sought only for a deliverance from oppression, and for the preservation of their rights. In this spirit the deputation waited on Nicholas, and having explained the causes and nature of the revolt, required a recognition and fulfilment of those constitutional stipulations which had been entered into by Alexander; which Nicholas himself had accepted by a solemn oath; and which were declared by a treaty to which all the great powers of Europe were parties, to be the bond by which Poland was bound to Rus-

sia. Thus far they were within the strictest letter of the law. But affection for their fellow-countrymen, faith in the repeated promises and pledges of the Emperor Alexander, and a just interpretation of part of the first article of the general treaty of Vienna, which provided, in 1815, for that incorporation of the Russian Polish provinces which had not taken place in 1831, led them to add to the above strictly legal demands, that of fulfilling the moral obligation which the treaty imposed with respect to the Polish subjects of Russia. It is needless to add that the Emperor Nicholas rejected all these requisitions; and haughtily demanded absolute submission and implicit confidence in his paternal intentions. The Poles laid their case before the courts of Europe; but those powers who were parties to the treaty of Vienna appear to have declined all active interference.

All negotiations having failed, the Poles prepared for resistance. Their means were insignificant in comparison to those of their gigantic opponent. Four millions against fifty millions! Such odds were terrific; but right feeling was strong on the side of the Poles; and they looked, and with reason, for the assistance of their eight millions of brethren beyond the Bug and the Niemen. Poland, too, possessed an admirable army of 40,000 men, furnished with every necessary equipment for the field; and the magazines were supplied with arms, &c. sufficient for as many more. Chlopicki was declared dictator, as well as generalissimo, and a *levée en masse* was decreed. The zeal of the Polish patriots was unbounded. Meanwhile the veteran army that had planted the eagles of Russia on the walls of Adrianople, approached under the command of its victorious chief. But the renowned passer of the Balkan, was doomed to bite the dust on the plains of Poland. Chlopicki, after three days' hard fighting, drove his innumerable battalions back from the walls of Praga. The moral influence of this repulse was immense. The Russians retreated; and Chlopicki, suffering severely from a wound, resigned the command to Skrzynecki, who, from the rank of colonel, was thus suddenly, as worthily, raised, by the testimony of his comrades, and by the order of the diet, to the command of the Poles.

Our confined limits forbid our following in detail the brilliant operations of the war. For many doubtful, and to them glorious months, the Poles kept at bay the whole power of Russia, led on by her chosen commander, and animated by the presence of two of her grand dukes. The indomitable Skrzynecki added victory to victory, and Europe began to hope that the miraculous campaign of John Sobieski was about to be renewed. And truly, had the Poles remained constant to their chief, and had Prussia faithfully maintained her neutrality, the Russians would have been in front of Warsaw still. For so long as they could at-

tack it only in front, the militia Skrzynecki, supported by the troops, made a Lisbon of Warsaw. The Russians kept together, strong to justify Skrzynecki in direct attack; but he remembered the same well-concerted plan of operations on the flanks and rear of in Volhynia and Lithuania, and the same well-foreseen want of the consequent retreat of the army of those of Trant and Wilson did Massena. If Lord Wellington Torres Vedras was less dependent on place of arms more secure, the Lithuania and Volhynia, on the other hand, were infinitely more warlike, far better than the Spaniards could furnish materials for efficient co-operation. Treating generals were pursued by spirits; and even greater success Polish hero than attended his prototype; for Diebitch, with less than Massena, divided his corps up in detail; leaving no less than 20,000 pieces of cannon and 20,000 hands of the Poles. The defect were speedily recruited, and at the Bug and the Narew, failed for the same causes; and this second attempt with the dangerous but important Ostrolenka, by which the Russian communications were intercepted, and afforded for the more general of the insurrections of the Russian provinces. But now, when all was at stake, and when Polish valour and genius were likely to meet their seemingly unmitigable destiny, the enemy prevailed.

Jacobinism and envy caused the fall of Skrzynecki, who, with an ardent patriotism, obtained permission to subordinate rank; and, more than Prussia lent a perfidious succour to the Russians, by affording supplies from the provinces of East Prussia, which became the unattackable basis for Russian operations under Pałucki, which the otherwise impregnable Warsaw was turned. This perfidy and the lukewarmness of the Prussians in the cause of Poland, added to the violence and the ascendancy of the Jacobins. Violences occurred within Warsaw. General Krukowieski ventured to station which had been occupied by Czartoryski and Skrzynecki. The coming of the revolution was tainted was indeed strong; the defence might have been well managed, the city were barricaded, and the city arms; but faults, disasters, and they came thickly; and the evil day of Warsaw, trusting to Nicholas's

to heaven, and to his and to Paske-
vich's solemn protestations, opened her gates.
The valiant army retired; the Russians took
possession of the city upon the faith of an am-
nesty, which, as usual, was granted but to be
broken; and the work of confiscation, so ac-
cording to Russian profusion and cupidity,
more recommenced, and has not yet
ended.

Many Polish generals—Radzivil, Turno,*
Kankrka, Prondzynski, and others—have, in
violation of that amnesty, been dragged into
Russia or Siberia. Some have been forced
into the Russian ranks. Prince Romain San-
dow, a descendant of the Jagellons has been
degraded from his high rank to the condition
of a serf; and is now, while we write these
tragic pages, proceeding on foot, with his
head shaved, to the shores of the Polar Sea,
to offer forced labour as a galley slave. The
Count Sapieha, lately in possession of a reve-
nue of half a million of francs, and intimately
connected with this country, has been saved
a similar fate by escaping to America at
the risk of utter ruin. Prince Adam Czarto-
wski, another Jagellon, the worthy descend-
ant of Poland's earliest and best reformers,
himself the chief of her late administra-
tion, is now an honoured exile in England;
and, as well as in the rest of Europe, he has
long been known and highly esteemed. Such
has been the fate of the leaders. The subor-
dinate officers and soldiers have been forcibly
driven into regiments serving in the Cau-
casus, Finland, and on the shores of the Black
Sea and the White Sea. Others have been car-
ried off to repopulate, or restock, dilapidated
provinces.

The religion also of those provinces, for
which the Congress of Vienna required the
revival of their national institutions and
privileges, is now persecuted to that degree,
by an imperial ukase of 5th November,
1831, that the erection of Catholic churches in
Russia is forbidden; and one priest only al-
lowed to the whole district, who, it is observ-
ed, with a most tolerant consideration, may be
deprived, particularly about Easter. The even-
ing of justice, too, may be judged of from
the following imperial letter to the Governor
of Vilna, officially published on the 3d De-
cember, 1831; which, after praising the Go-
vernor, 'pour les mesures énergiques que vous
prenez pour exterminer ces brigands'—the re-
sult of the Lithuanian army—proceeds thus:
vous trouvez que leur execution a été ar-
rêtée par les formes des tribunaux, et si dans
votre opinion vous les trouvez coupables, vous
les ferez aussitôt subir la peine de mort.' Such
the clement methods of Russian concilia-
tion—and such the Russian manner of fulfil-
ling an amnesty!

This General attended the Grand Duke Con-
stantine to the frontiers in order to protect him from
insurgents, and now meets with exile for his
conduct.

Prussia too, not content with having afford-
ed a basis for the Russian forces, by which
means Warsaw fell, has added perfidy to her
breach of neutrality. The corps of General
Rybinski, amounting to 15,000 men, being
pressed by overpoweringly superior forces,
sought refuge within the Prussian territories,
upon the faith of a government which pledg-
ed itself to afford protection and subsistence
to them, on condition of their surrendering
their arms and *materiel*. The Poles complied
with these conditions; but after having been
subsisted for two months at a rate just above
starvation, and infinitely below the value of
the *materiel* surrendered, the Prussian govern-
ment, upon the pretence of a general amnesty
having been granted by Russia, ordered those
officers who would not return to Poland, forth-
with to quit Prussia; and, under the direction
of General Rummel and his aid-de-camp, Ma-
jor Brandt, endeavoured to force the under of-
ficers and soldiers to re-enter Poland. Thou-
sands refused; when General Rummel actu-
ally ordered his troops to load and fire on
them. The Poles stood firm; and, for this
time, the Prussian was content with a threat.
The half-starved men were marched back to
their wretched cantonment; every menace and
privation was employed to drive them into
Poland; but they would not stir. At length,
under pretence of a change of quarters, they
were marched, in separate detachments,
through by-paths to the Polish frontiers, and
blows and main force were employed to urge
them across. Still they refused. The Prussian
patience was exhausted; and a Captain Rich-
ter, and others, fired on and charged these mi-
serable men; nineteen of whom were left dead
on the ground. But yet would not the Poles
submit themselves to a Russian amnesty: they
were therefore huddled into open barns and
sheds, (it was the middle of December,) and
left to be starved or frozen into compliance.
The neighbouring peasants afforded them
some little succour. Many endeavoured to
escape, of whom the greater part were seized
by the Prussian authorities as deserters, and
on that plea, delivered up to Russia. But
the Prussian government, at length roused
to a sense of shame, recalled General Rum-
mel and his aid-de-camp; and placed the
surviving Poles once more in cantonments
in the neighbourhood of Marienbourg. This
desperate resistance of these Polish pea-
sants and soldiers, offers a melancholy com-
ment on the Russian amnesty. Those who did
return to Poland were, as they well foresaw,
and as Prussia well foreknew, seized on by
the Russian authorities, and, in contempt of
all faith, drafted by sections into different Rus-
sian regiments, and marched off to the four
quarters of its dreary empire, under the atro-
cious pretence of giving them subsistence and
the privileges—the privileges of Russians!
That is, Russia first robs the Poles of their
country, their rights, and their property, and

then graciously makes them soldiers, lest they should starve, whilst she adds the merciful immunities of the knout. So much for the great military monarchies.

We have detained our readers a long time, and hurried, in a somewhat desultory manner, over a wide space; but incomplete and imperfect as must necessarily be any short abstract of Polish history, we have not therefore allowed ourselves to be deterred from giving it in such form as our space would permit. For we consider it essential to the justice of her cause, to bring Poland under one general view, and not to leave it to the subtlety of the self-interested to select some partial aspect, by which her wrongs may appear less glaring, and a useful veil of forgetfulness be thrown over the early atrocities of the Russian spoliation. There are persons who would willingly forget, and persuade the rest of the world to forget, that such a kingdom as Poland ever existed, and that 20,000,000 Poles, animated by strong national feelings, and proud national recollections, still exist. They would fain regard Poland like Belgium,—as a mere conventional state, that has sprung up from the conflicting interests and jealousies of the great powers of Europe.

But let us not be misunderstood. Indignantly as we recall, and deeply as we deplore, the injuries of Poland, we are not disposed to advocate any wild schemes of restoration. The Congress of Vienna may, or may not, have deserted its duty; but whether we regret its decisions or not, we must abide by them.* This congress ceded that portion of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw which now forms the kingdom of Poland, to the empire of Russia, upon certain conditions. It was declared to be bound to that power by its *Constitution*; a Constitution was in consequence given to it; and if words have any meaning, Russia holds it by virtue of that Constitution. She had no prior right to it whatever. It formed a portion of that ancient Poland, which, by the constitution of 1791, called the royal house of Saxony to its throne; and which, in 1795, was forcibly seized and allotted to Prussia; from whom, in 1807, it was recovered by the Poles and Saxons, aided by the French; and by them replaced as the independent Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under the crown hereditary of Saxony. In 1813 it was overrun by the armies of the alliance formed against Napoleon; and in 1815, the Congress of Vienna, by virtue of the law of the strongest, transferred this country, upon the above stated conditions, to Russia.

The conditions were fulfilled by the publication of the Constitutional Charter, but they were not maintained. No one, we presume, will be so hardy as to assert that the obliga-

tions of the treaty of Vienna respect the bestowal of a Constitution, and maintenance. With such persons we desire to reason. The Charter or Constitution was not maintained or respected. The transgressions of it by Alexander and by Nicholas have been so glaring, so various, and denied, that we will not waste our time enumerating them. They in fact put to all constitutional government in Poland and established in its place the arbitrariness of a commander-in-chief, the late Grand Duke Constantine. The Poles appealed to their king for redress: his answer was, "would you have? he is my senior by six years, and I owe my crown to him." Because Nicholas usurped the throne of his brother Constantine, was the Polish Constitution therefore to be abrogated? They thought not; and, writhing under the yoke of Constantine, galled by the memory of spurned rights, called on by their brethren in the betrayed Polish provinces of Russia, and excited by the successful insurrections in the south, they took up arms in defence of their honour, their person, their rights. They succeeded. Very little violence or disorder accompanied this movement: there was then no attempt at throwing their allegiance to Nicholas; they were faithful subjects; and we trust there is a man who will call them less faithful, because while they did not swerve from their loyalty to their king, they were equally true to the constitution. Thus far there was nothing to annul the rights vested in the Congress of Vienna; but they did stop here; for most certainly they went as to require that incorporation of the provinces, which both the treaty and the king, had *morally*, though not *formally*, promised. This demand, while it placed during the time it was maintained, within the limits of European assistance, and surely, now that it is withdrawn, precluded them from the benefits of that treaty, respect for which they lost this aid. A endless infractions of the treaty by the governing party to count for nothing, an instance of a too liberal interpretation of the governed to preclude them from benefits? Surely not. And if there be question of forfeiture, which there is no forfeiture, in all legal and moral justice, fall upon the original transgressor, and those who resisted the transgression. It may be told that as the contest continued the Poles went so far as to depose their king thereby threw off their allegiance and forfeited their rights. They did throw off allegiance; but as their revolt followed repeated infractions of the treaty, so the deposition of Nicholas followed his refusals of redress, his military invasion of their country, and his haughty demand of unconditional submission. The pen-

* Americans will find it difficult to conceive any reason for this acquiescence in the arrangements of that much-misnamed alliance, other than that of difference of interests.—Ed. Mts.

forfeiture then, if there be any, still lies at the door of Russia, and by no fair reasoning can it be attached to the Poles.

But it is farther to be considered, that the Poles and the Russians were not the sole parties to the treaty. It was concluded not only for their benefit but that of Europe at large; and no reason can be adduced why Europe is to be deprived of her share of the benefits of that treaty, because the Poles or Russians may have chosen to transgress its obligations. Even on the supposition, therefore, that the Poles, and not the Russians, or that both Poles and Russians broke the treaty, still, so long as Europe, the third and unoffending party, wills it, the treaty must continue binding. The empire of Russia received, and holds the kingdom of Poland by virtue of the treaty of Vienna, and by it alone. So long as she observes that treaty, she has an undoubted right to the constitutional dominion of Poland, and no longer. If she tramples on it, or denies its obligation, then the sovereignty lapses to the representatives of the Congress of Vienna, or to Prussia, or to its original sovereign, the King of Saxony. The parties to the treaty of Vienna have a clear right to require from Russia either the fulfilment of her contract, or the forfeiture of her benefice. If not, they must confess that they have been outwitted and bullied by an all-powerful ally.

If the law of the question be thus clearly in favour of the Poles, so also is the policy. We are not of the school that has a nightmare dread of Russian domination. Were we Austrians or Prussians, we might not, as long as Poland lay in the dust, consider Russia the safest of neighbours. But we in our impregnable isle may laugh her to scorn; our fleets in one campaign would seal up her ports; while nothing short of another coalition, such as that which overthrew Napoleon, can seriously endanger France. Still, though a fifth monarchy be a dream, the undeviating tenacity of the policy of Russia in that direction is undeniable; her progress has been gradual, constant, and great. A mighty empire, when formed in one life, has ever suddenly and quickly fallen to pieces. Gradual aggrandizement, bit by bit ambition, is the most sure and the most dangerous. This has been the course of Russia. To these considerations we may add, that a well appointed army, nearly a million strong, stern military institutions, half or unequally spread civilization, an irresponsible government, the acknowledged headship of a devoted church, a scarcely accessible territory, having its rear and flanks hermetically sealed, and peopled by a nomadic race, ever imbued with a vague desire for southern climes, offer elements of conquest which are not to be despised.

Four routes lie open to the development of these mighty and accumulating means;—the Caspian, the Euxine, central Europe, and the Baltic. That of the Caspian is beyond the

reach of European opposition; though when the route there traced, and now rapidly filling up, shall have been accomplished, two dangerous lines will diverge,—one leading to the Mediterranean, the other eastwards through Persia to India; the only direction in which that country has ever been successfully invaded. The Euxine route is nearly as bare of defence as the other; and the progress of Russia in that direction, is checked only by that wise restraining policy, which seeks, in a military point of view, to consolidate its conquests as it goes; and for this reason, and to avoid too forcibly awakening the jealousy of Europe, never takes too much at a time, particularly from Turkey, whose rude government, by ever affording an excuse for a rupture, enables Russia to make war upon her at her own convenience and leisure. The Baltic line, though far from complete, has been extended as far as it is necessary for present purposes; that is, for so long as Prussia shall remain a firm and obedient ally. The only remaining route, that of Central Europe, lies through Poland; it flanks Austria and Prussia and threatens Germany. It also affords the only practicable approach to Russia: its settlement, therefore, is of the last importance. The gate is now wide open, it remains to be seen who shall hold the key.

That key was, by the compromising policy of the Congress of Vienna, placed in what may be termed neutral hands. The Congress endeavoured, but failed, to place it in the hands of an independent king of Poland, it also refused to surrender it at discretion to the arms of Russia. A middle course was therefore pursued, and Poland was yielded to Russia upon such conditions as the Congress imagined would render that possession by Russia least dangerous to Europe. There was nothing transient in these conditions. The words are, "bound for ever by its constitution." Russia may complain that she finds such conditions embarrassing. It is very probable she does; for they were not meant to be otherwise than embarrassing, whenever Russia might pursue antisocial designs. The very complaint, therefore, argues the wisdom of their imposition, and the necessity for their continuance. They were imposed, as a corrective, forever, of that unquiet ambition which the powers of Europe feared in Russia; whom they, therefore, by binding her to the observance of the constitution of Poland, sought usefully to employ and to keep at home.

But, if such precautions were necessary in 1815, when Russia was under the sway of Alexander, they most assuredly are more requisite now, when the old Anti-European Muscovite faction has gained the lead. Indeed, ever since the death of Alexander, Russia has clearly manifested her domineering policy and ambitious designs. Her ministers have been found active in every court of Europe, aiding and abetting the cause of despo-

tism. She has assumed a control in the affairs of Germany repugnant to the feelings and independence of that intellectual and powerful but divided nation; she has pushed on her conquests in the direction of Persia and Turkey, as far as suited her purposes; she has kept up an unnecessarily large army, and her intrigues in Greece have never ceased. At the breaking out of the late French Revolution, and before the change of ministry in this country, and the revolt of Poland, checked her course, there was much cause to suspect that she meditated an anti-liberal crusade. But if such be the designs of Russia, it is the duty of the other powers to prevent them, by those means which the Congress of Vienna provided. We believe that nothing short of the most urgent remonstrances will compel her to abide by those articles of the treaty, by which alone she holds Poland. The essence and intent of those articles was the interposition of a constitutional kingdom between Russia and the rest of Europe; and none, we imagine, will deny the security, which the interposition of such a kingdom would afford.

But the question arises—Will Russia listen to the remonstrances of the other powers? We fear we must say, that she will not, if she can possibly evade or avoid them: she will not willingly resign the Polish prey she already in imagination possesses as her own; and much less will she readily consent to the establishment of freedom, not only in her neighbourhood, but even under her own protection. But yet, unwilling as Russia may be to submit, she is, we believe, in no state to resist, if firmly urged. She is exhausted by her Persian, her Turkish, and her Polish wars; from all which, though she has come forth successfully, yet not without severe reverses and exhausting exertions. She has now need of repose, to trim her wings for future flights, and to consolidate her present conquests. Nor must it be forgotten, that passive and devoted as is Russian obedience, the same spirit which animated the far-spread conspiracy of Tagenrog, yet works through the veins and arteries of that incoherent mass, which forms her empire. War might divert this danger; and it is probable that the Persian and Turkish wars were as much undertaken for the sake of giving a vent or turn to an unquiet spirit, as from any immediate desire of conquest. Indeed, military glory being the sole heritage and seal of nationality by which the subjects of despotic states are kept together, it is natural that Russia should occasionally enliven the allegiance of her own subjects at the expense of her neighbours. But a war upon the Polish question would be of a far different nature; and Russia knows full well, that at the present moment, she is weak in the direction of Poland, and greatly dependent on the support of both Austria and Prussia. Upon the latter, she may count with safety. Prussia has no wish to lose her

Polish provinces; and she may be best retained by a friendly Russia, whom she is prepared to oppose any oppressive measures against. We have seen her cruel treatment of her Polish army, which sought to recover her territories; and we have seen that she is now recommending the destruction of the very name of Poland, and the entire absorption of Poland by Russia. This is a prospect of Europe will not, surely and powerful as are these two powers, they are not invincible; and if European powers call upon them to fulfil the treaty of Vienna, they would refuse, place themselves in a predicament. Russia would ruin Prussia, who having sprung from an electorate into an aggregate kingdom—and who fit to command her highly disciplined troops than to rule over her divided provinces when she should stand forth the avenger of the treaty of Vienna. The discipline of those battalions full of home, in watching over the subservience of those subjects who wear the crown only by virtue of that treaty, these two powers would, by complying with the treaty, expose themselves to dangers, so much greater than the imaginary evils which they seek to free them from compliance, that we doubt of their yielding, if pressed.

This brings us to the question—Who are to be the pressers? The first answer is—all those who are by treaty bound to act; but the enforcing the treaty for the maintenance of liberal institutions. Fortunately, such institutions have found favour with the majority of Europe. Therefore France and England, the only two powers of any importance who profess liberal principles, are also the only two powers inclined to interfere between Russia and Prussia. sincerely do we trust that they will act temperately, conjointly, and for the advantage of such a line of conduct at the present critical juncture of affairs.

It is vain to deny that two principles now divide Europe—liberalism and despotism. They are to be seen from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, and in every political question, France and England are on the one side, and Russia on the other. Two principles, however, have themselves to the liberal party, to avoid a violent collision—the principle of non-interference, and the principle of non-resistance. Now we contend that the question offers considerable advantages at both points of view. Russia is in the front of the absolutes; she can neither effect, nor will

g without her consent and co-operation she be checked, they are checked; if on any ground, they gain courage: and the chances of collision increase. The absolute security they carry their ends only by war; from which they are now restrained by a sense, if not of weakness, certainly of that which is weakness, insecurity. The best security of Poland is in tranquillity; and in their view, therefore, lies peace. If this view be correct, then the establishment of a check on Russia at the present crisis is most desirable, and it would be no small additional security that this check should be interpreted as the recognition of a right. Happily the check and the advantage are to be found in the claims of Poland, supported, as we have shown them to be, by the laws of justice, policy, and humanity. We do not exaggerate the importance of those claims when we say, that from the hour the establishment of a constitutional government should be secured to Poland, all is for the general tranquillity of Europe would cease. The domineering influence of Russia would be abated on the one side, while on the other, success would attract the cause of liberty, without the too common excitement of a triumph.

Poland, thus considered, becomes the hinge on which much of the present diplomacy of Europe must turn; for its revolt has placed Europe in a dilemma. It has brought the treaty of Vienna, and her infractions of it, to the cognizance and reproof of Europe; it has bare the roots of her authority over Europe at a most unpropitious moment. She is exposed to the hazard of being compelled to choose between enduring the checks of a constitutional government, or of inconveniently assuming a more despotic tone in Europe than she is at present prepared or able to support. She may escape from this difficulty by adopting a middle course. Accordingly, she threatens France, and withers the ratification of the Dutch treaty. Is it that she wishes to go to war with England and France? Far from it. She knows her own precarious state too well, and is precisely because she does know it, she assumes her present menacing attitude.

For she is well aware of the praise-repugnance to a war felt by the governments of these countries; and therefore, in conjunction with Prussia, she seeks to soothe their fears, and to bully them into a declaration of their advocacy of the rights of Poland, as the price of her ratification of the treaty, and of her temporary acquiescence in the present order of affairs in Europe. She will even persuade the Poles with patience. And, since she has cost her nothing, she will no doubt show much liberality and benevolence to-

wards Poland. But surely the ministers of England and of France will not be thus easily cajoled. They know the value of Russian promises, and the extent of Russian liberality. They see Russia with mighty resources at command: they know that hitherto she has been animated by a constant and unprincipled ambition: they foresee that she may acquire, by the absolute possession of Poland, a dominant influence over Austria and Prussia—by the long arms of whose dominions she may encompass Germany, and reach France both on the north and on the south; they foresee her power of threatening Persia, Turkey and India; and now that a just and honourable opportunity is before them, by which they are enabled to say to her, “thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,” we trust we are not deceived in believing, that they will temperately and firmly take advantage of it; and that, not satisfied with promises, they will exact guarantees.

We would be the last to provoke war: we have small pride in its glories, we abhor its cruelties. But, on the other hand, we have an unfeigned regard for public faith and honour, which we consider, by the treaty of Vienna, to be pledged to exact the payment from Russia of freedom to Poland; and we believe that war was never yet ultimately averted by timid concessions. For this reason, we think that England and France will best consult the peace of Europe, and the civilization of the world, by binding Russia to the continued observance of her obligations towards Poland, as well as to her own Polish subjects. She will not dare refuse—nor must we suffer her to evade. We repeat, we have no expectation of a war. Russia knows too well that such a war—a war of opinion, would endanger the stability of her empire, and separate every one of her Polish provinces from her forever. But while war is rendered thus improbable, a strong collision of opinions and of diplomatic intrigues is daily taking place, and may be expected to continue till the stormy waves of the French Revolution have subsided into the calm of an assured freedom.

That consummation, so devoutly to be desired, might be much accelerated by Austria; who as yet has taken no decided part in the great moral conflict now going on. Russia and Prussia, and France and England, have taken their stations; but Austria as yet stands aloof, uncertain to which party she ought to belong. Her old associations incline her to the cause of Russia; her present fears for her territories tempt her to France. She frowns upon the Lombards; but she joins with the French in requiring liberal institutions for the subjects of the pope: she does not discourage the Poles; but she withholds her ratification of the Belgian treaty. Such temporizing policy has long been in high favour with Austria, for it has successfully carried her through many difficulties; but they were

only difficulties. She well knows how it failed her when the first French revolution burst through all her temporizing expedients; and we trust she will, by a manly policy, now save herself and Europe from the possibility of running through another such cycle of miseries as followed the anti-liberal leagues of those days. She dreads Russia, and with reason; she trembles at the encroachments by which that power is gradually surrounding her old hereditary dominions of Hungary; and is seeking by intrigues in Walachia, and by the links of a common religion, to extend her influence amongst the warlike tribes that line the Danube, and stretch even to the Monte Negrius on the Adriatic.

It is by the absolute possession of Poland that Russia can most easily command Austria; and, therefore, to avoid that evil, and to create an efficient barrier, Austria would willingly, at the Congress of Vienna, have resigned Galicia in favour of a powerful independent kingdom of Poland. The ambition of Alexander perverted that wise desire; and Austria remains, in as far as Galicia is concerned, in thralldom to Russia. But, unlike Prussia, she loves a prospective retention of Galicia less than she hates the ascendancy and control of Russia; and were it not for another cause, she would willingly and strongly join with France and England in demanding the fulfilment of the treaty of Vienna. That other cause of fear is the establishment of a constitutional government so near her own hearth, and so contrary to her long-cherished policy.

This, however, is the time for Austria to review the past, to reconsider her station, and to look to the present state of Europe. She forms a great empire, hereditarily, and morally, and naturally. She is in a state of maturity. It is the very reverse with her upstart and warlike confederates of the north; for the one is yet in a state of transition, and the other—Russia, in an ill-considered course of territorial ambition. Prussia cannot, Russia will not, remain as she is. At whose expense will they thrive? Certainly they will not, as they did not, spare Austria. Indeed, the advantages of a northern alliance lie all on the side of Russia, who is comparatively secure from attack; while her two allies may expose, for her sake, their distant dominions of Lombardy, and the Rhenish provinces, to internal insurrection and foreign invasion. Austria knows and feels this. She sees that she is in a false position. There is a daily decreasing hope of ruling Italy and Hungary by the bayonet. She perceives at length that the upward tendency of nations is daily becoming too strong for the downward pressure of single-handed authority. She sees that the old system of rule is wearing out. Austria believes, and with reason, that the personal character of her emperor, and the authority of a vigilant administration, will pro-

bably maintain affairs in their present state till the close of this reign. But there are Austrians who contemplate the future with anxiety; who do not fear the arms of Russia on the one side, and the progress of liberality on the other. They entertain a lessening desire of crushing the force of the first; for they little or not at all require the absolutely necessary assistance, in such a cause, of so over-powerful an auxiliary as Russia—backed, as it would be, by the presence and co-operation of her army, the heart of the empire, or on the point of Lombardy. Unpleasant as are these speculations, yet the hatred of French domination, as they are called, are, with the old feeling, still stronger. They hope that affairs in Austria will last as they now are for the present. They are too proud, or too indolent, to thread the tangled web of a whole new life; and they, therefore, with an unfeeling and selfish fatalism, allow the mighty machine that once was Cæsar's, to float upon its current, without an active hand to trim the sails, or an anchor to arrest her course. There are many who scan the times with a wary eye; and, seeing the dangers, are ready to meet them. They do not wish to pursue a wild course of liberalism; but they perceive that, by continuing to advocate absolute monarchy, they can follow only in the wake of Bonaparte, while, by steering in an opposite direction, they anticipate a safer and a prouder future. Reason, experience, and observation, tell them that the first great northern power, which honestly and practically allies itself with the liberal spirit of the age, will acquire a dominant ascendancy in Germany, and in the East. Russia knows this full well; and she also knows that she herself is as yet unfit for the part. Besides which, she has the course now by one system; why therefore should she change it for another? for she knows that in a policy founded on battalions and diplomacy, she is as astute as it may, the strong must ever command.

Italy hangs by a thread. Austria must resolve to pour in more troops to sustain absolute authority in those unquiet places, or to pour in the balm of liberal concessions. She is already on the threshold; she is hesitating, or affecting to plead, with the political privileges for his subjects of the past; and if she succeed at Rome, it will not be easy for her to refuse at Milan. The people have no wish to thrust the political jagged iron of the constitution-mongers upon Austria. We have every desire, as we value the progressive improvement of Europe, to see her relax from that absolute sway which she has hitherto exercised over her subjects; and which, we repeat, it is highly improbable they will submit beyond the present. Let her then join with France and England in firmly requiring the fulfilment of the important article of the Treaty of Vienna,

nd Poland to Russia by its Constitution," which guaranteed the *privileges and nationality* of the Poles generally. She may shake off those Russian shackles she willingly wore; she may conciliate the Asiatic and excited spirit of Germany; may win to herself the good-will and the hearts of the Poles; and in strict obedience to the clearly understood arrangements

Congress of Vienna, interpose a constitutionally governed kingdom between her and Russia, and so strengthen her own arms, and confine her dangerous neigh-

ers breaking up of the old tripartite paring league, would be of signal benefit to Europe at large; and the planting and maintaining a good government and liberal institutions in Poland, would be the prelude of the civilization and prosperity of the north. For those blessings would flow from Poland to the surrounding nations. The example is contagious; and Prussia will ere long discover that it was both easier and more safe to preserve the allegiance of her Polish subjects by the ties of affection and justice, than by the iron bonds of martial law. Russia, too, might learn the same and more.

It may have been considered harsh in exposition of the views and conduct of the empire, but we beg most clearly to disavow any national antipathy. There is much cause—there are the seeds of much good in the Russian character. Many Russians are highly civilized and liberal; but the government is false, ambitious, and unmerciful. Against such government, and against its despoticism upon Poland, that is our protest; and that we use our endeavours, by pointing out the justice and policy of maintaining a constitutional government in the one country, to provide the spread of its blessings over the other. The might of the leading powers of Europe, they enforced justice, and protected themselves, confer even on reluctant Russia innumerable benefits. For, under a wise government, gradually improving its institutions, and administration, that empire might nobly emerge from that half barbarous condition which is proud only of military glory and territorial conquests. Her emperor, though unbounded in authority, might be more humane in person;—the sanguinary intrigues and evolutions that haunt his family and his subjects might have an end;—the vast territory over which he reigns, though they might require no more additions, would be less exact to revolt, separation, or disruption;—without winning one inch of land, or causing rivers to flow, he might redouble his strength by inestimable reinforcements of industry, wealth, and happiness.

These are perhaps Utopian dreams; but it is a plain matter-of-fact task, which, it is our duty to perform.—Vol. XXI.

appears to us, is within the duty, the policy, the honour, and the power of Europe to perform—and that is, to require from Russia the fulfilment of the Treaty of Vienna.

At the moment of closing the foregoing observations, a proclamation has appeared by the Russian Emperor, of the 26th of February, by which the guaranteed liberties and constitution of Poland are peremptorily abrogated. We entreat a most earnest attention to it, as fully corroborating all we have stated in regard to the ambitious views of Russia.

In the preamble to this imperial decree, the Emperor Nicholas asserts, *that in 1815, Poland was restored to its national existence by Russia*, while, without deigning to take the slightest notice of the allies, or of the Congress of Vienna, he presumes to claim Poland *as having been conquered by the victorious arms of Russia*; and in the same arrogant and contemptuous spirit, declares Poland to be an *integral part of the Russian Empire*, and commands its inhabitants to consider themselves henceforth as Russians:—"les habitants de ce pays fassent désormais avec les Russes une seule nation." And then, "par un statut organique donné par notre clemence," this unblushing autocrat proceeds to dissolve the sole bond by which he lawfully holds Poland—its Constitution. The facts speak for themselves, and loudly ask the question, Whether Russia is already above all European law?

From the Asiatic Journal.

SITTI MAANI.

The history of the beautiful Assyrian girl, Sitti Maani, forms the most touching episode in the narrative of Pietro della Valle. The traveller has left a picture of her in his letters to his friend Schipano, which possesses all the rich colours of poetry and romance. She died, it will be remembered, in her twenty-third year, of the pestilential fever then raging along the shores of the Persian Gulf.

I SEE, I see thee gliding by,
With drooping lash, and raven curl,
And mien of gentle dignity,
Thou sweet Assyrian girl!

So vividly thy lover's hand
Hath painted thy pure hope and glee,
I never dream of eastern land,
Without a thought of thee.

Oh, sweeter than the fountain crown'd
With palm-trees in the desert place,
The weary pilgrim must have found
The beauty of thy face.

For often, in the burning day,
Beneath the blue Arabian sky,
Thy phantom, on the lonely way,
Uprose unto his aching eye.*

* In the caravan with which Pietro departed from Aleppo, was a young merchant of Bagdad, with whom he formed an intimacy, and who entertained him "as they rode side by side through the moonlight," with praises of the beauty and excellence of a young lady of Bagdad. The caravan.
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And while his young companion vaunted
 The Bagdad maiden in his car,
 No thought his lulled bosom haunted
 Of Bedouin sword or spear.
 How his heart gladdened at the swell
 Of mighty Tigris, river old,
 While the first rays of sunrise fell
 On Bagdad's towers of gold!
 Many a gorgeous song hast thou,
 City of the caliph's glory,
 Which memory loveth well; but now
 She weepeth o'er Maani's story.
 I may not follow in her track,
 Among the orient bowers to roam;
 Alas! her feet no more came back
 Unto her childhood's home.
 A cloud upon her joy was sent—
 (That tale so sad should ne'er be spoken!)
 And like a rose by tempest rent,
 The stem of life was broken.
 She faded—but her beauty's bloom
 About the traveller's heart did glide;
 In all his wanderings, her tomb
 Was ever by his side.*

From the Monthly Review.

NATIVE LIFE IN INDIA.†

OF the many works that have been lately published, for the purpose of extending our acquaintance with the domestic habits and manners of the natives of British India, these volumes of Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, are decidedly the most estimable. They introduce us at once into those sanctuaries of private intercourse, to which strangers seldom find access, and with which few even of the British residents become intimately acquainted. The kind of knowledge which peculiar facilities enabled our fair author to collect, for the information of her friends, in this country, and which she has been fortunately induced to exhibit to a wider circle, is perhaps of all others the most pleasing. We feel an interest in knowing every thing that concerns our fellow-beings, especially in distant parts of the world; we are gratified in hearing descriptions of their style of dress, and of the occupations which fill up the measure of their daily life; we follow them cheerfully through the details of their house-keeping, listen to

enthusiasm of the merchant was communicated at length to Pietro, and before he entered Bagdad he was in love with the unknown maiden—who was Sitti Maani.

* The affectionate enthusiasm with which Pietro della Valle carried with him the coffined remains of his beloved wife is in the remembrance of the reader.

†Observations on the Mussulmans of India: descriptive of their Manners, Customs, Habits, and Religious Opinions, made during a Twelve Years' Residence in their Immediate Society. By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Parbury, Allen & Co. 1832.

their conversation, and national stories participate in their amusements, and with the differences which exist between themselves, upon innumerable points of duty and conduct. No description the characteristic of their private life can be considered too minute; our curiosity on this subject is insatiable, for let the contrast of general complexion be ever so great of our own, there is still running through the whole of the distance between, that is but not imperceptible, electric chain binds the whole race of man in the sympathy.

We wish that the author had been less reserved, as to her own personal history. With reference to this topic, she mentions, that she passed twelve years of her life in the Mussulman society: her husband we may also to be of that nation, where she herself an Englishwoman, who, we are told, originally went out to India, in connection with some missionaries, but in what capacity, whether as a domestic, or a translated preacher, or a tract distributor, she does not say. She does not give us the idea of the course which Mr. Meer Ali adopted, in order to persuade her to change in his fortunes, though many of her friends would doubtless be very happy to know whether a Mussulman's mode of making a fortune resembles that established among the natives of England. We very soon learn, nevertheless, that, however limited her communications may be, upon subjects personal to her, she is really a sensible and very amiable woman, well acquainted with the practical details of life, and accustomed to fulfil them without thought of the climate, which she contends, affects those only who are constitutionally idle. Her simple and effective remedy against the annoyances of the heat, of which so many complain, is constant useful employment of her hands, which preserved equally the health of her body and her mind. Even when the thermometer was at its height, and the heat prevailed, or when that still more oppressive influence filled the atmosphere, which during the periodical rains, Mrs. Meer Ali found or made employment for her hands, and hence, they glided rapidly along, assures us, without a murmur or a sigh.

The manners of the Mussulman people are quite patriarchal. The master and mistress of a family receive the utmost veneration from their domestic slaves; and yet, the latter are allowed to converse with their superiors, and to give their opinions with the same frankness. Aged servants are treated with the most amiable kindness, and their respect, as well as those of poor relatives of the family, even to the remotest degree of consanguinity, are attended to with the most pious and spirit of kindness presides over a free intercourse with each other; the husband

are ever warm with tenderness, while they can be more spontaneous than the love and affection of their children. Reverence for age, and especially for anther or mother, knows scarcely any other source, their conviction that it promotes the favour of heaven. It may be that it is not always the case, and that with some the object is the object. But when the needy is aided by the rich, as our author benevolently says, "it is unjust to scrutinize the heart's motives where the act itself alleviates the sufferings of a fallen creature." She understands the sentiment and language are of the proverbial wisdom of the east, position is doubtless often practised to excess by the indolent, who excite the feelings of the wealthy, by a tale of woe; rests with him who begs unworthily, and him who relieves the supposed distress of his poorer neighbour. The very human beings will acknowledge, that they derive benefits from the bounty of their benefactors, not because they are deserving, but because he is merciful."

The place of the Syads, or Meers, descended from Mahomet, are greatly respected, and are a principal class of Mussulman nobility. The female Syads are all Begums, or Begons, and their honours being all derived from their genealogy, every degree of their rank is registered in their memory with the scrupulous exactness. As long as the mother of both sexes remain under the care of their mother, in her own apartment, populated the zenana, it is an indispensable part of their daily education to recount their genealogy up to either Hasan or Hosein, the sons of Ali, by his cousin Fatima. Hence, referring to the manuscript genealogical book which is kept with sacred care in every family, they can generally trace the whole of their ancestors, without the least difficulty. They are, of course, exceedingly jealous of the purity of their race, so much so, that the formation of connexions, birth is preferred to wealth. The consequence is, that the class of the Syads abounds in marriages. The author mentions an instance, in which this pride of birth is maintained over every advantage of a personal description.

There are three unmarried daughters, reared for their industrious habits, morality, and observance of their religious duties; handsome, well-formed women, polite and sensible, and to all this they add an accomplishment which is not by any means general to the females of Hindostan, they have been taught by their excellent father to read and write in Arabic,—it is not allowed to be taught,—and the commentary in Persian. One of their superiority has brought many suitors from the heads of families possessing wealth, and desirous to secure for their

sons wives so eminently endowed, who would waive all considerations of the marriage dowry, for the sake of the Begum who might thus adorn their untitled house. All these offers, however, have been promptly rejected, and the young ladies themselves are satisfied in procuring a scanty subsistence by the labour of their hands. I have known them to be employed in working the jaullie (netting for a part of the female dress), which, after six days' close application, at the utmost could not realize three shillings each; yet I never saw them other than contented, happy, and cheerful,—a family of love, and patterns of sincere piety."—Vol. i. pp. 9, 10.

Among the Mussulmans, the day and night are each divided into four equal parts, or watches, which are again subdivided into hours. The latter are marked by means of a brass ball floating in a tank of water. At the bottom of the ball there is a very small aperture, which admits a drop of the water every second; the hours are numbered on the external surface, and, as the ball sinks, the progress of time is perceived by a watchman, who attends for the purpose, and proclaims it by striking with a hammer, on a broad plate of bell-metal. These watchmen are regularly relieved, at stated periods, as punctuality is a serious consideration amongst a people whose services of prayer must be performed at the appointed hours, with the most religious exactness. When a death occurs in a family, the principal survivor of the house mourns for forty days, during which period he allows his beard to grow;* and at certain intervals, he provides splendid dinners, which he sends out on trays, to his immediate relatives and friends, by way of return, we suppose, for their attentions during the period the dead body remains in the house. No cooking is carried on there as long as that is the case; and hence, they deem it a duty to supply the family with ready-dressed dinners.

The married ladies have a habit, which appears to us very strange, of applying to their lips and gums, and occasionally to their teeth, a preparation of antimony, which dyes them as black as ebony. They pencil the eye-lid with lamp-black; and they particularly pride themselves on the delicacy of the line and symmetry of the arch of the eye-brow. Their hands and feet are cleansed until they exhibit a bright red hue, which they justly deem becoming and healthy. They wear a large ring of gold wire, set with rubies and pearls, suspended from the nose, and, however inconvenient they may find it, they cannot remove it, except on a particular festival, from the day of their marriage, until that of their death, or widowhood, unless they venture to despise

* The Prophet commanded the beard to be worn: but in modern times *mustachios* only are reserved on the upper lip, which are trained with the utmost care; The religious Mussulmans, however, strictly follow the precept.

one of their most ancient customs. Gold or silver rings are also suspended from the ears, which are pierced in nine or ten places, so that when all the rings are worn, they look like a fringe of the precious metal on each side of the head. On state occasions, the rings give place to strings of emeralds, and pearls, which fall in rows from the upper part of the ear, in a graceful and elegant style. They are remarkably attentive to the hair, which, generally luxuriant, and a jet black, after being well washed and dried, is anointed with sweet jessamine oil; it is then drawn, with nice precision, from the forehead to the back, where it is twisted into a queue, which usually reaches below the waist; the ends are ornamented with strips of red silk, and silver ribands, entwined with the hair, and terminating in a large rosette. While the married women rejoice in the ebony colour of their teeth, the men, on the contrary, are remarkable for the white enamel of theirs, although their only tooth-brush is a broken twig of the pomegranate tree, from which the rind is stripped off, bruised and made pliant at the extremity. As we cannot venture to touch the higher mysteries of the toilette, we must refer them to Mrs.—we wish her name was not so long.—Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, a name, by the way, that bespeaks high rank among the Mussulman people of India.

“As I have rather prematurely introduced the native ladies’ style of dress into this letter, I may as well include the whole business of their toilet under the present head, instead of reserving the detail of the subject for a future letter, when the *zeenahnah* is to be described, and accordingly proceed to tell you that the ladies’ *pyjamaahs* are formed of rich satin, or gold cloth, *gooldadden*, or *musheroo*, (striped washing silks manufactured at Benares), fine *chintz*,—English manufacture having the preference, silk or cotton *ginghams*; in short, all such materials are used for this article of female dress as are of sufficiently firm texture, down to the white calico of the country, suited to the means of the wearer. By the most fashionable females they are worn very full below the knee, and reach to the feet, which are partially covered by the fulness, the extremity finished, and the seams are bound with silver riband; a very broad silver riband binds the top of the *pyjamaah*; this being double, has a *zarbund* (a silk net cord) run through, by which this part of the dress is confined at the waist. The ends of the *zarbund* are finished with rich tassels of gold and silver, curiously and expressly made for this purpose, which extend below the knees; for full dress, these tassels are rendered magnificent with pearls and jewels.

“One universal shape is adopted in the form of the *ungeeah*, (bodice), which is, however, much varied in the material and ornamental part; some are of gauze or net, muslin, &c., the more transparent in texture the more agreeable to taste, and all are more or less ornamented with spangles and silver trimmings. It is made to fit the bust with great exactness, and to fasten behind with strong cotton cords; the

sleeves are very short and tight, and fit with some fanciful embroidery or silver trim. Even the women servants pride themselves pretty *ungeeahs*, and all will strive to be little finery about them, however coarse material it is formed of may happen to be. They are never removed at night, but are to be worn a week together, unless it be faded earlier, or the ornamental parts be worn through extreme heat.

“With the *ungeeah* is worn a *tramee* courtie, (literally translated, shirt,) of fine net; this covers the waistband of the *pyjamaah* but does not screen it; the seams and borders are trimmed with silver or gold ribands.

“The *deputtah* is a useful envelope, and the most graceful part of the whole female attire. In shape and size, a large sheet will convey an idea of the *deputtah*’s dimensions; the quality depends on choice or circumstance; the preference is given to our light E. manufacture of leno or muslin for everyday wear, by gentlewomen; but on gala days and silver gauze tissues are in great request; also fine India muslin, manufactured at D. transparent and soft as the web of the *gossamer* spider; this is called *shahnam*, (night), from its delicate texture, and is procured at great expense, even in India; some *deputtahs* are formed of gold-worked muslin, *Et* *crape*, coloured gauze, &c. On ordinary occasions, ladies wear them simply bound with silver riband, but for dress, they are richly adorned with embroidery and bullion fringes, which add much to the splendour of the scene. At two or three hundred females are collected together in their assemblies. The *deputtah* is worn with much original taste on the head, and falls in graceful folds over the person; when standing, it is crossed in the middle, one end partially screening the figure, the other thrown over the opposite shoulder.

“I should say, they rarely stand; but distinguished guests, or their elders, and relatives, are announced, this mark of respect is never omitted. It is an interesting sight, as they have much ease and grace in their manner, which no tutoring could impart; rise and arrange their drapery, advance a few steps from their place in the hall, and brace their visitor thrice in due form, by salaaming, with the head bowed very low towards the ground, and the open hand to the forehead, three times in succession, to denote solemnity and dignity.

“I have told you, in a former letter, that many precious ornaments were laid aside at the eve of *Mahurram*, and need hardly be described again. Their fondness for jewellery, perhaps, exceeds the same propensity in any other females on the globe; the rude workmanship of native jewellers, however an object of weighty consideration, has provided the precious metals are unalloyed in purity. The same may be remarked in the selection of jewels; pearls of the largest size, even when discoloured or misshapen, are selected in preference to the most regular and colour, of a smaller size; large diamonds, having flaws, are often preferred to smaller ones most perfect. The gentlemen are judges of precious stones, and evince

in their style of ornaments: they are on their turbans, and in necklaces or rings, armlets, &c. but these are all side at seasons of devotion, when they are cted wearing, not only ornaments, but d articles of silk and wool in their apparel. most religious men and women invariably in from ornamental dress in every way, ing it frivolous vanity, and inconsistent that they profess—"to be seeking God, orsaking worldly things."

The ladies never wear stockings, and only the feet with shoes, when pacing across court-yard, which bounds their view and walks. Nevertheless, there is a fashion aste about the ladies' shoes, which is prove of much emulation in zeenahnah life; are splendidly worked in many patterns, gold and silver spangles, variously-colour-all seed beads, and embroidery—the whole nass of glittering metal; they are made sharp points, curling upwards, some reach-half-way to the knees, and always worn at the heel, as dressing slippers; the least for their every day wear, are of gold emery on velvet; the less opulent conde-l to wear tinsel work; and the meanest nts yellow or red cloth, with silver bind- The same style of shoes are worn by the as by the females; I have seen some g men with green shagreen slippers for any season; these are made with a high and look unseemly. The fashion of shoes s with the times in this country, as well others—sometimes it is genteel to have points to the shoes; at another, the points ng, and much curled; but they still retain reference for pointed shoes, whatever be shion adopted.

The greatest novelty in the way of shoes, I came under my observation in India, a pair of silver embroidery, small pointed, ery neatly made; on the points, and round nstep, small silver bells were fastened, y produced harmony with every step, carry the quick or more gentle paces of the or; these were a present to me from a y of distinction in Oude. Upon visiting ady, on one occasion, my black silk slip- which I had left at the entrance, (as is the m here,) had most likely attracted the cu-y of the Begum's slaves, for when that ttended me to the threshold, they could ere be found; and I was in danger of be-liged to soil my stockings by walking as to my palkie across the court-yard. In ilemma, the lady proffered me the pair described; I was much amused with the ty of the exchange, upon stepping into usical shoes, which, however they may ized by native ladies, did not exactly suit yle of dress, nor convenience in walking, gh I must always remember the Begum's ion with gratitude.

The ladies' society is by no means insipid thout interest; they are naturally gifted good sense and politeness, fond of conver- t, shrewd in their remarks, and their lan- is both correct and refined. This, at was an enigma to me, considering that lives are spent in seclusion, and that their ation was not conducted on European

principles; the mystery, however, has passed away upon an intimate acquaintance with the domestic habits of the people. The men with whom genteel women converse are generally well educated, and from the naturally inquisi- tive disposition of the females, not a word es- capes the lips of a father, husband, or brother, without an inquiry as to its meaning, which having once ascertained, is never forgotten, because their attention is not diverted by a vari- ety of pursuits or vain amusements. The wo- men look up to the opinions of their male rela- tives with the same respect as children of other climes are accustomed to regard their tutor or governess, considering every word pronounced as worthy by imitation, and every sentiment expressed as a guide to their own. Thus the habit of speaking correctly is so familiar to the females of Mussulmaun society, that even wo- men servants, long accustomed to serve in ze- nahnahs, may be readily distinguished by their language from the same class of people in at- tendance on European ladies."—Vol. i. pp. 106 —114.

The Mussulman religion is not without its sects; their differences, however, are merely nominal, they being equally guided by the laws of the Khoran, which they believe not to have been the work of any particular period of Mahomet's life; each chapter, they say, was conveyed to him by the angel Gabriel, and his inspired memory enabled him to repeat the words of the holy messenger ver- batim to his disciples, who assembled to hear him every day, and compiled the precious vo- lume after his death. They pray for the dead, and those who can afford it, hire persons to read the Khoran over the grave of the depart- ed, for several years, during which they are relieved at intervals, both day and night. They believe that a great spirit, to whom they give the name Mhidhie, will visit the earth in company with Christ, as soon as the four quarters of the globe shall contain Christian inhabitants. Reverence for God seems the leading trait in their character and faith; they believe in the existence and promises of the prophets, of whom they say that Ma- homet was the last. Him they believe to have been sent, in order to regenerate mankind, at a period, when the people of the earth were vicious and profane, and worshipped idols, in- stead of the Creator. On the subject of the resurrection, the Mussulman belief is, that af- ter the destruction of the world, which is to be effected by fire, there shall be a general re- surrection of the dead. Their daily prayer is divided in the following manner.

"The Mussulmaun lawgiver commanded Na- maaz (daily prayer) five times a day:—

"1st. 'The Soobhoo Namaaz,' to commence at the dawn of day.

"2d. 'The Zohur,' at the second watch of the day, or mid-day.

"3d. 'The Ausur,' at the third-day watch.

"4th. 'The Muggrib,' at sunset; and

"5th. 'The Eshaa,' at the fourth ghurrie of the night.

"These are the commanded hours for prayer. Mahumud himself observed an additional service very strictly at the third watch of the night, which was called by him, 'Tahujjoot,' and the most devout men, in all ages of their faith, have imitated this example scrupulously.

"The 'Soobheo Namaaz,' is deemed a necessary duty, and commences with the earliest dawn of day. The several prayers and prostrations occupy the greatest part of an hour, with those who are devout in their religious exercises; many extend the service by readings from an excellent collection, very similar to our Psalms, called 'The Vazefah.'

"The 'Zohur Namaaz,' an equally essential duty, commences at mid-day, and occupies about the same time as 'The Soobheo.'

"The 'Ausur Namaaz' commences at the third-day watch. The religious men are not exempted to excuse themselves from the due observance of this hour; but the mere people of their world, or those whose business requires their time, attach this service to the next, and satisfy their conscience with thinking that the prayer hours combined, answers the same purpose as when separately performed.

"The 'Mugrib Namaaz.' This is rigidly observed at sunset; even those who cannot make it convenient at other hours, will leave their most urgent employment to perform this duty at sunset. Who that has lived any time in India cannot call to mind the interesting sight of the labouring classes, returning to their home after the business of the day is over? The sun sinking below the western horizon, the poor man unbinds his waist, and spreads his commerbund on the side of the road; he performs his ablutions, from his brass lota of water, and facing Mecca, bows himself down under the canopy of heaven, to fulfil what he believes to be his duty, at that hour, to his merciful God.

"The 'Eshaa Namaaz,' commences at the fourth ghuric of the night. The form of prayer for this Namaaz, is much longer than the rest. The devout men extend their prayers at this still hour of the night; they tell me that they feel more disposed at this time to pour out their hearts to God in praise and thanksgiving, than at any other period of the day and night; and I have known many of them to be at silent prayer for hours together.

"Many persons, in their early life may have neglected that due obedience expected in the commanded daily prayers; in after life, they endeavour to make up the deficiency, by imposing on themselves extra services, to fulfil the number omitted. By the same rule, when a member of a family dies, and it is suspected the due performance of the Namaaz had been neglected by him, the survivor, who loved him or her in life, is anxious for the soul's rest, and thus proves it by performing additional prayers for the benefit of the soul of that beloved individual."—Vol. i. pp. 147—150.

The Mussulman Sabbath is kept on the Friday, and commences on the previous evening, after the manner of the Jews. It is not very strictly kept, though they have several extra observances, in order to distinguish the day from the other divisions of the week.

"These observances serve to convince us

that they believe in the constituted Sabbath; still there is not that strict respect for the holy day which could satisfy the scrupulous feelings of a Christian; the servants are quite as much employed on Friday as on any other day; the dhurzie, (tailor,) dhobie, (washerwoman,) and indeed the whole establishment of servants and slaves, male and female, find their work undiminished on the Sabbath. The ladies amuse themselves with cards or dice, the singing women even are quite as much in request as on other days; and all the amusements of life are indulged in without once seeming to suspect that they are disobeying the law of God, or infringing on their actual duties. Indeed, I believe they would keep the day strictly, if they thought doing so was a necessary duty; but I have often observed, that as Friday is one of their "fortunate days," works of any importance are commenced on this day; whether it be building a house, planting a garden or field, writing a book, negotiating a marriage, going a journey, making a garment, or any other business of this life which they wish should prosper. With them, therefore, the day of rest is one of the busiest in the calendar; but I must do them the justice to say that they believe their hearts are more pure after the ablutions and prayers have been performed. And that as nothing, however trifling or important, according to their praiseworthy ideas, should ever be commenced without being first dedicated to God, from whose mercy they implore aid and blessings on the labour of their hands, they set apart Friday for commencing whatever business they are anxious should prosper. This was the excuse made by the pious Meer Hadjee Shaah."—Vol. i. pp. 156, 157.

We have already seen that the Mussulmans believe in the mission of the Redeemer. The author mentions the conduct of a lady of that nation, who carried her belief upon this point so far, as very nearly to resemble a Christian.

"Amongst the number of days strictly observed by this pious lady during her troubles, was the nativity of Jesus Christ, for whose sake she fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and gave alms to the necessitous. I was the more delighted, when first hearing of this circumstance, because I had judged of the Mussulman faith by common report, and fancied they rejected, with the Jews, our Redeemer having come. They, on the contrary, believe, according to their prophet's words, 'that he was born of the Virgin Mary; that he worked miracles; that he ascended after his earthly commission had ceased, to the seventh heaven; that he will again visit the earth (when their Emaan Mhidhie will also appear) to cleanse the world of its corrupt wickedness, when all men shall live in peace, and but one faith shall prevail in the worship of the true God.'

"The Mussulman work, *Hyatool Kaloob*, (which I have so often referred to), contains, with the lives of all the prophets, the life of Jesus Christ, his acts, and the ungel (gospel). The gospel they have is in many things different from ours; it is not formed into books by the apostles, neither are the miracles united with the gospel, but are detailed as the acts of

Christ Jesus. What they understand by the ungel is, 'the word of God by the mouth of Jesus'; for instance, the sermon on the mount, or, in other words, the precepts of Jesus. I am indebted to the meer for this information.

"The Mussulmauns say, 'All power belongs to God. Who would dare dispute the miracle of Christ's birth? Is there any thing difficult with God? God first formed Adam from the dust; and by his word all things were created. Is there any thing too great for his power? Let no man, then, dispute the birth of Christ by a pure virgin.' They believe that Jesus Christ was the prophet of God, but they believe not that he is God; and they deem all who thus declare Christ to be God, as unfaithful both to God and to Christ."—Vol. i. pp. 162, 163.

It has often been charged against the Mahometans, that they exclude women from their Paradise. This, however, is by no means the truth; and it would seem, from this account, that the Mussulman ladies, like those, indeed, of every other religion, are peculiarly attentive to the duties which they believe to be acceptable to God.

"I have but little to add as regards the manner of worship amongst my Mussulmaun acquaintance; but here I cannot omit remarking, that the women are devout in their prayers, and strict in their observance of ordinances. That they are not more generally educated is much to be regretted; this, however, is their misfortune, not their fault. The Mussulmaun faith does not exclude the females from a participation in the eternal world, as has often been asserted by people who could not have known them, and the good Mussulmaun proves it by his instruction, of the females under his control in the doctrines of Mahumud, and who he believes to be as much dependent on him for guidance on the road to heaven, as for personal protection from want or worldly dangers.

"The pure life of Fatima, Mahumud's only daughter, is greatly esteemed as an example of female excellence, whom they strive to imitate as much as possible, as well in religious as in moral or domestic duties. They are zealous to fulfil all the ordinances of their particular faith, and I have had the best possible opportunity of studying their character, devotion to God being the foundation on which every principal action of their lives seems to rest."—Vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

Among the various festivals which they celebrate, there seems to be none so joyous as that of the first day of the new year, which is kept very much after the manner that prevails at this day in France.

"'Nou-Roze' (New Year's Day) is a festival or eade of no mean importance in the estimation of Mussulmaun society.

"The exact period of commencing the Mussulmaun new year, is the very moment of the sun's entering the sign Aries. This is calculated by those practical astronomers, who are in the service of most great men in native cities; I should tell you they have not the benefit of published almanacks as in England; and,

according to the hour of the day or night, when the sun passes into that particular sign, so are they directed in the choice of a colour to be worn in their garments on this eade; if at midnight, the colour would be dark puce, almost a black; if at mid-day, the colour would be the brightest crimson. Thus to the intermediate hours are given a shade of either colour applicable to the time of the night or the day when the sun enters the sign Aries; and whatever be the colour to suit the hour of Nou-Roze, all classes wear the day's livery, from the king to the meanest subject in the city. The king, on his throne, sits in state to receive congratulations and nuzzas from his nobles, courtiers, and dependents. 'Mabaarukh Nou-Roze!' (May the New Year be fortunate!) are the terms of salutation exchanged by all classes of society, the king himself setting the example. The day is devoted to amusements, a public breakfast at the palace, sending presents, exchanging visits, &c.

"The trays of presents prepared by the ladies for their friends are tastefully set out, and the work of many days' previous arrangement. Eggs are boiled hard, some of these are stained in colours, resembling our mottled papers; others are neatly painted in figures and devices; many are ornamented with gilding; every lady evincing her own peculiar taste in the prepared eggs for 'Nou-Roze.' All kinds of dried fruits and nuts, confectionary, and cakes, are numbered amongst the necessary articles for this day's offering: they are set out in small earthen plates, lacquered over to resemble silver, on which is placed coloured paper, cut out in curious devices (an excellent substitute for vine leaves), laid on the plate to receive the several articles forming 'Nou-Roze' presents.

"Amongst the young people, these trays are looked forward to with child-like anxiety. The ladies rival each other in their display of novelty and good taste, both in the eatables, and in the manner of setting them off with effect.

"The religious community have prayers read in their family, and by them it is considered both a necessary duty, and a propitious commencement to bring in the new year by 'prayer and praises.'

"When it is known that the Nou-rose will occur by day-light, the ladies have a custom of watching for the moment the year shall commence by a fresh rose, which, being plucked from the stalk, is thrown into a bason of water, the eye downwards. They say this rose turns over of itself towards the sun, at the very moment of that luminary passing into the sign Aries. I have often found them thus engaged; but I never could say I witnessed the actual accomplishment of their prediction.

"The Nou-Roze teems with friendly tokens between the two families of a bride and bridegroom elect, whose interchange of presents are also strictly observed. The children receive gifts from their elders; their nurses reap a harvest from the day; the tutor writes an ode in praise of his pupil, and receives gifts from the child's parents; the servants and slaves are regaled with dainties, and with presents, from the superiors of the establishment; the

poor are remembered with clothes, money, and food; the ladies make and receive visits; and the domies attend to play and sing in the zeenahnah. In short, the whole day is passed in cheerful amusements suited to the retirement of a zeenahnah, and the habits of the people."—vol. i. pp. 233—237.

The Mussulmans do not excel in musical performances. Their instruments are a three-stringed guitar, a rudely-shaped violin, and a drum, which is beaten, like a tambourine, with the fingers. They are also very indifferent dancers; indeed, they act upon the old impression, that there is a certain degree of indecency in the act of dancing, and are astonished that the English residents should ever think of joining in a quadrille, or a waltz, since it would be much easier for them to hire public dancers for their amusement. It is very well known, that there is a class of these, whose exhibitions are not distinguished either by gracefulness or decorum. There is, however, another class of minstrels, in India, who are well received in private families, which they amuse, by singing their Hindostanee airs, and dancing in a quiet and elegant style. To the Mussulman ladies, who are so constantly confined to their zenanas, these minstrels, or domies, as they are called, are peculiarly welcome, as their arrival generally makes a holiday. These apartments, the zenanas, having been seldom described by persons who have written upon Mussulman habits, we shall be easily excused for transcribing our author's account of them.

"Imagine to yourself a tolerably-sized quadrangle, three sides of which is occupied by habitable buildings, and the fourth by kitchens, offices, lumber rooms, &c., leaving in the centre an open court-yard. The habitable buildings are raised a few steps from the court; a line of pillars forms the front of the building, which has no upper rooms; the roof is flat, and the sides and back without windows, or any aperture through which air can be received. The sides and back are merely high walls forming an inclosure, and the only air is admitted from the fronts of the dwelling-place facing the court-yard. The apartments are divided into long halls, the extreme corners having small rooms or dark closets purposely built for the repository of valuables or stores; doors are fixed to these closets, which are the only places I have seen with them in a zeenahnah or mahul (house or palace occupied by females); the floor is either of beaten earth, bricks, or stones; boarded floors are not yet introduced.

"As they have neither doors nor windows to the halls, warmth or privacy is secured by thick-wadded curtains, made to fit each opening between the pillars. Some zeenahnahs have two rows of pillars in the halls, with wadded curtains to each, thus forming two distinct halls, as occasion may serve, or greater warmth be required; this is a convenient arrangement where the establishment of servants, slaves, &c. is extensive.

"The wadded curtains are called purdahs; these are sometimes made of woollen cloth, but more generally of coarse calico, of two colours, in patchwork style, striped, vandyked, or in some other ingeniously contrived and ornamented way, according to their individual taste.

"Besides the purdahs, the openings between the pillars have blinds neatly made of bamboo strips, wove together with coloured cords; these are called phillmans or checks. Many of them are painted green; others are more gaudy both in colour and variety of patterns.—These blinds constitute a real comfort to every one in India, as they admit air when let down, and at the same time shut out flies and other annoying insects; besides which the extreme glare is shaded by them,—a desirable object to foreigners in particular.

"The floors of the halls are first matted with the coarse date-leaf matting of the country, over which is spread shutteringhies (thick cotton carpets, peculiarly the manufacture of the upper provinces of India, wove in stripes of blue and white, or shades of blue); a white calico carpet covers the shutteringhie, on which the females take their seat.

"The bedsteads of the family are placed, during the day, in lines at the back of the halls, to be moved at pleasure to any chosen spot for the night's repose; often into the open court-yard, for the benefit of the pure air. They are all formed on one principle, differing only in size and quality; they stand about half a yard from the floor, the legs round and broad at bottom, narrowing as they rise towards the frame, which is laced over with a thick cotton tape, made for the purpose, and platted in chequers, and thus rendered soft, or rather elastic, and very pleasant to recline upon. The legs of these bedsteads are, in some instances, gold, silver gilt, or pure silver; others have enamel paintings on fine wood; the inferior grades have them merely of wood painted plain and varnished; the servants' bedsteads are of common mango-wood without ornament, the lacing of these for the sacking being of elastic string, manufactured from the fibre of the cocoon-nut.

"Such are the bedsteads of every class of people. They seldom have mattresses; a soojinee (white quilt) is spread on the lacing, over which a calico sheet, tied at each corner of the bedstead with cords and tassels; several thin flat pillows of beaten cotton for the head,—a muslin sheet for warm weather, and a well-wadded ruzzie (coverlid) for winter, is all these children of nature deem essential to their comfort in the way of sleeping. They have no idea of night-dresses; the same suit that adorns a lady, is retained both night and day until a change be needed. The single article exchanged at night is the deputtah, and that only when it happens to be of silver tissue or embroidery, for which a muslin or calico sheet is substituted.

"The very highest circles have the same habits in common with the meanest, but those who can afford shawls of cashmere prefer them for sleeping in, when the cold weather renders them bearable. Blankets are never used except by the poorest peasantry, who wear them

in lieu of better garments night and day in the winter season; they are always black, the natural colour of the wool. The ruzzies of the higher orders are generally made of silk of the brightest hues, well wadded, and lined with dyed muslin of assimilating colour; they are usually bound with broad silver ribands, and sometimes bordered with gold brocaded trimmings. The middling classes have fine chintz ruzzies, and the servants and slaves coarse ones of the same material; but all are on the same plan, whether for a queen or the meanest of her slaves, differing only in the quality of the material.

"The mistress of the house is easily distinguished by her seat of honour in the hall of a *zeenahnah*; a *musnud* not being allowed to any other person but the lady of the mansion.

"The *musnud* carpet is spread on the floor, if possible, near to a pillar, about the centre of the hall, and is made of many varieties of fabric,—gold cloth, quilted silk, brocaded silk, velvet, fine chintz, or whatever may suit the lady's taste, circumstances, or convenience. It is about two yards square, and generally bordered or fringed, on which is placed the all-important *musnud*. This article may be understood by those who have seen a lacemaker's pillow in England, excepting only that the *musnud* is about twenty times the size of that useful little article in the hands of our industrious villagers. The *musnud* is covered with gold cloth, silk, velvet, or calico, with square pillows to correspond, for the elbows, knees, &c. This is the seat of honour, to be invited to share which, with the lady-owner, is a mark of favour to an equal or inferior: when a superior pays a visit of honour, the prided seat is usually surrendered to her, and the lady of the house takes her place most humbly on the very edge of her own carpet.

"Looking-glasses or ornamental furniture are very rarely to be seen in the *zeenahnahs*, even of the very richest females. Chairs and sofas are produced when English visitors are expected; but the ladies of Hindoostan prefer the usual mode of sitting and lounging on the carpet; and as for tables, I suppose not one gentlewoman of the whole country has ever been seated at one; and very few, perhaps, have any idea of their useful purposes. All their meals being served on the floor, where *dust-hakhawns* (table-cloths we should call them) are spread, but neither knives, forks, spoons, glasses, or napkins, so essential to the comfortable enjoyment of a meal amongst Europeans. But those who never knew such comforts have no desire for the indulgence, nor taste to appreciate them.

"On the several occasions, amongst native society, of assembling in large parties, as at births and marriages, the halls, although extensive, would be inadequate to accommodate the whole party. They then have awnings of white calico, neatly flounced with muslin, supported on poles fixed in the court yard, and connecting the open space with the great hall, by wooden platforms which are brought to a line with the building, and covered with *shutteringhie* and white carpets, to correspond with the floor-furniture of the hall; and here the ladies sit by day and sleep by night very com-

fortably, without feeling any great inconvenience from the absence of their bedsteads, which could never be arranged for the accommodation of so large an assemblage—nor is it ever expected.

"The usually barren look of these almost unfurnished halls, is, on such occasions, quite changed, when the ladies are assembled in their various dresses; the brilliant display of jewels, the glittering drapery of their dress, the various expressions of countenance, and different figures, the multitude of female attendants and slaves, the children of all ages and sizes in their variously ornamented dresses, are subjects to attract both the eye and the mind of an observing visitor; and the hall, which, when empty, appeared desolate and comfortless, thus filled, leaves nothing wanting to render the scene attractive."—vol. i. pp. 304—312.

The amusements enjoyed by the ladies in these their own apartments, would appear to a stranger rather nursery-like, and frivolous. But they are innocent, and are the proof of the virtuous simplicity in which the Mussulman wives spend their days. We should think them miserable, because they are so much confined; but usage renders that agreeable to them, which we should imagine to be irksome. Though their intellectual resources are limited, on account of the inferiority of their education; yet they are remarkable for plain good sense, and for a constant attention to the fulfilment of their duties. They seem always happy in the seclusion to which they have been accustomed from infancy. They are strictly precluded from mixing in indiscriminate society with men, who are strangers to them, but there is no limit to intercourse with their own sex. Some of the ladies of rank have as many as ten companions on their establishments, besides slaves, and other domestics; and there are some of the royal family at Lucknow, who entertain in their service two or three hundred female dependents, of all classes. A well filled *zeenahnah* is a mark of gentility; and even the poorest lady in the country will retain a number of slaves and domestics, if she cannot afford companions; besides which, they are miserable without society, the habit of associating with numbers having grown up with infancy to maturity: 'to be alone,' is considered, with women thus situated, a real calamity."

The ladies console themselves also with the pleasures of smoking, and have their *hookahs* as commonly as the men. The first wife whom a Mussulman marries is always considered as the head of his establishment, and it is now a well settled rule amongst them, that no man shall marry more females than he can conveniently maintain. The son of the first wife is the heir of his father: his children by his other wives are all equal in his estimation. The author mentions many instances that came within her knowledge, in which *Syaads* especially were contented with only one wife. The majority, however, take full advantage

f their privilege, without thereby losing any portion of the affection of their first wives. The description of an attached consort, as given by the author, is exceedingly engaging. She never gives her husband reason to suppose that she has any cause for regret. She receives him with unaffected pleasure, even though she knows that he has just added another to his already well-peopled harem. She, without jealousy, hears him speak of his other wives,—for she knows that others he has, and he has learned from her education, that they deserve respect from her in proportion as they contribute to her husband's happiness. The children of her husband are admitted at all times and seasons, without restraint or prejudice; she loves them next to her own, because they are her husband's. She receives the mothers of such children without a shade of jealousy in her manner, and delights in distinguishing them by favours and presents, according to their several merits.

It seems that girls are considered to have passed their prime, when they reach their eighteenth year; it is as bad as the thirtieth amongst us. The settlement of daughters being, in every family, a matter of great importance, and frequently of difficulty, there is a class of persons, who dedicate themselves, as to a profession, to the business of negotiating marriages. The author's description of these persons, usually females, is curious and entertaining. They are particularly expert in the art of talking, and spend their time in going about from house to house; and as they have always something entertaining to say, they generally gain easy admittance; they make themselves acquainted with the domestic affairs of one family, in order to convey them to another, and so continue in their line of gossiping, until the economy of every person's house is familiar to all. The female gossip in her researches in zenanas, finds out all the expectations a mother entertains for her marriageable sons or daughters, and details whatever she learns in such or such a zenana, as likely to meet the views of her present hostess. Every one knows the object of these visits; and if they have any secret, that the world may not participate in, there is due caution observed, that it may not transpire before this Mrs. Gad-about.

The fair author next proceeds to give a very full and interesting account of the mode in which infants are treated, and of the ceremonies by which the birth of a child is followed. There is not half the bustle made about a female child, as there is about a male; but the good mother, she sensibly adds, will never be dissatisfied with the nature of the gift, who can appreciate the source whence she receives the blessing! The male population are great pigeon fanciers. They think it plebeian to walk; and their chief out-of-door exercise is a ride on horseback, or on an elephant. They practice the sword exercises on

the hide of a living buffalo, or a fish just taken out of the river, which is covered with scales so strong, as to turn the edge of a good sabre. They, however, prefer the lance, in the use of which they evince great agility. The bow and arrow have almost been laid aside, except for the purpose of driving away the crows, which, in India, are the most audacious and troublesome of the feathered race. Horse racing has lately been introduced amongst them, but it has not as yet become popular; when they hunt, it is always on elephants. Some of their sports are barbarously cruel. Tigers, elephants, buffaloes, and alligators, are frequently made to fight against each other, for the amusement of the spectators. A still more horrid spectacle is that of a battle between intoxicated elephants, which often takes place. Amongst the higher classes, tigers and leopards, trained for the purpose, are used like our hounds, in field sports, or in the jungles. They are under the care of keepers, and are generally introduced after breakfast, when native noblemen have visitors.

The streets of a native city are usually narrow, and unpaved; the shops are small, with the whole front open to the street, and here may be seen all the artisans at work, at their different trades; the cook cooking, the baker baking, the butcher chopping his meat, the goldsmith hammering, filing, or engaged over his crucible, the muslin weaver over his loom, the hookha manufacturer finishing his pipes, the confectioner preparing his dainties, the toyman putting together his various temptations for the juvenile part of the community, and all exposed to the eye of every body who passes by, rendering it impossible to apply to their occupation our well known term of *work-shops*. Some of the "cries" in these streets will be novel to most of our readers. "Sappa wallah deelia sukha!" (moist or dry cuppers). The cupping is performed by men and women. It is called dry cupping when no blood is taken, this is a remedy for rheumatic pains. "Jonks," or "Keerah luggarny wallie," (the woman with leeches). "Kan sarf kerna wallah," (ear cleaner). The wax removed from the ear is in great request, as it is a principal ingredient in the medicament that is used for intoxicating elephants. "Goatah chandale bickhou," (old silver trimmings to sell). "Tale kee archah wallah," (oil pickles). "Mittie wallah," (man with sweetmeats). "Kallonie wallah," (man with toys). "Fankah wallah," (vender of fans). "Turkaree Maynour," (vegetables and fruits). "Mochulle," (fish). "Chirryah wallah," (bird man). "Artush-baajie," (fire works). "Chubaynee," (parched corn). "Tumanshbean," (wonder-workers). These are rope-dancers, fire-eaters, and sleight-of-hand men, who are famous for their skill, all over the world. "Samp-wallah," (snake-catchers), who are mere impostors. "Dhie cuttie," (sour curds),

made of sweet milk, by some secret process peculiar to India: it is delicious, as an accompaniment to the usual viands. "Mullie," (clotted cream). "Mukhun," (butter). "Burruff wallah," (the man with ice), who is laden with iced creams and sherbet ices, in every variety. "Roshunie," (ink), prepared from lamp-black and gum-arabic, and by no means durable. "Sulmah," (the black dye for the lips and teeth). Indeed, there is scarcely any article sold at the bazaars, which is not also hawked about the streets.

In the present state of the cholera among ourselves, the author's account of the Indian malady cannot fail to be highly interesting.

"The natives of India designate cholera by the word 'Hyza,' which with them signifies 'the plague.' By this term, however, they do not mean that direful disorder so well known to us by the same appellation; as, if I except the Mussulmaun pilgrims, who have seen, felt, and described its ravages on their journey to Mecca, that complaint seems to be unknown to the present race of native inhabitants of Hindoostan. The word 'hyza,' or 'plague,' would be applied by them to all complaints of an epidemic or contagious nature, by which the population were suddenly attacked, and death ensued. When the cholera first appeared in India, (which I believe was in 1817), it was considered by the natives a new complaint.

"In all cases of irritation of the stomach, disordered bowels, or severe feverish symptoms, the Mussulmaun doctors strongly urge the adoption of 'starving out the complaint.' This has become a law of nature with all the sensible part of the community; and when the cholera first made its appearance in the upper provinces of Hindoostan, those natives who observed their prescribed temperance were, when attacked, most generally preserved from the fatal consequences of the disorder.

"On the very first symptom of cholera occurring in a member of a Mussulmaun family, a small portion of zahur morah (derived from zahur, poison; morah, to kill or destroy; and thence understood as an antidote to poison, some specimens of which I have brought with me to England), moistened with rose-water, is promptly administered, and, if necessary, repeated at short intervals; due care being taken to prevent the patient from receiving any thing into the stomach, excepting rose-water, the older the more efficacious in its property to remove the malady. Wherever zahur morah was not available, secungeocon (syrup of vinegar) was administered with much the same effect. The person once attacked, although the symptoms should have subsided by this application, is rigidly deprived of nourishment for two or three days, and even longer if deemed expedient; occasionally allowing only a small quantity of rose-water, which they say effectually removes from the stomach and bowels those corrupt adhesions which, in their opinion, is the primary cause of the complaint.

"The cholera, I observed, seldom attacked abstemious people; when, however, this was the case it generally followed a full meal: whether of rice or bread made but little differ-

ence, much, I believe, depending on the general habit of the subject; as among the peasantry and their superiors, the complaint raged with equal malignity; wherever a second meal was resorted to, whilst the person had reason to believe the former one had not been well digested. An instance of this occurred under my own immediate observation, in a woman, the wife of an old and favourite servant. She had imprudently eaten a second dinner, before her stomach, by her own account, had digested the preceding meal. She was not a strong woman, but in tolerable good health; and but a few hours previous to the attack I saw her in excellent spirits, without the most remote appearance of indisposition. The usual applications failed of success, and she died in a few hours. This poor woman never could be persuaded to abstain from food at the stated period of meals; and the natives were disposed to conclude that this had been the actual cause of her sufferings and dissolution.

"In 1821, the cholera raged with even greater violence than on its first appearance in Hindoostan; by that time many remedies had been suggested, through the medium of the press, by the philanthropy and skill of European medical practitioners, the chief of whom recommended calomel in large doses, from 20 to 30 grains, and opium proportioned to the age and strength of the patient. I never found the natives, however, willing to accept this as a remedy, but I have heard that amongst Europeans it was practised with success. From a paragraph which I read in the Bengal papers, I prepared a mixture that I have reason to think, through the goodness of Divine Providence, was beneficial to many poor people who applied for it in the early stages of the complaint, and who followed the rule laid down of complete abstinence, until they were out of danger from a relapse, and even then, for a long time, to be cautious in the quantity and digestible quality of their daily meal. The mixture was as follows:—

"Brandy, one pint; oil, or spirit of pepper-mint, the former, half an ounce; if the latter, one ounce; ground black pepper, two ounces; yellow rind of oranges grated, without any of the white, one ounce: these were kept closely stopped, and occasionally shook, a table-spoon full administered at each dose, the patient well covered up from the air, and warmth created by blankets, or any other means within their power, repeating the dose, as the case required.

"Of the many individuals who were attacked by this severe malady in our house, very few died, and those, it was believed, were victims to an imprudent determination to partake of food before they were convalescent, individuals who never could be prevailed on to practise abstemious habits, which we had good reason for believing was the best preventative against the complaint during those sickly seasons. The general opinion entertained, both by natives and Europeans, at those awful periods, was, that the cholera was conveyed in the air; very few imagined that it was infectious, as it frequently attacked the members of a family, and the rest escaped, although in close attendance—even such as failed not to

ay the last duties to the deceased, according to Mussulman custom, which exposed them more immediately to danger, if infection existed; yet no fears were ever entertained, nor did I ever hear an opinion expressed amongst them that it had been, or could be, conveyed from one person to another.

"Native children generally escaped the attack, and I never heard of an infant being in the slightest degree visited by this malady. It is, however, expedient to use such precautionary measures as sound sense and reason may suggest, since wherever the cholera has appeared, it has proved a national calamity, and not a partial scourge to a few individuals; all are alike in danger of its consequences, whether the disorder be considered infectious or not, and therefore the precautions I have urged in India, amongst the native communities, I recommend with all humility here, that cleanliness and abstemious diet be observed among all classes of people.

"In accordance with the prescribed antidote to infection from scarlet fever in England, I gave camphor, (to be worn about the person) to the poor in my vicinity, and to all the natives over whom I had either influence or control; I caused the rooms to be frequently fumigated with vinegar or tobacco, and labdanum (frankincense) burnt occasionally. I would not, however, be so presumptuous as to insinuate even that these were preventatives to cholera, yet in such cases of universal terror as the one in question, there can be no impropriety in recommending measures which cannot injure, and may benefit, if only by giving a purer atmosphere to the room, inhabited by individuals either in sickness or in health. But, above all things, aware that human aid or skill can never effect a remedy unaided by the mercy and power of Divine Providence, let our trust be properly placed in His 'goodness,' who giveth medicine to heal our sickness,' and humbly entreat that He may be pleased to avert the awful calamity from our shores, which threatens and disturbs Europe generally at this moment.

"Were we to consult Nature, rather than subordinate gratifications, we should find in following her dictates the best security to health at all times, but more particularly in seasons of prevailing sickness. Upon the first indications of cholera, I have observed the stomach becomes irritable, the bowels are attacked by griping pains, and unnatural evacuations; then follow sensations of faintness, weakness, excessive thirst, the pulse becomes languid, the surface of the body cold and clammy, whilst the patient feels inward burning heat, with spasms in the legs and arms.

"In the practice of native doctors, I have noticed that they administer saffron to alleviate violent sickness with the best possible effect. A case came under my immediate observation, of a young female who had suffered from a severe illness similar in every way to the cholera; it was not, however, suspected to be that complaint, because it was not then prevailing at Lucknow; after some days, the symptoms subsided, excepting the irritation of her stomach, which, by her father's account, obstinately rejected every thing offered for eleven

days. When I saw her, she was apparently sinking under exhaustion; I immediately tendered the remedy recommended by my husband, viz. twelve grains of saffron, moistened with a little rose-water, and found with real joy that it proved efficacious; half the quantity in doses were twice repeated that night, and in the morning the patient was enabled to take a little gruel, and, in a reasonable time, entirely recovered her usual health and strength.

"I have heard of people being frightened into an attack of cholera by apprehending the evil; this, however, can only occur with very weak minds, and such as have neglected in prosperity to prepare their hearts for adversity. When I first reached India, the fear of snakes, which I expected to find in every path, embittered my existence. This weakness was effectually corrected by the wise admonitions of Meer Hadjee Shaah. 'If you trust in God, he will preserve you from every evil; be assured the snake has no power to wound without permission!'"—vol. ii. pp. 115—124.

India abounds in delicious fruits, and excellent vegetables. The pomegranate tree may be ranked among its choicest horticultural beauties. The cocoa-nut has long yielded the natives an oil for lamps, although a patent for such a manufacture has been only recently taken out in this country. The tamarind and jalmun trees are much esteemed for their fruits, but the pride of the forest is the mango, magnificent in its growth, and splendid in its foliage. The sherrefah, or custard apple, is also a very graceful tree: it is a very remarkable fact, that flies are never known to settle on this tree, or on its fruit. Cherries, gooseberries, and currants, are not seen in India. There are two species of jungle grass, called sirrakee and sainturh, which are particularly beautiful, as well as useful.

"This grass presents so many proofs of the beneficent care of Divine Providence to the creatures of His hand, that the heart must be ungratefully cold which neglects praise and thanksgiving to the Creator, whose power and mercy bestows so great a benefit. The same might be justly urged against our insensibility, if the meanest herb or weed could speak to our hearts, each possessing, as it surely does, in its nature, a beneficial property peculiar to itself. But here the blessing is brought home to every considerate mind, since a substitute for this article does not appear to exist in India.

"I have seen the sainturh stalks, on which the bloom gracefully moves as feathers, sixteen feet high. The sirrakee has a more delicate blossom, finer stalk, and seldom, I believe, exceeds ten feet; the stalk resembles a reed full of pith, without a single joint from the shoot upwards; the colour is that of clean wheat straw, but even more glossy. The blossom is of a silky nature, possessing every variety of shade, from pure white to the rainbow's tints, as viewed in the distance at sun-rise; and when plucked, the separated blossoms have many varieties of hue, from brown and yellow to purple.

"The head or blossom is too light to weigh down the firm but flexible stalk; but as the wind presses against each patch of grass, it is moved in a mass, and returns to its erect position with a dignity and grace not to be described.

"I have watched for the approaching season of the blooming sirrakee with an anxiety almost childish; my attention never tired with observing the progressive advances from the first show of blossom, to the period of its arriving at full perfection; at which time, the rude sickle of the industrious labourer levels the majestic grass to the earth for domestic purposes. The benefits it then produces would take me long to describe.

"The sirrakee and sainturh are stripped from the outward sheltering blades, and wove together at the ends; in this way they are used for bordering tatties, or thatched roofs; sometimes they are formed into screens for doors; others line their mud huts with them. They are found useful in constructing accommodations after the manner of bulk-heads, on boats, for the river voyagers, and make a good covering for loaded wagons. For most of these purposes the article is well suited, as it resists moisture, and swells as the wet falls on it, so that the heaviest rain may descend on a frame of sirrakee without one drop penetrating, if it be properly placed in a slanting position.

"I cannot afford space to enumerate here the variety of purposes to which this production of Nature is both adapted for and appropriated to; every part of the grass being carefully stored by the thrifty husbandman, even to the tops of the reed, which, when the blossom is rubbed off, is rendered serviceable, and proves an excellent substitute for that useful invention, a birch-broom. The coarse parent grass, which shelters the sirrakee, is the only article yet found to answer the purposes for thatching the bungalows of the rich, the huts of the poor, the sheds for cattle, and roofs for boats. The religious devotee sets up a chupha-hut, without expense, (all the house he requires,) on any waste spot of land most convenient to himself, away from the busy haunts of the tumultuous world, since bamboo and grass are the common property of all who take the trouble of gathering it from the wilderness. And here neither rent nor taxes are levied on the inhabitant, who thus appropriates to himself a home from the bounteous provision prepared by Divine goodness for the children of Nature.

"This grass is spontaneous in its growth, neither receiving nor requiring aid from human cultivation. It is found in every waste throughout Hindoostan, and is the prominent feature of the jungle, into which the wild animals usually resort for shelter from the heat of the day, or make their covert when pursued by man, their natural enemy."—vol. ii. pp. 209—212.

The author has collected, for the amusement of her readers, several of the stories which are told in the zenanas. One of these must serve as a specimen to the whole.

"Sheikh Suddoo was a very learned man, but a great hypocrite, who passed days and nights in the mosque, and was fed by the

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charitable, his neighbours, from such viands as they provided daily for the poor traveller, and those men who forsake the world. The Sheikh sometimes wandered into a forest seldom penetrated by the foot of man, where, on a certain day, he discovered a copper cup, curiously engraved with characters which he tried in vain with all his learning to decipher. The Sheikh returned with his cup to the mosque, regretting that the characters were unknown to him; but as he had long desired to have a good-sized lamp, he fancied from the peculiar shape of his prize, that it would answer the very purpose, and the same night he exultingly prepared his charaagh (a light) in the engraved vessel.

"The moment he had ignited one wick, he was surprised by the appearance of a figure, resembling a human being, standing before him. 'Who art thou,' he demanded, 'intruding at this hour on the privacy of a hermit?' 'I come,' replied the figure, 'on the summons from your lamp. That vessel and whoever possesses it, has four attendants, one of whom you see before you, your slave. We are Genii, and can only be summoned by the lighting up of the vessel now before you; the number of your slaves will be in due attendance, always guided by as many wicks as it may be your pleasure to light up for our summons. Demand our attendance at any hour you please, we are bound to obey.'

"The Sheikh inquired if he or his companions possessed any power. 'Power,' replied the Genii, 'belongs to God, the Creator of all things, visible and invisible; but by His permission we are enabled to perform, to a certain extent, any reasonable service our master requires.'

"The Sheikh soon put their abilities to the test, and satisfied himself that these agents would aid and assist him in raising his character with the world (for he coveted their praise). 'They would,' he thought, 'assuredly believe he was a pious Durweish, when he could convince them by a ready compliance with their requests, which must seem to follow his prayers, and which he should be able to further now by the aid of the Genii.'

"The pretended holy man employed his attendant Genii fully; many of his demands on their services were difficult, and too often revolting to them; yet whilst he retained the lamp in his possession they were bound to obey his commands. He once heard of a king's daughter who was young and beautiful; he therewith summoned the Genii, and required that they should convey the princess to him. They reluctantly obeyed his command, and the princess was the Sheikh's unwilling companion in the mosque. On another occasion, he desired the Genii to bring, without delay, to the ground in front of his present abiding place, a very curious mosque, situated many leagues distant, the stones of which were so nicely cemented together, that no trace of the joining could be discovered. The Genii received this command with regret, but they were obliged to obey, and departed from the Sheikh's presence to execute his unworthy orders.

"It happened that the mosque which the Sheikh coveted was the retreat of a righteous

man, who had separated from the world to serve his God, venerable in years and devout in his duties. The Genii commenced their labour of removing the mosque; the good man, who was at his devotions within, fancied an earthquake was shaking the building to its foundation, but as he trusted in God for preservation, he breathed a fervent prayer as he remained prostrate before Him.

"The shaking of the mosque continued, and he was inspired by a sudden thought that induced him to believe some supernatural agency was employed against the holy house; he therefore called out, 'Who, and what are ye, who thus sacrilegiously disturb the house of God?' The Genii appeared, and made known to what order of beings they belonged, whose servants they were, and the purpose of their mission.

"'Begone this instant,' replied the pious man with a tone of authority that deprived them of strength: 'a moment's delay, and I will pray that you be consumed by fire! Know ye not that this is a mosque, holy, and erected wherein to do service to the great and only God? Would Sheikh Suddoo add to his enormities by forcing the house of God from its foundation? Away, ye servants of the wicked Sheikh, or meet the fire that awaits you by a moment's further delay!'

"The Genii fled in haste to their profane employer, whose rage was unbounded at their disobedience, as he termed their return without the mosque; he raved, stormed, and reviled his slaves in bitter sarcasms, when they, heartily tired of the Sheikh's servitude, caught up the copper vessel, and, in his struggle to resist the Genii, he was thrown with violence on the ground, when his wicked soul was suddenly separated from his most impure body."—vol. i. pp. 324—329.

The superstitions practised among the Mussulmans are numerous, and exercise a powerful sway over the minds even of the most learned and religious. They universally believe in witchcraft, and evil agency, magic, and the power of Genii. Illness, if the cause of it cannot be immediately explained, is imputed to the malignity of an evil spirit, which is only to be resisted by wearing a written prayer, called a talisman.

Before we take leave of these amusing volumes, we shall permit the amiable author to vindicate the course she has taken in the composition of them.

"In my attempt to delineate the Mussulmans, I have been careful to speak as I have found them, not allowing prejudice to bias my judgment, either on the side of their faults or virtues. But I deem it incumbent to state, that my chief intimacy has been confined to the most worthy of their community, and that the character of a true Mussulman has been my aim in description. There are people professing the faith without the principle, it is true; but such persons are not confined to the Mussulman persuasion; they are among every class of worshippers, whether Jew or Gentile, throughout the world.

"Of my long sojourn in the society of the Mus-

sulmans of Hindoostan, I need but remark, that I was received amongst them without prejudice, and allowed the free usage of my European habits and religious principles without a single attempt to bias or control me; that by respecting their trifling prejudices as regards eating and drinking, their esteem and confidence were secured to me; and that by evincing Christian charity (which deters the possessor from proud seeming), I believe, I may add, their affection for me was as sincere, as I trust it will be lasting.

"It may be regretted, with all my influence, that I have not been the humble instrument of conversion. None can lament, more than myself, that I was not deemed worthy to convince them of the necessity, or of the efficacy of that great atonement, on which my own hopes are founded. Yet may I not, without presumption, hope my sojourn, with reference to a future period, may be the humble means of good to a people with whom I had lived so many years in peace? I must for many reasons be supposed to entertain a lively interest in their welfare, and an earnest desire for their safety, although at the present moment I can distinguish but one advantage accruing from our intimacy, namely, that they no longer view professors of Christianity as idolaters. They have learned with surprise that the Christian religion forbids idolatry,—thus the strong barrier being sapped, I trust it may be thrown down by abler servants of our Lord; for the Mussulmans are already bound by their religion to love and reverence Christ as the Prophet of God: may the influence of his holy spirit enlighten their understandings to accept Him as their Redeemer!

"Like the true Christian, they are looking forward to that period when Jesus Christ shall revisit the earth, and when all men shall be of one faith. How that shall be accomplished, they do not pretend to understand, but still they faithfully believe it, because it has been declared by an authority they reverence and deem conclusive. Often during my acquaintance with these people, have I felt obliged to applaud their fidelity, although in some points I could not approve of the subject on which it was displayed—their zeal at Mahurram, for instance, when they commemorate the martyrdom of the grandchildren of their Prophet. I have thought, 'had they been favoured with the knowledge we possess, what zealous Christians would these people be, who thus honour the memory of mere holy men.'

"The time, I trust, is not far distant, when not one nation in the whole world shall be ignorant of the Saviour's efficacy, and His willingness to receive all who cast their burden at the foot of His cross. My heart's desire for the people I have dwelt amongst is that which St. Paul, in the epistle to the Romans, declares to be his prayer to God for Israel, 'that they might be saved!' and I know not any way in which I could better testify my regard for the Mussulmans collectively, or my gratitude individually, than by recommending the whole of the tenth chapter of the Romans to the serious consideration of those persons who possess such influence, as that the gospel of peace may be preached to them effectually by well-chosen and tried servants of our Lord, who

are duly prepared both in heart and speech to make known the glad tidings to their understandings, that 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' that 'If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;' and that 'He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world.'

"Should the view I have conscientiously given of their character be the humble means of removing prejudice from the Mussulmauns of Hindoostan, so that they may be sought and won by brotherly kindness, my humble heart will rejoice that my labours, as an observer and detailer, have been successful through the merciful orderings of Divine Providence."—vol. ii. pp. 423—427.

Some readers may possibly object to the number of trifling anecdotes and fables which the author has introduced into her work.—Such an objection would have no weight with us, as we consider that the various features of national character are often more distinctly portrayed in such tales, than in the most elaborate essays. It is possible, also, that a complaint will be made by hasty critics, against the minute details into which she enters upon the treatment of infants in India, and with respect to many of the domestic arrangements of the natives. These very details constitute, in our opinion, the real value of the work, and we know of no other publication in which they can be found. With the tact of a woman, Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali appears to us to have seized upon those points in Mussulmaun life which are most widely different from our own habits, and to have described them with admirable perspicuity. The traits of excellent sense, of feminine feeling, of conjugal affection, and religious piety, (without a shade of cant) that pervade her pages, are not the least among their varied merits. In conclusion, we deem it but justice to say, that we have never read any work upon India with so much pleasure as this which now lies before us; it has given us ideas of the Mussulmans which are, we believe, accurately characteristic, and will have the good effect, we hope, of diffusing among Englishmen a higher degree of respect, and a warmer regard for our Mahometan fellow-subjects, than we have been hitherto accustomed to entertain towards that much calumniated people.

From the Monthly Magazine.

MONT BLANC.

"The monarch of mountains."

'I've stood beneath thy pinnacles, I've gazed upon thy brow,
But thou art far more glorious beholding thee as now;
As now, within this little vale, on which thou lov'st to brood,
Where I have stood for hours and gazed, as growing where I stood.

What art thou now?—a mountain king, on mountains looking down;
Enthroned amidst the solitude, an avalanche thy crown.

Here pedestal'd on earth, like one who spurned the ground he trod,

Lifting thy majesty of pride, high, heaven-ward, like a god!

In vain the dun-plumed tyrant, Time, hath touched thee with his wing;

In vain the whirlwind and the flame around thee rave and spring.

Thou fling'st the foam of ages back as strong winds toss the cloud—

To nought beneath the scorching skies has thy dark forehead bowed.

I look on thee, and many thoughts come welling from my heart—

Thoughts of the years that thou hast seen, and still wilt see depart.

Dark dial of the dead! the sun looks fiercely on thee now;

How many seasons has he flung his glories on thy brow?

Where are the thousand lives, whose fame was poised upon a breath!

These lords of triumph, sceptered ones—slaves of a realm of death.

Where are the flashing eyes, that slept their life away in dreams—

Claiming the homage of earth's hills, her forests, and her streams?

Where are they all, these rulers stern, lords o'er the rills and glades,

These unit monarchs of the world, these animated shades?

They are—the Past; yet thou art still what thou hast ever been,

A temple, where old Memory broods in mockery of the scene!

O 'tis an humbling thing to turn on the red track of Time,

To trace his way through folly, tears, pride, ignorance, and crime;

And then, like rivers driven back to springs that gave them birth,

To bend our inmost thoughts upon this bulwark of the earth.

It stands unaltered! man has passed—the conqueror, despot, slave!

With all his passions and his pride—to gloom and to the grave!

Yet this—the temple of dead Time, a cemetery of hours—

Still seems a throne, whence Death surveys the victims he devours.

A record—blotted by the tears of mourning ages fled!

A tablet—whereon Time may count the numbers of his dead!

Whate'er it be, strong blast and storm, sharp ice, and flashing flame,

Have war'd with it by turns—and lo! this rock is still the same!

The same! ay, still the same it lifts its lonely, glorious brow,

In solemn, silent majesty, ever the same as now!

The has-been, is, and is to be—a mountain-cradle, whence
The infant morn has daily sprung in mute magnificence!

The index of the evening star! pale citizen of night,
Looking upon all lovely things, unearthly, and most bright;
Thou art a land of dreams, Mont Blanc, a fountain of deep thought,
Of feelings wild as are the clouds whereof thy crown is wrought.

Shrine of the Past! Yes, thou dost seem a Titan, still unmarr'd,
Whose locks are white with antique snow, whose brow is thunder-charr'd:
Who, in his ancient solitude, and loneliness of mind,
Doth look as if he held in scorn the power of human kind.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.*

At the conclusion of the fourth and last series of the "Tales of my Landlord," is the following affecting passage:—

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of his part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind,

such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Such an address—such an acknowledgment of gratitude to the public—from one to whom we are assuredly indebted for a larger amount and wider extension of intellectual pleasure, than was ever conferred in so short a period by any other person, especially demands our notice. We must all read with regret an announcement of the probable termination of a career so brilliant as has been that of the author of Waverley; and though we may allow ourselves to hope that his decision as to "his old fashion of literature" is not final, we may befittingly consider, on this occasion, what has been its character, and what that gratitude which the reading public owes him. Various as have been the literary claims of Sir Walter Scott, we shall here then regard him only as a novelist—as the greatest master in a department of literature, to which he has given a lustre previously unknown;—in which he stands confessedly unrivalled, and not approached even within moderate limits, except, among predecessors, by Cervantes, and, among contemporaries, by the author of Anastasius.

Perhaps no writer has ever enjoyed in his lifetime so extensive a popularity as the author of Waverley. His reputation may be truly said to be not only British, but European—and even this is too limited a term. He has had the advantage of writing in a language used in different hemispheres by highly civilized communities, and widely diffused over the surface of the globe; and he has written at a period when communication was facilitated by peace. While the wonder of his own countrymen, he has to an unexampled degree established an ascendancy over the tastes of foreign nations. His works have been sought by foreigners with an avidity equalling, nay, almost exceeding, that with which they have been received among us. The conflicting literary tastes of France and Germany, which twenty years ago seemed diametrically opposed, and hopelessly irreconcilable, have at length united in admiration of him. In France he has effected a revolution in taste, and given victory to the "Romantic School." He has had not only readers, but imitators. Among Frenchmen, the author of "Cinq Mars" may be cited as a tolerably successful one. Italy, in which what we call "novels" were previously unknown, has been roused from its torpor, and has found a worthy imitator of British talent in the author of the "Promessi Sposi." Of the Waverley Novels, six editions have been published in Paris. Many of them have been

* 1. Waverley Novels. New Edition, with the author's Notes. Edinburgh: 1829, 30, 31, 32.

2. Tales of my Landlord. Fourth and Last series. Edinburgh: 1832.

translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages. To be read both on the banks of the Ganges and the Ohio; and to be found, as is mentioned by Dr. Walsh, where perhaps no other English book had ever come—on the very verge of civilization, on the borders of Turkey—this is indeed a wide reign and a proud distinction; but prouder still to be not only read, but to have subjugated, as it were, and moulded the literary tastes of the civilized world. Voltaire is the writer who, in his lifetime, has approached nearest to this extent of popularity. Sovereigns courted and corresponded with him; his own countrymen were enthusiastic in his praise; and so general was a knowledge of the French language, that a large majority of the well-educated throughout Europe, were familiar with his writings. But much of this popularity was the popularity of partisanship. He served a cause; and for such service, and not alone as the meed of genius, were honours lavished upon him. The people of France, by whom he was almost deified in his latter years, regarded him less as the literary marvel of their land, than as the man once persecuted by despotism, and the ablest assailant of those institutions which they were endeavouring to undermine. But Voltaire, with all his popularity, has left impressed on literature scarcely any distinguishable traces of his power. He exhibited no marked originality of style—he founded no school—and as for his imitators, where are they? To justify the admiration he excited, one must consider not merely how well, but how much and how variously he has written. With the exception of Voltaire, and perhaps of Lord Byron, there is scarcely a writer whose popularity, while he lived, passed beyond the precincts of his own country. This, until latterly, was scarcely possible. Till near the middle of the eighteenth century, what had been long called the "Republic of Letters" existed only in name. It is not truly applicable but to the present period, when the transmission of knowledge is rapid and easy, and no work of unquestionable genius can excite much interest in any country, without the vibration being quickly felt to the uttermost limits of the civilized world. How little this was previously the case is evident from the fact, that numerous and important as were the political relations of England with the continent, and successfully as we had attended to the cultivation of letters, yet it is scarcely more than a hundred years since we were first known on the continent to have what might deserve to be called "a Literature." Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope, successively enjoyed in their own country the highest popularity as writers. Of these, it may reasonably be doubted whether the name of the first had been ever heard out of it. We can find no evidence which shows that the second had a wider fame. Pope was indeed better known;

for literature had been made conspicuous through honours paid to it by the statesmen of Queen Anne; and Pope was the friend of a peer politically eminent, and was thought, in conjunction with him, to have written a poem, of which, if the poetry was disregarded, the opinions were not unacceptable to the "philosophers" of the continent.

In 1813, before the appearance of *Waverley*, if any one should have ventured to predict that a writer would arise, who, when every conceivable form of composition seemed not only to have been tried, but exhausted, should be the creator of one hitherto unknown, and which, in its immediate popularity, should exceed all others—who, when we fancied we had drained to its last drop the cup of intellectual excitement, should open a spring, not only new and untasted, but apparently deep and inexhaustible—that he should exhibit his marvels in a form of composition the least respected in the whole circle of literature, and raise the novel to a place among the highest productions of human intellect—his prediction would have been received, not only with incredulity, but with ridicule; and the improbability would have been heightened, had it been added, that all this would be effected with no aid from the influence of established reputation, but by a writer who concealed his name. The productions of the author of *Waverley* are virtually novelties in our literature. They form a new species. They were, it is true, called historical novels; and works bearing that appellation had existed before. But these were essentially different; they were not historical in the same sense; and were as little to be classed with the *Waverley* novels, as are a chronological index or a book of memoirs, because the same names and circumstances may be alluded to in each. The misnamed historical novels, which we possessed before *Waverley*, merely availed themselves of historical names and incidents, and gave to the agents of their story the manners and sentiments either of the present period, or, much more commonly, of none. The best among them were only improvers of the system of Calprenede and Scuderi. They purified it from what was ridiculous or bombastic, but they left it still artificial. They evinced no endeavour to breathe into it the spirit of history. All in what was so called, beyond the contents of the most barren abridgment, was disregarded by such writers. The manners, habits, feelings, phraseology, and allusions of other times and other countries were set at naught. They embodied nothing but names and incidents. The actors in their tales were of the common staple of romance; tricked out with a nomenclature which authentic records had exhibited before. They were, for the most part, not the individual named, or any individual, but a mere abstract being, as purely ideal as the well-bred Achilles and Bajazets of the

of descriptive diction, and a rich and judicious selection of images—between passages which please the ear, and those which convey a distinct impression to the mind. It is essential in a description of visible objects, that it should place the reader in the situation of a spectator. Few perhaps attempt to describe who do not acknowledge this principle; but of these few act in accordance with it. Some fail, because they present to us objects as they are, rather than as they appear; and give us the deductions of reason instead of the impressions of the senses. Others, though they in part describe objects as they appear to the spectator, yet mix them confusedly with our instances of which the eye could not have taken cognisance at all, or could not have seen from the same point of view. These attempt both of the figure and of the ground, and so to describe minutely and truthfully a person not visible on the distant horizon, as to commit an error of this kind. The mixture of the visible with the invisible is unnatural, with the intrinsic, infallible, and constant, and prevents the whole image from being distinctly and forcibly to the mind of the reader. Others again, though they do not fail in these respects, over-weigh the visible by the preponderance of their images. They give us a catalogue of objects, instead of a picture; they enumerate almost every thing that might be seen at one time and in one place, forgetting that among all these objects, only one would be arrested only one would find room in the mind, not the rest, and that the few which would strike the imagination, would not so potently excite attention as the few which would strike the imagination. We must not, however, forget that we shall be more likely to select for ourselves, than the Author will select for us. A description of a landscape, or of a scene, can be effective only when it presents more particulars than the eye can view embrace, and, by the power of the memory, re-creates the scene in the mind. It is this which Walter Scott does better than any other. His descriptions of scenery, even in spite of a fault of overloading, which is his general style, are in the highest degree clear, distinct, and powerful. They have none of the diffuseness of *paragon* diction, which is the fault of many writers; all is perspicuous and unobscured—written as if the language intended was to be understood, and not the associations which are created by the language to illustrate and impress the subject instead of leading us astray into the realms of fanciful speculation.

These remarks are not applicable to such matters of mere detail as the description of costume, of equipments, or of furniture. Many of these, if we try them on a question of taste, will be admitted to be tedious; but we must

view them in another light, and accept them as affording information which we could not have obtained, but at an expense of trouble and research for which their real value would scarcely compensate. Good as are the descriptions of quiescent objects, it is in his treatment of events—of the visible operations of man, or of the elements—that the author displays most power. What have we finer of its kind, than the storm in the *Antiquary*? The sullen sunset—the advancing tide—the rocks half hidden by the rising foam—the marks of promised safety fading from sight, and with them the hope they nourished—the ledge which the sufferers gained with difficulty—on the one side, a raging sea, and on the other, a barrier that forbade retreat! *Guy Mannering* contains another masterpiece—the night attack of Portanferry, witnessed by Bertram. We feel as though we were that person—we see and hear all of which his eyes and ears had cognisance; and the impression is the more strong, because the writer has told only that, and left the rest to our imagination. This illustrates one feature of the author's skill. He knows the effect producible by leaving circumstances in the incompleteness and obscurity in which they often present themselves to the senses of a single person: he tells us just what that person could have perceived, and leaves the sketch to be finished by his reader. Thus, when Porteous is hurried away to execution, we attend his ruthless conductors, but we wait not to witness the last details, but flee with Butler from the scene of death, and, looking back from afar, see through the lurid glare of torches a human figure dangling in the air—and the whole scene is more present to our minds, than if every successive incident had been regularly unfolded. Thus, when Ravenswood and his horse vanish from the sight of Colonel Ashton, we feel how the impressiveness and beauty of the description are heightened by placing us where the latter stood,—showing us no more than he could have witnessed, and bidding our imaginations fill up the awful doubtful chasm.

That the Author of *Waverley* is a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the *Antiquary*—the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father—the short narrative of the smuggler in *Redgauntlet*—many parts of *Kenilworth*—and of that finest of tragic tales, the *Bride of Lammermoor*. We must pause to notice the last. In this, above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathed in the writings of the Greek tragedians, when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who showed to us *Macbeth*; and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we

ages, yet owe their most marked peculiarities to the influence of great historical events, the current opinion of the times in which they lived, of the party to which they were attached. They are specimens of a class: and though the actual persons never lived, yet in some of them there is as much of the true spirit of history—as much that clearly unfolds to us the character of other times as in the most able of the aforementioned portraits. Look, for example, at his Covenanters and his Puritans. In describing them he has avoided an error into which an inferior writer would have fallen. He has not collected all the qualities which were characteristic of those sects, and formed therefrom an abstract being, who, probably without resembling any single individual of them that ever had existed, was in his proper person to represent them all. To personify in such a manner is not to draw nature as it is. He has well considered that, though a prevailing impression may be given by one powerful class of opinions, yet will the individual traits of disposition, which vary in each as much almost as do the lineaments of the face, not be utterly absorbed and obliterated, but show themselves through it, and modify the dominant habit. Burley, Mackbriar, Mucklewrath, Gilfillan, David Deans, and Bridgenorth, are all sectarians, deeply imbued with a gloomy, ascetic spirit of fanaticism. But the fanaticism of one of these is not as the fanaticism of another, but takes a different course, according to the direction which it receives from the original bias of the disposition. All this is admirably discriminated in the characters mentioned. Deep and sombre as is the colouring, it is so transparent that we see through it the inward native workings of the heart. The original character is visible through that which circumstances have superinduced; and we feel as though we could almost tell what each of these would have been if he had not been a fanatic. Characters so delineated exhibit the highest refinement of skill.

The female characters in the *Waverley Novels* are touched with much grace and spirit, though they are not, upon the whole, brought so vividly to our minds as the men—probably because they are more ideal. Such they must necessarily be. The course of woman's existence glides comparatively unobserved in the under current of domestic life; and the records of past days furnish little note of their condition. Few materials are available from which the historical novelist can deduce an accurate notion of the relative situation of women in early times. We know very little either of the general extent of their cultivation and acquirements, or of the treatment which they received from men. On the latter point, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the poetical effusions of gallantry, and the false varnish of chivalrous devotion. It is to be feared that the practice of the days of chivalry was much at variance with its professions, and that women

were degraded, as we always find them wherever civilization has made little progress. It was by command of Edward I. of England, the *Mirror of Chivalry*, one of the bravest knights in the host of the Crusaders, that two of the noblest ladies in Scotland were hung up in iron cages, exposed like wild beasts to the view of the populace. Facts like this mark the standard of public feeling, and may teach us that there was little real consideration for women in those times;—and where that is not found, there can be little refinement. Scantiness of information, and the necessity of assimilating to modern tastes a picture which, if it could have been obtained, would probably have been disagreeable, has obliged the Author of *Waverley* to draw much from the resources of his poetical mind in the depicting of female character. And wisely has he so done; for we regard many of the females in his tales only as beautiful and poetical creations, and we are gratified without being deceived. We find no fault with him for having made his Minna and Brenda beings such as the daughters of a Shetland Udalder, nearly a century and a half ago, were not likely to have been;—we blame him not because in his *Rebecca*, that most charming production of an imagination rich with images of nobleness and beauty, he has exhibited qualities incompatible with the real situation of the daughter of that most oppressed and abject being, a Jew of the twelfth century. It is plain that if Minna or Rebecca had been drawn with a strict regard to probability, and made just such as they were most likely to have been, one of the great objects of fiction would have been reversed; the reader would have been repelled instead of being attracted. This poetical tone pervades, more or less, the delineations of all his heroines; and the charm which it imparts, perhaps more than counterbalances the detrimental tendency of sameness. At the same time we may add, that it is least exhibited when circumstances seem least to require it. His heroines are, on the whole, better treated, as such, than his heroes, who are, for the most part, thrown into the ring to be bandied about, the sport of circumstances;—owing almost all their interest to the events which thicken around them. Many of them exhibit no definite character, or, when they rise above non-entities, are not so much individuals as abstractions. A strong fraternal likeness to the vacillating *Waverley* does not raise them in our esteem. They seem too nearly imitations of the most faulty portions of that otherwise admirable tale.

In the description of external objects, and particularly of what may be called natural scenery, Sir Walter Scott has been successful beyond all writers subsequent to Milton. We have heard Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions much commended; but whoever will compare her with the Author of *Waverley*, will perceive the difference between mere copiousness

of descriptive diction, and a rich and judicious selection of images—between passages which please the ear, and those which convey a distinct impression to the mind. It is essential in a description of visible objects, that it should place the reader in the situation of a spectator. Few perhaps attempt to describe who do not acknowledge this principle; but of these, few act in accordance with it. Some fail, because they present to us objects as they are, rather than as they appear; and give us the deductions of reason instead of the simple evidence of the senses. Others, though they in part describe objects as they appear to the spectator, yet mix them confusedly with circumstances of which the eye could not have taken cognisance at all, or could not have seen from the same point of view. To speak at once both of the figure and weight of a helmet, or to describe minutely the dress of a person just visible on the distant horizon, is to commit an error of this kind. This mixture of the visible with the invisible, the external with the intrinsic, infallibly creates confusion, and prevents the whole image from coming distinctly and forcibly to the mind of the reader. Others again, though they do not offend in these respects, overpower us with the exuberance of their images—they give us a catalogue of objects, instead of a selection—they enumerate almost every thing that could be seen at one time and in one place,—forgetting that among all these objects, the attention would be arrested only by a few; nor could the mind find room for more. We require to be told, not the objects that might ultimately excite attention, but those which would strike the senses first: we require not that we shall be enabled to make the selection for ourselves, but that the describer shall select for us. A multiplicity of details is tiresome; and no description, however complete, can be effective as description, if it contain more particulars than the mind can at one view embrace, and, without a painful effort of the memory, retain. From these various errors into which descriptive writers often fall, Sir Walter Scott is perhaps more exempt than any other. His descriptions of scenery, even in spite of a want of terseness with which his general style is chargeable, are in the highest degree clear, vivid, and intelligible. They have none of those affectations of gorgeous diction, which are the resource of ordinary writers: all is perspicuous and reasonably concise;—written as if the first object proposed—was to be understood; and the poetical associations which are strewn in the path serve to illustrate and impress the subject, instead of leading us astray into the realms of fanciful speculation.

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That the Author of *Waverley* is a master of the pathetic, is evinced by several well-known passages. Such are the funeral of the fisherman's son in the *Antiquary*—the imprisonment and trial of Effie Deans, and the demeanour of the sister and the broken-hearted father—the short narrative of the smuggler in *Redgauntlet*—many parts of *Kenilworth*—and of that finest of tragic tales, the *Bride of Lammermoor*. We must pause to notice the last. In this, above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathed in the writings of the Greek tragedians, when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who showed to us *Macbeth*; and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we

feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course of events moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.

The plots in the *Waverley Novels* generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved; but there is not one in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out a blemish. None have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. There is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion. They are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close, too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up. *Guy Mannering* is one of those in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of *Peveril of the Peak* might perhaps, on the whole, have been considered the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

It may be said of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, as of the plays of Shakspeare, that though they never exhibit an attempt to enforce any distinct moral, they are, on the whole, favourable to morality. They tend (to use a common expression,) to keep the heart in its right place. They inspire generous emotions and a warm-hearted and benevolent feeling towards our fellow-creatures, and for the most part afford a just and unperverted view of human character and conduct. In them a very sparing use is made of satire—that weapon of questionable utility—which perhaps has never yet done much good in any hands, not even in those of Pope or Young. Satire is thought useful, too much because it gratifies the uncharitableness of our nature. But to hold up wisdom and virtue to our admiration, is better than to apply the lash, however dexterously, to vice and folly. There are, perhaps, no fictions exciting the imagination so strongly as the *Waverley Novels*, which have a less tendency to corrupt the heart; and it is, chiefly, because they do not exhibit flattering and delusive pictures of crime. In this again, they resemble the plays of Shakspeare. Forcibly as that great dramatist has depicted vice, and ably as he has sometimes shown its co-existence with physical energy and intellectual superiority—much as he may teach us to admire the villain for some of his attributes, he never confounds the limits of right and wrong. He produces no obliquity in our moral sense, nor seduces us to lend our sympathy against the dictates of our better reason. Neither in his graver, nor in his gayer scenes is there aught which can corrupt. He invests profligacy with no attractive colours, nor lends

a false and imposing greatness to atrocious villany. We admire the courage of Macbeth, the ability of Richard, the craft and dexterity of Iago, and the stubborn energy of Shylock—but we never applaud, nor wish to emulate. We see them too truly as they are. The Author of *Waverley*, though he approaches nearer to the fault in question than Shakspeare, can never be fairly said to have committed it. Cleveland, Robertson, Rashleigh, Christian, might, by a few touches added, and a few expunged, become very captivating villains, and produce a brisk fermentation of mischief in many young and weak heads. But of such false touches and suppressions of truth the author has not been guilty. He has not disguised their vices and their weaknesses—he has not endowed them with incompatible virtues, but just favouring them charitably, so as to take off the edge of our dislike, has exhibited them nearly as they must necessarily have been. The same discretion is observable in his impersonation of those equivocal characters in humble life, which he has invested with an interest hitherto unknown. Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Ratcliffe, and the Smuggler in *Redgauntlet*, are characters in whom are found redeeming traits of the best feeling, and which, therefore, interest us deeply. Yet all of them are more or less at war with order and the institutions of society, and must fall under its heavy ban. And interested as we are, we are never led to deem the censures of society unjust, or to take part with them in their war against it.

The author of *Waverley* is never chargeable with that sin so visible in modern literature, which Lord Byron lent his genius to promote, and which humbler writers in verse and prose industriously strive to spread. He has not laboured to diminish our confidence in virtue, and our abhorrence of vice. He does not teach us to believe that the villain probably has generous feelings, while the man who violates no law is as probably at heart a scoundrel. He tricks out for our delusion no impossible beings—combining the commission of debasing crime with the possession of lofty sentiments and rigid virtue. He never takes his hero from among the dregs of pollution, yet endows him with ennobling attributes which he could never have possessed—makes him a criminal of the deepest dye, yet bids us to admire his virtues—and tells us that, tainted as he seems, he is better than the half of those whom society deems good and honest. Neither has the author of *Waverley* ever written any of those tales which affect to have a moral, and which, after labouring to enlist our sympathies on the side of crime, and making us love and admire the criminal, plunge him at the close into misfortune—excite our pity, and then claim the merit of doing good, because they showed that, somehow or other, in the end, vice did not prosper. This right-headedness

and right-heartedness, this healthy soundness of judgment and of principle in the author of *Waverley*, are among those qualities for which posterity will lastingly admire him.

Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron have often been compared; and the question has been mooted to which we should assign superiority of genius. It is one of those questions which can scarcely be decided; but if asked our opinion—we say to Sir Walter Scott—and for these reasons. Sir Walter Scott does not appear, like Lord Byron, to have written under the influence of morbid excitement, or availed himself of the resources of egotism. He did not draw from out of the burning well of his own stormy passions. He has been the master of his imagination, rather than the slave. He has controlled it with the rod of an enchanter, and compelled it to do his bidding, instead of becoming, like the frantic Pythoness, the utterer of the eloquent ravings which were prompted by the demon that possessed her. His writings display a calm consciousness of power. There is in them nothing of the feverishness of distemper; and they are not sullied and corroded by the operation of human passions. He seems to have looked forth upon nature, serene and untroubled, from the watch-tower of a commanding intellect. This calm superiority, this dismissal of self, is most observable in the works of Homer and Shakspeare. We know not from their writings what manner of men they were. They speak not of themselves. The passions leave no trace of influence on their marvellous productions; they wrote almost as though they had been spiritualized beings, disencumbered of the clog of humanity—interested in human nature rather through love and pity, than through participation—surveying and noting the hopes, the fears, the petty cares and vain pursuits, that occupied the world beneath them. In the writings of Sir Walter Scott there is much of this renunciation and suppression of self; but there is also an occasional introduction of it, of which we equally approve. We like to see it exhibited in those evidences of mental sunshine and benevolence of heart, which beam forth in his kind and cheerful view of nature. His works are rich in generous sentiments. They contain no drop of misanthropy, and few pictures of villany unmitigated by some redeeming trait. It is singular, that, though he is charged with aristocratic illiberality, no writer has exhibited the rustic character in so pleasing a light; and though classed by some among bigots, he has shown a spirit far more indulgent and less cynical than that of his accusers.

We may here notice some other faults of which the author of *Waverley* has been accused. It has been said that he displays a spirit hostile to the progress of modern civilization, and labours too much to make us in love with the venerable errors of former times.

Such a fault will not be felt by one who reads his works aright;—who perceives that his attachment to the manners of antiquity is to be considered merely as a poetical attachment. He is won by their picturesqueness, and by their peculiar applicability to those purposes which lie within the province of romance. Not to suppose, that because his imagination delights in them, his judgment must approve, is an unfair deduction. We have seen nothing in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, as we have unfortunately in the writings of other men of no mean talent, which indicates that he regards with an evil eye the increasing spirit of modern improvement. He is too philanthropic and far-sighted, to view, with indifference, much less with dislike, that spirit of industry and invention which is so rapidly promoting the wealth and comfort of the human race.

Again, he is accused of being partial in his delineations of historical events. This is to try him as though he were an historian; for though the historian is bound to be impartial, there is no such strict obligation for the novelist. To expect an absence of all political bias in one who has given any attention to political subjects, is to expect perhaps almost as impossibility. A bias is discernible in the opinions of Sir Walter Scott; and we shall not be suspected of viewing it too indulgently, when we say, that it is opposed to our own. But we are not conscious of its having led him into any unfairness. Nothing can be more impartial than his tale of *Old Mortality*. We may suspect the author's leaning towards the cause of the government; but we can collect no such inference from this single story. Each party furnishes objects of admiration as well as of ridicule and disgust. While we condemn the fanaticism of the insurgents, we admire them for their heroism; while we are made to feel that the established authorities had fewer absurdities on their side, we are presented with so dark a picture of their oppressive tyranny, as more than justifies the resistance it excited. A prepossession for the Jacobite and Tory cause has not withheld him from doing full justice to its opponents; and from exhibiting in the unfortunate Charles Edward, those weaknesses which rendered him little worthy of the heroic devotedness of his adherents.

It may be objected, that the author of *Waverley* too often imitates himself, and reproduces, under other names, characters which he has described before. The objection is just; but it would be unreasonable to expect from an imagination so fertile, that it should always be original—that it should never stray again into paths already trodden, but exhibit a perpetual freshness, of which no very productive genius, save Shakspeare, has ever afforded an example. Though we are delighted with the cheerful spirit of this author's writings, we cannot applaud his wit. It is

generally clumsy, inelegant, and verbose. It may be more properly called "humour;" and though it may often excite a smile, is among the least meritorious parts of his productions. There are several ludicrous incidents well told, and which may raise a hearty laugh; but, upon the whole, facetiousness is not his forte. Contrary to what ought to be the case, and unmindful that "brevity is the soul of wit," he is ever most verbose when he is disposed to be mirthful. Many of his humourists are tedious to the last degree; and we are restored to common charity with them, and think them comparatively venial, only by seeing the dismal exaggerations of the same kind of character in the novels of Cooper. We would gladly have dispensed with the long bantering introductions, with their Jedediah Cleishbotham and Captain Clutterbuck, and other such fictions—cumbrous, unamusing, and improbable—pretending to account for the production of tales which required no such apology. They are quite unworthy to stand at the head of the works they usher in. In the excellent new edition, which is enriched with so many prefaces and notes of real value and interest, we regret that this useless machinery is preserved.

Beauty of style is not one of Sir Walter Scott's chief merits. His choice of expression is, however, better than his disposition of them. His sentences are too full of expletives—too long, and loosely arranged; exuberant, like his fancy, and untrimmed, as if never subjected to a process of compression—a *limæ labor*, perhaps incompatible with the wonderful expedition with which work after work has issued from the press. This facility of production is too remarkable to be overlooked. It is almost unexampled. Voltaire and Lord Byron have written some of their best works in an inconceivably short time. Dryden produced five act plays at the rate of three a-year. Shakspeare is supposed in one year to have written five, among which is that whereon he must have expended most thought—Hamlet. This, considering the value of the productions, would perhaps be the greatest feat on record, if we could be sure that the plays had been wholly invented and written within the twelvemonth—but this cannot be ascertained. Nevertheless, for long continued fertility of pen, perhaps Sir Walter Scott may be safely said to have never been exceeded.

Two remarks have been repeated, till many receive them as undeniable axioms; and we notice them only for that reason. One is, that the author of Waverley's earliest productions are decidedly his best—the other, that he is never so great as when he treads on Scottish ground. In neither assertion is there much truth. Are *Ivanhoe*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *Nigel*, and *Kenilworth*, inferior to *St. Ronan's Well*, the *Monastery*, and the *Abbot*? May not the

first mentioned five be ranked among the best of his novels? and must they unquestionably yield to *Rob Roy* or the *Antiquary*? or does one of our latest favourites, the *Maid of Perth*, betray much deficiency of that vigour which characterised the first-born Waverley? Few will answer in the affirmative.

In reviewing the productions of a great writer, interesting as it may be to examine their general character, and the nature of those merits on which their fame is grounded, it is perhaps still more interesting to trace their influence upon literature. That of the Waverley novels has been great beyond example. That they have invited a good deal of talent to employ itself in the cause of direct imitation, is but an insignificant part of their effects. Nor do we even lay most stress upon the impulse given to the composition of fictitious narrative of every kind. For novel-writing, in general, the author of Waverley has done much: First, he has made it a more creditable exercise of ability than it was previously considered; and thus invited to it many writers who might otherwise have considered it unworthy of their regard. But, beyond this, he has shown them how they should pursue it. He has taught them that in whatever period, country, or sphere of society, their fictions may be laid, they must first look forth upon nature. They must not indulge the untaught promptings of a wild imagination, but set down only that which they have first ascertained to be in accordance with general truth. Though fiction may be truly the offspring of imagination, it cannot be successful unless tutored by experience. In consequence of this newly enlarged view of the principles on which fiction should be written, we have, since the appearance of Waverley, seen the fruits of varied learning and experience displayed in that agreeable form; and we have even received from works of fiction what it would once have been thought preposterous to expect—information. From some, we have gathered more respecting the manners of different tribes than books of travels have ever told us; and have obtained a clearer insight into the eventful interior of a soldier or a sailor's life, and the real nature of war and its concomitants, than from all the gazettes that were ever published, and many biographies to boot. We have learnt, too, how greatly the sphere of the novel may be extended, and how capable it is of becoming the vehicle almost of every species of popular knowledge.

Still higher benefits are derivable from a right consideration of the Waverley novels. Without one word of direct precept, they have made us feel more than any essays or lectures ever did, to what end history should be read, and in what manner it should be written. Combining materials drawn from scattered sources, they have given us pictu-

of past days, which, what is commonly called history, had neglected to afford. We now feel more fully that dates and names—nay, even the articles of a treaty, or the issue of a battle, although desirable pieces of knowledge, are yet trivial, compared with the importance and utility of being able to penetrate below that surface on which float the great events and stately pageants of the time. Since history is "precept teaching by example," we must, in order to obtain more fully the advantages it can confer, enable ourselves—by an acquaintance with minor details, and with the habits, condition, and opinions of former races, and by being as though we had lived among them—to institute a closer comparison between the complexion of their times and that of our own. Great changes in the condition and opinions of a people will silently and gradually take place, unmarked by any signal event; whilst events the most striking, and apparently important, will glitter and vanish like bubbles in the sun, and leave no visible trace of their effect. History has been hitherto too prone to note with eagerness only the latter;—avoiding, as if with disdain, the more difficult, honourable, and useful task of tracing the progress of the former. History is, in truth, the biography of a nation; and a history which neglects, as unworthy of its dignity, the combination of both these requisites, is as inferior in interest and utility to a history which possesses them, as a biography containing only the public actions of a great man, is less desirable than one which admits us to partake of his conversations and opinions. At present we have only the extremes. We have the stately political history and the gossiping memoir. But the former wants detail and extension of view; the latter, selection and classification of materials, and judicious inferences from attested facts. The public now desire to see these requisites well blended; and to this growing desire we conceive that no slight impulse has been given by the works of the author of *Waverley*. People have been surprised to find in novels new lights which history never gave; and for which, though it could not have afforded them in an equal degree, they ought at least to have been prepared. History has been, in consequence of his works, much read by those who would otherwise have neglected it. Still more, perhaps, has inquiry been directed towards its adjuncts and subsidiaries—towards biographical and antiquarian researches. Never has the press been more fertile than during the last ten years in this species of agreeable lore—in memoirs, diaries, and letters; which convey much amusing information, and some that may with truth be called valuable. An increasing appetite for this species of knowledge has called forth stores, of which the worth has never been sufficiently appreciated till now.

If the public demand should incite any

writer of sufficient ability to produce that desideratum in our literature, a History, which to accuracy and deep research, shall add a comprehensive view of all that is most conducive to the welfare of a nation, and indicative of its condition, and which shall describe with the graphic vigour of romance, we shall have attained a treasure of great price. We shall be grateful to such a writer: but with our gratitude to him must be mingled an acknowledgment to the great novelist, who, by works which have been ignorantly censured for tampering with the majesty of history, and perverting its facts, has given an impulse by which the true study of history has been largely promoted. For this service, we little doubt, posterity will award its thanks. What other thanks it may award—what judgment it may pass on the author of *Waverley*, is an useless speculation. The frequent reversal of judgments which every age has thought immutable, should teach us discretion in our prophesying. Time may raise up other writers, whose comparative greatness may deprive him of his present eminence; but it cannot deprive him of the merit of originality, and of having first opened a new and delightful path in literature. Not in a presumptuous spirit of prophecy, but as a token of our present admiration, we will say, that we think his novels likely to endure as long as the language in which they are written.

From the Monthly Magazine.

DON PEDRO AND HIS ADHERENTS.

"Tros vel Tyriusque Nullo mihi discrimine Labant."

THE infamous career of Miguel is drawing fast, very fast, we trust, to a close. Don Pedro is on the seas, and ere the expiration of another moon, the constitutional banner of the young Queen Maria da Gloria may float in triumph, not in the language of Casimir Perier beneath, but above the walls of the capital of her ancestors. Were we to measure the probabilities of the success of the expedition by the rules of the military art, we should be less sanguine in our expectations: in a military point of view, all the chances are on the side of Miguel. Don Pedro's line of operation will extend from Terceira to the coast of Portugal, subject to all the vicissitudes of a maritime expedition, and the risk of a descent in a country in which he has not a single *point d'appui*: but the question comes rather under the head of military politics than of strategies. Don Pedro will triumph rather by moral than physical force. The first battalion sent to oppose his landing will join his ranks; this is an opinion we share with the ex-emperor himself, who confidently expects to enter Lisbon almost without firing a shot.

Every term of obloquy and reproach with

our own, and every other European
e abounds, have been vented on the
the present ruler of Portugal. It is
intention to dispute the justice of that
e of universal execration so justly
l against him; our object is rather to
y the following sketches, that Don
and the leaders of his party, are just
orthy of the generous sympathy of the
nation, as the Infante Miguel him-

DON PEDRO D'ALCANTARA.

ex-Emperor Don Pedro, notwithstanding bright corrusions of liberalism that on some time to time, illumined his politician, is considered by his warmest parather a liberal "*par ton*" than "*par u.*" In fact, if undazzled by the ig halo shed around him by the inf flattery, we penetrate its specious e shall discover that the ruling pas- his mind is despotism; while the tenor of his political life has been by phases of a deeply dyed political y, to which no parallel can be found, ong the deeds of his more unpopular Miguel.

in the constitutional system was adopted in Brazil, in 1821, Don Pedro, eager for its success, and enamoured of novelty, designated himself the champion of freedom, and rapidly became the idol of the people. His popularity was short—for it must be recollected of every one acquainted with American affairs, that scarcely months after this event, the Emperor, at Rio de Janeiro, within the walls of which were seated the electors of the capital, for the purpose of constitutionally petitioning the Emperor, was suddenly surrounded by a battalion of soldiers, who commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the assembled multitude. This atrocious assassination, this open violation of the constitutional rights of the people, was the work of the liberal Don Pedro, who was seen disguised in the uniform of an officer of the corps, personally directing the work of extermination. But it was not long after the departure of his father, Emperor Pedro the Sixth, and on his assuming the throne of Brazil, that he threw off the mask, and stood boldly forward to the world, as the violator of every sacred pledge, human and divine.

prince kept up an active correspondence with his father. In these letters, which were neither to the head or the heart of Peter, and which were ordered to be read at the time by the cortes of Lisbon, Pedro dwells on the difficulties with which he was environed, and solicits his father's aid, at a subsequent period, when his domestic intrigues were on the eve of development, in order to lull the suspicions of his father, he wrote to him a letter, (of course.)—Vol. XXI.

which we shall make an extract,) unique in its kind, even in the annals of falsehood and duplicity :—

“ They tell me that it is the general wish to proclaim me Emperor. Now, I protest to your majesty, that I will never be perjured, that I never will be false to you ; and should they attempt this madness, it will only be after I and every other faithful Portuguese have been hacked to pieces. This is what I swear to your majesty—a solemn oath, written in my blood, in the following words :—‘ I swear to be always faithful to your majesty, and to the Portuguese nation and constitution.’ ”

The blood was scarcely dry with which this impious oath was written, when this dutiful son and faithful subject expelled from the Rio, the Portuguese garrison, under Jorge d'Avillez, whom he foresaw would be barriers to his ambitious designs; and ere the expiration of a year, this perjured prince was Emperor of Brazil, and that immense empire forcibly separated from the crown of Portugal. A few months after his elevation to the imperial throne, he forcibly overthrew that constitution which he had solemnly sworn to defend; and latterly, having by his folly exhausted the patience, and alienated the affections of his subjects, in attempting to depart from the fundamental principles of the revolution, he lost at once his crown and his empire.

THE MARQUIS DE PALMELLA.

If we except the Austrian Metternich, or the Corsican Pozzo de Borgo, in the well filled ranks of European diplomacy, we shall look in vain for a more formidable enemy to the liberties of mankind, than Don Pedro Holstein, Marquis de Palmella—one of the original framers of the holy alliance. Europe, which sickens at his name, has contemplated, with surprise and mistrust, this arch intriguer, this ultra despot, for some months past, sacrificing at the shrine of constitutional liberty, amid the waves of the western ocean. Among the liberal portion of his countrymen his name is in universal execration; for to his subserviency to the political views of the English ministry, they, one and all, attribute the ruin of their country. Accordingly, when in the year 1820, the constitutional star arose on the benighted horizon of Portugal, the marquis was banished from her shores. Foreseeing that the chord struck in Europe would vibrate in Brazil, he crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of crushing in the bud the first germ of liberty on the Brazilian soil.

He landed at Bahia. Here, by his wiles, he gained over to his views the Brigadier Felisberto Gomes Caldeira Brant, (since known in this country as the Marquis de Barbacena,) one of the most influential men in the country, and already looked upon as the future Bolivar of Brazil.

Yet, by the promise of an earldom, a boor
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no South American republican can resist, he enlisted him on the side of despotism; and when the regiment of artillery raised a few weeks afterwards the banner of the constitution, Felisberto led a body of troops against them, was defeated, and, unable to stem the torrent of popular opinion, was obliged to take refuge on board an English sloop-of-war in the harbour.

It would take up too much room were we to follow, from this period until the death of Don John the Sixth, this astute diplomatist through all the dark and tortuous mazes of that policy, which sacrificed, without a blush, every consideration of his country's weal at the shrine of his own ambition. We shall complete this sketch by presenting him to the reader, in his military capacity, during the memorable campaign of the three days, as the expedition to Oporto, in 1828, has been facetiously termed by the political adversaries of the noble marquis.

When the steam-boat with Palmella and his companions arrived in Oporto, the constitutional army, under General Saraiva, an officer who had studied the art of war in the anti-salas of the palace at Rio Janeiro, was in full retreat, and their vanguard already within seven leagues of the city. Unfortunately for the cause of legitimacy and right, the command of the army devolved on the Marquis de Palmella, who was the senior officer present. Had the youthful queen herself assumed the command, the result could not have been more disastrous. The conjuncture was a critical one; but an officer of decision would have risen superior to it, and have converted the retrograde into an *en avant* movement. But such a man was not Don Pedro Holstein; for years past he had been more conversant with the wiles of a diplomatic chancellerie than with the martial exercises of the camp. He could scarcely sit his charger, and as he rode through the streets of Porto, amid the "vivas" of the assembled populace, holding on by the pommel of his saddle, and almost sinking beneath the weight of his military trappings, he was compared to the figure of St. George of Cappodocia, the patron saint of Portugal, who, in the procession of the Corpus Christi, is annually paraded through the city. The whole day was occupied in performing a distance of barely three leagues, and, in the meantime, hearing that the army was abandoning its forward position, the panic seized Palmella, who actually returned to Oporto without even seeing the army he went out to command. Here he assembled the provisional government, when it was decided that its members should embark for England, while the army should abandon the city, and gain the Spanish frontier in the best manner it was able. Stung to the quick by this pusillanimous resolution, General Saldanha, one of the best officers in the Portuguese service, offered to

remain and conduct the retreat of the army, provided two members of the government would also remain, and share the responsibility. Two of the number, a colonel of cavalry, and a young ouvidor, acceded to the proposition. The general accordingly mounted his horse, and galloped to the army, while the marquis and his companions sought refuge on board the English steam-boat. When the general reached the camp, he assembled the superior officers of the army, communicated to them the object of his mission, and the resolutions of the provisional government—concealing, however, their intended return to England, well knowing that such a communication would have proved fatal to their lives. The officers, to a man, refused to retreat; the general, finding every effort to control their resolution ineffectual, returned to Oporto, and communicating to his colleagues the result of his mission, embarked on board the steam-boat. It was with joy that Palmella witnessed his return; for the glory he was likely to acquire, had already engendered in his mind the bitterest feelings of jealousy. Saldanha, on his side, overcome with grief and fatigue, retired to his cabin. Scarcely had the general quitted the camp, than a reaction in the feelings of the officers took place. A deputation, composed of the general and two colonels, repaired to Oporto, to induce him to return and assume the command. On reaching the city, what was their surprise and indignation at finding that the members of the government had all embarked, and left the army to its fate. They repaired on board the steam-boat, and demanded an interview with General Saldanha; but this did not suit the views of Palmella. They were told that the general was indisposed, and could not be disturbed. In the meantime the tide served, the boat got under way, and when Saldanha awoke in the morning and found the deputation on board, he was already far from the shores of Portugal. Such was the termination of this ill-conducted enterprise. Had the Marquis of Palmella possessed but the spirit and professional knowledge of a corporal, the advance upon Lisbon would have been a mere military promenade; and the evils—which for the last four years have pressed so heavily on his unhappy country, consigned to a scaffold, to the noxious dungeons of Belem, or driven into foreign exile, the *élite* of her population—would have been averted.

It is owing to the jealousy and intrigues of the Marquis de Palmella, and the Marquis de Villa Flor, the destined commander of the invading army, that General Saldanha does not accompany the ex-Emperor in the present expedition, in the success of which all the liberal portion of Europe is interested.

THE MARQUIS DE VILLA FLOR.

Don Jose Monoel de Portugal, Marquis de

Villa Flor, entered the army at an early age. He served during several of the peninsular campaigns, on the staff of Marshal Beresford; the bearer of despatches more than once to the court of Rio de Janeiro, he rose rapidly in the service. On his last trip across the Atlantic, he found his quarters in Brazil so comfortable, that he did not return to join his brothers in arms in the peninsula. In 1816, he was appointed Captain General of Gram Para. This province he governed with all the tyranny of a Roman consul, or the relentless cruelty of a Turkish pacha—a professed pro-libertine.

On quitting Para on the expiration of his government, he touched at Maranhão on his way to the Rio.

He was shortly afterwards appointed governor-general of the province of Bahia, where the constitutional party, in consequence, fearing every thing from his well-known tyrannical character, declared a month sooner than they intended, the Spanish constitution of 1820. Several of the officers who thus precipitated the revolutionary movement, are actually now serving under his command at Terceira.

Such are the characters of Don Pedro, his councillor, and his general. The ex-Emperor is far from popular in Portugal; and his returning, as he does, surrounded by such men, does not give to that unhappy country, the promise of a bright futurity. Indeed, those who augur that the overthrow of Miguel will be followed by the reign of political tranquillity, know little of the real state of things in Portugal. She has yet a fiery ordeal to go through. The political regenerator in vain looks for materials for his great work—to root up from her soil the rankling weeds of centuries of misrule and corruption—to conciliate the fiery wrath of party spirit, and gradually prepare the minds of the people for the blessings of freedom—to guide the vessel of state through the innumerable shoals that beset her onward course, will require the arm of a political Hercules. Yet we fervently indulge the hope that such a man will be found; and that this fine country—this ancient ally of England—to the spirit and enterprise of whose people Europe owes so much, may yet attain a distinguished place in the scale of nations, and bask in the sunshine of political prosperity.

From the Athenæum.

THE INVALID MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

WILT thou weep when I am low?—BYRON.

It may be that thou wilt not weep,
My little prattling boy;
It may be that no cloud will shade
The light of childhood's joy:
For death has characters too strange
For infant glance to trace;—

The pale still brow!—the fallen lid!—
The cold and bloodless face!
But when thy little dimpled cheek
So fondly presses mine,
There is a wild, a selfish hope,
"Twould grieve me to resign;—
That, when forgotten,—pass'd away,
A thing of other years,—
Thou in thy manhood's strength may turn,
Remembering me with tears!
There are who blame a mother's love,
Who chide her fond caress;
But who will love thee as I love,
Or bless thee as I bless?
There's beauty in the love of youth—
The bridal's hallow'd glow;
But beautiful and pure and deep
The love that passes show.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SNOWING-UP OF STRATH LUGAS.

JOLLY old Simon Kirkton! thou art the very high priest of Hymen. There is something softly persuasive to matrimony in thy contented, comfortable appearance; and thy house,—why, though it is situated in the farthest part of Inverness-shire, it is as fertile in connubial joys as if it were placed upon Gretna Green. Single blessedness is a term unknown in thy vocabulary; heaven itself would be a miserable place for thee, for *there* there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Half the county was invited to a grand dinner and ball at Simon's house in January, 1812. All the young ladies had looked forward to it in joyous anticipation and hope, and all the young gentlemen with considerable expectation—and fear. Every thing was to be on the grandest scale; the dinner in the ancient hall, with the two family pipers discoursing sweet music between the courses, and the ball in the splendid new drawing-room, with a capital band from the county town. The Duke was to be there, with all the nobility, rank, and fashion of the district;—and, in short, such a splendid entertainment had never been given at Strath Lugas in the memory of man. The editor of the county paper had a description of it in types a month before, and the milliners far and near never said their prayers without a devout supplication for the health of Mr. Kirkton. All this time that worthy gentleman was by no means idle. The drawing-room was dismantled of its furniture, and the floors industriously chalked over with innumerable groups of flowers. The larder was stocked as if for a siege; the domestics drilled into a knowledge of their respective duties; and every preparation completed in the most irreproachable style. I question whether Gunter ever dreamt of such a supper as was laid out in the dining-room. Venison in all its forms, and fish of every kind. It would have rivalled a seventy-four to China.

The day came at last, a fine, sharp, clear day, as ever gave a bluish tinge to the countenance, or brought tears "to beauty's eye." There had been a great fall of snow a few days before, but the weather seemed now settled into a firm enduring frost. The Laird had not received a single apology, and waited in the hall along with his Lady to receive his guests as they arrived. "My dear, is na that carriage, coming up the Brosefit-knowe? Auld Liddy Clavers, I declare. She'll be going to dress here, and the three girls.—Anne's turned religious; so I'm thinking she's wre auld to be married.—It's a pity the minister's no coming; his wife's just dead—but Ebbie'll be looking out for somebody.—We maun put her next to young Gerfuin. Elizabeth's a thocht owre young; she can stay at the side-table with Tammy Maxwell—she's just a hobblethoy—it wad be a very good match in time." In this way, as each party made its appearance, the Laird arranged in a moment the order in which every individual was to be placed at table; and even before dinner he had the satisfaction of seeing his guests breaking off into the quiet *tête-à-têtes*, which the noise and occupation of a general company render sweet and secluded as a meeting "by moonlight alone." While his eye wandered round the various parties thus pleasantly engaged, it rested on the figure of a very beautiful girl whom he had not previously remarked. She sat apart from all the rest, and was amusing herself with looking at the pictures suspended round the room—apparently unconscious of the presence of so many strangers. She seemed in deep thought; but as she gazed on the representation of a battle-piece, her face changed its expression from the calmness of apathy, to the most vivid enthusiasm.

"Mercy on us a'!" whispered the Laird to his wife, "wha's she that? that beautiful young lassie in the white gown? an' no a young bachelor within a mile o' her,—Deil ane o' them deserves such an angel."

"It's a Miss Mowbray," was the reply; "she came with Mrs. Carmichael—a great heiress, they say—its the first time she was ever in Scotland."

"Aha! say ye sae?—Then we'll see if we canna keep her amang us noo that she is come. Angus M'Leod—na, he'll no do—he's a gude enough lad, but he's no bonny. Chairlie Fletcher—he wad do well enough; but I'm thinking he'll do better for Bell Johnson. Ood, donner'd auld man, no to think o' him before! Chairlie Melville's the very man—the handsomest, brawest, cleverest chield she could hae; and if she's gotten the siller, so much the better for Chairlie—they'll be a bonny couple."

And in an instant the Laird laid his hand on the shoulder of a young man who was engaged with a knot of gentlemen, discussing some recent news from the Peninsula, and

dragging him away, said "For shame Chairlie, for shame! Do you no see that sweet, modest lassie a' by herself? Gang up till her this minute—bide by her as lang as ye can—she's weel worth a' the attention ye can pay her. Miss Mowbray," he continued, "I'm sorry my friend, Mrs. Carmichael has left ye sae much to yourself—but here's Chairlie, or, rather, I should say, Mr. Charles, or rather I should say, Lieutenant Charles Melville, that will be happy to supply her place. He'll tak' ye into ye'r dinner and dance wi' ye at the ball."

"All in place of Mrs. Carmichael, sir?" replied the young lady, with an arch look.

"Weel said, my dear, weel said—but I maun leave younger folks to answer ye. I've seen the time I wadna hae been very blate to gie ye an answer that wad hae stopp'd your 'wee bit mou', sae sweet an' bonny." Saying these words, and whispering to his young friend, "stick till her, Chairlie," he bustled off "on hospitable thoughts intent," to another part of the room.

After this introduction, the young people soon entered into conversation; and, greatly to the Laird's satisfaction, the young soldier conducted Miss Mowbray into the hall, sat next her all the time of dinner, and seemed as delighted with his companion as the most match-making lady or gentleman could desire. The lady, on the other hand, seemed in high spirits, and laughed at the remarks of her neighbour with the highest appearance of enjoyment.

"How long have you been with Mrs. Carmichael?"

"I came the day before yesterday."

"Rather a savage sort of country I'm afraid you find this after the polished scenes of your own land."

"Do you mean the country," replied the lady, "or the inhabitants? They are not nearly such savages as I expected; some of them seem half civilized."

"It is only your good-nature that makes you think us so. When you know us better, you will alter your opinion."

"Nay, now, don't be angry, or talk as all other Scotch people do, about your national virtues. I know you are a very wonderful people—your men all heroes, your peasants philosophers, and your women angels; but seriously, I was very much disappointed to find you so like other people."

"Why, what did you expect?—Did you think we were men whose heads did grow beneath our shoulders?"

"No—I did not expect that; but I expected to find every thing different from what I had been accustomed to. Now, the company here are dressed just like a party in England, and behave in the same manner. Even the language is intelligible at times; though the Laird, I must say, would require an interpreter."

"Ah! the jolly old Laird—his face is a sort of polyglot dictionary—it is the expression for good humour, kindness, and hospitality, in all languages."

"And who is that at his right hand?"

"What? the henchman?—That's Rory M'Taggart—he was piper for twenty years in the 73d, and killed three men with his own hand at Vimeira."

"And is that the reason he is called the henchman?"

"Yes, henchman means 'The piper with the bloody hand, the slaughterer of three.'"

"What a comprehensive word!—It is almost equal to the Laird's face."

But here the Laird broke in upon their conversation. "Miss Mowbray, dinna be frightened at a' the daft things the wild soger is saying to you." Then he added, in a lower tone, "Chairlie wad settle doon into a douce, quiet, steady, married man, for a' his tantrums. It wad be a pity if a Frenchman's gun should spoil his beauty, poor fallow."

The young lady bowed, without comprehending a syllable of the speech of the worthy host. "Are you likely to be soon ordered abroad?" she said.

"We expect the route for Spain every day, and then huzza for a peerage or Westminster Abbey!"

"Ah! war is a fine game when it is played at a distance! Why can't kings settle their disputes without having recourse to the sword?"

"I really can't answer your question, but I think it must be out of a kind regard to the interests of younger brothers. A war is a capital provision for poor devils like myself, who were born to no estate but that excessively large one which the catechism calls the 'estate of sin and misery.'—But come, I see from your face you are very romantic, and are going to say something sentimental,—luckily his Grace is proposing a removal into the ball-room; may I beg the honour of your hand?"

"Aha, lad!" cried the Laird, who had heard the last sentence, "are ye at that wark already—asking a leddy's hand on sae short an acquaintance?—But folk canna do't owre sune."

The bustle caused by the secession of those who preferred Terpsichore to Bacchus, luckily prevented Miss Mowbray's hearing the Laird's observation, and in a few minutes she found herself entering, with heart and soul, into the full enjoyment of a country dance.

Marriages, they say, are made in heaven. Charles Melville devoutly wished the Laird's efforts might be successful, and that one could be made on earth. She was, indeed, as the Laird expressed it, "a bonny cratur to look at." I never could describe a beauty in my life—so the loveliness of the English heiress must be left to the imagination. At all events, she was "the bright consummate flower of

the whole wreath" which was then gathered together at Strath Lugas; and even Lady Clavers said, "That Miss Mowbray's very weel put on indeed, for sae young a lassie. Her hair's something like our Annie's—only I think Annie's has a wee richer tinge o' the golden."

"Lord save us a'!" whispered the Laird; "poor Annie's hair's as red as a carrot."

"An' dinna ye think her voice," said her ladyship—dinna ye think her voice is something like our Jeanie's—only may be no sae rich in the tone?"

"Feth, ma'am," said the Laird, "I maun wait till I hear Miss Mowbray speak the Gaelic, for really the saft sort o' beautiful English she speaks, gives her a great advantage."

"As ye say, Mr. Kirkton," continued her ladyship, who, like all great talkers, never attended to what any one said but herself, "Jeanie has a great advantage owre her,—but she's weel enough for a' that."

In the meantime, the young lady who was the subject of this conversation, troubled herself very little as to what Lady Clavers said or thought on the occasion. I shall not on any account say that she was in love, for I highly disapprove of such a speedy surrender to Dan Cupid in the softer sex; but at all events she was highly delighted with the novelty of the scene, and evidently pleased with her partner. No scruple of the same kind restrains me from mentioning the state of Charles Melville's heart. He was as deeply in love as ever was the hero of a romance, and in the pauses of the dance indulged in various reveries about love and a cottage, and a number of other absurd notions, which are quite common, I believe, on such occasions. He never deigned to think on so contemptible an object as a butcher's bill, or how inconvenient it would be to maintain a wife and four or five angels of either sex, on ninety pounds a year; but at the same time I must do him the justice to state, that although he was a Scotchman, the fact of Miss Mowbray's being an heiress never entered into his contemplation—and if I may mention my own opinion, I really believe he would have been better pleased if she had been as portionless as himself. But time and tide wear through the roughest day; no wonder, then, they wore very rapidly through the happiest evening he had ever spent. The Duke and the more distant visitors had taken their leave; "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious" among the younger and better acquainted parties who were left; but, greatly to the mortification of the young soldier, his partner was called away at the end of a dance, just when he had been anticipating a delightful tête-à-tête while the next was forming. With his heart nearly bursting with admiration and regret, he wrapped her in her cloaks and shawls, and in silent dejection, with only a warm pressure of the hand, which he was enchanted to find returned, he handed her—

Mrs. Carmichael's old-fashioned open car, though the night was dark and stormy,—and after listening to the last sound of the wheels as they were lost among the snow, he slowly turned, and re-entered the ball-room. Their absence, to all appearance, had not been noticed by a single eye—a thing at which he, as a lover under such circumstances is bound to be, was greatly surprised. "Blockheads!" he said, "they would not see the darkness if the sun were extinguished at mid-day." And he fell into a train of reflections, which, from the expression of his countenance, did not seem to be of a very exhilarating nature. In about twenty minutes, however, after his return, he was roused by the henchman, whom he had spoken of at dinner, who beckoned him from the hall.

"The bonny cratur!—the bonny cratur!" he began,—"an' sic a night to gang hame a'—the stars a' put out, the snaw beginnin' to drift, and a spate in the Lugas? Noo, if I could Andrew Strachan, the Leddy Carmichael's coachman, do it auld body, and mair an half fou, tries the ford—oh, the lassie, the bonny bit lassie 'll be lost!—an' I'll never see the heart to spend the crown-piece she pippit into my hand just afore the dancin'."

But what more the worthy henchman might have said, must remain a mystery to all succeeding time; for, long before he had come to the episode of the crown, Charles had rushed hatless into the open air, and dashed forward at the top of his speed to overtake the carriage in time to warn them from the ford. But the snow had already formed itself into enormous wreaths, which, besides impeding his progress, interfered greatly with his knowledge of localities; and he pursued his toilsome way more in despair than hope. He shouted, in the expectation of his voice being heard, but he heard no reply. He stooped down to see the tracks of the wheel, but the snow fell so fast and drifted at the same time, that it was quite undistinguishable, even if the darkness had not been so deep. However, onward he pressed towards the ford, and shouted louder and louder as he approached it. The roaring of the stream, now swollen to a prodigious height, drowned his cries, and his eyes in vain searched for the object of his pursuit; far and near, up and down, he directed his gaze, and in a transport of joy at the hope which their absence presented, that they had gone round by the bridge and were saved, he was turning away to return home, when he thought he heard, in a bend of the river, a little way down, a faint scream above the roaring of the torrent. Quick as lightning, he rushed towards the spot, and hallooed as loud as he could. The shriek was distinctly repeated, and a great way out in the water, he saw some substance of considerable size. He shouted again, and a voice replied to him from the river. In an instant he had plunged into the stream, and, though it

was rushing with the greatest impetuosity, it was luckily not so deep as to prevent his wading. And after considerable toil, for the water was above his breast, he succeeded in reaching the object he had described from the bank. It was, indeed, Mrs. Carmichael's car, and in it he had the inexpressible delight to find the two ladies, terrified, indeed, with their appalling situation, but luckily, in full possession of their presence of mind.

In a few hurried words he desired them to trust entirely to him, and begging the elder lady to remain quiet in the carriage, he lifted the younger in his arms,—but in the most earnest language she implored him to save her companion first, as she had such confidence in herself that she was certain she could remain in the carriage till he had effected his return. Pressing her to his heart in admiration of such magnanimity, he laid her gently back, and lifting Mrs. Carmichael from her seat, he pushed desperately for the shore. The water, even in this short time, had perceptibly risen, and on reaching the bank and depositing his burden in safety, he rushed once more through the torrent fearful lest a moment's delay should make it impracticable to reach the car. That light equipage was now shaking from the impetuous attacks of the stream, and at the moment when the fainting girl was lifted up, a rush of greater force taking it, now unbalanced by any weight, forced it on its side, and rolled it off into the great body of the river. It had been carried above fifty yards below the ford, without, however, being overturned, and had luckily become entangled with the trunk of a tree; the horse, after severe struggles, had been drowned, and his inanimate weight had helped to delay the progress of the carriage. The coachman was nowhere to be found. Meanwhile the three, once more open land, pursued their path back to Strath Lugas. Long and toilsome was the road, but cheered to the young soldier by the happy consciousness he had saved "his heart's idol" from death. Tired, and nearly worn out with the harassing nature of their journey and of their feelings, they at length reached the hospitable mansion they had so lately quitted. The music was still sounding, the lights still burning brightly,—but when old Simon Kirkton saw the party enter his hall, no words can do justice to the horror of his expression. The ladies were consigned to the attention of his wife. He himself took especial care of the hero of the story; and after having heard the whole adventure, when the soldier, refreshed, and in a suit of the Laird's apparel, was entering the dancing-room, he slapt him on the shoulder and said, "Diel a doubt o' noo. If ye're no laird of the bonny English acres, and gudeman o' the bonny English ledy, I've nae skeel in spaein'; that's a'."

The adventure quickly spread, and people were sent off in all directions with lights, to

discover, if possible, the body of the unfortunate Andrew Strachan. After searching for a long time, our friend, the henchman, thought he heard a voice close beside him, on the bank. He held down his lantern, and, sure enough, there he saw the object of their pursuit lying with his head at the very edge of the water, and his body on the land! The water, from time to time, burst over his face, and it was only on these occasions that an almost inarticulate grunt showed that the comatose disciple of John Barleycorn was yet alive. The henchman summoned his companions, and on attentively listening to the groans, as they considered them, of the dying man, they distinctly heard him, as he attempted to spit out the water which broke in tiny waves over his mouth, exclaiming, "Faugh, faugh! I doot ye're changin' the liquor—a wee drap mair whiskey, and a sma' spoonfu' o' sugar." The nodding charioteer had been ejected from his seat on the first impetus of the "spate," and been safely floated to land, without perceiving any remarkable change of situation. It is needless to say, he was considerably surprised to discover where he was, on being roused by the henchman's party. "It's my belief," said Jock Stewart, the piper, as they helped him on his way, "the drucken body thoct he was tipplin' a' the time in the butler's ha'. It wad be a gude deed to let the daidlin' haveril follow his hat and wig; and I'm thinking by this time they'll be doon about Fort George."

The weather was become so stormy, and the snow so deep, that it was impossible for any one to leave the house that night. The hospitable Laird immediately set about making accommodation for so large a party, and by a little management he contrived to render every body comfortable. The fiddlers were lodged in the barn, the ladies settled by the half dozen in a room, and a supply of cloaks was collected for the gentlemen in the hall. Where people are willing to be pleased, it is astonishing how easy they find it. Laughter, long and loud, resounded through all the apartments, and morn began to stand "upon the misty mountain-tops," ere sleep and silence took possession of the mansion. Next day the storm still continued. The prospect, as far as the eye could reach, was a dreary waste of snow; and it was soon perceived, by those who were skilful in such matters that the whole party were fairly snowed up, and how long their imprisonment might last no one could tell. It was amazing with what equanimity the intelligence was listened to; one or two young ladies, who had been particularly pleased with their partners, went so far as to say it was delightful.

The elders of the party bore it with great good humour, on being assured from the state of the larder that there was no danger of a famine; and, above all, the Laird himself, who had some private schemes of his own to serve,

was elevated into the seventh heaven by the embargo laid on his guests.

"If this bides three days, there'll be a dizen couple before Leddy-day. It's no possible for a lad and a lass to be snawed up together three days without melting—but we'll see the night how it's a' to be managed. Has ony body seen Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Mowbray this morning?"

But before this question could be answered, the ladies entered the room. They were both pale from their last night's adventure; but while the elder lady was shaking hands with their friends, and receiving their congratulations, the eyes of her young companion wandered searchingly round the apartment till they fell on Charles Melville. Immediately a flush came over her cheek, which before was deadly pale, and she started forward, and held out her hand. He rushed and caught it, and even in the presence of all that company, could scarcely resist the inclination to put it to his lips.

"Thanks! thanks!" was all she said, and even in saying these short words, her voice trembled, and a tear came to her eye. But when she saw that all looks were fixed on her, she blushed more deeply than ever, and retired to the side of Mrs. Carmichael. This scene passed by no means unheeded by the Laird.

"Stupid whelp!" he said, "what for did he no kiss her, an' it were just to gie her cheeks an excuse for growin' sae rosy? Od', if I had saved her frae droonin', I wadna hae been so nice,—that's to say, my dear," he added to his wife, who was standing near, "if I hadna a wife o' my ain."

The storm lasted for five days. How the plans of the Laird, with regard to the matrimonial comforts of his guests, prospered, I have no intention of detailing. I believe, however, he was right in his predictions, and the minister was presented with eight several sets of tea-things within three months. Many a spinster at this moment looks back with regret to her absence from the snow party of Strath Lugas, and dates all her misfortunes from that unhappy circumstance. On the fourth morning of the imprisonment, the Laird was presented with a letter from Charles Melville. In it he informed him, that he dared not be absent longer, in case of his regiment being ordered abroad, and that he had taken his chance, and set off on his homeward way in spite of the snow. It ended with thanks for all his kindness, and an affectionate farewell. When this was announced to the party, they expressed great regret at his absence. It seemed to surprise them all. Mrs. Carmichael was full of wonder on the occasion; but Miss Mowbray seemed totally unmoved by his departure. She was duller in spirits than before, and refused to dance; but in other respects the mirth was as uproarious, and the dancing as joyous as ever.

—and in a day the snow was sufficiently cleared away—the party by different conveyances broke up—and the Laird was left alone, after a week of constant enjoyment.

Four years after the events I have related, a young man presented himself for the first time in the pump-room at Bath. The gossips of that busy city formed many conjectures as to who and what he could be—some thought him a foreigner, some a man of consequence incog.; but all agreed that he was a soldier and an invalid. He seemed to be about six-and-twenty, and was evidently a perfect stranger. After he had stayed in the room and listened for a short time to the music, he went out into the street, and just as he made his exit by one door, the marvels of the old beldames who congregate under the orchestra, were called into activity by the entrance, through the other, of a young lady leaning on the arm of an old one. Even so simple an incident as this, is sufficient, in a place like Bath, to give rise to various rumours and conjectures. She was tall, fair, and very beautiful, but she also seemed in bad health, and to be perfectly unknown. Such an event had not occurred at the pump-room for ages before. Even the master of the ceremonies was at fault. "As near as he could guess, to the best of his conjecture, he believed he had never seen either the gentleman or the lady."

While surmises of all kinds were going their rounds in this manner, the gentleman pursued his walk up Milsom Street. His pace was slow, and his strength did not seem equal even to so gentle an exertion. He meant for support upon his walking-stick, and heard, mingled with many coughs, a voice which he well knew, calling, "Chairlie! Chairlie Melville! I say! pull, ye deil's buckie—ugh—ugh!—sic a damned conveyance for a Hieland gentleman. Ah Chairlie, ad," said our old acquaintance, the Laird, who had now got up to where his friend was standing, "sad times for baith o' us.—Here am I sent up here wi' a cough wad shake a kirk, ugh—ugh.—An the gout in baith my feet—so be hurled about in a chair that gangs upon wheels—ugh—ugh—by a lazy English vagabond that winna understand a word I say till him.—An' you," and here the old man looked up in the young soldier's face—"Oh, Chairlie, Chairlie, is this what the wars hae rocht ye to?—ugh—ugh.—Yer verra mither wadna ken ye—but come awa', come awa' to my lodgings in Pulteney Street, and tell us a' bout what ye've been doin'—ugh—ugh—my fit! pu' awa', ye ne'er-do-weel; turn about an' be hanged till ye—do ye no ken the road to Pulteney Street yet? Come awa', Chairlie, my man dinna hurry." And thus mingling his commands to his chairman, with complaints of the gout and conversation to his friend, the Laird led the way to his lodgings.

Chairlie's story was soon told. He had

shared in all the dangers and triumphs of the last three years of the war. He had been severely wounded at Waterloo, and had come to Bath with a debilitated frame, and a major's commission. But, though he spoke of past transactions as gaily as he could, the quick eyes of the Laird perceived that there was some "secret sorrow" which weighed down his spirits. "An' did ye meet with nae lare adventure in your travels? for ye manna tell me a bit wound in the shoulder woud make ye sae down-headed as ye are. Is there nae Spanish or French lassie that gies ye a sair heart? Tell it a' to me, an' if I can be o' any use in bringin' it about, ye may depend I'll do all in my power to help ye."

"No," replied Charles, smiling at the continued match-making propensities of his friend; "I shall scarcely require your services on that score. I never saw French woman or Spaniard that cost me a single sigh. And here, as if by the force of the word itself, the young man sighed.

"Weel, it maun be some English or Scotch lassie then, for its easy to be seen that somebody costs ye a sigh. I aince thoct ye were in a fair way o' winnin' yon bonny cratur ye saved frae the spate o' the Lugas—but ye gaed awa' in such a hurry the plant hadna time to tak' root."

"She was too rich for the poor penniless subaltern to look to," replied the young man, a deep glow coming over his face.

"Havers! havers! She wad hae given a her lands yon night for a foot o' dry grund. An' as ye won her, ye had the best right to wear her. And I'm muckle mistaken if the lassie didna think sae hersell."

"Miss Mowbray must have over-rated my services; but at all events I had no right to take advantage of that fortunate accident to better my fortunes by presuming on her feelings of gratitude to her preserver."

"What for no? what for no?" cried the Laird, "ye should hae married her on the spot. There were eight couples sprang frae the snaw-meeting—ye should hae made the ninth, and then ye needna hae had a ball put through your shoulther, nor ever moved frae the braw Holmes o' Surrey. Od I wish it had been me that took her out o' the water; that is, if I had been as young as you, and Providence had afflicted me with the loss o' Mrs. Kirkton."

"If I had been on a level with her as to fortune"—

"Weel, but noo your brither's dead, ye're heir o' the auld house, an' ye're a major—what's to forbid the banns noo?"

"I have never heard of Miss Mowbray from that hour to this; in all probability she is married to some lucky fellow"—

"She wasna married when I saw Mrs. Carmichael four months since; she was in what leddies ca' delicate health though: she had aye been melancholy since the time of the

water business. Mrs. Carmichael thought ye were a great fool for rinnin' awa'."

"Mrs. Carmichael is very kind."

"'Deed is she," replied the Laird, "as kind-hearted a woman as ever lived. She's maybe a thocht owre auld, or I dinna doubt she wad be very happy to marry ye hersell."

"I hope her gratitude would not carry her to such an alarming length," said Charles, laughing. "It would make young men rather tender of saving ladies' lives."

"If I knew whare she was just now, I wad soon put every thing to rights. It's no owre late yet, though ye maun get fatter before the marriage—ye wad be mair like a skeleton than a bridegroom.—But, save us! what's the matter wi' ye? are ye no weel?—head-ach?—gout?—what is't, man?—confound my legs, I cannot stir—Sit down and rest ye."

But Charles, with his eyes intently fixed on some object in the street, gazed as if some horrible apparition had met his sight. Alternately flushed and pale, he continued as if entranced, and then deeply sighing, sunk senseless on the floor.

"Rory, Rory!" screamed the Laird—"ugh, ugh! oh! that I could get at the bell!—Cheer up, Chairlie.—Fire! fire!—ugh, ugh! the lad will be dead before a soul comes near him—Rory! Rory!" And luckily the ancient henchman, Rory MacTaggart, made his appearance in time to save his master from choking through mingled fear and surprise. Charles was soon recovered, and, when left again alone with the Laird, he said, "As I hope to live, I saw her from this very window, just as we were speaking of her. Even her face I saw! oh, so changed and pale! But her walk:—no *two* can have such a graceful carriage!"

"Seen wha?" said the Laird; "Mrs. Carmichael? for it was her we were speakin' o'—aye, she's sair changed; and her walk is weel kent; only I thocht she was a wee stiffer frae the rheumatism last year. But whar is she?"

"It was Miss Mowbray I saw. She went nto that house opposite—"

"What! the house wi' the brass knocker, green door—the veranda with the flower pots, in' twa dead geraniums?"

"Yes."

"Then just ring the bell, and tell that English creatur to pu' me in the wee whirligig cross the street—"

"Impossible, my dear Laird! recollect your rout—"

"Deil hae the gout and the cough too! Order the chair: I'll see if its her in five minutes."

And away, in spite of all objections and renonstrances, went the Laird to pay his visit. Now, if any one should be in doubt as to the success of his negotiations, I—the writer of his story—Charles Melville, late Major —th

regiment, will be happy to convince him of it, if he will drop in on me any day at Mowbray-Hall, by my own evidence, and also that of my happy and still beautiful Madeline, though she is the mother of three rosy children, who, at this moment, are making such an intolerable noise, that I cannot understand a sentence I am writing. I may just mention, that the Laird attended the wedding, and that his cough entirely left him. He does not suffer an attack of the gout more than once a year. He has adopted my second boy, and every autumn we spend three months with him at Strath Lugas. Oh! that all match-makers were as innocent and disinterested as Jolly old Simon Kirkton!

From the Monthly Review.

NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.*

It gives us much gratification to find a scientific work of any description published under the authority of any department of our government. At the same time we must say, that our official authorities have not hitherto been very successful in the selection of the productions to which they have thus extended their patronage. We cheerfully acknowledge, that they have usefully applied the public money in the equipment of the several expeditions which have been sent out for the purposes of adding to our geographical knowledge, in rewarding the gentlemen who particularly distinguished themselves on those occasions, and in affording them every requisite assistance in the subsequent publication of their journals. But it must be admitted, that the merely scientific results of those expeditions bear no proportion to their expense, and the reason is obvious. Naval officers, draughtsmen, engineers, surgeons, were sent out in abundance, as members of the expeditions; but of naturalists, botanists, and mineralogists, the supply was ridiculously scanty. Upon both Captain Franklin's expeditions, for instance, Dr. Richardson was the official *naturalist*; yet it would hardly be believed, if he had not himself candidly confessed the fact, that at the period of his appointment he was altogether "ignorant of ornithology." This is his own phrase. In addition to this, it would seem that while he was accompanying Captain Franklin, so short a time was al-

* *Fauna Borcali-Americana: or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America; containing Descriptions of the Objects of Natural History collected on the late Northern Land Expeditions under command of Captain Sir John Franklin, R. N. Part Second. The Birds.* By W. Swainson, Esq. F. R. S., &c., and J. Richardson, M. D. F. R. S. &c., Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expeditions. Illustrated by numerous Plates and Wood-cuts. Published under the authority of the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. 4to. pp. 589. London: Murray. 1832.

lowed for the business of the ornithological department, that they "could hope to obtain only the more common birds." They had to traverse an extent of territory equal to the whole of Europe, but such was the haste with which the expedition moved, that it was impossible to make any considerable collection of specimens. "To record the habits of the species to the extent and with the accuracy required for the purposes of science," was quite out of the question.

What, then, does the reader think, did Dr. Richardson, the *naturalist* of the expedition, propose to do? Every body is acquainted with the inimitable descriptions which Wilson has given of the birds of the lower latitudes of America. Our Doctor, therefore, feeling that he could not give any thing like an accurate account of the birds of the extreme northern latitudes of that continent, the Fur Country, as it is called for the sake of brevity, thought that he could do nothing better than copy as much of Wilson as he could find suitable to his purpose! The result of such a proceeding as this, if carried into execution, would have been, that, instead of the birds of the Fur Country, we should have had an account only of such of them as occasionally appeared in the United States, and of such of the latter as most resembled the dwellers in the upper regions of that vast continent. The scheme was fortunately discouraged by Mr. Swainson, Dr. Richardson's able assistant in the compilation of this volume, and it has, consequently, been acted upon only to a very limited degree.

We question, however, whether the reader will think that he has gained much by Mr. Swainson's interposition upon this point. For our own parts we are never tired of reading Wilson, and we turn to an extract from his eloquent and enthusiastic descriptions, with the same sort of pleasure which we feel in poring over a page of Pope or Goldsmith, when we are wearied with the self-styled poetry of the present day. Mr. Swainson's descriptions of the birds introduced into the present volume, are nearly all taken from the stuffed specimens, or the authority of other naturalists. He does not appear himself to have had the advantage of seeing any of the birds *in situ*, as the botanists say. He is not at all acquainted personally with their dispositions or habits, and hence his text is so technical and sapless, if we may use the expression, that none but the most eager inquirers can dwell upon it with satisfaction. The world well knows, from Wilson's book, that ornithology may be rendered nearly as interesting in its details, as the personal narratives of the adventurers of our own species. Messrs. Richardson and Swainson were by no means ignorant of this possibility, but not having the power to rival Wilson, they set up an attempt at a system, to which they would wish to render their facts subservient.

We come now to the details of which this huge volume is principally composed, limiting ourselves to the descriptions of such of the birds as may be most novel to an English reader, and omitting as much as we can of the technical matter.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

"This powerful bird breeds in the recesses of the sub-alpine country which skirts the Rocky Mountains, and is seldom seen farther to the eastward. It is held by the aborigines of America, as it is by almost every other people, to be the emblem of might and courage, and the young Indian warrior glories in his eagle plume as the most honourable ornament with which he can adorn himself. Its feathers are attached to the calumets, or smoking pipes used by the Indians in the celebration of their solemn festivals, which has obtained for it the name of the Calumet Eagle. Indeed, so highly are these ornaments prized, that a warrior will often exchange a valuable horse for the tail feathers of a single eagle. The strength of vision of this bird must almost exceed conception, for it can discover its prey and pounce upon it from a height at which it is itself, with its expanded wings, scarcely visible to the human eye. When looking for its prey, it sails in large circles, with its tail spread out, but with little motion of its wings; and it often soars aloft in a spiral manner, its gyrations becoming gradually less and less perceptible, until it dwindles to a mere speck, and is at length entirely lost to the view. A story is current on the plains of the Saskatchewan of a half-breed Indian, who was vaunting his prowess before a band of his countrymen, and wishing to impress them with a belief of his supernatural powers. In the midst of his harangue an eagle was observed suspended as it were in the air directly over his head, upon which, pointing aloft with his dagger, which glistened brightly in the sun, he called upon the roving bird to come down. To his own amazement no less than to the consternation of the surrounding Indians, the eagle seemed to obey the charm, for instantly, shooting down with the velocity of an arrow, it impaled itself on the point of his weapon!

"The Golden Eagle is said to build its nest on rocks or on very lofty trees, and to lay two or more rarely three, eggs of a soiled white colour. It preys chiefly on the young of the mountain sheep, fawns, hares, &c., and is scarcely ever observed to feed on carrion. The American Golden Eagle has seldom been separated by naturalists from the European one, but a nominal species has been assigned to both countries, under the name of the Ring-tail, which is, in fact, the young Golden Eagle distinguished by the base of its tail being white until it reaches its third year. The Ring-tails, probably owing to their being less wary, are much oftener shot than the old birds, and I have not seen an American specimen of the latter, although Prince C. Boissart mentions his having obtained one from the Rocky Mountains along with several Ring-tails."—pp. 12, 13.

The Bald Eagle is the well-known emblem

of the United States. It has been frequently mistaken by naturalists for the bird just described, though there are many points of difference between them. The description here given of it derives its principal merit from Wilson's interesting observations, which are expressed with his usual unrivalled power.

"This vigorous and rapacious bird is the earliest of the summer visitors to the fur countries, and the period of its arrival has given the name of *Meekesheew epceshim*, or eagle moon, to the month of March. Temminck assigns for its habitual residence the regions within the arctic circle, and Wilson observes that it is found at all seasons in the countries it inhabits. Both these assertions, however, require, I apprehend, to be taken with considerable latitude. We did not, on the late expeditions, meet with it to the north of the Great Slave Lake (latitude 62° N.) although it is common, in the summer, in the country extending from thence to Lake Superior, and its breeding places in the latter district are numerous. But in the month of October, when the rivers from which it draws its principal supply of food are frozen over, it entirely quits the Hudson's Bay lands; and if after that period it is to be seen in the northern regions, it can only be on the sea-coast, and for a limited time while the sea continues unfrozen. It resides all the year in the United States, frequenting their whole extent of sea-coast, and the shores of the large lakes and rivers: and it is known to breed as far south as Virginia, but its nests do not appear to be so common within any part of the United States, as they are in the fur countries.

"The favourite food of this bird is fish, caught alive; but it preys also on birds, and the smaller quadrupeds; nor does it disdain at times to feed on carrion; and it has been known to attack a Vulture in the air, and, having caused it to disgorge the nauseous contents of its craw, to snatch them up before they could reach the ground.* Like many of the vultures, it has the custom, after a full meal, of sitting on its perch with its wings drooping down past its feet; and it often keeps its wings half open, with its breast turned to the breeze, as if to cool its skin heated by an abundant and stimulating repast. It takes the scaly objects of its pursuit by pouncing on them with its claws; and for this purpose it haunts rapids and cascades, where the fish, in the efforts they make to ascend the stream in the spawning season, are more exposed to its attacks. Its superior strength also enables it to turn the industry of the osprey to account, by robbing it of its prey. The assaults it makes on this active bird are described with peculiar animation and a strong feeling of the beauties of nature in the following extracts from Wilson.

"This distinguished bird, as he is the most beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adapted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. He has long been known to naturalists, being common to both

continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold: feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish. In procuring these he displays in a singular manner the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring and tyrannical,—attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below: the snow-white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *tringæ*, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature.

"High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the *fish-hawk*, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself, with half opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the object of his attention; the roar of its wings, reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges roam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

"This vivid and highly poetical passage may be contrasted with the prosaic, though didactic

* "Wilson, iv., p. 89."

notice of the same bird, by a great political sage.

"For my own part," says Franklin, "I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country: he is a bird of a bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly; you may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labour of the fishing-hawk; and when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish, and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and young ones, the bald eagle pursues him, and takes it from him. With all this injustice, he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward; the little king-bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly, and drives him out of the district. He is, therefore, by no means a proper emblem for the brave and honest Cincinnati of America, who have driven all the king-birds from our country; though exactly fit for that order of knights whom the French call *Chevaliers d'Industrie*. I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as the bald eagle, but looks more like a Turkey."—pp. 15-17.

Another kind of eagle well known in the Fur Countries, is the Osprey; it lives almost exclusively on fish, which it takes alive, and so delicate is its sense on this point, that it will not even take up again a fish which it happens to drop either on land or water. It may be seen at a considerable distance above the lake, when looking out for its prey, sailing in undulating lines with great facility and elegance. The moment its destined victim is in sight, it precipitates itself upon it, and bears it off in its claws. Sometimes the fish darts off to too great a depth for the Osprey to follow it: when this happens, the bird stops suddenly in its descent, and hovering like a kite in the air, watches for the return of its quarry to the surface, when it seizes it with unerring force; if the fish do not return, the Osprey then regains its former altitude by an elegant spiral flight.

Dr. Richardson informs us, that he saw frequently in the arctic regions, that beautiful falcon called the Jerfalcon. He was attacked by a pair of these birds as he was climbing in the vicinity of their nest, which was built on a lofty precipice on the borders of Point Lake. Their plumage was quite snowy. But perhaps the most beautiful of all the falcon tribe is the little "rusty-crowned falcon," which is a very common bird in every part of North America. It flies rather irregularly, says Wilson, occasionally suspending itself in the air, hovering over a particular spot for a minute or two, and then shooting off in another direction. It perches on the top of a dead tree, or pole, in the middle of a field or meadow, and, as it alights, shuts its long wings so suddenly, that they seem instantly to disappear. It sits here in an almost perpendicular position, sometimes for an hour at

a time, frequently jerking its tail, and reconnoitering the ground below in every direction for mice and lizards. It approaches the farmhouse, particularly in the morning, skulking about the farm-yard for mice or young chickens, and frequently plunges into a thicket after small birds, as if by random; but always with a particular and generally a fatal aim. The want of a gun prevented the doctor from procuring a specimen of the pigeon-hawk—a fierce little falcon, which makes its appearance on the coast of Hudson's Bay in the month of May. The naturalist threw stones at it, but it merely made two or three circles round his head with much clamour, and then returned to its former perch! Is it not ludicrous to read of a *state naturalist* thus provided for his duties?

"VIRGINIAN HORNS OWL."

"This large night-bird is peculiar to America, and most probably inhabits that continent from one end to the other; Cuvier being of opinion that the *Strix Magellanica* of the *Planches Enluminées*, (585) differs from it merely in having browner tints of colour; neither is it uncommon on the Table Land of Mexico. Specimens that were sent to John Taylor, Esq., F.R.S., from the vicinity of Real del Monte, have been compared, by Mr. Swainson, with those procured in the northern regions. They presented no other difference than what might be expected in regard to the colour of individuals from localities so widely different. In those from Mexico the rufous tints of the plumage were more general and much brighter. The Virginian horned owl is found in almost every quarter of the United States, and occurs in all parts of the fur countries where the timber is of a large size. Its loud and full nocturnal cry, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice uttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, and has been frequently productive of alarm to the traveller, of which an instance occurred within my own knowledge. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after nightfall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the horned owl felt on the ear with a startling nearness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that so unearthly a voice must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed, by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with

the first dawn of day hastily quitted the illomened spot."—pp. 82, 83.

Our naturalist, after exciting the curiosity of his reader as to another kind of this species, the white-horned owl, which, he says, is very beautiful, concludes with this pleasant piece of information, "I obtained no information respecting its habits!"

"THE RED-BREADED THRUSH.

"None of the feathered tribe are better known in America than this, which, from its red breast and familiar habits, has obtained the name of the 'Robin.' It winters, in immense numbers, in the Atlantic States, from New Hampshire to the Gulf of Mexico, deserting at that season, the tracts to the westward of the Alleghany range. Notwithstanding the havoc made in its flocks for the supply of the markets, it affects the neighbourhood of towns, and is observed to feed much on the fruit of the sour-gum (*Nyssa sylvatica*), and on poke-berries (*Phytolacca decandra*). Sometimes it disappears from a district for a week or two, and returns again in larger flocks than before. In March it begins to sing, and pairs early in April. Many pairs breed in the United States, but great numbers spread themselves over every part of the fur countries, extending almost to the northern extremity of the continent. Its nests were observed by the expedition as high as the sixty-seventh parallel of latitude; and, from the reports of various travellers, it is known to visit the north-west coast of America. It arrives in the Missouri, (in lat. 41°), from the eastward, on the 11th of April; and in the course of its northerly movement, reaches Severn River in Hudson's Bay, about a fortnight later. Its first appearance at Carlton House, lat 53°, in the year 1827, was on the 22d of April. In the same season it reached Fort Chipewyan, in latitude 58½°, on the 7th of May, and Fort Franklin, in lat. 63°, on the 20th of that month. Those that build their nests in the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude, begin to hatch in the end of May; but, eleven degrees farther to the north, that event is deferred till the 11th of June. The snow even then partially covers the ground; but there are, in those high latitudes, abundance of the berries of the *Vaccinium uliginosum*, and *Vitis idæa*, *Arbutus alpina*, *Empetrum nigrum*, and of some other plants, which, after having been frozen up all the winter, are exposed, on the first melting of the snow, full of juice, and in high flavour. Shortly afterwards, when the callow young require food, the parents obtain abundance of grubs.

"The Red-breasted Thrush builds its nest on the branch of a spruce-fir tree, generally about five or six feet from the ground, taking no particular pains to conceal it, and frequently selecting a tree in the immediate vicinity of a house. Its nest is formed like that of the European thrush, of grass and moss, neatly interwoven, and lined with a compact coating of dung and clay. The male and female labour in concert in constructing it; and when the young are hatched, they jointly undertake the task of feeding them. The eggs, five in number, are about fourteen lines long, and

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have a bluish green colour, like those of the common thrush. The male is one of the loudest and most assiduous of the songsters that frequent the fur countries, beginning his chaunt immediately on his arrival. His notes resemble those of the common thrush, but are not so loud. Within the arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in these remote regions the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence of an arctic winter, to the animated bustle of summer; the trees spread their foliage with such magical rapidity, and every succeeding morning opens with such agreeable accessions of feathered songsters to swell the chorus—their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep-green forests of tropical climes, that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, failed in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant but vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great Creator."—pp. 176—178.

We are delighted with this little burst of enthusiasm. It seems to tell us that the doctor has a soul, and we can only regret that he has not manifested it more frequently. We fall back, however, into the old track on turning a few pages. Speaking of the little tawny thrush, which appears in May on the banks of the Saskatchewan, he observes, "whether it breeds there, or proceeds farther north, I am unable to say!" This is perhaps, under the circumstances, not very surprising. There is, however, another bird of the same tribe, called Wilson's thrush, which undoubtedly breeds on the banks of the Saskatchewan; and with respect to which he immediately adds, "but I had not an opportunity of seeing its nest, nor can I speak of the extent of its range northward." We almost think that the doctor might just as well have staid at home.

"THE CAT-BIRD.

"The Cat-bird, so named from the strong resemblance which its voice bears to the plaintive mewling of a kitten, is common throughout the United States in summer, but does not appear to wander very far north. We did not observe it higher than the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude; and as it is a very familiar bird, it

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is not probable that more than stray individuals could have visited the districts through which we travelled, without having attracted our notice. It winters on the confines of the Gulf of Mexico, arrives in Georgia towards the end of February, in the second week of April reaches Pennsylvania, and in the beginning of May it is seen in New England. It does not reach the banks of the Saskatchewan until the end of May, later than most of the other summer visitors. Wilson informs us, on the authority of the first settlers in the Genesee country, that the cat-bird, in its migrations, keeps pace with the progress of agriculture, and that they had been several years in their new settlements, before he made his appearance amongst them. The want of cultivation may probably be the barrier to his migrations northwards, and not the severity of the season; for the summer in the fur countries is fine and warm. The country is more open about Carlton House, and cultivation is carried to a greater extent there than in any other part north of Lake Superior which we visited, and there only did we see the cat-bird. We should expect to find it, however, in still greater numbers, at the colony of Osnaboyna, on the Red River, where the ground is now cultivated by several hundred settlers; and it would be highly interesting were any resident there to note the arrival of birds known to have a predilection for the vicinity of man, and previously strangers in that quarter.

"The cat-bird builds its nest in a bush or low thicket, forming the outside with small twigs, grass, and dry leaves, and lining it with black fibrous roots. The eggs are a little more than an inch long, and have a peculiar deep tint, intermediate between bluish-green and verdigris-green. In Pennsylvania two or three broods are raised in a season. Wilson, with his usual felicity, has drawn a vivid picture of the anxiety which this bird displays for the safety of its young. Its distress, when it supposes them to be in danger, is evinced by the most expressive gestures and loud cries. The same author tells us, that the male is one of the earliest of the Pennsylvanian songsters, beginning generally before the break of day, and hovering from bush to bush with great sprightliness, when there is scarcely light to distinguish him. His notes are more remarkable for singularity than for melody, and consist of short imitations of other birds and other sounds; but, his pipe being deficient in clearness and strength of tone, his imitations fail where these are requisite. He feeds principally on fruits."—pp. 192, 193.

We ought to have remarked, that we have in this volume a great number of coloured plates of the birds described, and that they are in general very well executed. Having been much struck by the singular beauty of the arctic blue-bird, as it is represented in plate 39, we immediately turned to the letter-press for the description of it, and we had the mortification to find just two lines and a half to the following effect: "The only specimen that we procured of this beautiful bird, was shot at Fort Franklin, in July, 1825. It is merely a summer visitor to the fur countries;

and we obtained no information respecting its habits!"

"THE WHISKEY-JACK."

"This inelegant but familiar jay inhabits the woody districts from latitude 65° to Canada, and in the winter time makes its appearance in the northern sections of the United States. Scarcely has the winter traveller in the fur countries chosen a suitable place of repose in the forest, cleared away the snow, lighted his fire, and prepared his bivouac, when the whiskey-jack pays him a visit, and boldly descends into the circle to pick up any crumbs of frozen fish or morsels of pemmican that have escaped the mouths of the hungry and weary sledge-dogs. This confidence compensates for the want of many of those qualities which endear others of the feathered tribes to man. There is nothing pleasing in the voice, plumage, form, or attitudes of the whiskey-jack; but it is the only inhabitant of these silent and pathless forests, which, trusting in the generosity of man, fearlessly approaches him; and its visits were, therefore, always hailed by us with satisfaction. It is a constant attendant at the fur posts and fishing stations, and becomes so tame in the winter as to eat from the hand; yet it is impatient of confinement, and soon pines away if deprived of liberty. It hops actively from branch to branch; but, when at rest, sits with its head retracted, and the plumage of the body very loose. Its voice is plaintive and squeaking; though it occasionally makes a low chattering, especially when agitated by the prospect of a supply of food. It hoards berries, pieces of meat, &c. in hollow trees or between layers of the bark of decaying birches, by which it is enabled to pass the winter in comfort, and to rear its young before the snow is off the ground, and indeed earlier than any other bird in the fur countries. Its nest is concealed with such care, that none of the Indians with whom I spoke on the subject had seen it; but both Hutchins and Hearne inform us, "that it is generally built in a fir-tree, of sticks and grass, the eggs are blue; and the young brood, which are quite black, take to flight by the middle of May."—pp. 295, 296.

The migration of birds is a mystery which none of our naturalists have yet successfully investigated. There are few birds whose plumage is apparently more delicate than the humming-bird of America. Nevertheless, in winter it may be seen to the southward of the United States, and in summer it is found ranging as high as the fifty-seventh parallel, and perhaps even still farther north.

"THE CLIFF SWALLOW."

"This species was discovered in 1820, by Major Long, near the Rocky Mountains, where it abounds. In the same year it was seen in great numbers by Sir John Franklin's party, on the journey from Cumberland House to Fort Enterprise, and on the banks of Point Lake, in latitude 65°, where its earliest arrival was noted, in the following year, to be the 12th of June. Its clustered nests are of frequent occurrence on the faces of the rocky cliffs of

the Barren Grounds, and they are not uncommon throughout the whole course of the Slave and Mackenzie rivers. On the 25th of June, in the year 1826, a number of them made their first appearance at Fort Chipewyan, and built their nests under the eaves of the dwelling-house, which are about six feet above a balcony, that extends the whole length of the building, and is a frequented promenade. They had thus to graze the heads of the passengers on entering their nests, and were moreover exposed to the curiosity and depredations of the children, to whom they were novelties; yet they preferred the dwelling-house to the more lofty eaves of the store-houses, and in the following season returned with augmented numbers to the same spot. Fort Chipewyan has existed for many years, and trading-posts, though far distant from each other, have been established in the fur countries for a century and a half; yet this, as far as I could learn, is the first instance of this species of swallow placing itself under the protection of man within the widely extended lands north of the great lakes. What cause could have thus suddenly called into action that confidence in the human race with which the Framer of the universe has endowed this species, in common with others of the swallow tribe? It has been supposed that birds frequenting desert countries, and unaccustomed to annoyance from man, would approach him fearlessly, or at least be less shy than those inhabiting thickly peopled districts, where they are daily exposed to the attacks of the great destroyer of their tribes. But although this may be true of some families of birds, it is far from being generally the case. On the contrary, the small birds of the fur countries, which are never objects of pursuit, and scarcely even of notice to the Indian hunter, are shy, retiring, and distrustful, their habits contrasting strongly with the boldness and familiarity of the sparrows, that are persecuted to death by every idle boy in Europe. Nay, some species, which are bold enough during their winter residence in the United States, evince great timidity in the northern regions, where the raising their progeny occupies their whole time. In like manner the redbreast of Europe, familiar as it is in winter, sequesters itself with the greatest care in the breeding season. The question, however, recurs—what is the peculiarity of economy which leads one species of bird to conceal its nest with the most extraordinary care and address, and another to place its offspring in the most exposed situation it can select?

"At Fort Chipewyan the young came abroad on the 14th of July, and at the end of the month the whole took their departure. The nest is hemispherical, composed externally of small pellets of tempered mud, and lined with soft hay, and a few feathers. When attached to cliffs, the nests are clustered together, and each has an irregular tubular entrance at the top, an inch or two long, aptly compared, by Mr. James, to the broken neck of a retort. Under the eaves of a house, the nests are in a single line, not clustered; their form is adapted to the situation, and the tubular entrance is either entirely wanting or reduced to a mere ledge. The nests are easily destroyed by rain;

and as they generally face the south-west, a gale from that quarter, which is of comparatively rare occurrence in the month of July, in the fur countries, destroys great numbers of them. The labour of building is performed chiefly in the morning, and three or four days suffice to complete the shell of the dwelling. The eggs, usually four, are oblong, of a white colour, with dusky spots. The note of this species is a gentle twittering, like that of the *H. urbana* of Europe, which it strongly resembles in its mode of building. When the bird is angry or alarmed, it utters a feeble, but harsh and acute scream. It preys on musquitoes and other small winged insects."—pp. 331—333.

There are few birds which range higher in the arctic regions than the pisk; it utters a peculiar sound, which is heard chiefly in the evening, and seems to be quite close to the listener, whereas at the moment the bird is so high in the air as to be almost imperceptible. Plenty of grouse of various kinds were observed by Dr. Richardson. He is indebted to Mr. Douglas for the following description of the "cock of the plains," which, if we may judge from the plate, is a most magnificent creature.

"COCK OF THE PLAINS."

"This bird, which was first mentioned by Lewis and Clark, has since become well known to the fur traders that frequent the banks of the Columbia. Several specimens have been sent to England by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company: a male and female are mounted in their museum:—and others having come into Mr. Leadbeater's hands, one of them has been figured by the Prince of Musignano. Mr. David Douglas also brought home specimens, from one of which Mr. Wilson's figure was taken. It is to Mr. Douglas that we owe the following account of the manners of the species, the only one hitherto published:

"The flight of these birds is slow, unsteady, and affords but little amusement to the sportsman. From the disproportionately small, convex, thin-quilled wing—so thin, that a vacant space half as broad as a quill, appears between each—the flight may be said to be a sort of fluttering, more than any thing else; the bird giving two or three claps of the wings in quick succession, at the same time hurriedly rising: then shooting or floating, swinging from side to side, gradually falling, and thus producing a clapping, whirring sound. When started the voice is "*cuck, cuck, curk*," like the common pheasant. They pair in March and April. Small eminences on the banks of streams are the places usually selected for celebrating the weddings, the time generally about sunrise. The wings of the male are lowered, buzzing on the ground; the tail spread like a fan, somewhat erect; the bare yellow oesophagus inflated to a prodigious size—fully half as large as his body, and, from its soft, membranous substance, being well contrasted with the scale-like feathers below it on the breast, and the floxile, silky feathers on the neck, which on these occasions stand erect. In this grotesque form he displays, in the pre-

ence of his intended mate, a variety of attitudes. His love-song is a confused, grating, but not offensively disagreeable tone—something that we can imitate, but have a difficulty in expressing—'Hurr-hurr-hurr-r-r-hoo,'—ending in a deep hollow tone, not unlike the sound produced by blowing into a large reed. Nest on the ground, under the shade of *Purshia* and *Artemisia*, or near streams, among *Phalaris arundinacea*, carefully constructed of dry grass and slender twigs. Eggs, from thirteen to seventeen, about the size of those of a common fowl, of a wood-brown colour, with irregular chocolate blotches on the thick end. Period of incubation twenty-one to twenty-two days. The young leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched. 'In the summer and autumn months these birds are seen in small troops, and in winter and spring in flocks of several hundreds. Plentiful throughout the barren, arid plains of the river Columbia; also in the interior of North California. They do not exist on the banks of the river Missouri; nor have they been seen in any place east of the Rocky Mountains.'—pp. 358, 359.

Among the other birds described by Dr. Richardson, are the sanderling, the ring-plover, the lapwing, the bittern, the curlew, the sandpiper, the coot, the gull, the kittiwake, and a variety of ducks and swans, which are all well known in Europe.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE LYRE.

'ERE yet the shadowy woods
Waved their green banners to the breath of
morn;

Ere yet the solitudes
Echoed the voice of thunders—I was born!

My voice was known and heard,
When paradise grew glorious with the light
Of Angels—and the word
Spoke midst the stars of first created night!

My view was felt when first
The gathering murmur of the deluge woke!
When, like creation's burst,
Proud forests fell—and giant mountains broke!

Mine was the breath that drew
The patriot forth to guard his native shore;
When lovers wildly flew—
And cities tumbled to the cannon's roar!

Upon my wings the prayer
Of countless millions sought the Saviour's
throne:

My power is everywhere—
In every heart—in every language known!

Still ask'st thou *what* am I?—
Go, ask the Bard, whose visions I inspire,
And, oh!—he will reply,
The lyre—the lyre—the soul exalting lyre.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE GALLEY SLAVES.

THERE are few books more interesting than Vidocq's *Memoirs*. I own they possessed my imagination strongly for the time, and proved the impelling cause which drove me into those unvisited scenes of foreign life, the Criminal Court, that of the *Police Correctionnelle*, and the prisons. Above all, my attention, if not interest, was drawn to those unhappy beings, the *forçats*, or galley slaves, whose lot, though unseparated from their parent soil, is still far more to be commiserated than that of our expatriated convicts.

About a mile distant from one of the southern barriers of Paris, a palace was built during our Henry the Sixth's brief and precarious possession of French loyalty, by the Bishop of Winchester. It was known by the name of Winchester, of which, however, the French kept continually clipping and changing the consonants, until the Anglo-Saxon Winchester dwindled into the French appellation of Bicêtre. The Bishop's old palace was treated as unceremoniously as his name, being burnt in some of the civil wars. But there is this advantage in a sumptuous edifice, that its very ruins suggest the thought and supply the means of rebuilding it. Bicêtre, accordingly, reared its head, and is now a struggling mass of building, containing a mad-house, a poor-house, an hospital, and a prison.

To see it is a matter of trifling difficulty, except on one particular day—that devoted to the riveting of the *chaines*. A surgeon, however, belonging to the establishment, promised to procure me admission, and on receiving his summons, I started one forenoon for Bicêtre. Mortifying news awaited my arrival. The convicts had plotted a general insurrection and escape, which was to have taken place on the preceding night. It had been discovered in time, however, and such precautions taken, as completely prevented even the attempt. The chief of these precautions appeared in half a regiment of troops, that had bivouacked all night in the square adjoining the prison, and were still some lying, some loitering about. Strict orders had been issued, that no strangers should be admitted to witness the ceremony of riveting; and the turnkeys and gaolers, in appearance not yet recovered from the alarm of the preceding evening, refused to listen to either bribe, menace, or solicitation. It was confoundingly vexatious. Whilst expostulating with the turnkey, I caught a glimpse through a barred window of the interior court, athwart which the chains lay extended, whilst in one tailed off even from this the convicts were crowded, marching round and round—precaution forbade their remaining still—and uttering from time to time such yells and imprecations as might deafen and appal a Mohawk. "I have caught

a glimpse at least," thought I, as we were unceremoniously turned out.

My friend, the surgeon, bade us, however, not despair. When the man of influence arrived he hoped to prevail; and in the mean time he led us to view the other curiosities of Bicêtre. There was the well, the kitchen, the anatomical theatre. The courts were crowded with aged paupers, who each well knew that his carcase would undergo what laceration the scalpel of my friend and his comrades chose to inflict upon it. But the thought seemed not to affect them so much as it did us. Methought the business of dissecting dead subjects might have been carried on more remote from the living candidates; but I was wrong, for mystery and secrecy always beget fear.

The mad-house was another curiosity. It contains many whose brain the revolution of July, 1830, had turned. One man, a fine youth, had travelled on foot from a distant part of the kingdom, to shed his blood as a sacrifice to the memory of Napoleon. He gave his last franc to obtain admission within the pillar of the palace Vendôme, and when there, opened the veins of both his arms, crying out, "I offer the blood of the brave to the manes of Napoleon." His rolling black eye was now contrasted with a face pale as death. He had lost so much blood that few hopes were entertained of his recovery.

But by far the most curious patient of the mad-house, was a young man who imagined himself to be a woman. He was handsome, but not feminine in appearance. He adored a little mirror, with which he was gratified. Rags of all colours were his delight; and he had made a precious collection. His coquetry was evident; and he answered pertinently all questions, never belying at the same time his fixed opinion, that he was endowed with a maiden's charms.

We looked over the book of reports, and found seven-eighths of the female patients to have become deranged from love; whilst, with the majority of the males, the hallucination proceeded from disappointments of ambition. Surprised, I could make out no case of a religious maniac: glad, I could discover none of a student.

We now returned to machinations for the purpose of entering the forbidden prison. Aprons were handed us, not unlike a barber's. They were surgeons' aprons, always worn by those of the establishment when on duty. Might not then the barber's apron be a tradition of the barber-surgeons? I refrained from asking the question in that company. The scheme was, that we should pass for *Carabins*, such is the nickname of French students in chirurgery—and in this quality demand admission. The Cerberus of the prison grinned at the deceit, but wearied and amused by our importunities, he actually opened the *quicket* and admitted us. There are two grated doors

of this kind, one always locked whilst the other is opened. In an instant we were in Pandemonium.

The buildings, which surrounded and formed the courts, evidently the oldest and strongest of Bicêtre, harmonized in dinginess with the scene. At every barred window, and these were numerous, about a dozen ruffianly heads were thrust together, to regard the chains of their companions.—What a study of physiognomy! The murderer's scowl was there, by the side of the laughing countenance of the vagabond, whose shouts and jokes formed a kind of tenor to the muttered imprecations of the other. Here and there was protruded the fine, open, high-fronted head,—pale, striking, features, and dark looks, of some felon of intellect and natural superiority! whilst by his side, ignominy looked stupidly and maliciously on. A handsome little fellow at one of the grates, was dressing his hair unconsciously with most agitated fingers, evidently affected by the scene. Our question of "What are you in for?" aroused him. "False signing a billet of twenty thousand francs," replied he, with a shrug and a smile. "And he, your neighbour?" asked we cautiously, concerning one of a fine, thoughtful, philosophic, and passionate countenance. "Ha! you may ask—he gave his mistress a potion, for the purpose of merely seducing her, and it turned out to be poison—a *carabin* like yourselves." But these made no part of the *chaine*.

The convicts destined for this operation were kept up in movement round a post in an adjoining court, and were shouting, rarely in intelligible language, to their companions. Joy was the universal tone, and a sniveller ran imminent danger. One poor fellow I remarked holding down his head, when he was saluted with a kick from him who followed, and the oburgation, *Te es forgot toe heim?*—"You a convict, and durst be sad." These men were all unmanacled. Methought a general rush on their part both practicable and formidable. One half must have perished, and the other half might have escaped.

They were now marched out from the inner court in batches of thirty at a time, drawn up in rank, stripped, and examined with such rigid scrutiny as I dare not precise. They were then marched and placed along one of the extended chains, and made to sit down, resting it in their laps. A square fetter was then fitted and placed around the neck of each. In this, before, some detached links from the chain were placed, whilst a huge smith proceeded to rivet each from behind. Fixing a kind of moveable anvil behind the convict's back, the fetter that encircled his neck was brought with his joint upon it, and half a dozen blows of the sledge, riveted the captive inextricably to the main chain and to his twenty-nine comrades. The smith must be adroit at his task, and the convict steady

his position; for, as the fetter is tight round the neck, the hammer, in its blow must pass within a quarter of an inch of his skull, and a wince on his part might prove fatal. This, indeed, is the trying moment, when the stoutest cheek is bleached. The sturdiest frame, shaken by the blows of the ledge, then betrays emotion, and tears of penitence are at that moment almost always seen to fall. On sitting down, each had in general an air of bravado, produced in a great measure by the regards of the seemingly more hardened ruffians from the windows. Under the riveting there was no smile; whilst after it apathy was affected or resumed, each endeavouring to make his iron collar as supportable and comfortable as possible, by enveloping it in a handkerchief, and guaranteeing the neck from its chill or galling.

When the *chaine* was completed, its wearers were made to stand up. They formed themselves in couples, the chain running between two ranks, and they walked round the yard to take their first lesson in their galling exercise. They are thus fettered together till they reach Brest or Toulon. The choice is left to them of walking or being carried in carts, more provender being given to those who make the journey on foot.

The only part of their habiliments, which seemed left to themselves to provide, was a covering for the head, the red or green cap being given them only upon entering the *bagnac*. For their journey, some of the fellows had provided themselves with strange head-gear, mostly made of straw; one had a three-cocked hat; others, one of all kinds of *outré* shapes. A prime vagabond had woven for himself a complete and magnificent tiara, precisely like the Roman Pontiff's in form, and surmounted by a cross. This was the *Pope*, the *Pope* of the *Chaine*, and I never heard a shout so appalling, as that with which his appearance was welcomed by the prisoners from the windows of the building. They danced, they yelled, tore and tumbled over each other in the most exuberant delight, thrusting their crowded heads and distorted features almost through the gratings. I have gleaned from it quite an idea of a scene of merriment and exultation below.

The said *Pope* was a very extraordinary fellow; a slight fair form, pointed features, and eyes that were penetrating, despite their common shade of grey. He was called *Champenois*, his real name unknown, not more than three-and-twenty, and the Lieutenant of the *Chaine* said, one of the most talented and extraordinary characters that he had ever met with. He had been the prime mover of the intended insurrection, but without a proof against him, except his universal authority, unusual in so young a thief. His physiognomy was one, which it required not a second look in order to remember for ever.

Another figure struck me, not so much as

singular in itself, as in contrast with those around. It struck me as that of an English cabin-boy, a pale, freckled, ill-conditioned lad. On following the calling over of the register in roll, I found my conjecture too true. He was an unfortunate young sailor, a native of England, guilty of some misdemeanour, and by name Aikin. He understood not a word of French, but protested with a shake of his head against his being English; patriotism had in him outlived honesty and self-respect. I spoke to him in English: he wept, but would not reply, puckering up his poor lips in all the agony of his desolate condition. I was glad to remark the humanity with which he had been chained to a prisoner, pensive and downcast like himself.

There were some cases certainly hard; one or two for resisting the *gen-d'armee* in a riot at Rouen. To transport a rioter, unless under aggravated circumstances, is grievous enough; but after the revolution of July, that hallowed riot, to make a galley-slave of a brave for resisting the police, must have been at least surprising to him. The tribunal so doubt felt the necessity of severity; and we acknowledged it all in deploring the degradation of these poor devils for an act, which in so many thousand others was, at the moment, extolled to the skies as the acme of heroism. But justice hath her lottery-wheel as well as fortune.

As the last *chaine* was completing, an ecclesiastic went round to collect money of the visitors. But as there were few, so were the offerings. The convicts at the same time produced the fruits of their ingenuity in straw work-boxes, needle-cases, carved ivory and wood. The guardians, to do them justice, seemed humane. The lieutenant of the *chaine* himself could not have been the ruffian, such as Vidocq represents the Argousin to be.

He had an honest countenance. And yet it was disagreeable to see the military uniform on such a man—it was truly degrading to the soldier's profession.

The *bagne* at Toulon, the destination of the members of the *chaine*, was respectably peopled when I visited it some years ago. It contained amongst others, Sarrazin, a famous general, who had deserted to us from Buonaparte, and whose works on the Spanish and other campaigns, are still read with interest. The general had caught the inexcusable habit of marrying a wife in each town wherein he was quartered, and was sent to the gallees for *trigintagamy*. They boasted a bishop too amongst the convicts at Toulon, a merry little fellow, that bore his fate gaily, and who still contrived to exercise a kind of spiritual supremacy over his unfortunate comrades.

The ingenuity and hardihood of these men is surprising. Despite the vigilance, the ramparts, the fetters, and the logs, they escape hourly and daily;—at what risk is manifest from the regulations, by which these

cannon shots always announce the disappearance of a convict, serving to warn the peasants, and call them to earn the handsome reward given to whoever arrests one of the branded fugitives. They are easily recognized by the halt in one limb; as they are wont to drag after them that which has been accustomed to the bullet.

The only pursuits that seem to pervade the *bagne*, are those of *eating* and *dying*: with the exception of escape, all others are denied. And those who have given up the latter hope, confine their thoughts either to bettering their meagre fare of beans, or to getting rid of existence in the most advantageous way. It is remarkable and degrading to observe the utmost human ingenuity and industry employed, in order to procure a dish of potatoes fried in grease once in the week. Yet such is the luxury of a *forçat*, and he must labour for it harder than even an Hibernian peasant, or a poet of the same line.

The more philosophic, who scorn the luxury of potatoes, and with it the life that affords no other, meditate how best to get rid of existence; and this they effect almost ever in one way; viz., by killing their most obnoxious keeper, and thus earning the guillotine.

It is a frequent scene in the *bagne*, that of an execution. It occurs every week or fortnight. All the convicts are obliged to attend, for the purpose of striking them with terror, and working contrition and good behaviour in them. Alas! it is a huge mistake. For these days are of all others days of *fête* to them. Their countenances are marked by universal joy, and they shout congratulations, not condolences, to their comrade about to perish. Death to them is indeed an escape. Its ceremony is to them a marriage feast: and decapitation, what a *black job* was to Lord Portsmouth,—the only variety and excitement that could give a spur to their heavy and painful existence.

Speak as we may against the pains of death, this is worse, not only physically but morally; for it degrades humanity far lower than is conceivable. The French have an idea that they can imitate the American mode of punishment by solitary confinement. This again will be still worse than the galleys; since religious consolation can alone redeem or ameliorate man in this state of durance; and as this makes no part of the French system, I cannot help thinking the *guillotine* more merciful, than either their *bagne* or their solitary cells.

From the United Service Journal.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1831.

From the Journal of an Officer.

THE changes effected both in the dress and manners of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and in the style of the city itself, since I last

visited it in 1818, were to me most surprising and unexpected. Certainly the greatest portion of the imposing appearance of the Turks has been lost by the recent reform in their costume, which formerly was rich, elegant, and varied; but under their present Frank or European garb, they have become an ill-dressed, slovenly, nay, even in most cases, a ridiculously mean-looking race. The crimson stuffed cap (or *fesk*), surmounted by a blue spreading tassel, descends low on the eyebrows, and how deeply must its wearers sigh after the proud and fanciful turban. The younger and less respectable Turks, who have adopted the new costume, put on short round jackets with upright collars, buttoned to the chin, and, according to the season, wear very loose white calico or wollen cossack trowsers. The older and more respectable classes make use of loose, long surtout coats, with stiff straight collars; waistcoats, loose trowsers, and tie black shoes complete their dress; and sometimes a dirty white neckcloth is tied uncomfortably about their throats. To conceal, however, this cruel abolition of a beautiful national dress, a military cloth cloak is worn by the Effendis, which conceals the horrors of their present habiliments. So altered are the gentry of the new costume, that I should say, their next step would be to turn Christians. The European dress was never intended for a Mohammedan or even an Asiatic. Tight shoes, long stockings, pantaloons, coats with no opening at the sleeves, must all be inconvenient, and may gradually diminish the strict observance of religious ceremonies and ablutions, which are likely to be neglected by their frequency, and when rendered more harassing by the embarrassments of dress, may soon be seldom performed.

It is astonishing the effect dress has on the habits of the human race: thus the Turks become more dignified and slothful than by nature they were intended to have been, because they could neither manage on foot the arrangement of their heaps of clothes, nor walk with comfort in their slippers. Since the tails of their coats have been clipped, certainly they move about with more activity. The sword is much more rapid in the work of conversion than the tongue. The Sultan uses the former weapon without any remorse, and it must be confessed after all, that the Turks are a dastardly people, easily intimidated, submissive, and cringing. This has become particularly apparent since the destruction of the Janisaries. I can scarcely comprehend by what means the Turks could ever have been successful in their campaigns against the Europeans. As men, we are their superiors in height, figure, bodily strength, and ever did, I should say, possess more innate courage; still Vienna, by a mere chance, escaped becoming a Pashalic of the Porte.

Military costume is the fashionable dress of the day, whilst all copying from the Sultan,

wear their beards of the same length as his, and pull their fesks, or caps, equally low over their foreheads. The appearance of the troops, considering the disadvantages they labour under, is by no means so indifferent as might have been expected. Their head-dress, the round red cap, is most unbecoming, and their arms, clothes, and shoes, are far from good. They have attained that style of discipline and military knowledge which it is easy by dint of exertion to instil into soldiers, but I doubt if the European officers employed as instructors are capable of advancing their pupils farther in the scale of improvement. Perhaps, indeed, the government thinks enough has been effected, and considers their army to be in a high state of perfection, without being able to perform any combined evolutions. The corps of infantry I have seen are composed of very young men, who almost might be called boys; they go through the drill of a company tolerably well, and have evidently acquired a military deportment. The uniforms of the regiments differ; some have round cloth jackets with no facings; others have the cuffs, collars, and facings of the breast, red. The national colour for the army is blue. Some corps are dressed better than others, and finer cloth is given to those forming the guard of the palace. With the exception of a few of the senior officers, none have beards; they are in general good-looking, seem to pride themselves on their dress, and are clean. In former days the *grandees* of the court used to keep in their employ large retinues of young men, who frequently were not of very reputable character; the Sultan ordered these swarms of idlers to be discharged, and being an intelligent, good-looking, and by no means a bigoted class, they served to officer the troops of the new regime. The distinction of rank throughout the army is made apparent by stars of different metals, size, and value, attached to the left breast. Corporals and serjeants have brass stars, lieutenants and captains gold enamelled ones; majors the same, of a larger size; whilst the colonels have diamond stars, with gold or silver chains affixed to them, which hang from the front point of the shoulder.

The troops are constantly assembled in the splendid barracks built by the Sultan, are regularly paid, and well fed. Asia chiefly supplies the recruits; the muskets seem in general to be old ones repaired, excepting those of the palace guards, which are new, with much gilding on the barrels and on the blades of the bayonets. Some of the regiments have bands—that of the Sultan's is very numerous, and plays tolerably well, but their instruments are bad, sharp, and clamorous. The system of drill adopted is, I believe, French, and the officers employed are mostly of that nation. A M. Gallend, attached to the *Sur Asker Pasha*, or commander-in-chief, organizes the infantry, and M. Kelefo, a Sardinian, has

charge of the cavalry. The latter is a favourite of the Sultan, and is said to be a person of talent and respectability. However, the situation of an European officer in the service of the Turks must be one of humiliation; formerly, they were not allowed to wear swords—they were not respected, which may arise from their individual characters, and the pay they receive is very small. Indeed, the system of the government always has been and ever will be illiberal, and it is astonishing how the Sultan ventures at particular periods to diminish the pay of his newly-raised troops, on whose fidelity and attachment his safety seems entirely to depend. When first the new system was established, the pay of each private was, I believe, forty piastres (ten shillings) a month, and has been reduced by degrees to less than thirty, which is a small pittance considering the habits of a Turk, who must smoke, sip coffee, and be comfortable. Two-pence a day, about the amount of their present pay, will scarcely provide these luxuries, and these straitened means have occasioned universal discontent throughout the army. Several plots have already been discovered amongst the officers to create a revolution in the government; and after a certain time, when more union is established amongst the different branches of the army, it may become as ungovernable a body as the corps of Janisaries. In most countries the auxiliary are the gayest and best dressed portion of the community, but in Turkey, the case is quite different. The officers, as I have before remarked, are often fine young men, and whilst passing their guard-houses, I have been surprised at their ardour in learning their duty; the drill-book in manuscript was then produced, the battalion of sticks was speedily arranged, and columns were formed and deployments made in quick succession. On observing my comments, they have laughingly said, "Is that well done captain?" The Turks, take them in the right way, are, I believe, a good-natured people, and I never saw a better-behaved body of men than the new troops; they are always ready to give every assistance to foreigners when required.

The city of Constantinople is much improved by being kept very clean, by the erection of new bazars, by the embellishment of the old ones, and by the guardianship of a very vigilant police. The streets are now free from all rubbish and offensive objects; no notice is taken of foreigners; and even European females, without the slightest change of costume, may walk through every part of the city unmolested, and almost unobserved.

Last Friday, we went to see the Sultan on his weekly visit to a mosque, to hear divine service. It was on the Pera side of the Bosphorus, near the *Doolmeh Baghcheh*; consequently less style and ceremony were observed, than is usual on such occasions within the city of Constantinople. About 500 infantry,

with a powerful band, were drawn out in one line from the entrance of the place of worship to receive him. They must have been part of a select corps (probably the Boostenchees), since the men were very well dressed and remarkably good-looking, stout, and tall. They handled their arms well, and were steady.

We were placed under the veranda of a coffee-house, close to which the Sultan passed. His Majesty was preceded by six led horses, saddled and bridled in the European manner, with richly embroidered shabracks; then came double files of mounted pages, dressed in various coloured jackets and white trousers, officers of the household, aides-de-camp and other military attendants, and lastly the favourite Meer, Allace, or General of the Guards, Hoosain Pasha. To these succeeded the Sultan, immediately followed by a personal guard of infantry, composed of remarkably fine, handsome young men. He wore the scarlet military cap, embroidered round the sides, and surmounted by a rich gold tassel, the long bullion of which hung like a fringe over its crown. A cloak of sky-blue cloth with straight embroidered collar, almost concealed his under-dress, a light-coloured cloth jacket, buttoned tight up to the chin, his gold-laced white kerseymere trousers, and boots with spurs. On his left breast shone a most beautiful diamond star. His sabre and belt were European, as also his saddle and bridle. For a moment, I could scarcely place faith in my sight, so changed was this haughty monarch "of the sea and earth," from what I had seen him some years back, moving in the full awfulness of Asiatic majesty, to celebrate a festival at one of the mosques at Constantinople. The waving plumes of a multitude of shattars, or running footmen, then screened him from the gaze of his subjects; he was borne on by his horse, at a movement almost motionless; his eyes were fixed, countenance pale, gloomy, and most melancholy; and now I beheld this same powerful Sovereign, decked out in a flippant uniform, very similar to that of a light cavalry officer, with florid complexion, active, inquisitive gaze, and beard clipped almost close to his chin. I must say, Sultan Mahmood seemed to enjoy his emancipation from all the thraldoms of pomp and ceremony. In about half an hour the Sultan returned, and every part of the procession was managed without the slightest noise or confusion. We had time to examine the led horses, which were small pampered animals of some blood, but of little value.

If the Turks look mean, diminutive, and ill-made in their new costume, they certainly appear to still greater disadvantage when they ride on European hussar saddles. They can neither manage their horses, nor place their bodies or limbs in any good position, but go rolling along in the style of English sailors. The Sultan, however, certainly rides with grace and ease.

Though, I imagine, he must have moments of great uneasiness regarding his personal safety, he does not hesitate to move amongst the crowded streets, or apparently shun occasions when attempts might be made on his life. Great precautions are, I believe, taken against sudden tumults, and since the massacre of the Janisaries, the Sultan has seldom lodged within the walls of the old seraglio. He frequently changes his abode from one palace to another on the Bosphorus, and is building an entire new residence of immense extent on the Asiatic shores, about four miles above Scutari.

Persons, who, by a long sojourn in Constantinople, have acquired a considerable and more than superficial knowledge of Turkish affairs, assert that the late changes and ameliorations, instead of retarding, will accelerate the downfall of the Ottoman Government. They say that by destroying the Janisaries, by establishing a regular army, and by approximating the costume of his subjects to that of Europeans, the Sultan has principally had in view the acquirement of power without restraint, and a greater licence to indulge in excesses of every description; that the finances do not improve; that a system of debasing the currency is daily practised, by collecting the coinage of a few anterior years, remelting, and issuing it again in diminished value; that commerce is impeded by additional duties, and new monopolies of the staple commodities of the country are daily granted to his favourites and ministers. That the spirit of the people has been broken, and both national and religious feelings humbled and outraged, which tend to make the inhabitants of Constantinople indifferent to the faith professed by their ruler; and that consequently on the approach of an European invader, they will alone be spectators of the contest, and not, as in former days, rise in arms to defend their monarch and their religion. Time alone can prove the correctness of these assertions.

It is an arduous undertaking for a monarch endowed even with great wisdom and resolution, to reform a nation, particularly a nation professing the Mohammedan faith; yet, I should say, that much has apparently been effected in Constantinople; and judging superficially, one would deem it the capital of a prosperous and vigorous government. The public buildings are undergoing general repair, old edifices are removing to be erected anew, and everywhere there is a certain stir, denoting activity. Yet these signs of improvements are only observable in Constantinople, whilst the provinces are oppressed, misruled, and absolutely defenceless. If the system pursued by the Sultan does not produce the results anticipated by many, even to the regeneration of his people, certainly the body of the nation has been relieved from the insolence and lawless habits of the Janisaries, and those predatory bands of horsemen, the

Dehrees and Hytes, like the former mercenary bands of Italy and France, no longer pillage and desolate the country. Criminals having lost the protection of that most powerful military order, the Janisaries, are now with facility seized and punished; and for years the Turkish empire has not been so tranquil, or so secure for foreigners, travellers, or merchants, as at the present period.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.*

If, by the wood fire's haze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of older days
May proudly yet be told;
Forget not then the shepherd race,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

SWISS SONG.

WHENCE art thou, flower?—from holy ground
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field!—thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth
Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were rais'd to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd, that man should roam,
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm, devoted band;
And rose, and made their spirits felt,
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grutli's free-born flower!
Even in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

F. H.

From the Monthly Magazine.

ON THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

AFTER fifty-six Protocols the ratification of the Belgian treaty is definitively postponed, and dark clouds are again collecting around the political horizon of Europe. The moment is arrived, says the movement party, when

* The field beside the lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

France should subdue the North of Africa—reunite Belgium—deliver Piedmont and Italy from the Austrian yoke, and raise the banner of the constitution in the Spanish peninsula. The firm hand with which Cassimir Perier has held the reins of government, has hitherto compressed this impetuous spirit of continental change; but will he be able to achieve what even the genius and power of Napoleon was inadequate to? The combinations of diplomacy may avert for some time longer the general "bouleversement," but war is inevitable, and the power on whom its thunderbolts will burst with greatest fury, is Austria.

The French revolution had absorbed the Netherlands and Holland—crushed the empire of Germany, and out of the spoils of Poland it had constituted the duchy of Warsaw to watch the movements of Russia. At the close of the war, which had raged with little interruption for more than twenty years, the states of Europe could not be restored to the condition in which they had been before the commencement of the tremendous and protracted struggle. Many establishments in that long and dangerous interval being wholly overthrown, many boundaries of countries had been removed in the ravages of hostile aggression; the negotiators, therefore, while they laboured to reconstruct the federative policy of the European continent as much as possible, on the "status ante bellum," were compelled to introduce various changes, that their arrangements might be accommodated to the existing state of Europe. While Prussia received large accessions of territory on the Rhine and from dismembered Saxony, Austria, for the loss of her portion of Poland ceded to Russia, and the Netherlands incorporated with Holland, found compensation in immense acquisitions in Italy, besides a large portion of the Bavarian kingdom, the Tyrol, &c.

The sacrifices of this country during this eventful period were tremendous. For twenty-five years she had continued with unwearied pertinacity a warfare not without honour; and though often defeated in the field, the glorious days of Aspern and Wagram fully re-established the reputation of her armies; and by her timely intervention in 1813, she gave the last death-blow to the power of Napoleon. At that period the extraordinary resources of his genius had repaired the disasters of the Russian campaign; he was still in possession of nearly the whole of the Prussian monarchy, and of the strong post of Dantzic; the allied armies, disorganized by the defeats of Groubern and Bautzen, had nothing to oppose to his overwhelming masses; the star of the conqueror of Marengo again burst forth in all its brightness. At this critical moment, when the destinies of Europe were in the balance, Austria joined the coalition; and skilfully availing herself of her proximity to Saxony,

where Napoleon had concentrated his forces, she was enabled to operate immediately in the rear of his front of operations upon the Elbe, and threw two hundred thousand men into the scale with an almost certainty of success. The empire of Italy, and her ancient influence in Germany, lost by fifteen years of reverses and disasters, were both reconquered in two months. An equally favourable opportunity for a successful intervention had presented itself to this power in 1807. Bonaparte had crossed the Vistula, and pushed his advance under the walls of Königsberg, having Austria in his rear, and the whole Russian Empire in his front. Had the Austrian cabinet known how to profit by their geographical position, and caused an army of one hundred thousand men to debouch from Bohemia upon the Oder, the power of Napoleon would have been at an end, and in all probability his army would not have succeeded in cutting its way back to the Rhine: but she preferred waiting till she had raised her army to four hundred thousand men, and two years after she assumed the offensive, she was conquered; whilst, with one hundred thousand men at the period we have mentioned, she might have decided the fate of Europe. By the diplomatic arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, Austria acquired a compact geographical "arrondissement" of kingdoms and provinces, with a considerable line of sea coasts, containing upwards of thirty millions of inhabitants—an empire which, if its interests were well understood and its resources fully developed, might prove a match for the most powerful on the continent. Yet, from the blind fatuity of its government, this country is daily impoverished; while, owing to a defective military system, her armies have been almost constantly beaten in the field, and captured like herds of cattle. To what causes are we to attribute the continued disasters of this power, whose army as a body is as much superior to the French, as the French soldier is individually superior to the Austrian? We shall answer this question in the words of the Archduke Charles—"Austria was worsted because the operations of her adversary were based upon a well combined system of fortresses, a careful survey of the whole theatre of war, and the direction to one 'but' of the force employed, to which she had only to oppose the bravery and superior organization of her army, and some splendid, though insulated triumphs of her generals."

It has been the fashion to attribute the disasters of the Austrian armies to the Aulic Council, and it must be confessed, that a general, whose genius and arm is fettered by the plans of a military board at a distance from the theatre of operations, must contend to a disadvantage with an adversary more favourably circumstanced; but the evil, we suspect, lies much deeper; several essential

conditions concur in the perfection of an army:—a good recruiting system—a good formation—a well organized system of national reserves—strict discipline, without being humiliating to the soldier—a well-combined system of rewards and promotion—a scientific corps of artillery and engineers—and lastly, a staff capable of availing itself of all these elements, the organization of which corresponds with the instruction of its officers. In this last essential, the Austrian army is miserably deficient; it is a body without a soul. The Imperial generals were constantly *oustrategised*: when a new system of warfare had been introduced, they continued to manœuvre, "à la Daun;" and while the object of the French was to attain their end, "coute qui coute," the old fashioned system of the Cordon betrayed the Austrian commanders into the dangerous practice of dividing and subdividing their forces. With a view of covering a line of frontiers, they found themselves unequal to maintain the few points it was important to preserve; and while they were uselessly garrisoning every village, were obliged, after a series of disasters, to abandon whole provinces to the enemy. It was by an obstinate adherence to this cautious system, in opposition to the "en avant tactique" of Napoleon, that we must look for the true cause of their defeats. In 1796, by acting upon the single line, he defeated in detail the corps of Boera and Alvinzi. In 1805 he annihilated the army of Mack ere the Russians under Koutzoff, advancing through Moravia, could effect their junction.—And again at Wagram, the Archduke Charles, by acting on two exterior lines against the single line of his adversary, failed, owing to the non-cooperation of the Archduke John. In fact, it is a deviation from the fundamental principles of the science of war, to act with detached corps that have no communication with each other, against an enemy whose forces are centralized, and whose communications are easy. Hohenlinden was another example, that should have taught them the danger of violating this principle.

The following is the effective state of the armies of the Austrian* Empire on the Peace establishment:—

* The Austrian formation is in three ranks, the tallest men in front, and the best shots in the rear; the sizing, central and by divisions. The arrangement of the battalion is different from that of other services, in every division. One captain and captain-lieutenant is in the first rank, and the remaining officers in the supernumerary rank. Another distinguishing feature is, that every zuge or division, is marked on its right and left by a file of officers, serjeants, and corporals, who remain constantly posted on the same flank; those of the rear rank stepping into the second to give room to those in the supernumerary, to replace them when the battalion breaks into column, in which case the zuge is lined by a complete file of officers and non-commissioned officers.

On the Military Resources of the Austrian Empire.

INFANTRY.

30 Battal. Grenadiers	800 strong	24,000
64 Regiments, each 3 bat.	800 do.	153,600
17 do. Barmat Inf. 3 bat.	800 do.	40,800
8 Battal. Jagers (rifles)	800 do.	6,400

Artillery and Engineers	224,800
5 Regiments	20,000

CAVALRY.

12 Reg. Hussars	800 strong	9,600
8 do. Cuirassiers	800 do.	6,400
8 do. Dragoons	800 do.	6,400
4 do. Uhlans	800 do.	3,200
		25,600

Grand total . 270,400

100,000 of this force is at present stationed in Italy; 10,000 in Hungary and on the Turkish frontier; and the remainder in the German Provinces; the regiments in each province are under the command of a Commandant-General who makes a report to the Khof Kreigrath.

To this body, in time of war, is added the Landwehr 120,000, who serve as regular soldiers, and the Hungarian insurrectionary army of 50,000. On the present peace establishment, the army, as we have shown, amounts to 270,000 men, but on the slightest emergency, it could with ease be augmented to 650,000. These troops are raised by conscription from the Polish, Italian, and German provinces; the term of service is fourteen years. When discharged from the line, the soldier joins the Landwehr. Hungary, by her constitution, is exempted from this law. The Hungarian regiments are levied and filled up by recruits enlisted voluntarily and for life. In this service, the soldier is still subject to corporeal punishment and the guntlope.

The pay of an Austrian private is six kreutzers, about two-pence English, from which deductions are made for his daily ration of half a pound of meat, and for every thing else with which he is provided. The grenadiers, cavalry, and artillery, have from eight to ten kreutzers per diem.

The monthly pay of the officers is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Ensign	2	2	0
2d Lieutenant	2	8	0
1st Ditto	2	18	0
2d Captain	3	12	0
1st Ditto	7	8	0
Major	10	0	0
Lt. Colonel	15	0	0
Colonel	30	0	0
<hr/>			
Lt. General	800	0	0 a-year
General	1000	0	0 do.
Marshal	1600	0	0 do.

company is composed of four zuge.—*Exercier Regiment für die Kaiserlich Königl. Infanterie.*

The officers of the staff, from the rank major, upwards, have horse-rations, according to their rank.

To compensate in some degree for this reduced scale of pay, the lodgings of the Austrian officer are paid by the government at half price—his rations are delivered to him at the same rate—and the theatres are open to him for about a third of the usual price of admission, to which may be added fuel, and half a loaf of bread of very inferior quality. Notwithstanding these allowances, the condition of the subaltern, who has no resources of his own, in spite of the low price of all the necessaries of life, is most miserable; so slow is the promotion, that an Austrian officer may linger away a life without distinction. In this service the crack regiments of infantry rank much before the cavalry, and have many men of family and fortune among the officers.

The composition of the Austrian army is magnificent; the Hungarian grenadiers are remarkably fine men—they display not the iron hardihood of frame of the Russian Imperial Guard, neither have they that smartness under arms which marks the Prussian, or the animated intelligence of look of the soldiers of France, but they are very warlike; a veteran look marked by the bivouac, stature tall, limbs large—as the spectator contemplates their iron formation, he wonders that these men could ever have been beaten. The cavalry of this power has always been distinguished; the Hungarian hussars rank first among the light cavalry of Europe, while the heavy cavalry is unrivalled for a matchless union of size, weight, and activity. When Murat, at the battle of Lusig, made a desperate effort at the head of the French cavalry to retrieve the fortune of the day, he was borne back by a “charge en muraille” of six regiments of Austrian cuirassiers; in fact, nothing can be superior to the organization and equitation of the Austrian cavalry.

With the exception of the Hungarian regiments, the uniforms of the army would sadly disappoint a military dandy; the “tenue” of the artillery in particular, is painfully unmartial—a drab-coloured coat with a red collar, white breeches, and boots “à la Suwarof,” with a hat half “bourgeois,” half military, surmounted by a green plume, is the very antithesis of a martial costume. But the science and instruction of this corps is on a par with that of the artillery of any power on the continent. The material of the Austrian equipages, compared with our own, is clumsy and heavy. There is one feature in the army which distinguishes it from all others, the bands; in some corps there are from eighty to ninety musicians. A celebrated German professor, who was present at Dresden at the first representation of the “Olempia” of Spontini, on being asked what he thought of it, replied—“The march of an Austrian band is worth the whole opera.” In fact, the effect

of these bands is perfectly electrifying. Moderate as is the rate of pay in this service, it is double that of the Russian soldier.

Divided into many kingdoms, separated by jealousy, manners, and inveterate and antiquated prejudices, this empire appears to contain within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The events of the three days of July, have vibrated even in this country, in spite of the vigilance of Metternich; the Hungarian, the Pole, the Bohemian, and the Tyrolian, brood over the recollection of their former freedom, and of their violated constitutions;—in short, the Austrian empire may be likened to a slumbering volcano; and the Emperor Francis, as he casts his eyes over the map of his extensive dominions, may, like Louis XV. of France, exclaim—"Ceci durera autant que moi, mais je plains mon successeur."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE memory of the Great Plague in London has been rendered immortal by the prose of Daniel Defoe, and the poetry of John Wilson. But the greater plague which overran almost the whole world, three centuries before, is almost forgotten. A slight sketch of its history, drawn from all chroniclers, will show, by comparison, what a small matter is magnified into a pestilence in the present day.

This dreadful pestilence, like the cholera, made its first appearance in the East. It arose in China, Tartary, India, and Egypt, about the year 1345. It is ascribed by the contemporary writers, Mezeray and Giovanni Villani, to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and, in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Some zealous Christian writers of the time derived its origin from the arch-impator Mahomet; for they say that, at Mecca, in Arabia Felix, it rained snakes and blood from heaven for three days and nights together; that the temple of Mahomet was beaten down by a terrible tempest, and his sepulchre torn up and broken in pieces; and that the sulphureous vapours, and the stench of the snakes and blood, so corrupted the middle region of the air, that the infectious matter spread itself over the world in all directions. Making every allowance for the ignorance and credulity of the age, it appears evident that some natural causes had contributed to corrupt the air and load it with pestiferous vapours. And it is remarkable that, before the disease appeared in Europe, singular meteorological phenomena, of a similar nature, took place. Thus, it came into England in the end of the

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year 1348; and it had rained from the previous Christmas till Midsummer almost without ceasing; "so that all the while," to use the words of an old writer, "it hardly ever held up so much as for one day and night together." Great inundations followed; and accumulations of stagnant water, by which the whole atmosphere was poisoned. In France, several strange meteoric appearances are described by writers of credit. Giovanni Villani says, that on the 20th of December, 1348, in the morning, after sunrise, there appeared at Avignon, over the pope's palace, a pillar of fire, which tarried there for the space of an hour, producing general terror and amazement.

During the same period there were many dreadful earthquakes, some of them in such places where such phenomena have since been unheard of. At Rome, an earthquake threw down a great number of houses, steeples, and churches. At Naples there was an earthquake, accompanied with a tremendous hurricane, which destroyed a large portion of the city. On this occasion it is related, that while a friar was preaching to a crowded congregation, he and his auditory was swallowed up in an instant—all but one individual, who observed the trembling of the earth in time to save himself by flight. A great multitude of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their habitations; and the citizens durst not venture into their houses, but remained terrified in the market-places or fields, till the earthquake (which continued by fits for eight days) had spent its fury. In Greece, particularly in the Morea and the island of Cyprus, whole villages were overwhelmed. Even in Germany, a country not liable to this calamity, there was an earthquake which extended over a great part of Austria and Styria, and destroyed many towns and villages, in those districts; "And many other provinces," says an old historian, "suffered such lasting characters of the fury of these strong convulsions of nature, that, lest the joint concurrence of so many authors of those days should not obtain sufficient credit, they might be very plainly read even by late posterity." These earthquakes were generally attended with storms of thunder and lightning, wind and hail. In the year 1348, according to Lampadius, it rained blood in Germany, and meteors and other coruscations appeared in the air. Mock suns were seen, and the heavens sometimes seemed on fire.

In many of these accounts we may presume that there is a good deal of exaggeration. But the testimonies are too numerous and respectable to leave any doubt that, before and during the pestilence, the elements were in a state of general convulsion which seems unparalleled in history.

The plague extended its ravages from India into the more western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abyssinia, and thence into the northern parts of Africa. It proceeded over Asia

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Minor, Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago; almost depopulating the regions over which it stalked. It may be literally said to have *decimated* the world, even though we were to take this term as implying the destruction of nine, in place of one, out of ten. According to Mezeray and other writers, where it was most favourable it left one out of three, or one out of five; but where it raged most violently, it scarce left a fifteenth or twentieth person alive. Some countries, partly by the plague, and partly by earthquakes, were left quite desolate. Giovanni Villani says that in a part of Mesopotamia, only some women survived, who were driven by extremity and despair to devour one another.

The plague appears to have staid five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope; though even then many fell into a deep sleep from which they never awoke.

Before the pestilence invaded Christendom, it is recorded, in a report made to the pope at Avignon, that it swept away twenty-three millions eight hundred thousand persons throughout the East in the course of a single year. While the Christians remained untouched, their supposed immunity, since their neighbours were suffering the extremity of the malady, operated so strongly on the minds of some of the heathen princes, that they resolved to propitiate Heaven, by embracing Christianity. The King of Tarsis, accompanied by a great multitude of his princes and nobles, actually set out on his journey to Avignon, to receive baptism from Pope Clement VI. But hearing on his way that the Christians too had become victims to the destroyer, he returned home, with the loss of about two thousand men, whom the Christians most ungenerously attacked and cut off in the rear of his army.

From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venetians, having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it almost uninhabited. At Florence, 60,000 persons died in one year. Among these was the historian Giovanni Villani, whose writings we have already referred to. He was one of the most distinguished men of his age; and his historical works are looked upon as correct and valuable. He was the annalist of this pestilence almost down to the day of his falling a victim to it. France next became exposed to its ravages. At Avignon the mortality was horrible. In the strong language of Stow, people died bleeding at the nose, mouth, and fundament;

so that rivers ran with blood, and streams of putrid gore issued from the graves and sepulchres of the dead. When it first broke out there, no fewer than sixty-six of the Carmelite friars died before any body knew how, so that it was imagined they had murdered one another. Of the members of the English college at Avignon, not one was left alive; and of the whole inhabitants of the city, not one in five. According to a statement or bill of mortality, laid before the pope, there died in one day 1212, and in another 400 persons. The malady proceeded northward through France, till it reached Paris, where it cut off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where its ravages are estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls. At Lubeck alone, according to the concurring accounts of several writers, 96,000 persons were swept away in one year, of whom 1500 are reported to have died in the space of four hours.

At last this fearful scourge began to be felt in England. About the beginning of August, 1348, it appeared in the sea-port towns on the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire, whence it proceeded to Bristol. The people of Gloucestershire immediately interdicted all intercourse with Bristol, but in vain. The disease ran, or rather flew, over Gloucestershire. Thence it spread to Oxford; and about the 1st of November, reached London. Finally it spread itself all over England, scattering every where such destruction, that, out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten was left alive.

Incredible as this statement may appear, it seems borne out by the details of contemporary annalists. In the churchyard of Yarmouth, 7052 persons, who died of the plague, were buried in one year. In the city of Norwich, 57,374 persons died in six months, between the 1st of January and the 1st of July. In the city of York, the mortality was equal. We find no general statement of the total amount of the mortality in London; but there are details sufficient to show that it must have been horrible beyond imagination. The dead were thrown into pits, forty, fifty, or sixty, into one; and large fields were employed as burial-places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which also was covered. Sir Walter Manny (whose name is so well known from his connexion with the affecting incident of the surrender of Calais to Edward III.) benevolently purchased and appropriated a burial-ground, near Smithfield, in which single place more than fifty thousand people were buried. Stow says that he had seen, on a stone cross in that burial-ground, the following quaint inscription: "Anne De

mini MCCCXLIX. regnante magnâ pestilentia, consecratum fuit hoc cœmeterium; in quo, et infra septa præsentis monasterii, sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam LM. præter alia multa abhinc usque ad præsens. Quorum animabus propitiatur Deus. Amen."*

This pestilence gave occasion to some diplomatic intercourse between England and France, which is strikingly characteristic of the manners of the age. While the mortality was raging in those countries, Pope Clement VI. never ceased importuning the monarchs of both to put an end to their mutual hostility, and, by doing so, to avoid the continuance of a calamity sent by Heaven to punish the sins of mankind. Edward and Philip were induced by these pious exhortations to appoint commissioners, who met between Calais and St. Omers to negotiate a treaty. The French insisted on the restoration of Calais, or the raising of its fortifications; a proposition which the English would not listen to. At last, however, a truce was agreed upon for six months, till September following, in order to allow time to negotiate for a peace; and it was further agreed, that if, at the end of the truce, a final treaty was not concluded, the crown of France was to be brought to a convenient place within that realm, and the right to it decided by a pitched battle, without further appeal. The death of the French king, however, which happened in August, 1350, before the expiration of the truce, put an end to this smooth and amicable plan of accommodation.

The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society, and among them, principally on old men, women, and children. It was remarked, that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague; and of the English nobility and people of distinction, very few were cut off by it. Among the higher orders of the church the deaths were rare; but such havoc was made among the inferior clergy, that numbers of churches were left wholly void, and without any one to perform Divine service, or any offices of religion. At the same time all suits and proceedings in the courts of justice ceased; and the sitting of parliament was intermitted for more than two years.

This terrible visitation was every where attended by a total dissolution of the bonds of society. An excellent old writer gives the following eloquent description of the state of England:—"We are told the influence of this disease was so contagious, that it not only infected by a touch or breathing, but transfused

its malignity into the very beams of light, and darted death from the eyes; and the very seats and garments of such proved fatal. Wherefore parents forsook their children, and wives their husbands; nor would physicians here make their visits, for neither were they able to do good to others, and they were almost certain thereby to destroy themselves. Even the priests also, for the same horrid consideration, forbore either to administer the sacraments or absolve the dying penitent. But yet neither priests, nor physicians, nor any other who sought thus to escape, did find their caution of any advantage: for death not only raged without doors as well as in chambers, but, as if it took indignation that any mortal should think to fly from it, these kind of people died both more speedily and proportionably in greater numbers. Then was their death without sorrow, affinity without friendship, wilful penance and dearth without scarcity, and flying without refuge or succour. For many fled from place to place because of the pestilence; some into deserts and places not inhabited, either in hope or despair. But quick-sighted destruction found them out, and nimble-footed misery was ever ready to attend them. Others, having hired boats or other vessels, into which they laid up provision, thought, or at least hoped, so to elude the power of the infection; but the destroying angel, like that in the Revelations, had one foot upon the waters as well as on the land; for, alas! the very air they breathed being tainted, they drew in death together with life itself. The horror of these things made others to lock themselves up in their houses, gardens, and sweet retired places; but the evil they intended to exclude, pursued them through all their defences, and they had this only difference, to die without the company of any that might serve or pity them. No physician could tell the cause, or prescribe a cure; and even what was saving to one was no less than fatal to another. No astrologer could divine how or when it would cease; the only way left was to be prepared to receive it, and the most comfortable resolution to expect it without fear."

The pestilence extended into Wales, where it raged violently; and soon afterwards, passing into Ireland, it made great havoc among the English settled in that island. But it was remarked that the native Irish were little affected, particularly those that dwelt in hilly districts.

As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon themselves. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of England, they made a hostile irruption, with a large force, into the country. But they had not proceeded far, when the calamity which they courted, and so well deserved from their ungenerous conduct, overtook them. They perished in thousands; and, in attempting to return home, they were overtaken before

* A. D. 1349, during the prevalence of a great pestilence, this cemetery was consecrated; in which, and within the enclosure of the present monastery, more than 50,000 bodies were interred, besides many more from that time to the present. To whose souls God be propitious. Amen.—[Ed. Mus.]

† History of Edward III., by Joshua Barnes, B. D., Cantab. 1698.

they could reach the border, by a strong body of English, who routed them with great slaughter. The remnant carried the disease into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as in the southern parts of the island. "Scotland," says the writer whom we have already quoted, "partook of the universal contagion in as high a degree, and in same manner, as other countries had done before; only in this there was a difference, that whereas other nations sat still and waited for it, the Scots did seem ambitious to fetch it in among themselves." However much Scotland may have had to complain of the oppression and tyranny of England under the Edwards, it was ungenerous and unworthy of a brave people to attempt to retaliate on a nation laid prostrate by the hand of Heaven. At the same time, there is no reason to doubt that the general cause, whatever it was, of the pestilence, would at any rate have soon extended to Scotland, as well as Wales and Ireland.

Early in the year 1349, the plague began to abate in England; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. Its consequences, however, continued for some time to be severely felt. During the prevalence of the disease, the cattle, for want of men to tend them, were allowed to wander about the fields at random, and perished in such numbers as to occasion a great scarcity. Though the fields, too, were covered with a plentiful crop of corn, much of it was lost for want of hands to reap it and gather it in. The scarcity of hands naturally produced excessively high wages. A reaper was not to be had under eight-pence per day, nor a mower under twelve-pence, besides victuals; and every other sort of labour was paid in proportion.* This gave occasion to the act of the 25th of Edward III., known by the name of the Statute of Labourers; which, on account of "the insolence of servants, who endeavoured to raise their wages upon their masters," ordained that they should be contented with the same wages and liveries which they had been accustomed to receive in the 20th year of the king. In spite of this statute, high wages continued to be given by people who preferred doing so to losing their grain and other fruits of the earth, till Edward enforced obedience to it by severe measures both against masters and labourers. The enforcement of this statute is said by old writers to have prevented a famine from raging in England, similar to the one which afflicted the other countries that had undergone the visitations of the pes-

tilence. How far it could have produced as salutary an effect, however, may well be questioned.

The last dregs of this calamity were drained by that unfortunate race, the Jews. A belief spread over several countries that they had produced the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and, in many places, they were massacred in thousands by the infuriated populace. In several parts of Germany, where this persecution chiefly raged, the Jews were literally exterminated. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and multitudes of them, in the extremity of their despair, shot themselves up in their houses, and consumed themselves, and their families and property, with fire. The extent of such atrocities, in a barbarous age, may well be imagined, when we remember the outrages which were produced by the cholera panic, only a few months ago, in some parts of the continent.

Though the pestilence ceased in England in 1349, yet the destroying angel continued his progress through other regions for several years longer, marks of his presence remaining on record down to the year 1362. The world has suffered no similar visitation since; nor does its older history afford any instance of a calamity of the same kind, equally extensive and destructive. Even the pestilence, so eloquently described by Gibbon, which ravaged a great part of the Roman empire, seems to have been inferior in magnitude; and the famous plague of Athens was confined within a still narrower compass. In almost every other memorable instance of the plague, it has been limited to a particular district, or even a particular city.

Our present object has been merely to collect some circumstances of the history of this most remarkable event, and not to enter into the question of the theory of pestilence. We may, however, observe, that not only was the great plague, of which we have been speaking, preceded and accompanied by disorders of the elements, tending to produce a general corruption of the atmosphere, but the very same phenomena are recorded in the other cases where the plague extended itself over various regions. In those eastern countries, too, where the plague is found to prevail almost constantly, it always occurs at times and places where the atmosphere is corrupted, either by physical causes, or by the shockingly filthy habits of the inhabitants, or by both together. That a corrupted state of the atmosphere, therefore, is a cause of the plague, cannot be doubted; and it is a question whether, to this certain cause, it is necessary to join the additional cause of *contagion*. As the ascertained cause suffices to account for every fact connected with the disease, we confess we do not see the necessity for having recourse to two separate causes for the same effect. And it is a strong circumstance, that in those

* In the time of Edward III., ten-pence contained half an ounce of silver, and was, consequently, equal to half-a-crown of our present money. The above wages, therefore, were equivalent to two shillings and three shillings of our money. At that time the quarter of wheat was at six shillings and eight-pence, or twenty shillings of modern money.—*Wealth of Nations*, Book I. chap. 11.

countries where the disease is most familiarly known, little fear is entertained of contagion. "The more intelligent among the Turks," says a recent writer on this subject, "seem to be aware that the plague is not contagious; and we are assured that they do not destroy the bedding or clothes of those who die of the distemper, but often immediately put them on and wear them, without any ill effects, or the smallest apprehension from contagion."*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO MAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

MAY, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets praises;
O thou merry month complete,
May, the very name is sweet!
May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosy;
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong,
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books;
Love thee in the poet's pages,
Where they keep the green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over,
Breathing blessings on the art,
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise, and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still:
But come rather thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

* Hancock on Cholera and Pestilence;—an able pamphlet, which contains a great quantity of evidence, in a small compass, on the question of the contagious or non-contagious nature of these diseases.

RAMBLES IN GERMANY.

A tout cœur bien ne la patrie est chère.

It is not in their martial character alone, it is not merely as the conquerors of imperial Rome, as the founders of modern European institutions, that the early Germans excite our interest. Their simple institutions, which so captivated the imagination of the historian Tacitus, by their contrast with the vices and corruptions of his own country, are the true sources of all those systems of polity that have since prevailed. From these are equally derived the feudal system of the middle ages, and the free constitution of England; her parliament and her trial by Jury. Again, to the pure chastity of their manners, and their chivalric devotion to the female sex, may be justly ascribed much of that rank now held by women in the scale of society, and of its superiority even in the lowest state over the boasted civilization of the ancients. How that spirit of high-flown gallantry and delicate respect for the softer sex should have sprung up amid the rude barbarians of the North, while it was totally unknown to the more polite and refined Greeks and Romans—that gallantry which, with its many fantastic and some dangerous maxims, has produced others of the highest benefit to society, is one of those mysteries in the varying history of the human race that eludes the grasp of philosophic research. I stood musing thus, beside the tomb that marks the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, on the far-famed field of Lutzen—of Lutzen, the grave of thousands, sacrificed at the shrine of religious fanaticism. How burning is Schiller's description of this murderous conflict! Both sides fought with a deadly animosity unknown in modern warfare. The traveller stands with the historian on the battle field—hears the solemn hymn of the Swedes on the eve of the action; sees the gallant Gustavus fall mortally wounded amid the Croatian horse; witnesses the fierce onslaught of the Swedish cavalry to recover his body; and, lastly, beholds Wallenstein riding amid the deadly shower, as if he bore a charmed life. Darkness put an end to the combat, and the trumpets from either camp sounded the notes of victory. Here on this same field, did the star of Napoleon for the last time burst forth with that vivid brightness that marked its dawn on the field of Marengo. It was leaning on the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus that Napoleon marked the retreat of the allied columns.

There is something gloomy and stately in the Gothic aspect of Leipsig, that leads back the mind to the days of more picturesque manners. But this city possesses another claim to our interest, it is the great printing press of Germany, the mart of thought.

In the public garden near the Plassenburgh gate, there is a cenotaph erected to the memory of the ill-fated but gallant Poniatowski—

when we behold the Elster (as it has been a thousand times before observed,) the mind wonders that an insignificant rivulet, which an English hunter would clear at a leap, should have proved the grave of the gallant Pole; but so it did—here sunk steed, rider, and hundreds of the flying French. The Marquis of Londonderry, in his narrative, mentions, that the Prince was so loaded with gold that he sunk almost immediately. If this were true, the romantic halo that enshrouds the manner of his death will lose much of its interest. There is a very curious anecdote current in Germany, relative to this Prince. A few years previous to his death, he was on a visit to a relation of his in Moravia, and while sauntering in the park of the château with a parcel of ladies, they were suddenly accosted by a gypsy, who offered to predict the fate of every one present. Poniatowski held out his hand to the sybil, who took it, and examining it with a scrutinizing glance, she said in a hollow tone of voice, "Prince, an Elster will be thy death." Now Elster in Germany means a magpie. The prediction therefore elicited a burst of merriment from the whole party, who little dreamt at the time how truly this gypsy prophecy would be one day realised.

The country between Leipsig and Dresden possesses but little interest; but Dresden is a most interesting city. There are no splendid edifices; but the ensemble of the Saxon capital, with its noble bridge, is so beautiful, and the situation so calm, so still, that I left it with regret. But the Curzeit was far advanced, and I was anxious to visit Töplitz during the bathing season. Dresden is the Athens of Germany, and its inhabitants have long been celebrated for their polished manners and refined and classical taste. Our road towards the Bohemian frontier lay through the theatre of the great military operations of 1813. We passed the celebrated defile of Holendorf, where three thousand Prussians gallantly held Vandamme's whole corps d'armée in check, till the Allied forces formed in the rear. When all was lost, the French cavalry rushed like a torrent down the deep descent, and made a gallant attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day,—but all in vain,—the hour of defeat had sounded, and—here sunk the star of Napoleon; for Maria Culum prepared the disasters of Leipsig, the grave of his fortune. The road descends into the valley, surrounded on three sides by precipitous mountains. Our postilion had been in the action; he pointed to the eminence defended by the Russian guards. Here the conflict raged the fiercest, and here fought the young guards of Napoleon, confident of success, till the arrival of the Austrians decided the affair, and lost to France an army of 40,000 men!

If any place in Germany can make us forget Baden, it is Töplitz; the environs are romantic and beautiful, studded with castles and

manors of the Bohemian nobility; the town is extremely elegant, the houses well built, and commodious. The palace of the Prince Clary, the proprietor of the baths, is an imposing edifice, and the grounds are laid out with considerable taste; in short, every thing at Töplitz is on a scale far superior to that of any other German watering-place. The place was crowded at the period of our arrival. The "caste" of the company was aristocratic—"on n'y peut plus." Dinner was served daily at five o'clock, in a magnificent saloon, to which sat down between two to three hundred guests. The coup d'œil was magnificent, varied, and full of pleasing contrasts. In juxtaposition with a Russian diplomatist sat a fiery Pole, fiercely scowling at his hated oppressor; suddenly his fierce expression gives place to one of softness, as he listens to the silvery voice of one of his countrywomen. At another part of the table may be observed a party of martial looking Hungarians, toasting their constitution in defiance of Metternich and his spies, or the well-padded breasts of a coterie of Prussian officers—perhaps discussing the relative merits of Jomini and their favourite Bellow, or illustrating with their knives and forks some evolution of tactics. The Prussians are the military pedants of Germany; their very phraseology is tactical, while their demeanour is vain, conceited, and arrogant to a degree, forming a peculiar contrast with the quiet gravity of manner, and gentlemanly deportment of the Austrian officers. The military of these two nations cordially hate each other, and their rivalry is often the source of serious brawls. Nothing can convey a stronger idea of the intensity of this feeling than the question of a Prussian Colonel to the Mareschal Suchet, on the field of Jena, as a column of Prussian prisoners defiled before him:—"Did we fight to-day as well as the Austrians at Austerlitz?" To have been surpassed in military prowess by the detested Austrians, would have mortified more the vanity of this "Sebreur" than the loss of his country's independence.

Both the wines and the viands were of the most costly descriptions; the various tongues of the company—the gorgeous uniforms of the chasseurs of the Russian noblesse—the rich deep melody of the Bohemian band; but above all, the blaze of female loveliness that graced the hall, presented an ensemble of high-bred fascination and attraction which we would look for in vain at any of the watering places in our own island. After dinner the company lounged in the park, or drove to some of the beautiful villages in the environs. A ball or a concert, (the ladies *en demi toilette*) with the more exciting pleasures of *roulette* and *rouge et noir*, were the amusements of the evening. There were several Polish ladies at the baths, of surprising loveliness. The Polish woman of rank combines all the feminine softness and delicacy of mind of the

high-bred English female, with that fascinating polish of exterior and amiable vivacity that so distinguishes the dames of France; in fact, their personal charms are "*au negreau*" with the gallantry of their countrymen. Alas! poor Poland! Many of those gallant spirits who, in the summer of 1829, by their elaborate cultivation of mind and manner, shed such charms over the society of Töplitz, have perished in the late glorious struggle, while others are dragging their exiled steps towards the dreary wilds of Siberia. To use the language of the ruthless autocrat, "Poland has ceased to exist;" but the memory of her sublime efforts to recover her wonted independence, will descend in the brightest hues to future generations, when the name of the barbarian ruler shall only be acknowledged in the page of history as their destroyer!

While lounging in the park on the third evening of our arrival at the baths, my attention was arrested by a coterie of ladies and gentlemen in the adjoining walk. Their calm dignity of deportment, and their distinguished air, announced them as belonging to the highest walks of society.

On one of the party my eye rested with a kind of fascination; the ensemble of his exterior was strikingly graceful, a high broad forehead, a Grecian nose, clear blue eyes that bespoke frankness and sincerity; a beautiful mouth, round which played a heavenly smile; a slender figure, graceful in all its movements, and eminently calculated to impress the spectator favourably; such was the man that arrested my gaze; a man universally execrated from Archangel to the Mediterranean, from the Bosphorus to the Channel, Freedom's most determined foe, the arch-diplomatist, I had almost said, the arch-enemy, of Europe—the Austrian Prince Metternich!

"Qui cuncta ferit dum cuncta timet."

From the Metropolitan.

POPULAR HISTORICAL ERRORS.

THE IRON MASK.

It is singular, that among the vulgar errors which time has consecrated, and modern scepticism profanely attacked, no writer has yet robbed of its peculiar character of singularity and mystery, the anecdote of the Iron Mask—it is one of those mystifications which has been most gravely asserted, most steadily maintained, and most generally adopted in Europe; nevertheless it is one of the most absurd, most glaring, of these deceptions, which credulity imposes upon itself, and from which it is so loath to withdraw its sombre, but interesting veil.

Voltaire is the first person, who, in treating of the history of "*L'homme au Masque de Fer*," converted a simple fact into a regular romance; he caught some hints from the fly-

ing gossip of his day, (for under the sovereignty of Louis XIV. nobody ever heard of the circumstance,) and "thereupon he wrote," without believing one word of the marvellous material which he collected, and perhaps composed: he arranged it merely to gratify, and occupy, the appetite of the Parisian idler for the wonderful, or for the most lasting satisfaction of laughing at the credulity of mankind from his grave.

Of the thousand and one volumes of the memoirs of the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., it is singular that no one among them, even those written in the latter days of his long royalty, makes any mention of the existence of the personage known as the Iron Mask. Of these writers I shall quote only the most distinguished; and, of that number, the following are the most undisputed authorities:—Mademoiselle de Montpensier, niece of Louis XIII., cousin-german of Louis XIV., whose memoirs begin before the birth of the latter prince, and finish at the period of his union with Madame de Maintenon, embracing a term of fifty years;—Madame de Motteville, lady of honour to the Queen, Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., who was attached to her person from childhood, and continued in her service till the death of that Princess; it is this writer whom Voltaire distinguishes as "*noble et sincère*;"—the Cardinal de Retz, the historian of the Fronde;—the Marquis of Dangeau, the historian of the Court (at which he passed a long life) and of Louis XIV., upon whose person he was in constant attendance;—the Abbé Choisy;—the Duc de St. Simon, a severe man, who wrote voluminously, did not love Louis XIV., and would not have spared his memory by suppressing such an anecdote, had he known it; more especially as he did not write till long after the death of the king, when his name and actions were no longer popular;—the Comte d'Artagnan, captain of the guards to Louis XIV.;—the Comte de Rochefort, secretary to Cardinal Richelieu; and lastly, though not the least important, Madame de Caylus, niece to Madame de Maintenon, who wrote under the following reign, and who has left us a charming little book of "*Souvenirs*" of the Court of Louis le Grand; of all these important authorities, the last only makes mention of the Man in the Iron Mask—in what manner shall be considered hereafter.

Five persons are condemned to the pain of the "*masque de fer*;" of these, two are purely imaginary, the mask not having been made for them, but they created expressly for the mask; they are, a twin brother of Louis XIV., and a natural son of the Queen, his mother: the other three are historical, but their history has been enveloped in fiction, and clouded by absurdity;—they are, the superintendent of the Finances, Fouquet; the Comte de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV.

and Madame de la Valière; and lastly, a minister of an Italian prince (the Duke of Mantua), who, having taken great pains to destroy the plans of the ambitious sovereign of France, was kidnapped from his native country by his orders, and, in shameful violation of the laws of nations, condemned to perpetual imprisonment in France. It is by tracing clearly the real history of these persons that I undertake to prove, not the non-existence of the prisoner supposed to be the Iron Mask, but of all the mysterious and romantic circumstances connected with him. The supposition of a twin brother of Louis XIV. would be almost too ridiculous to combat seriously, if it had not obtained a very astonishing degree of credit in Europe, during the two hundred years which this singular delusion has lasted; but this opinion vanishes before a little examination into the customs and manners of the Court of France at the birth of Louis XIV. The queens of France were always delivered in public: that is, in a large chamber in which were assembled the royal family, the princes of the blood, the great officers of the crown and of the royal household, and the whole train of courtiers if they thought proper to attend. This is so notorious, that the late unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, nearly lost her life in her first confinement, from the suffocation occasioned by the immense crowd in her chamber; in the case of Anne of Austria, who had been nearly twenty years a wife before she was a mother, nearly all Paris assembled in the palace, and the chamber was crowded to excess; the king himself (Louis XIII.) received the new-born infant, and showed him to the people, using (as Madame de Genlis remarks) the only popular words ever attributed to him, when his officers endeavoured to restrain the crowd,—“Let them come, this child belongs to all the world.” It would have been impossible to conceal the birth of a second child from the knowledge of those immediately surrounding the bed of the Queen; and the existence of such an infant would have been most carefully established by the members of the royal family, when, a few years after, they were in open civil war against the authority of the queen, become regent by the death of her husband. Such an infant would undoubtedly have been proclaimed king by the discontented party; but neither the Duc D’Orleans nor the great Condé ever thought of this mode of annoyance, and that, simply because they had never heard of this circumstance. The next supposition is less ridiculous, though not less false—that of a natural son of the queen, Anne of Austria: this son must then have been born during the life of her husband, when there was danger to herself from this intrigue; for any man, who knows any thing of the Court of France, must be aware that after his death no such secrecy was necessary.

This is next to impossible; Louis XIII. hated his wife, and would have been glad of any just pretext to divorce her: the minister, Richelieu, hated her, also sought every occasion to insult, and would have profited gladly of any offering to ruin her. The king was jealous of her all his life—not of a lover, but of her brother, the king of Spain, with whom he was at war, and to whom he suspected her of betraying the secrets of his cabinet. These suspicions were the occasion of her being surrounded by spies, both on the part of the king and his minister, who narrowly observed and faithfully reported her conduct.

In the memoirs of the times, no man, even in the scandalous Court of Louis XIII., is distinctly pointed out as a favoured lover; and only a slight preference to the English Duke of Buckingham is hinted at, in some verses of Voiture: it would have been very difficult thus circumstanced, to have conducted an intrigue—infinity more, to have secretly become a mother—but quite impossible to have concealed the existence of a child, in a manner requiring so many assistants as figure in the history of the Iron Mask, and who were all the devoted servants of the king and his minister. A still better negative of this supposition is to be found in the silence of all her enemies upon this subject during the heat of their animosity against her: even the Cardinal de Retz, the most implacable of them, makes no charge of this character against her; he only accuses her of incapacity and obstinacy, and that at the moment when he was using every effort to render her unpopular with the Parisians, and insisting upon the necessity of her abdicating the Regency, and retiring to a convent. If to these arguments he added the testimony of Madame de Motteville, of the innocence of her life, and the purity of her manners, this accusation of a natural son becomes absurd and fabulous.

Of the three historical personages, the first to be considered is the superintendent of the finances, Fouquet: this man, accused by Mazarin on his death-bed of a great abuse of the public money during the minority of Louis XIV., was arrested in the early part of that prince’s reign, and that with a secrecy (for the public at least) which has given rise to the idea with posterity that he was “L’homme au Masque de Fer;” that is easily controverted, since the whole history of Fouquet may be traced to his grave. The secrecy adopted in his arrest is very clearly explained by Madame de Motteville, who says that the queen mother was averse to his punishment, till the king explained to her the dangerous plans of which Fouquet was secretly suspected. He had by bestowing large pensions secured the principal part of the nobility in his favour, and by their means meditated a civil war in order to make himself prime-minister. The guards were known to

favour Fouquet, and three out of their four captains were connected with him, either by blood or marriage: under these circumstances, secrecy was necessary to secure his person, for the superintendent, who knew his guilt, was always on his guard, and constantly surrounded by friends ready to rescue him in case of danger; to have failed in the attempt would therefore have hastened Fouquet's movements, and plunged the kingdom again into the horrors of a civil war, from which it had just been delivered. The Comte d'Artagnan, captain of the Mousquetaires, as he himself informs us, and his account is confirmed by Madame de Motteville, was the officer employed to arrest Fouquet; which he managed with such secrecy and celerity, that the superintendent was in the Bastille before his friends were informed of his seizure: there, no person was allowed any access to his person, nor any communication by letter, though Madame de Sevigné (his steady friend in his adversity) contrived to baffle the strictness of his guard, and convey him some necessary written information.

Fouquet remained in the Bastille during the whole of his trial, which lasted three years. The Iron Mask is said to have appeared at Pignerol, in 1661: now, though Fouquet was certainly arrested in that year, it is also as certain that he did not go to Pignerol till 1664, and, when there, no mystery or concealment attaches itself to his confinement. Artagnan was his guard, till at his request he was succeeded by his lieutenant, St. Mars, with whom Fouquet was constantly and openly quarrelling. Two years after his arrival, the Duc de Lauzun was sent to Pignerol, and saw and conversed frequently with Fouquet; the particulars of their interviews and conversations are minutely detailed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and the Duke de St. Simon, who agree in adding, that these two prisoners disputed and quarrelled so violently soon after their first meeting, that they separated by mutual consent, and Lauzun even in his prison did many ill offices to Fouquet, with whose daughter he had an intrigue. The history of the unfortunate superintendent is finished very simply and plainly by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who, speaking of her lover's (Lauzun's) release ten years afterwards, remarks, that "Monsieur Fouquet étoit mort l'hiver auparavant:"* in all this there is not the slightest allusion to his Iron Mask.

The second historical character mentioned as "l'Homme au Masque de Fer," is the Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV. and Madame de la Valière. Of this young prince there are two accounts; the one romantic, and the other historical. The romantic accounces that this prince, the idol of

his father, was, in his childhood, of an ungovernable and tyrannical temper—that he showed, upon all occasions, a particular jealousy of the Dauphin—and that, when arrived at manhood, in a violent dispute he struck that prince on the face; for which crime he was condemned to death by the council, but spared by the king, who sent him to the siege of Courtrai, where, after publicly announcing his death by fever, he had him seized privately and conveyed to Pignerol, where he was known as the Iron Mask. In refutation of this opinion I must observe, that if the Comte de Vermandois had been guilty of the fault of striking the Dauphin, he would not have been punished by a sentence of death, as it is well known that the Prince de Conti, in their youth, gave his royal highness a blow, the scar of which he carried to his grave, and received no punishment for the violence;—that the Iron Mask appeared, or is said to have appeared, at Pignerol in 1661, and the Comte de Vermandois did not go to the siege of Courtrai till twenty years later;—that the real fact is, that the Comte was a dissolute young man, whose manners were exceedingly offensive to the king—always a great lover of decency; that he had been already once banished the court, and that his father, to separate him entirely from the bad company which he frequented, sent him to the siege of Courtrai, where, according to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, he died from excessive drinking; and that, if he was the Iron Mask, who is said to have died in 1703, at the age of eighty, he was an older man than the king his father, who at his death, in 1715, was only seventy-seven.

The next opinion respecting this celebrated character is, divesting it of all its mystery and extravagance, undoubtedly the true one. An emissary of the Duke of Mantua, an exceedingly active and clever personage, who was known successfully, though secretly, to oppose the politics of the king of France, was treacherously seized, and imprisoned at Pignerol. Much secrecy was of course necessary, to conceal an action committed in flagrant violation of the rights of nations; and the unhappy captive was therefore strictly guarded, and no one suffered to approach his person, as a knowledge of such a violence would have roused the indignation of all Europe against France; but every indulgence short of liberty was permitted him. Madame de Campan, first *femme de chambre* to the queen of France, Marie Antoinette, says, that "On the death of Louis XV. the queen entreated the new king to tell her what he should discover in the papers of his grandfather, relative to the Iron Mask; that the king, after the search, assured her that he had found nothing, and added, that it was a delusion; that he remembered hearing that a state prisoner had been confined at Pignerol without any particular mystery; that he was

* "Monsieur Fouquet died the preceding winter."

a busy intriguing character, the mortal enemy of France, but being the subject of another prince, his captivity was necessarily secret and eternal." Madame de Campan adds, that this man being allowed to walk on the terrace of the fortress, (from which the poor wretch could see the mountains of his native country,) to screen his face from the sun adopted the fashion of Italy, of wearing a half-mask of black velvet: once seen by the neighbouring peasantry in this costume, it is easy to imagine that this mask, which was merely a convenience, would be regarded as a part of his punishment, and thence all the additional circumstances related of it. The writing on the plate and on the shirt by the captive, as detailed by Voltaire, is very possible, as he would of course use every means to make his situation known; but the history of the physician, and his remarks, are apocryphal, and probably the invention of the moment, as well as the account of the prisoner's habits, tastes, &c. and the governor's profound respect for his person, which, as nobody saw, certainly could not be ascertained.

Madame du Barri, in the "Mémoires" published recently, says, or is made to say, that when she interrogated Louis XV. upon this subject, he told her very gravely, that he was bound by oath not to reveal the secret, but that Voltaire was nearest the truth. At the same time she observes, that the king's talent for mystifying was well known, as well as the delight which he took to exercise it; and she confirms this assertion by repeating the ridiculous, but horrible story, which he told her of the piece of sorcery practised upon Louis XIV., adding, that she was quite sure that the whole story was the pure extempore of the moment, and made to frighten and astonish her.

To conclude, I shall quote the very decisive passage, to which I have already alluded, from the "Souvenirs" of Madame de Caylus, who is the only writer of the times who mentions the Iron Mask. She says: "Je ne sais pas où Madame de Vieuxmaison a pris l'anecdote du Masque de Fer, mais c'est elle qui en a parlé la première. Elle est petite-fille, par son mari, eu fameux Jacquier, l'homme de confiance de Mons. de Turenne, et de plusieurs généraux; pour la subsistance, il avoit eu des rapports avec beaucoup de gens considérables, et c'est peut-être dans ses papiers, ou par tradition, qu'il a appris quelque chose de ce fameux personnage, que Mons. d'Argenson prétend être fort peu de chose en réalité; il dit que c'étoit l'opinion de Mons. le Régent."*

* "I do not know from whence Madame de Vieuxmaison has taken the anecdote of the Iron Mask, but she has been the first to speak of it. She is the grand-daughter, by marriage, of the celebrated Jacquier, the confidential servant of Turenne, and of several other generals. In order to support himself, he had had connexions with many

Now, from this remarkable passage I infer, that if the Regent, who immediately succeeded Louis XIV., knew nothing of this affair, he could not have imparted the knowledge under an oath of secrecy to Louis XV.; and Louis XV. could not have been informed of it by his great-grandfather, because he was but five years old at the death of that king, and of course incapable of taking an oath. This circumstance, the silence of all the writers of the times, of the prison-register, and the ignorance of the Minister, D'Argenson, together with the circumstances already detailed of the lives of those persons supposed to have been the Iron Mask, induce me to believe, with Madame de Caylus, that the whole affair is "fort peu de chose en réalité," and that the romance was invented by Voltaire, from some hint, suggestion, or perhaps simple question, put in the course of conversation. He knew from the character of Louis XV., that he would rather cloud, than clear the mystery; and that knowledge gave him the pleasure to write an interesting romance, and laugh at the stupid credulity, even of the cultivated portion of mankind.

The Mediterranean and Bay of Biscay.—The great canal originally projected by Esquet, the French engineer, for the purpose of uniting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, is about to be accomplished under Galabert. It will join the Languedoc canal at Toulouse, and take up the Adour, at the port of Lanne, after traversing the departments of the Upper Garonne, Upper Pyrenees, and Landes. This splendid enterprise will remove the difficulties, dangers, and loss of time, consequent upon the navigation of the straits of Gibraltar, and the coasting along the shores of Portugal, Spain, or Africa. The canal will be deep and spacious enough for the admission of vessels of a hundred or a hundred and fifty tons burthen, and undoubtedly contribute largely to the prosperity of Bayonne and the South of France.

Anecdote of Lord Carhampton and Colonel Luttrell.—The father and son had long been at daggers-drawing, and it is known that the earl so far forgot himself, in a fit of exasperation, as to send a challenge to his son to fight a duel. "If you can again forget that I am your father," such were the words of this extraordinary message, "I expect you to meet me," &c. &c. The answer of colonel Luttrell was not less extraordinary. "My lord," he said, "I wish I could at any time forget that you are my father."

persons of eminence, and it is perhaps from his papers, or by tradition, that she has learnt something of this famous personage, which Monsieur d'Argenson pretends to have been greatly exaggerated. He says that this was the opinion of the Regent."—[Ed. Mss.]

VARIETIES.

Apologue on Printing by Steam.—During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued themselves together to destroy all opposition, to root out, if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world, a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was as a whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary Creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pallid. It groaned and it grew loud: it spoke with a hundred tongues: it grew fervidly on the ear, like the noise of a million of wheels. And the sound of a million of wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful voices. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient feet, a tread as if the world were coming. And ever and anon there were pauses with "a still small voice," which made a trembling in the night-time; but still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning. And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw, with fear and reverence, its mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations, (for it was a loving though a fearful Creature) fed upon its words like the air that breathed: and the Monarchs paused, for they knew their masters.—*Leigh Hunt.*

A Veteran.—For length of service there is, we believe, no precedent which may compare with that of *John Chiassich*, who died, in his 117th year, in the invalid asylum at Murano, near Venice. He was born at Vienna, on the 26th of December, 1702, and, when in his eighth year, entered as a sifer into the Stahremberg regiment of infantry. His *debut* in the field was as a private in the American war; he fought, under Charles VI. Emperor of Germany, against the Turkish armies in Hungary; in 1741 he served against Prussia, in the reign of Maria Theresa; in 1742 against the French troops in Bohemia; and in 1744 made the campaign of the Low Countries. At this period he quitted the Austrian service and enlisted under the banners of the republic of Venice, whom he served on several naval expeditions, particularly on that under the command of Gen. Emo, against Tunis. His career was closed, so far as regarded the "tug of war," by his admission into the invalid asylum at Murano in 1797, under which roof he died on the 22d of May, 1820. His length of active service was, therefore, eighty-seven years; and adding to these the three-and-twenty years during which he lived as a pensioner at Murano, he wore a uniform for *one hundred and ten years* of his existence! The fatigues and privations which he had undergone seem to have had no prejudicial effect on his constitution; to the last he was remarkable for the liveliness of his disposition, the unaffected simplicity of his manners, and his excellent moral deportment. His father died at the age of *one hundred and five*, and his paternal uncle lived to be *one hundred and seven*.

British Army—Armed Force in the United Kingdom.—Return, showing in one table the numbers of the following descriptions of Armed Force in the United Kingdom on 1st January, 1832, viz.—

	Numbers.
The Regular Army of all Ranks - - -	51,571
The Regiments of Artillery of all Ranks - - -	4,589
Marines on Shore of all Ranks - - -	4,324
Militia Staff of all Ranks - - -	2,697
Volunteers of Great Britain of all Ranks - - -	20,399
Yeomanry of Ireland of all Ranks - - -	31,422
Police of Ireland of all Ranks - - -	7,367
Viz. Constabulary Police - - -	6,623
Peace Preservation Police - - -	744
	<hr/> 7,367
Total	<hr/> 122,369

Anecdote of Admiral Freeman.—The following anecdote of the late venerable Admiral of the Fleet, William Peere Williams Freeman, whilst a youth, is extracted from a late number of the *Athenæum*.

When a midshipman serving on a foreign station, young Williams (for he did not take the name of Freeman until late in life), and a brother Mid, had each a favourite dog on board their vessel. Williams's dog had by some means given offence to the other younker, who threatened to throw the animal overboard. "If you do," rejoined Williams, "then yours shall follow;" and he accordingly kept his word. Enraged at the loss of his dog, the other Mid came up to Williams, and demanded satisfaction, challenging him to fight. "Be calm, Sir," said Williams, coolly; "you have acted most brutally towards my poor dog, and I have retaliated on yours, as I promised I would do; you are entitled to no satisfaction from me, but your unoffending dog is: I therefore propose to save the life of yours, if you will do so by mine." This proposal being acceded to, young Williams instantly leaped overboard, swam to his opponent's dog, secured him in preference to his own, returned to the vessel, and, with the animal under his arm, was hauled up by a rope which had been thrown over the side for him to hold by. His comrade then took his sousing in turn, to the high delight of young Williams, and was equally successful in saving the life of the other poor brute. The matter did not rest here; the youths had been guilty of a breach of orders in thus risking their lives, and were each sent to the mast-head by way of penance. When far advanced in years, the kind-hearted Admiral declared, that there was scarcely any circumstance in his life he reflected on with greater satisfaction than that of having been instrumental in saving the lives of these dogs: so true is it, that bravery and humanity are closely allied.

Censorship in Prussia.—Either German writers have lately become bolder, or the Prussian government is growing more timid, since we find that the numbers of prohibited works in that country, amounted, in 1823, to no more than 4; in 1829, to 1; in 1830, also to 4; but, last year, to nearly 40.

West Indies.—A History of the European colonies in the West Indies, under the modest title of "An Essay, &c. by C. E. Meinicke," has appeared at Weimar, in one volume; and is highly spoken of by the German reviewers.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

M. Tabaraud, one of the last members of "the Oratory," and perhaps the last Jansenist in France, has just died at Limoges, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was the author of many able controversial works, and occupied himself during several of the latter years of his life with a plan for uniting all sects of Christians into one communion.

A new weekly journal, entitled *Le Semeur*, was lately commenced at Paris, under the direction of Protestant editors, and is devoted to the consideration of religious, political, philosophical, and literary subjects. The religious articles are drawn up with great care, and subjects of controversy are avoided, the principal objects of the writers being to revive the true spirit of Christianity. In the literary and philosophical department, we recognize proof of considerable talent and research.

Macedonia, until now, has never been explored by travellers, in a manner worthy of its ancient importance. The appearance of the first volume of M. Cousinery's valuable work is an important addition to our geographical knowledge, and contains much learned and interesting disquisition for both the historian and the antiquary. The work will be completed in 2 vols. 4to., with a map and many plates, and may be considered as an immediate continuation of the travels of Porquerville.

A third series of the *Memoires du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*, is about to appear, under the title of *Nouvelles Annales du Museum d'Hist. Naturelle*. The professors of this great national institution, remark, in their prospectus, that they should fail in their duty to the public were they not to endeavour to extend the benefits of the science with which they are entrusted, beyond the circle of their auditory, to the world at large. This work is strictly intended as a repository of facts in the sciences of Natural History, Anatomy, and Chemistry; and the editors possess a rich stock of materials for many volumes, in the observations made by travellers appointed by the museum, and by the medical men attached to the government voyages of discovery undertaken within the last 20 years. The *Nouvelles Annales* will appear quarterly.

The third volume of Dr. Marheineke's *History of the Reformation in Germany*, which has recently appeared, carries on the narrative for the ten years from 1530 to 1540. Although in the history of this period, after the delivery of the Augsburg confession, the Reformation assumes a more general character, and the history of Luther himself falls more into the back ground, yet the author, by simple extracts from the great reformer's works and letters, has taken care that we shall not lose sight of his most interesting personal character, and it is always a source of gratification when he appears in all his originality and roughness, according to the spirit of those times; for it is the declared object of the work to give a complete and lively representation of them.

The grim tyrant death has been very busy among the literati of Germany during the past year. Besides those whose deaths have been already recorded in this journal, we have now to add Westermeyer, Bishop of Magdeburgh, and a celebrated preacher; Koch, another clergyman of the same city, and author of several esteemed botanical works; Professor Fischer of Berlin, well known by his excellent treatise on physics; Von Weber, Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Augsburgh, distinguished by his researches in physical science; Hegel, the celebrated professor of philosophy at Berlin; Count Julius Von Soden, economist, and author of some literary works; Counsellor Schmalz, author of some works on political economy; Wilmsen, the friend of children, and the author of the most popular work in Germany for their use; Korner, father of the poet; Von Schmidt, professor at Berlin, deeply versed in the literature of the middle ages; Andre, editor of the *Hesperus*, at Stuttgart. Among the poets, romance writers, and artists, we may enumerate Von Arnim, Zanini, and Lessman; the latter of whom is author of some interesting tales, and of letters on Italy and Spain (which were noticed in a former number of this journal), also a collection of elegies and love-songs, remarkable for their sensibility, naïveté, and harmony of versification; he perished by his own hand. The Baroness de la Motte Fouquet, one of the most successful imitators of Sir W. Scott; Ruprecht, painter, engraver, and architect; Klingemann, dramatic author and director of the Brunswick theatre; Wollanck, a distinguished composer; the poetess Amalie von Helwig, not less distinguished for her accomplishments in language and painting, than for her poetical powers. She was the authoress of *Die Schwes-*

tern von Lesbos, of a translation from Tegner's *Friska*, &c.

A supplementary volume, adapted to all former editions of the *Conversations-Lexikon*, is announced for publication. It is intended to embrace every subject of interest that has occurred in History, Science, and Art, from 1829 to the present time. The articles will also be drawn up as to render the work complete in itself, and particular care will be bestowed on those parts which treat on the recent development of the spirit of constitutional liberty in Germany.

We are glad to notice the commencement of a series of translations of the best German Theologians, which has been undertaken at Edinburgh, under the editorship of Dr. Rev. C. H. Terrot, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. It appears under the title of "The Biblical Cabinet; or Hermeneutical, Exegetical and Philological Library; the first volume contains a portion of J. A. Ernesti's *Principles of Biblical Interpretation*. The translation appears to be well executed; the size commodious, and the printing and paper very good. The translator's preface gives an account of the design of the collection, and especially of the work with which it begins, with some useful remarks on the advantages of the study of Hermeneutics, and explains the liberties which he has taken with the notes of Ammon, the last German Editor of Ernesti, owing to their being strongly tainted with the doctrines of the Rational School, and therefore abominable to the orthodox divines of this country. We understand that the plan has been warmly patronized by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Salisbury, &c.

The continuation of Guicciardini's *History of Italy*, (from 1534 to 1789,) by Signor Botta, is at last completed, and will appear at Paris, in 10 vols. 8vo., in the course of the present year. An edition of Guicciardini's *History*, in 6 volumes, and one of Signor Botta's *History of Italy*, from 1789 to 1814, in 5 volumes, uniform with the other 14, will appear in monthly volumes at the same time.

Count Giacomo Leopardi, one of the few living poets of Italy who rise above the crowd of versifiers, has published a volume of *Canti*, or lyric and elegiac compositions, which well deserve to be noticed for their lofty sentiments as well as for the beauties of their style.

Micali, the author of the valuable and learned work, entitled, *Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani*, is preparing a new work for publication, under the title of *Storia degli antichi popoli Italiani*, in 3 vols. 8vo., with a folio atlas of plates. The great importance conferred on the early history of Italy, since the commencement of the present century, by the appearance of many valuable works, the numerous fragments of classical authors now first brought to light, and the unexpected and wonderful discoveries in Etruscan antiquities—all combine to show the necessity and importance of a work like the present, which must not be supposed to be a mere repetition or amplification of the author's former work.

A splendid Polyglott edition of Homer is announced for publication at Florence, in the Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, Spanish, and French languages.

The King of Sardinia has instituted a new order of knighthood, to be conferred on individuals distinguished in literature, or eminent for their merits in civil affairs. In the list of those already admitted into this order, we observe the names of Botta, the historian; Nota, the author of the well-known comedies; Della Cella, the traveller; Peyron, the learned antiquarian; Plans, the astronomer; Saluzzo, the poet; Rossi, the novelist, &c. &c. We are happy to see this homage paid to talent and genius in a state whose records have been too frequently disgraced by acts of bigotry and intolerance.

Switzerland has lost some of her most distinguished men during the last year—Huber, of Geneva, celebrated for his works on Bees and Ants; Paul Usteri, of Zurich, whose memory will be ever venerated as that of a great citizen; Simond, the traveller, author of travels in England, Switzerland, and Italy; and Bonstetten, the friend of Matheson, and author of numerous works on subjects of metaphysics and morals.

The Sheikh Refah, of Cairo, formerly a student of the Egyptian Mission in France, has been entrusted by Ibrahim Pacha, with the compilation of an Arabic French Dictionary, on the plan of that of the Academy.

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

AUGUST, 1832.

From the Monthly Review.

Altrive Tales: collected among the Peasantry of Scotland, and from Foreign Adventurers. By the Ettrick Shepherd. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Vol. i. 12mo. pp. 341. London: Cochran & Co. 1832.

"THE effects of a strong mind and vigorous imagination to develop themselves even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, may be all ways," says Sir Walter Scott, "considered with pleasure, and often with profit." In this point of view it is, that every man of intelligence and education must feel an interest in the literary productions of the Ettrick Shepherd. What the value of those productions may be in a critical sense, is an inquiry into which we are not disposed to enter at the present moment. That they are far above the standard of compositions which might be expected from a self-taught rustic, it would be unjust to deny. But it would be gross flattery to say that they are as worthy of immortality as the verses of Burns. What is most surprising in them is the "town air," if we may so express ourselves, which pervades almost all Hogg's writings. They savour little of the raciness of clownish genius, and shew very few traces of the difficulties under which they were elaborated.

The tales, called Altrive, from the name of a farm which the author holds at a nominal rent from the Buccleugh family, are to consist of selections from his most approved writings, interspersed occasionally with original pieces not yet published; the whole to be comprised in twelve volumes. We have three tales in the volume now before us, all distinguished by a wildness of imagination, which bounds from incident to incident with an enviable facility. The story entitled 'Captain John Locky,' furnishes abundant evidence of his teeming fancy. The hero is from the beginning to the end the sport of the most unlooked-for events, alternately raised from the abyss of despair to the summit of hope, and as quickly thrown from the heights of prosperity to the depths of misfortune. He is the offspring of a forced Scottish marriage, which was afterwards dissolved. No one but his mother knows of his existence, and he is watched by her parental care through life, although her family would have murdered him if they had been aware of his identity. He serves in the wars under Marlbo-

rough, and in the Swedish army under Charles 'the Mad.' His adventures on the continent follow each other with so much rapidity, that it is difficult to remember them. We must say that they are too often not worth remembering, and yet the tale is upon the whole calculated to interest the reader from the very number, if not from the attractiveness of its incidents. The two other stories are short, and, though of a different character, are calculated to afford a favourable specimen of the compositions by which they are to be followed.

We must own, however, that we have given our attention principally to the memoirs of his own life, and the reminiscences of several of his distinguished contemporaries, which occupy the first hundred and fifty pages of his volume. Of these also portions have been published before, but there are some things in them that will bear repetition. We find no fault with his egotism; on the contrary, we like him the better for it.—Autobiography is in general the most charming kind of reading that we know of, and bears the same relation to mere biography, as does the sound of a human voice to that of an instrument. We easily pass over the little vanity, the love of praise, and the consciousness of notoriety which now and then break out through his narrative. We could forgive much more than this in order to get at any man's account of his own history, especially of any literary man, the mysteries of whose art are celebrated so often in complete solitude.

Mr. Hogg tells us that he is the second of four sons, and that he was born on the 25th of January, 1772. He was brought up, as his progenitor had been, to the toils of a shepherd's life, upon the farms of Ettrick, of which his father, in an evil hour, had taken a lease, depending for capital upon the slender earnings he had accumulated. He was eventually ruined, and our hero was obliged to go to service, having been able to attend the parish school but for a short time, during which he learned to read. He was only seven years of age when he was hired by a farmer in the neighbourhood to herd a few cows, his wages for the half year being a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. The latter was a luxury, however, in which he seldom actually indulged, as from habit he preferred being without them. His father having been appointed shepherd to a pen-

Ueman who took a short lease of the Ettrick farms, he was taken home during the winter quarter and put to school, where he made some progress in reading, but very little in writing. This, he tells us, was all the education he ever had; in all it did not extend beyond the period of half a year. This is a curious fact, and ought to operate as an encouragement to those who meet with difficulties of any kind in the pursuit of knowledge.

When the spring returned, the young lad was sent away to his old occupation of herding cows, and 'in this employment,' he says, 'the worst and lowest known in our country, I was engaged for several years under sundry masters, till at length I got into the more honourable one of keeping sheep.' The juvenile pastor was not without a Daphne—a little shepherdess who had charge of a flock of new-weaned lambs, and whom he was desired to assist. He loved the girl dearly, and ever after, on her account, liked the women better than the men. When he was fifteen years old he had already served nearly as many different masters. He perhaps was fond of variety, but he imputes his frequent changes to an ambition for higher wages, which he thought he deserved as his strength improved. He from his outset obtained a character for the inoffensiveness of his behaviour, which was a recommendation for him wherever he went. He had a hard life of it with some of his masters, one especially, in whose service he was often nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue. All this time he neither read nor wrote, nor had he access to any book except the Bible. His wages he took to his parents, who supplied him with the scanty clothing he had. He speaks pathetically of his want of shirts, and of the difficulty consequent thereupon which he felt in keeping up his trowsers, braces not having been yet invented. When fourteen years of age he made an important acquisition—an old violin, which he purchased for five shillings saved out of his wages. With this he generally amused himself before he went to bed, and that too without disturbing others, as his couch was the straw in the stables or cow-houses. We infer that his performance was not of the most enchanting description, inasmuch as whenever he attempted his strains within the reach of human ears, he was unceremoniously compelled to leave off. But we dare say the fiddle was not a Cremona.

In his eighteenth year he went into the service of Mr. Laidlaw, of Ellibank upon Tweed, from whom he went to Mr. Laidlaw's father at Wilsles, and subsequently to a gentleman of the same name, of Block House. Of the Laidlaws, especially the latter, with whom he lived as a shepherd for ten years, he speaks in terms of affectionate recollection. During this period he had more frequent access to books. His prime favourites were—"The Life and Adventures of Sir William Wallace," and the "Gentle Shepherd." Having accidentally stumbled on Burnet's "Theo-

ry of the Conflagration of the Earth," it filled his mind for a season with all sorts of horrible dreams. In 1796, he began to read with considerable attention, and then to write. His first efforts in composition, were songs and ballads for the lazes to sing in chorus, 'and a proud man I was,' he declares, 'when I first heard the rosy nymphs chanting my uncouth strains, and jerking me by the still dear appellation of "Jamie the poetster."' He adds,

'I had no more difficulty in composing songs then than I have at present; and I was equally well-pleased with them. But then the writing of them!—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write, save by following the Italian alphabet; and though I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting. Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not, but it was not without singularity. Having very little spare time from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper, which I carried in my pocket. I had no inkhorn; but, in place of it, I borrowed a small vial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat; and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study, without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they arise, and I never write two copies of the same thing.

'My manner of composing poetry is very different, and, I believe much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct it wholly in my mind or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper, and then I write it down as fast as the A, B, C. When one is written, it remains in that state, it being as you very well know, with the utmost difficulty that I can be brought to alter one syllable, which I think is partly owing to the above practice.

'It is a fact, that, by a long acquaintance with any poetical piece, we become perfectly reconciled to its faults. The numbers by being frequently repeated, wear smoother to our minds; and the ideas having been expanded by our reflection on each particular scene or incident therein described, the mind cannot without reluctance, consent to the alteration of any part of it.

'I remember in the year 1812, the year before the publication of the "Queen's Wake," that I told my friend, the Rev. James Nicol, that I had an inward consciousness that I should yet live to be compared with Burns; and though I might never equal him in some things, I thought I might excel him in others. He reprobated the idea, and thought the assumption so audacious, that he told it as a bitter jest against me in a party that same evening. But the rest seeing me

mortified, there was not one joined in the laugh against me, and Mr. John Grieve replied in these words, which I will never forget, "After what he has done, there is no man can say *what* he may do."—vol. i. pp. xiv.—xvii.

His great censor and patron, Mr. William Laidlaw, at the same time that he pointed out the faults in his compositions, commended them highly, and introduced them to the notice of Sir Walter Scott, by whom they were treated with his usual amiable and generous attention, which gave the young poet encouragement to proceed. He entered into a poetical contest with two other shepherd lads, one of whom was his brother. Their theme was "The Stars," and the arbitrators awarded to his brother the palm of superiority. He continued to add annually to his store of ballads and other small pieces, chiefly on ideal or legendary subjects. His first published song was "Donald M'Donald," which he composed in the year 1800, upon Buonaparte's then threatened invasion. It was set to music, and sung everywhere in Edinburgh, while he was tending sheep upon the mountains. He complains sadly, that although the popularity of his song was unbounded, 'no one ever knew, or inquired who was the author.'

'There was at that period, and a number of years afterwards, a General M'Donald, who commanded the northern division of the British army. The song was sung at his mess every week day, and sometimes twice and thrice. The old man was proud of and delighted in it, and was wont to snap his thumbs and join in the chorus. He believed, to his dying day, that it was made upon himself; yet neither he nor one of his officers ever knew or inquired who was the author—so thankless is the poet's trade.'—pp. xxii., xxiii.

In 1801 he resolved on commencing poet in good earnest. So being at the Edinburgh market one Monday, with a number of sheep for sale, and being detained for a day or two, he spent his leisure hours in writing off from memory some poems which he had left in manuscript at home, and gave them to a printer, who struck off a thousand copies. They were sad stuff, he says, and he was afterwards heartily ashamed of them. The appearance of "the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" taught him the art of imitating ancient ballads. He selected a number of traditional stories, and 'put them in metre by chanting them to certain old tunes.' In these he was more successful, he says, than in any thing he had hitherto tried.

These ballads he afterwards collected, and having been recommended by Sir Walter Scott to publish them, he went to Edinburgh from Mitchell Slack, in Nithsdale, (where he was then living with Mr. Harkness as shepherd), for the purpose of treating about his manuscript, for which and for that "celebrated work, Hogg on Sheep," he received in private subscriptions and otherwise nearly three hundred pounds. His riches drove him almost out of his senses. He took first one

farm and then another, much too large for his capital. From one difficulty he only plunged deeper into another, and at length after three years of miserable struggling, during which the muses altogether neglected him, he was fairly run aground, and abandoned the scene of his labours, having given up every thing he possessed to his creditors. 'None of these matters,' he pleasantly tells us, 'had the least effect in depressing my spirits—I was generally rather most cheerful when most unfortunate.' Returning to Ettrick Forest he met with a most disheartening reception from his old friends, who absolutely disowned him. As he had appeared as a speculating farmer and a poet, nobody would now employ him as a shepherd, and for a whole year he found himself without occupation or money in his native country. By what means he continued to subsist all that time the deponent saith not.

He had nothing then for it, but to set up as a literary man; so taking his plaid about his shoulders, off he marched to Edinburgh, where he had the mortification to find that his poetical talents were estimated at a very low rate. In vain he sought for employment from booksellers, editors of magazines, and newspapers. They would all be glad to publish his lucubrations, but none would pay for them. In this plight he once more went to Constable.

'I again applied to Mr. Constable to publish a volume of songs for me; for I had nothing else by me but the songs of my youth, having given up all these exercises so long. He was rather averse to the expedient, but he had a sort of kindness for me, and did not like to refuse; so after waiting on him three or four times, he agreed to print an edition and give me half the profits. He published one thousand copies at five shillings each; but he never gave me anything; and as I feared the concern might not have proved a good one, I never asked any remuneration.

'The name of this work was the "Forest Minstrel," of which about two-thirds of the songs were my own, the rest furnished by correspondents—a number of them by the ingenious Mr. J. M. Cunningham. In general they are not good, but the worst of them are all mine, for I inserted every ranting rhyme that I made in my youth, to please the circles about the firesides in the country; and all this time I had never been once in any polished society—had read next to nothing—was now in the thirty-eighth year of my age—and knew no more of human life or manners than a child. I was a sort of natural songster, without another advantage on earth. Fain would I have done something; but, on finding myself shunned by every one, I determined to push my own fortune independent of booksellers, whom I now began to view as enemies to all genius. My plan was to begin a literary weekly paper, a work for which I was rarely qualified, when the above facts are considered. I tried Walker and Greig, and several printers, offering them security to print it for me. No; not one of them would print it without a book-

seller's name to it as publisher. "D—n them," said I to myself, as I was running from one to another, "the folks are here all combined in a body." Mr. Constable laughed at me exceedingly, and finally told me that he wished me too well to encourage such a thing. Mr. Ballantyne was rather more civil, and got off by subscribing for so many copies, and giving me credit for ten pound's worth of paper. David Brown would have nothing to do with it, unless some gentlemen, whom he named should contribute. At length I found an honest man, James Robertson, a bookseller in Nicholson street, who I had never before seen or heard of, who undertook it at once on my own terms: and on the first of September, 1810, my first number made it appearance on a quarto demy sheet, price fourpence.

* A great number were sold, and many hundreds delivered gratis; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he was to have delivered gratis. They showed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis: "So they are," said he, "I take nothing for the delivery, but I must have the price of the paper if you please."

* This money that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of halfpence, was the first and only money I had pocketed of my own making since my arrival in Edinburgh in February. On the publication of the first two numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers, as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidiousness and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper, for all those who had given in, set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has often repeated my remark on being told of this,—*"Gaping deevils! who cares what they say? If I leave any time, I'll let them see the contrair o' that."*

* My publisher, James Robertson, was a kind-hearted confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whiskey and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest-looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet when I went out, I was at times so dizzy I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it.

* Whenever a man thinks seriously of a thing he generally thinks aright. I thought frequently of these habits and connexions, and found that

they never would do; and that instead of pushing myself forward, as I wished, I was going straight to the devil. I said nothing about this to my respectable acquaintances, nor do I know if ever they knew or suspected what was going on; but, on some pretence or other, I resolved to cut all connexion with Robertson; and solely against his will, gave the printing to Messrs. Aikman, then proprietors of *The Star* newspaper, showing them the list of subscribers, of which they took their chance, and promised me half the profits. At the conclusion of the year, instead of granting me any profits, they complained of being misused, and charged me with the half of the loss. This I refused to pay, unless they could give me an account of all the numbers published, on the sale of which there should have been a good profit. This they could not do; so I paid nothing and received as little. I had, however, a good deal to pay to Robertson, who likewise asked more; so that after a year's literary strudgery, I found myself a loser rather than a gainer.

* The name of this periodical work was *"The Spy."* I continued it for a year, and to this day cannot help regarding it as a literary misadventure. It has, doubtless, but little merit, but yet I think that, all circumstances considered, it is rather wonderful. In my farewell paper I see the following sentence occurs, when speaking of the few who stood friends to the work:—

"They have at all events the honour of patronising an undertaking quite new in the records of literature: for, that a common shepherd, who never was at school; who went to service at seven years of age, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty; yet who, smitten with an unconquerable thirst after knowledge, should leave his native mountains, and his flocks to wander where they chose, come to the metropolis with his plaid wrapped about his shoulders, and all at once set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius,—has much more the appearance of a romance than a matter of fact; yet a matter of fact it certainly is; and such a person is the editor of *'The Spy.'*" —*vol. I. pp. xxx.—xxxv.*

His next attempts were in the dramatic line, but they were not successful. He then published *"The Queen's Wake,"* which has been ever since the chief pillar of his fame. It obtained for him the acquaintance of most of the literary characters of the northern metropolis, and brought him a considerable sum of money—more than it was worth, according to his own sober estimate, the whole of it, with few exceptions, being, as he candidly admits, "little better than trash." It was dedicated to Princess Charlotte.

* During all this time I generally went on a tour into the Highlands every summer, and always made a point of tarrying some time at Kinnaird House, in Athol, the seat of Chalmers Izett, Esq. whose lady had taken an early interest in my fortunes, which no circumstance has ever abated. I depended much on her advice and

good taste; and had I attended more to her friendly remonstrances it would have been much better for me. In the summer of 1814, having been seized with a severe cold while there, it was arranged that I should reside at Kinnaird House two or three weeks; and as Mrs. Izett insisted that I should not remain idle, she conducted me up stairs one morning, and introduced me into a little study, furnished with books and writing materials. "Now," said she, "I do not wish you to curtail your fishing hours, since you seem to delight so much in it, but whenever you have a spare hour, either evening or morning, you can retire to this place, either read or write as the humour suits you." "Since you will set me down to write," said I, "you must choose a subject for me, for I have nothing in hand and have thought of nothing."—"How can you be at a loss for a subject," returned she, "and that majestic river rolling beneath your eyes?"—"Well," said I, "though I consider myself exquisite at descriptions of nature and mountain scenery in particular, yet I am afraid that a poem wholly descriptive will prove dull and heavy."—"You may make it the shorter," said she, "only write something to prevent your mind from rusting."—vol. i. pp. liii, liv.

Mr. Hogg now fully acquiesces in the justice of the criticisms by which his poems, "Mador of the Moor," and "The Pilgrims of the Sun," were derided for their extravagance of fiction. 'After my literary blunders are a few months old,' he says, 'I can view them with as much indifference, and laugh at them as heartily, as any of my neighbours.' His next literary adventure was the most Quixotic he had yet undertaken. He resolved on soliciting a poem from every living author in Britain, with a view to publish them in one volume. Among others, Wordsworth sent him one, which he afterwards reclaimed. Lord Byron and Rogers both promised contributions, but failed to transmit them. Hogg believes that Lara was intended for his book, but that it was withheld through some sinister influence. Sir Walter Scott returned a downright refusal to his request; this frustrated his whole plan; he in consequence abused the northern minstrel in strong language, and for some time carried on a war against him. Looking over the pieces which he had received, he thought that they were none of them of such distinguished merit as to ensure the success of his book. He had the vanity to believe that he could, in imitation of the style of each writer, produce better poems than they had sent him. This conceit gave rise to his "Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain," which was moderately successful, though it imposed on nobody. He next published two volumes of tragedies, which have never been performed, and, we believe, very little read. He had at one time determined on writing a drama every year, hoping to perfect himself by degrees; but his failure discouraged his ambition in this line. He had commenced an epic poem on a regular plan,

aspiring to make it his greatest work; two books were finished, when finding that the poetical portions of his dramas obtained no favour in the public eye, he despaired of doing anything better. He was, however, afterwards induced to finish and send to press, "Queen Hinde," the utter failure of which gave a finishing blow to his poetical career. He consoles himself, however, with the belief—a belief peculiar, we apprehend, to himself,—that it is the most estimable of all his productions.

Hogg claims credit to himself for having been the originator of "Blackwood's Magazine," concerning which he gives some anecdotes that may amuse the modern Athenians. He assures us that his "Brownie of Bodsbeck," which was said at the time to be an imitation of "Old Mortality," was written long before the latter was published. He mentions some facts with reference to this his first novel, which will be instructive to young authors.

'That same year I published "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," and other tales, in two volumes. I suffered unjustly in the eyes of the world with regard to that tale, which was looked on as an imitation of the tale of "Old Mortality," and a counterpart to that; whereas it was written long ere the tale of "Old Mortality" was heard of: and I well remember my chagrin on finding the ground, which I thought clear, pre-occupied before I could appear publicly on it, and that by such a redoubted champion. It was wholly owing to Mr. Blackwood that this tale was not published a year sooner, which would effectually have freed me from the stigma of being an imitator, and brought in the author of the "Tales of my Landlord" as an imitator of me. That was the only ill turn that Mr. Blackwood ever did me; and it ought to be a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts.

I mentioned to Mr. Blackwood that I had two tales I wished to publish, and at his request I gave him a reading of the manuscript. One of them was "The Brownie," and, I believe, was not quite finished. He approved of it, but with "The Bridal of Polmood," however, it was published from the same copy, and without the alteration of a word, and has been acknowledged by all who have read it as the most finished and best written tale that I ever produced. Mr. Blackwood himself must be sensible of this fact, and also that in preventing its being published along with "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," he did an injury both to himself and me. As a farther proof how little booksellers are to be trusted, he likewise wished to prevent the insertion of "The Wool-gatherer," which has been a universal favourite; but I know the source from whence it proceeded. I would never object trusting a bookseller, were he a man of any taste; for unless he wishes to reject an author altogether, he can have no interest in asserting what he does not think. But the plague is, they never read us

themselves, but give them to their minions, with whom there never fails to lurk a literary jealousy; and whose suggestions may uniformly be regarded as anything but the truth. For my own part, I know that I have always been looked on by the learned part of the community as an intruder in the paths of literature, and every opprobrium has been thrown on me from that quarter. The truth is that I am so. The walks of learning are occupied by a powerful aristocracy, who deem that province their peculiar right; else what could avail their dear-bought collegiate honours and degrees? No wonder that they should view an intruder from the humble and despised ranks of the community with a jealous and indignant eye, and impede his progress by every means in their power."—vol. i. pp. lxxxix.—lxxxv.

In consequence of some rather dissipated nights which Hogg spent at a jovial club, called "The right and wrong Club," he drank himself into an inflammatory fever, which confined him for sometime to his bed. At one period the disease assumed a serious aspect. It is a proof of that truly kind disposition which is known to form so admirable a trait in Sir Walter Scott's character, that although Hogg had renounced his friendship, and had told him that he held his literary talents in contempt, he nevertheless during his illness constantly inquired after him with marked solicitude. "I would fain have called," he said to a friend of the invalid, "but I knew not how I would be received. I request, however, that he may have every proper attendance, and want for nothing that can contribute to the restoration of his health. And in particular, I have to request that you will let no pecuniary consideration whatever prevent his having the best medical advice in Edinburgh, for I shall see it paid." It is equally creditable to Hogg to add, that when he afterwards heard accidentally of this conversation, he wrote a letter of apology to Sir Walter, and they were again upon the best terms of friendship. The author concludes his autobiographical sketch with a catalogue of his works, which amount in all to about thirty volumes; an extraordinary number for any man, but more especially for a self-educated man, who had spent the greater part of his life in the humble capacity of a shepherd. He adds some further details concerning himself in a chapter entitled 'Reminiscences of former days.'

'From 1799 until 1814, I resided in Edinburgh, having no home or place of retirement in my native district of Eltrick Forest, a want of which I felt grievously in summer. But in the course of the last-mentioned year I received a letter from the late Duke Charles of Buccleugh, by the hands of his chamberlain, presenting me with the small farm of Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow. The boon was quite unsolicited and unexpected; and never was a more welcome one conferred on an unfortunate wight, as it gave me once more a habitation among my native moors

and streams, where each face was that of a friend, and each house was a home, as well as a residence for life to my aged father.

'The letter was couched in the kindest terms, and informed me that I had long had a secret and sincere friend, whom I knew not of, in his late Duchess, who had in her lifetime solicited such a residence for me. In the letter he said, "the rent shall be nominal;" but it has not even been nominal, for such a thing as rent has never been once mentioned. Subsequently to that period I was a frequent guest at his Grace's table; and as he placed me always next him, on his right hand, I enjoyed a good share of his conversation, and I must say of my benefactor, that I have never met with any man whom I deemed his equal. There is no doubt that he was beloved and esteemed, not only by his family and friends, but by all who could appreciate merit; yet strange to say, Duke Charles was not popular among his tenantry. This was solely owing to the change of times over which no nobleman can have any control, and which it is equally impossible for him to redress; for a more considerate, benevolent, and judicious gentleman I ever saw. It is natural to suppose that I loved him, and felt grateful towards him; but exclusive of all feelings of that nature, if I am any judge of mankind, Duke Charles had every qualification, both of heart and mind, which ought to endear a nobleman to high and low, rich and poor. From the time of his beloved partner's death his spirits began to droop; and though, for the sake of his family, he made many efforts to keep them up, the energy that formerly had supported them was broken, and the gnawings of a disconsolate heart brought him to an untimely grave. Blessed be the memory of my two noble and only benefactors! they were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were but shortly divided.

'I then began and built a handsome cottage on my new farm, and forthwith made it my head-quarters. But not content with this, having married in 1820 Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr. Phillips, late of Longbridge-moor, in Annandale, and finding that I had in the hands of Mr. Murray, Mr. Blackwood, Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, and Messrs. Longman and Co., debts due, or that would soon be due, to the amount of a thousand pounds, I determined once more to farm on a larger scale, and expressed my wish to the Right Honourable Lord Montague, head trustee on his nephew's dominions. His Lordship readily offered me the farm of Mount Bengier, which adjoined my own. At first I determined not to accept of it, as it had ruined two well-qualified firmers in the preceding six years; but was persuaded at last by some neighbours, in opposition to my own judgment, to accept of it, on the plea that the farmers on the Buccleugh estate were never suffered to be great losers, and that at all events, if I could not make the rent, I could write for it. So accordingly I took a lease of the farm for nine years.

'I called in my debts, which were all readily paid, and amounted to within a few pounds of one thousand; but at that period the sum was quite inadequate, the prices of ewes bordering on thirty shillings per head. The farm required stocking to the amount of one thousand sheep, twenty cows, five horses, farming utensils of all sorts, crop, manure, and, moreover, draining, fencing, and building, so that I soon found I had not half enough of money; and though I realized by writing, in the course of the next two years, seven hundred and fifty pounds, besides smaller sums paid in cash, yet I got into difficulties at the very first, out of which I could never redeem myself till the end of the lease, at which time live stock of all kinds having declined one half in value, the speculation left me once more without a sixpence in the world—and at the age of sixty it is fully late enough to begin it anew.

'It will be consolatory, however, to my friends to be assured, that none of these reverses ever preyed in the smallest degree on my spirits. As long as I did all for the best, and was conscious that no man could ever accuse me of dishonesty, I laughed at the futility of my own calculations, and let my earnings go as they came, amid contentment and happiness, determined to make more money as soon as possible, although it should go the same way.'—vol. i. pp. xciv.—xcvii.

Among these reminiscences we find two or three anecdotes of eminent literary men, which we shall transcribe for the reader's amusement.

Sir Walter Scott.

'I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse which had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes the rider kept his seat despite of the animal's plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr. Scott, that is the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "he and I have been very often these two days past like the Pechu; we could stand straight up and tie our shoe-latchets." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

'We visited the old castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon and the night with Mr. Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude which we traversed exceedingly. Indeed I never saw him otherwise in the fields. On the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass his own but that of all other men. His

memory, or perhaps I should say his recollection, surpasses that of all men whom I ever knew. I saw a pleasant instance of it recorded lately regarding Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;" but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one.

'He and Skene of Rubislaw, and I were out one night, about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed, and, on going to kindle a light at the Elibank March, we found to our inexpressible grief that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question, so we had no other shift save to send Rob Fletcher home all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery pent.

'While Fletcher was absent we three sat down on a piece of beautiful greensward on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of "Gilmanscleuch." Now be it remembered, that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request; but at the eighth or ninth verse, I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time, and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said that he had lately been on a pleasure party on the Fourth, and that to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's ("The Abbot of Aberbrothock,") both of which ballads he had heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he had recited them both without misplacing a word.

'Rob Fletcher came at last, and old Jaidlaw of the Peel with him, and into the foaming river we plunged in our frail bark, with a fine blazing light. In a few minutes we came into Gliddy's Weal, the deepest pool in Tweed, when we perceived that our boat gave evident signs of sinking. When Scott saw the terror that Peel was in, he laughed till the tears blinded his eyes. Always the more mischief the better sport for him! "For God's sake push her to the side!" roared Peel. "Oh she goes fine!" said Scott; "An' gin the boat were bottomless, and seven miles to row;" and by the time he had well got out the words, down she went to the bottom, plunging us all into Tweed over head and ears. It was no sport to me at all; but that was a glorious night for Sir Walter, and the next day was no worse."

'I remember leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by my dear friend, William Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Ferguson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of the Grey Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path which, if not rode by Clavers, was I dare say never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter in the very worst paths never dismounted. —

Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffatt that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

'I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works, laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

'There are not above five persons in the world who I think know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime this is only a reminiscence in my own lines of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

'The enthusiasm with which he recited and spoke of our ancient ballads during that first tour of his through the forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. I dedicated "the Mountain Bard" to him:—

Bless'd be his generous heart for aye,
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar from Ettrick's wildest trill;
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.'

—vol. i. pp. cxvi.—cxi.

Southey.

'My first interview with Mr. Southey was at the Queen's Head-inn, in Keswick, when I had arrived, wearied, one evening, on my way to Westmoreland; and not liking to intrude on his family circle that evening, I sent a note up to Greta Hill, requesting him to come down and see me, and drink one half mutchkin along with me. He came on the instant, and stayed with me about an hour and a half. But I was a grieved as well as an astonished man, when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted, in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendent poetical ge-

nius can exist together. In Scotland, I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking.

'Before we had been ten minutes together, my heart was knit to Southey, and every hour thereafter my esteem for him increased. I breakfasted with him the next morning, and remained with him all that day and the next; and the weather being fine, we spent the time in rambling on the hills and sailing on the lake; and all the time he manifested a delightful flow of spirits, as well as a kind sincerity of manner, repeating convivial poems and ballads, and always between hands breaking jokes on his nephew, young Coleridge, in whom he seemed to take great delight. He gave me, with the utmost readiness, a poem and ballad of his own, for a work which I then projected. I objected to his going with Coleridge and me, for fear of his encroaching on his literary labours; and as I had previously resided a month at Keswick, I knew every scene almost in Cumberland; but he said he was an early riser, and never suffered any task to interfere with his social enjoyments and recreations; and along he went with us both days.

'Southey certainly is as elegant a writer as any in the kingdom. But those who would love Southey as well as admire him, must see him as I did, in the bosom, not only of one lovely family, but of three, all attached to him as a father, and all elegantly maintained and educated, it is generally said, by his indefatigable pen. The whole of Southey's conversation and economy, both at home and abroad, left an impression of veneration on my mind, which no future contingency shall ever either extinguish or injure. Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eye-lids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate. He does not at all see well at a distance, which made me several times disposed to get into a passion with him, because he did not admire the scenes which I was pointing out. We have only exchanged a few casual letters since that period, and I have never seen this great and good man again.'—vol. i. pp. cxxi.—cxxiv.

Wordsworth.

'I have forgotten what year it was, but it was in the summer that the "Excursion" was first published, when Mr. James Wilson came to me, one day, in Edinburgh, and asked me to come to his mother's house in Queen Street to dinner, and meet Mr. Wordsworth and his lady. I said I should be glad to meet any friend of his kind and venerated mother's at any time, and should

certainly come; but not having the least conception that the great poet of the Lakes was in Edinburgh, and James having called him Mr. Wordsworth, I took it for the celebrated horse-dealer of the same name, and entertained some shrewd misgivings how he should chance to be a guest in a house where only the first people in Edinburgh were wont to be invited.

"You will like him very much," said James; "for although he prosos a little he is exceedingly intelligent."

"I dare say he is," returned I; "at all events he is allowed to be a good judge of horse-flesh." The Entomologist liked the joke well, and carried it on for some time; and I found in my tour southward with the celebrated poet, that several gentlemen fell in the same error, expressing themselves as at a loss why I should be travelling the country with a *horse-couper*. He was clothed in a grey russet jacket and pantaloons, he it remembered, and wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat; so that to strangers he doubtless had a very original appearance.

"When I finally learnt from James that it was the Poet of the Lakes whom I was to meet, I was overjoyed, for I admired many of his pieces exceedingly, though I had not then seen his ponderous "Excursion." I listened to him that night as to a superior being, far exalted above the common walks of life. His sentiments seemed just, and his language, though perhaps a little pompous, was pure, sentient, and expressive. We called on several noblemen and gentlemen in company; and all the while he was in Scotland I loved him better and better. Old Dr. Robert Anderson travelled along with us as far as the sources of the Yarrow, and it was delightful to see the deference which Wordsworth paid to that venerable man. We went into my father's cot, and partook of some homely refreshment, visited St. Mary's lake, which that day was calm and pure as any mirror; and Mrs. Wordsworth in particular testified great delight with the whole scene. In tracing the windings of the pastoral Yarrow from its source to its confluence with the sister stream, the poet was in great good-humour, delightful, and most eloquent. Indeed it was impossible to see Yarrow to greater advantage; and yet it failed of the anticipated inspiration; for "Yarrow Visited" is not so sweet and ingenious a poem as "Yarrow Unvisited," so much is hope superior to enjoyment.

"From Selkirk we were obliged to take different routs, as Wordsworth had business in Teviotdale, and I in Eskdale; and, at last, I landed at Ryedale Mount, his delightful dwelling, a day and a night before him and his lady. I found his sister there, however, a pure, ingenuous child of nature; kind, benevolent, and greatly attached to her brother. Her conversation was a true mental treat; and we spent the time with the children delightfully till the poet's arrival.

"I dined with him, and called on him several times afterwards, and certainly never met with anything but the most genuine kindness; there-

fore people have wondered why I should have indulged in caricaturing his style in the "Poetic Mirror." I have often regretted that myself; but it was merely a piece of ill-nature at an affront which I conceived had been put on me. It was the triumphal arch scene. This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly; and was likewise brought forward in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," as a joke; but it was no joke; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was thus:—

"It chanced one night, when I was there, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before been witnessed in such perfection; and, as far as I could learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than anywhere else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it; and on the beautiful platform at Mount Ryedale we were all walking in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it. Now he it remembered, that Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincey, and myself were present, besides several other literary gentlemen whose names I am not certain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing: "Hout, me'em! it is neither mair nor less than joost a treemphal airch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets."

"That's not amiss. Eh? Eh?—that's very good," said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincey's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside, he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words:—"Poets? Poets? What does the fellow mean? Where are they?"

"Who could forgive this? For my part I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth, as who does not, whatever they may pretend? but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-will at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in any man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The "Where are they?" was too bad! I have always some hopes that De Quincey was *leering*, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words.

"I have only a single remark to make on the poetry of Wordsworth, and I do it because I never saw the remark made before. It relates to the richness of his work for quotations. For these are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Wordsworth to suit, and a quotation too that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world

that are worth the opening in search of mottoes and quotations, and all three of them are alike rich. These are the Old Testament, Shakespeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth; and, strange to say, the "Excursion" abounds most in them.—vol. i. pp. cxxiv.—cxxx.

Lockhart.

'When it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity, that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounters. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with all the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet with him. I dreaded his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him, that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his household economy seemed clouded in mystery, and if I got any explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day, on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen! Such a train of Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation, but got none, save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages, beyond a mouthful of meat.

'A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackamoors would break my young friend she assured me that Mr. Lockhart had only one black servant, but that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough, and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him.

'After Wilson and he, and Sym and I, had resolved on supporting Blackwood, it occasioned us to be oftener together; but Lockhart contrived to keep my mind in the utmost perplexity for years, on all things that related to that magazine. Being often curious to know, when the tremendous articles appeared, who were the authors, and being sure I could draw nothing out of either Wilson or Sym, I always repaired to Lockhart to ask him, awaiting his reply with fixed eyes, and a beating heart. Then with his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark grey eye, he would father the articles on

his brother, Captain Lockhart, or Peter Robertson or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson, or that queer fat body Dr. Scott; and sometimes on James and John Ballantyne, and Sam Andersee, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew with the wonderful news to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them; so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar that was in it, except one. I remember once, at a festival of the Dilettanti Society, that Lockhart was sitting next me, and charming my ear with some story of authorship. I have forgot what it was, but think it was about somebody reviewing his own book. On which I said, the incident was such a capital one, that I would give a crown bowl of punch to ascertain if it were true.

"What?" said Bridges, "did any body ever hear the like of that? I hope you are not suspecting your young friend of telling you a falsehood?"

"Hand your tongue, Davie, for ye ken naething about it," said I. "Could ye believe it, man, that that callant never told me the truth a' his days but aince, an' that was merely by chance, and without the least intention on his part?" These blunt accusations diverted Lockhart greatly, and only encouraged him to farther tricks.

'I soon found out that the *coterie* of my literary associates had made it up to act on O'Doherty's principle, never to deny a thing that they had *not* written, and never to acknowledge one that they *had*. On which I determined that in future I would sign my name or designation to every thing I published, that I might be answerable to the world only for my own offences. But as soon as the rascals perceived this, they signed my name as fast as I did. They then contrived the incomparable "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," for the sole purpose of putting all the sentiments into the shepherd's mouth, which they durst not avowedly say themselves, and these too often applying to my best friends. The generality of mankind have always used me till I came to London.

'The thing that most endeared Lockhart to me at that early period was some humorous poetry, which he published anonymously in Blackwood's Magazine, and which I still regard as the best of the same description in the kingdom. He at length married, on the same day with myself, into the house of my great friend and patron, and thenceforward I regarded him as belonging to the same family with me, I a step-son, and he a legitimate young brother.—vol. i. pp. cxxxix.—cxli.

A pretty well engraved portrait of the "Ettrick Shepherd," in his sixtieth year, is prefixed to the volume, which is also illustrated by one of Cruikshank's humorous sketches. It is moreover very elegantly printed, and bound in a neat cover lettered in gold at the back, and sells at the same price as the "Life of Lord Byron."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BRITISH AMERICA.*

We are summoned, by the important labours of Mr. M'Gregor, to a duty which has something of a patriotic value at all times, and at this time, for many parts of our domestic empire, something of a local interest—the duty of exposing to British eyes the great field of enterprise which is annually expanding before us in our British American dependencies. Never was so vast a *system* of such dependencies so little known in any national sense, or so inadequately valued. *System* we call them, meaning that, as their natural advantages are gradually coming forward to our knowledge, they betray such several and partial endowments of wealth and situation, as prove them to have been designed for mutual dependence and co-operation: singly, they are all weak; jointly, they compose the framework of a strong empire. Were it, indeed, possible [we abominate so sad an augury] that the mixed polity of our glorious country should ever be dissolved by the efforts of anarchy taking the shape of reformation, or that by any other unhappy revolutions, the House of Brunswick (like that of Braganza) should be expatriated and thrown upon its American possessions, we affirm that a powerful empire might be developed to the north of the United States, out of no other rudiments than those which at present compose our colonial territory on the American continent. The simple discovery in Nova Scotia of coal fitted for the steam-engine [which the *anthracite* coal of the United States notoriously is not],—this one discovery, in connexion with that of iron-mines in the same province, at one blow lays the foundations—broad and deep—of power and commercial pre-eminence. Coal and iron are the two pillars on which our domestic grandeur has rested. The same elements of power, unfolded under the same protection of equal laws [for, excepting Canada, the British jurisprudence has every where taken root in our Transatlantic realm], will doubtless tend to results the same in kind, however differing in degree, on the gulf of St. Lawrence as on the Thames or on the Clyde. One danger only would threaten such a consummation—the possible want of a sufficient internal cohesion. Left to themselves, several provinces might find a momentary interest, or might imagine a lasting one, in disclaiming their British allegiance; and might pass over to the Federal Union of the great American Republic. But exactly this danger it is for which we have it in our power to provide by good policy, by paternal government, and by those institutions for nursing a civic and patriotic spirit, which hitherto we have but too much neglected. Even the use of the French language in the Canadas has been too indulgently treated by the British govern-

ment. Of all barriers in the way of civic sympathy and unity of national feeling, language is the most difficult to surmount. But in three-fourths of a century, by means of schools, and by provisions for annexing important civil privileges to the use of the English language, much might have been accomplished. Much may yet be accomplished; and something, indeed, *has* been accomplished by the general equity of our government in the midst of its many errors. It is probable, also, that the tide of emigration being in so large an overbalance British, may have the effect of diffusing and sustaining a British state of political feeling. British, we say, as not easily perceiving under what other name or presiding influence it would be possible to create such a unity of feeling amongst these provinces as would avail to bind them into one federal whole. However, if any other principle of cohesion could be found, and by whatsoever means, if the end were but attained of knitting these provinces into one political system, pursuing the same interests, and animated by one national feeling, they have, we repeat, within them and amongst them the *stamina* of a powerful state, equal to all purposes of self-defence. In mere extent of territory, could that be appealed to as a fair exponent of their importance, they would be entitled to take rank as a first-rate power. How magnificent a country must that appear, one of whose lakes is 480 miles long, and pretty nearly the same breadth, and whose principal river pursues a course of 3000 miles! How impressive, again, to hear of a single province (that of Labrador) “equal in square miles to France, Spain, and Germany!” It is true, that this vast province is miserably sterile wherever it has been examined, and does not support a *resident* population of more than 4000 souls. But in these regions nature has so regulated her compensations, that what the land in some parts refuses the sea makes good. Along the coast even of this inhospitable region, 300 schooners, manned by 20,000 British subjects, are annually employed in fishing; and the estimated value of the total produce is considerably above a quarter of a million sterling. Other fisheries in this same region are of such surpassing importance, that, according to the opinion of many able men, (of whom Mr. M'Gregor is one,) without them Great Britain never could have attained that naval supremacy which has so repeatedly been applied to the salvation of Europe. Even at present, when they are necessarily considered “in their infancy,” these North American possessions support a population of 1,350,000 people. And that, which they may be made capable of supporting, “by cultivation and improvement,” Mr. M'Gregor estimates at thirty millions; “and, including the countries west of the great lakes, at probably more than *fifty* millions.”

The aggregate register tonnage of all the shipping employed to and from, or in any way connected with, on account of, these North American colonies, is not less than 780,000 tons; and the

* British America. By John M'Gregor, Esq. In two volumes. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood. London: T. Cadell.

sailors and fishermen employed, at least 65,000. The estimated value (considerably below the *real value*) of the British exports to these colonies, is annually about two millions and a half sterling; and the fixed capital (including the cattle) which they possess, is estimated at forty-two millions and a half sterling.

Of a colonial empire, thus far developed already, and potentially so unspeakably magnificent, we might presume that some knowledge would be pretty generally diffused in this country. Yet so far otherwise is this, that Mr. McGregor is obliged to tax even our government with the most scandalous ignorance of every thing relating to these colonies, their interests, and their most notorious characteristics. The most injurious manifestation of this ignorance appeared in the general treaty of peace which followed the overthrow of Napoleon, of which more hereafter. But a more ludicrous instance is the following, recorded by Mr. McGregor. We have all heard of the sapient factor who sent out a cargo of warming-pans to Brazil (in which, by the way, the blunder was not absolutely indefensible, hot climates having sometimes chilly nights); but in the following case, [vol. ii. p. 533,] our government seem to have planned an illustration upon a larger scale, of *sending coals to Newcastle*. "Beside the vast expenditure of the commissariat department, the preparations for naval warfare were managed in the most extravagant manner. The wooden work of the *Psyche* frigate was sent out from England to a country where it could be provided on the spot in one-tenth of the time necessary to carry it from Montreal to Kingston, and at one-twentieth part of the expense. Even wedges were sent out; and, to exemplify more completely the information possessed at that time by the admiralty, a full supply of water-casks were [was] sent to Canada for the use of the ships of war on Lake Ontario, where it was only necessary to throw a bucket overboard with which to draw up water of the very best quality." Wood exported from England to Canada! and water exported from Downing Street to Lake Ontario! Is this possible? And could Sir James Yeo, who doubtless had many an audience at the Admiralty, furnish no better advice? But let the truth be told. Our own British Cabinet, at all times the most honourable and the best educated in Europe, has the least benefit of what we may call a professional apprenticeship. No where will you find ministers with one half their general knowledge. But the specific knowledge of their stations—where should they gain it? At the universities they learn what gives expansion and elevation to their minds, but nothing which presupposes any particular destination of their powers in the paths of real life. Now, on the Continent the case is otherwise. There the education of statesmen is purely diplomatic; and having little to do with transatlantic politics, or generally with colonial politics, they have, by comparison with British statesmen, two great advantages:—the professional knowledge required of them is less;

and, secondly, it is regularly taught to them in early youth. Continental statesmen receive a professional education. But with us, education is in the widest and vaguest sense general; and practical life, upon which is devolved, in England, the whole burden of tuition as regards the duties of a statesman, brings with it too many distractions of its own to allow of any tranquil studies. Moreover, in candour, it ought not to be forgotten that a British statesman has a much wider cycle of duties, and a catechism of political knowledge much ampler to traverse, than his brother-statesman on the Rhine or the Elbe. One half of his energies is spent upon the management of a popular assembly; this, in the first place. And secondly, he has a colonial duty to learn, and a colonial interest to administer, which to his continental brother (if we except a very few of the Southern European States) have no sort of existence. Our Oriental colonies, it is true, do not make any large demands on the time of ministers at home; more distance forbids that. But all those on this side the Cape of Good Hope, and especially the West Indies, have, in our days, occupied and harassed our domestic government even more than our domestic affairs.

This palliation, however, in one view, is but an aggravation of the blame in another; for, if colonial affairs are amongst the burdens which oppress them, the more imperatively should it weigh upon their consciences to make themselves acquainted with the relations of these colonies to European politics and their real interests. Yet, from Mr. McGregor's work, we collect every where that their policy has been at the best wavering and indecisive, and, in some instances, fatally blind; of which we cannot need a better evidence than the fact of their having, by express treaty, co-operated in the re-establishment of the French at the entrance of the St. Lawrence; thus wilfully restoring a baleful influence, whose expulsion from those regions makes so memorable a page in our British Colonial history.

Such being the darkness which prevails even in the highest quarters upon these great interests, we have all reason for peculiar gratitude to any writer who labours effectually to dispense it. That task is neither easy nor pleasant: it can rest securely only upon strong arguments supported by numerous facts, and upon facts in the largest extent improved into their true bearing by arguments the strongest. A book of mere statistics is blind; a book of mere reasoning is weak. In the first, very few readers can find their road; in the second, where the road is officiously pointed out, the reader distrusts his guide.

Mr. McGregor's book is, in this respect, constructed upon the right plan. It is not, as might perhaps have been expected in a case where details so copious had been collected so laboriously, a book stuffed merely with the dry bones of statistics. Yet, on the other hand, the opinions and doctrines of the writer are every where sufficiently supported by massy facts and numerical calculations—giving a basis to what otherwise

were pure hypothesis, and bringing within the light of palpable evidence what might else have appeared mere conjectural speculation. Coming at this time, such a book discharges a critical service. For the colonies of British America are now making gigantic strides, such as will soon antedate and superannate the feeble and indeterminate policy which has hitherto conducted their affairs in the British Cabinet; and it is only in the interval between wars, that any powerful efforts can be made at home for breathing a new life into the counsels which should watch over their development.

It is more for her own sake than for any danger which her influence, howsoever abused, can ultimately menace these colonies, that we have reason to pray for the triumph of sound counsels in this chapter of the British policy. The loss of so important a limb as her North American provinces, would inflict a heavy wound upon the reputation of England, and the European estimate of her power. *She* would suffer; but on *them* such a separation would fall lightly. They would soon manifest their self-sufficing powers for repelling aggression, and for exercising all the functions of an independent state. To them no power could be really formidable in a military sense, except the great Republic on their frontiers. But as her purpose could be no other than that of incorporation into her own federal system, there would be no reason for apprehending a sanguinary war of devastation. France, from the advantages of her position amongst the parties concerned, might sow momentary dissensions by means of intrigues. But eventually it would be the great dominating interests on each side which would determine the result; and both parties would make their final election with the dignity of an independent choice, and according to the pure balance of political interest. England, therefore, apart, there is not much to cheer the prospects, or to throw gloom upon the external relations, of these provinces. It is, therefore, by a double obligation the duty of a power which stands in this predicament, and holds its influence by a sort of filial sufferance and prescriptive reverence, to wield it for none but the most benevolent purposes, and in a spirit of paternal tenderness. Towards this (as indeed towards any consistent) end, the first step is—to make ourselves well acquainted with the real interest of the provinces which we are undertaking to benefit and foster. Without us they have sufficient internal sources of prosperity: let us be cautiously on our guard that they lose none through our interference.

On such a line of policy perhaps no book, before Mr. McGregor's, could furnish us with any adequate assistance. *His* challenges our especial notice from this cause—that it is thoroughly comprehensive. Any former work that we know of, supposing even that its information were sufficiently recent, is liable to this great objection—that, by confining itself to one province or two at the

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most, it forgoes the possibility of rising to a general survey of the foreign relations which connect the whole of these provinces with Great Britain and Europe. Viewed as an aggregate, our North American colonies present a character and a political position which cannot be ascribed to any one of them individually. And it is necessary that they should be considered collectively, in order to appreciate the importance which even each singly may attain. Nova Scotia, for instance, taken separately, and resting on her own resources, will hardly be supposed entitled to any very magnificent prospects; yet, as Mr. McGregor observes, so great is her capacity for a higher destiny in combination with a state already powerful—that she alone, by supplying one capital want, would render the great American Republic independent of Europe. All of these provinces in fact have some natural adaptation to the imperfection of each other. And this it is which makes a comprehensive view, like that before us, no less essential to the truth and accuracy of the several parts than of the total result. In point of correctness also, as respects the great mass of the information furnished, we may presume Mr. McGregor to have had one advantage peculiar to himself—that much of it has been obtained from the records of the Chambers of Commerce in Halifax, an authentic source of such details not previously laid open to any traveller.

In the first, or Introductory Book, Mr. McGregor gives a general sketch of American History, from the period of its discovery. This was perhaps necessary to impress an air of completeness and rotundity on his plan; yet, in this part of his work, he travels over ground which has been trodden by so many predecessors, that it was scarcely possible within his limits to bring forward much absolute novelty. In one point, however, the spirit of reciprocal feeling between this country and America in general, we are glad to find him taking a tone which has unfortunately been too little familiar to our printed works on America, though it tallies with all that we have heard in conversation from grave and temperate travellers:—"It is common to believe," says he, "that the Americans cherish a bitter hatred to the people of England. Many circumstances, have certainly planted sentiments of dislike to England, or more properly to the government, pretty generally among the citizens of the United States: but they are, notwithstanding, more kind to Englishmen individually than to the people of any other country. I may also observe further, that there is much truth in a reply made to me by a member of the Legislature of Maine, when conversing with him on the subject: 'Sir,' he said, 'if I were to punish men for abusing countries, I would first knock down the person who stigmatized my own, and immediately after the one that abused yours; and you may depend upon it, sir, that the feeling is more general amongst us than even we ourselves think.'" Mr. McGregor justly goes on to account for this secret leaning to En-

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land, from the common literature—the common language—and, until lately, the common history—which connect them with the country.

In the Second Book it is that Mr. McGregor, properly speaking, opens the subject. The British possessions in North America, are the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward; together with the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Canadas. Three less considerable possessions we omit—viz. Anticosti, Labrador, and the territory west of Hudson's Bay, the first as deficient in extent, and all as deficient in population. To each of the more important possessions Mr. McGregor dedicates a book: we shall follow him according to the order of his own arrangement.

At the outset of the subject, it is painful to find that the very boundary line which separates us from the United States, has been left open to endless dissensions, by the mere ignorance and carelessness of the British Commissioners. The question was—to determine what river had originally been designated by the name of the St. Croix. A short investigation would have cleared up that point in a sense favourable to this country. But to save a little personal trouble, this was resigned to the interpretation of the American party: and thus, to evade a day's litigation, matter has been left for future wars, the territory in dispute being of first rate importance to either side of the frontier; for, in extent, it is not less than seven millions of acres, and in fertility it is almost unrivalled.

In characterising the general aspect of American scenery in these northern regions, Mr. McGregor notices, with the surprise which belongs to such a feature of disproportion, the dwarfish size of the mountains, few of which are so high as some in Great Britain. The White Mountains in Hampshire, it is true, ascend to an elevation of 6900 feet, and the Rocky Mountains to nine or even eleven thousand feet—a Pyrenean altitude: but they constitute a solitary exception. The highest part of the Alleghanies is but 2958 feet above the level of the sea; and no mountain to the north of the St. Lawrence, not even the Algonquin, is reputed much above 2000 feet high. Dr. Johnson said of Miss Knight, the author of *Dinarbas*, upon hearing of her intention to settle in France, that she was in the right; for that "she was too big for an island." And, seriously, such puny hills as these seem too little for a continent. In reality, it is the lakes and the forests which compose the noble part of the American scenery. With respect to these last, Mr. McGregor affirms—"that it is impossible to exaggerate their autumnal beauty; nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur. Two or three frosty nights in the decline of autumn, transform the verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of scarlet, rich violet, every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson, and glittering yellow. The stern inexorable fir tribes alone maintain their external *sombre green*. All others, in mountains or in

valleys, burst into the most glorious vegetation, and exhibit the most splendid and enchanting panorama on earth."

Mr. McGregor's sketch of the zoology of regions, is executed with a happy select circumstances. But he is mistaken in supposing it to be not generally known, that the characteristic superiority of American birds is the splendour of their plumage, whilst those of Europe find a natural compensation in the softness of their song; this distinction is familiar to all people, and, in fact, is noticed in as common as early a book as Thomson's *Seasons*.

In the Chapter on the Climatology of America, we find it remarked, that the weather is commonly supposed to be shorter and warmer than a century or two ago. And this supposing it to have a real existence, is a mistake to the progress made in throwing open and clearing away the woods. But Sir Alexander Leslie, the American traveller, than whom there was more competent to speak on that point, denied the tendency of such changes to produce any result of the kind; and the result itself, mere fact, is made very questionable by Mr. McGregor, who cites some anecdotes, which certainly throw much doubt upon the statement commonly received. The most disgusting peculiarity of the climate, if it ought not more probably to be charged upon the diet or other habits of life, presents itself in the premature decay of the teeth. "It is truly distressing," says the author, "to see a blooming maid of eighteen, or a young wife, either without front teeth, or with such as are black and decayed."

The first of our North American possessions which Mr. McGregor treats of circumstances is Newfoundland. To this he assigns his first Book. It seems strange that this island, the first discovered of our possessions, should be the least known; and it is still stranger that, until a very few years since, the island had never been explored by Europeans.

The two points most notoriously interesting in the circumstances of Newfoundland are its dogs, and its great fishing Bank. With respect to the former, it appears to be true (as we often heard) that the dogs, valued as the Newfoundland breed in this country, are not of a genuine race. Though a cross, however, they are admitted to be in the highest degree valuable.

The Great Bank is in every view one of the most astonishing phenomena on our planet. Its length it is 600 miles, in breadth about 100. Some have imagined that it was of volcanic origin, whose pillars had been shaken down by earthquake, and had in consequence given rise to the mud. Others suppose that it has been formed by accumulations of sand carried along by the Gulf-stream, and arrested by the currents of the Labrador current. It appears, however, to be one mass of solid rock. The Gulf-stream, by the way, is in itself an interesting feature of these seas. The current is so powerful as to retard a vessel on its voyage from Europe from forty to sixty

day; whilst on a homeward voyage it increases the rate of sailing so much, that the sailors say they are "going down hill" when they are returning to Europe.

There is one page in the History of Newfoundland which is fitted to awake a more distressing and perplexing interest than any the most impressive of those innumerable records which trace the downward career of the poor perishing aboriginal tribes of the New World, in their vain conflict with white invaders. The details of this case, as they are brought together from a great variety of sources by Mr. M'Gregor, are not less stimulating to our curiosity than they are distressing, and sometimes even revolting to our humanity: they are attractive from the circumstances of mystery which still hang about the closing scenes of the tragedy, and yet, deeply repulsive from the dishonour which they attach at every step to countrymen of our own, professors of civilization and Christian truth. The original inhabitants of Newfoundland, at the period of its earliest discovery, were a tribe of savages distinguished by the name of Red-Indians. This was their appellation amongst Europeans, and was derived from the circumstance of their being painted universally with red ochre. But they styled themselves *Beeothics*. Even at this early period it is probable that some foundation had been already laid of that jealous hatred which has ever since marked their intercourse with strangers; for, in 1574, when Martin Frobisher was driven upon their coast by ice, he sent five of his sailors ashore in the company of a native, whom he had persuaded to come on board him. These five sailors were never more heard of; and Frobisher retaliated by carrying off an Indian, who died shortly after his arrival in England. Acts, such as these, of reciprocal outrage and injustice, compose the links of a chain which has been propagated from that time to this in one unbroken line of succession; for, through a space of nearly three centuries, the hand of these poor *Beeothics* has been against every man, and every man's hand against them. Presenting a character of fierce inhospitality to strangers, they have been generally regarded as absolutely irreclaimable, and incapable of any impression favourable to the views of their civilized neighbours. Yet even in the earliest stages of our intercourse with them, they must have exhibited a happier phasis of character to more equitable observers; for Whitbourne, in 1620, speaks of the "poor infidel natives of Newfoundland" as "ingenious, and apt, by a moderate and discreet government, to become obedient." However, unfortunately for all parties, none but the fiercer and more intractable features of their character were brought forward by the circumstances of their position. The neighbours amongst whom their evil destiny had thrown them, civilized and uncivilized alike, all acted in a spirit of lawless spoliation; and for nearly three centuries these poor people were hunted like wild beasts both by their brother savages and by the European settlers.

For the next 130 years after Whitbourne's book, that is, from 1620 to 1750, the scanty annals of this unhappy people, as respects their external relations, that is to say, their relations to ourselves, Englishmen and Christians, yield one unvarying report: "*they were frequently shot by the fishermen and furriers.*" That, says Mr. M'Gregor, "is all we can trace of the history of the tribe." It may be supposed that no people, red or white, will be apt to discover any law of nature which should point it out as the primary purpose of their earthly existence to offer a mark to British rifles. Occasionally, we may well believe, there would be retaliation, as opportunities might offer. And it is recorded, that in the lapse of these 130 years the *Beeothics* "were in the habit of coming suddenly from the unfrequented parts, and stealing nets, iron, or whatever they could lay their hands on." In fact, to shoot or to be shot, to rob or to be robbed, composed at this era the practical *vade-mecum* for the life of a *Beeothic*—the two tables of his law and morality.

Thus passed a period of more than two centuries, filled with bloodshed and misery; outrage without provocation in the van, and revenge creeping stealthily in the rear. It is the sad effect of any solitary act of violence perpetrated in the very threshold of our intercourse with a savage nation incapable of communication by writing, that invariably, and by a mistaken obligation of duty, it provokes some corresponding act of retaliation: and as this is seldom referred to its true and original cause, (forgotten perhaps or never generally known,) standing in a state of insulation, and viewed simply for itself, this act of pure revenge, that is, (according to Lord Bacon's remark,) of "wild natural justice," passes for a wanton ebullition of wild natural malice. Nay, it will often happen from circumstances, that it will pass for an indication of treachery; for savage warfare being reduced very much to a contest of stratagem and ambush, whosoever an act of violence is otherwise justified to an Indian's conscience, it will but appear the more meritorious for being connected with circumstances of surprise and deception. Revenge, in his morality, is good, unconditionally; revenge, into which stratagem enters as an element, and where the victim is trepanned by disarming his suspicions, comes recommended by an additional grace of scientific execution. Allowance must be made for that characteristic part of Indian ethics which has grown out of his situation, and which is consecrated to his judgment by the immemorial usage of his ancestors. Whilst upon this ground also, we may notice one oversight common to all the great voyagers, Cook even, and those who have been the most judicious and equitable in estimating uncivilized nature:—Theft so generally practised upon their European visitors by savages, these voyagers have all appraised according to the tariff of our domestic morality. Now, it ought to have been remembered that, every tribe of savages viewing itself as an independent nation, and in some respects justly so,—it will follow that

every case of intercourse between themselves and the European tribe who visit them in ships, rises to the dignity of an international act; and whatsoever rules apply to their intercourse with any other independent tribe, must in their minds be applicable to the case between themselves and the nautical visitors. It cannot be doubted, then, that savages have often viewed themselves as in a belligerent state with their visitors, only not openly proclaimed, but conducted by mutual stratagem. Whatever rights are supposed to be conferred by such a state, doubtless they claim tacitly, and imagine to be tacitly understood; and amongst the rights of war, on its most honourable footing in the savage estimate of honour, stratagem (as we have observed above) holds a foremost rank. But, if this were otherwise, and supposing even that acts of theft, under the circumstances stated, were held to be criminal, still it should not have been overlooked that the criminality will not take that ignominious shape with which it is invested by our code of petty police, but will rise (as we have said) to the dignity of an international act of spoliation. Hence, the explanation of a fact which has raised much astonishment, that even chieftains, otherwise of elevated and noble sentiments, should sometimes in the Pacific Islands have been found capable of abetting acts of petty theft (as they would seem to us) by connivance, or even by direct personal participation.

This translation into a higher and more dignified jurisdiction of all acts of intercourse between themselves and their European visitors, agreeably to which they are universally raised from a municipal to an international rank, is in itself very natural; and, amongst other effects naturally derived from it, which has been equally overlooked, we may reckon this—that what would have seemed to us mere personal or individual wrongs, have been treasured up in the recollections of Indian tribes, and traditionally propagated to remote generations, as wrongs between nation and nation, and developing therefore upon the whole tribe a sacred duty of revenge, subsisting even after the injured individual or his family might long have passed away. Sometimes, therefore, it will doubtless have happened, that ferocious outrages upon unoffending white men, which have appeared to us demoniacally wanton and capricious, are referred back by Indian consciences to some yet unavenged case of European outrage, traditionally sent down perhaps from some past generation.

With such bloody recollections, therefore, attached to such stern duties of retribution, and these continually refreshed by new violences and wrongs, multiplied in every direction as European colonization continued to advance and to molest them, it cannot be wondered that the Beothics should have retired into the thickest cloisters of what they viewed as their own forests, and should have signalized their occasional emersions (so to speak) into the light of the sea-coast by sanguinary memorials of their wrath—doubtless meant by them as speaking and lively protesta-

tions against that unmerited persecution which had dogged them for centuries, which had continually chased them in like wild beasts to the lairs, and had placed their "free unhoused cotion" within the circumscription of so many foxes' covers. In this spirit we must interpret their else diabolical conduct, about the year 17 when an effort was made on the part of government to draw them out to an amicable intercourse. Connecting, as they must have done, the outrage of many generations, and the private marauds who had committed them, with one general system of white men in league against red men it was natural that they should view such efforts as belonging to the same chain of purposes, and that a change in the means. Treachery in their efforts must have seemed to them, immediately final; and by treachery they thought themselves entitled to countermine treachery. In pursuance of the governor's plans, "one Scott, a shipman with some others, went from St. John's (the capital) to the Bay of Exploits, where they built a place of residence, much in the manner of a fort. Some days afterwards, a party of Indians appeared, and halted near the place. Scott proceeded unarmed to them, contrary to the advice of the people, shook hands with them and mixed amongst them. An old man, who pretended friendship, put his arms round Scott's neck, when another immediately stabbed him in the back. The horrible yell, or war-whoop, immediately resounded, a shower of arrows fell upon the English, who killed five of them; and the rest fled to their sel, carrying off one of those who had been killed with several arrows sticking in his body."

This bloody answer to the governor's pacific overtures, in which, undoubtedly, the Indians conceived themselves to have revenged ancient treasons, and to have forestalled others in revenge, again closed the gates upon all prospect of accommodation. Two generations of fresh atrocities succeeded half a century of darkness and of guilt, during which the Beothics continued Mr. McGregor's words ("to be hunted and a like foxes, by the northern furriers and fishermen. But who, meantime, was governor? Was it possible, the reader will ask indignantly that a British governor should look passively upon such enormities? We may be sure that the very feeblest of our governors would not. Duff, Montague, and other governors, did their utmost to protect poor Indians. But their utmost was confined to proclamations. And those, under the circumstances of the colony—a slender population, scarcely the rudiments of a police, were a mere willow sceptre of authority against the licentious appetites for blood of monsters, who had been swept out of the very kennels of great European cities, and whose very excess of ignorance armed them with cruel contempt against a race of savages whom they classed with the beast chase. "The destruction of the Red Indians," says Mr. McGregor, "appeared to afford them much sport as hunting beavers."

In this hideous condition of triumphant war

id of extermination, gradually eating its way to the heart of the once numerous nation, matters continued for the next fifty and odd years. At early in the present century, accident seemed to offer an opening for another attempt at conciliation. Lord Gambier had offered a reward for the capture of a native. Stimulated by this, in 1803, one Cull, a fisherman, surprised a Beothic woman, " whilst paddling her canoe towards a small island in quest of birds' eggs." This woman was taken to St. John's, and kindly treated by the governor. She was advanced in years; and nothing is recorded of her habits or feelings, except that " she admired the epaulets of the officers more than any thing she saw," and that under every sort of temptation " she would never let her furs go out of her hands." In pursuance of the policy which had led to her capture, she was sent back, loaded with presents, " to the woods whence she came." She was placed under the guidance of Cull, the man who surprised her: and what became of her—has never been learned. Under these circumstances, it is not very wonderful* that Lieutenant Chapell, in his book upon these colonies, should have charged Cull with having murdered her. The amount of public belief on his subject, however, is merely negative—viz. that in some way or other, she never rejoined her tribe. And if she had, Mr. McGregor is of opinion that the jealousy of the Indians would have interfered with any good result that might else have been anticipated.

This attempt having failed, in six years after Government made another. In 1809, they sent a ship to Exploits' Bay, under the command of a lieutenant; and, by way of remedying the defect which was apprehended in all means of oral communication, this officer carried with him a sort of hieroglyphic painting—" representing the officers of the royal navy shaking hands with an Indian chief; a party of sailors laying parcels of goods at his feet; Indians—men and women—presenting furs to the officers; an European and Indian mother looking at their respective children of the same age, and a sailor courting an Indian girl." All this labour of preparation, however, was rendered abortive; for the expedition did not so much meet with any members of the tribe.

In this one respect, the next mission, under the orders of Lieutenant Buchan, in a schooner of his Majesty's, had better success. In other points it

* Whether probable or not, however, it seems that in certain latitudes, Lieutenant Chapell could find this charge not particularly safe. A correspondent of Mr. McGregor's, in answer to some enquiries of his about this old woman, says—" I take it for granted, that the old woman never joined her tribe, whatever became of her: but if the man who charged Cull with her murder ever comes within the reach of Cull's gun, (and a long duck gun it is, that cost 1.7 at Fogo,) he is as dead as any of the Red Indians that Cull has often shot." The mode of valuing the certainty of Lieutenant Chapell's death does not seem particularly unfavourable to the probability of his assertion.

was more tragically unfortunate. In 1805-6, Lieutenant Buchan effected an interview with the natives; and persuaded two of them to return with him to a depot of baggage in his rear, where his presents were laid up: not, however, without leaving amongst the Indians, two marines of his own party as hostages for their friends. Why—is not stated, (but it must be presumed that Lieutenant Buchan had a strong justification to plead,) the time fixed by that officer for his return was not punctually kept. The consequences were fatal: instructed by endless experience to be suspicious, the Beothics looked upon this delay as treachery, and actually tore the heads of the marines from their bodies." On Lieutenant Buchan's return to the ground, the hostages escaped to the woods, so that even the single benefit was thus lost, which might have been reaped, from contrasting our treatment of prisoners, after recent provocation, with their own. He soon after found the bodies of the marines, the Indians " having run off with the heads."

No further communication was opened with this extraordinary tribe until the winter of 1819, when a party of furriers met a Beothic woman and two men. The woman they took prisoner: " but her husband, who became desperate, and determined to rescue her single-handed, was most cruelly shot by the brutal party. He was a most noble looking man, about six feet high." The other man was also shot. But the woman, whom they called Mary March, from the month in which this tragedy was acted, was carried to St. John's, and, in the following winter, sent back to the parts frequented by her tribe, under the care of Captain Buchan. She died on board his vessel, but he carried her body to a place within the haunts of her countrymen, and there left it in a coffin. It has since appeared that the natives observed these motions of Captain Buchan's; and that, having taken away the body of Mary March, they laid it by the side of her husband.

In the winter of 1823 occurred the last communication that has been had with this people, and very probably the last that ever will be had. Three women, at that period, gave themselves up in a starving condition to a party of furriers; one of those died of consumption, in a hospital at St. John's, a year or two ago. A few days before, and in the same neighbourhood, " two English furriers shot a man and woman of the tribe, who were approaching them, apparently in the act of soliciting food. The man was first killed: and the woman, in despair, remained calmly to be fired at, when she was also shot through the back and chest, and immediately expired." The account of this affair, which there is now reason to think exterminated the last remnants of this ancient nation, was communicated to Mr. McGregor's informant, by the very hell-hound who committed the murders.

Some years after this a society was formed at St. John's, calling itself the Beothic Institution with the general purpose of investigating the antiquities of this people, and the more immediate

one of opening an intercourse with any of their number who might yet survive. In autumn of 1827, a Mr. Cormack conducted an expedition into their country, with the view of pushing all the objects for which the institution had been formed. In his search for antiquities, he was not altogether unsuccessful: but, as to the people themselves, he could find none:—"My party," says he, "had been so excited, so sanguine, and so determined, to obtain an interview of some kind with these people, that on discovering from appearances every where around us—that the Red Indians, the terror of the Europeans, as well as of the other Indian inhabitants of Newfoundland, no longer existed, the spirits of one and all of us were very deeply affected." A line of country, forty miles at least in extent, was found occupied with the fences prepared by the Beothics, for stopping the deer in their periodical migrations from different regions of the island: no better proof could be given of their demand for food, and consequently of their great numbers, even in very recent times. But at this period, the whole of these vast preparations were neglected and decaying; the deer passed unmolested; the wigwams were, without one exception, deserted; the entire territory, within a ring of 220 miles, was silent and without a smoke: and Mr. Cormack closed his labours with the conviction, that, if any solitary individuals of this once powerful nation have succeeded in escaping the merciless extermination of the whites, they must exist in the most hidden and wild places, among deep ravines, or in dark inaccessible solitudes, determined never to appear again in the presence of Europeans.

There have been, doubtless, other Indian nations consumed, like these, by the continued violence of European encroachers, but rarely, we imagine, under circumstances of the same interest. The Beothics were so peculiar a race, and persecuted so equally by Indians and by the European settlers, that some persons (amongst whom is Mr. Pinkerton) believe them to have been descendants of the Norwegians, and in no respect connected with the Indian blood. Even Robertson supposes the Norwegians to have settled colonies in Newfoundland; and the '*winland*,' mentioned in the early records of Iceland, is by some imagined to have lain either here or in Labrador. Mr. McGregor rejects the notion of a European origin altogether, and we think rightly. Christianity could not so utterly have perished amongst them in the course of a few centuries. And we may add, that all the features of their moral character were eminently Indian—their haughtiness, Spartan endurance of suffering in extremity, their obstinacy in rejecting all terms of accommodation from their persecutors, and the unbending heroism with which, to the very last, they retreated from the mercy of those whom they regarded as the foulest of oppressors. For three centuries, they carried on the contest: they suffered themselves at last to be worn down by mere famine, to the wreck of

perhaps a single family; and even of the only three females, enfeebled by diseases, derided to the enemy. Few chapters in the history of man illustrate more powerfully the value of fortitude; and no cases of national or extinction are better entitled to our sympathy. We are grateful to Mr. [] for having brought together the details of a tragedy, from the records of history; and the more so, as they run soon perishing in a colony which can find little leisure for literary tasks.

In Newfoundland there is now a sufficient growing attention paid to agriculture is well for the colonists, and will prove a course for ensuring to them a permanent prosperity. But our own interests are connected with the fisheries of that region are luminously traced through their past in the work before us. This review points our attention with peculiar energy to the present condition of our own interest, in the fisheries which are almost essential to our greatness. Mr. McGregor is justly criticising the policy of our statesmen on a commanding subject. The treaty of 1713 has been a standing theme of abuse for nearly a century; chiefly from their concern that it is that Bolingbroke and Oxborough suffered in history, as dead to the calls of justice. Yet this treaty, bad as it may be in some other respects, guarded our interests in the wise stipulations in the Newfoundland Treaty, whose anxious jealousy had directed to the grounds of our naval power, ascribed it chiefly to "the discovery of a pressibly rich fishing bank of Newfoundland and the authority of De Witt was still the early years of Bolingbroke. It was the capture of Lewisburg, however, in 1758, which gave the greatest shock to the French in that region. The peace of 1763, again sacrificed our American interest in the East Indies: for Cape Breton was ceded to France, by way of equivalent for which she had recently conquered. The splendid, though brief career of the French power in this quarter was destroyed for ever.

It is notorious, however, that too often we have gained by the sword, we lose by diplomacy. The treaty of Fontenoy, 1762, conceded to France some restriction of fishing on these coasts, and above the mask of providing a shelter for the fishermen, it gave up the islands of St. John and Riquelon. Now, it has been often asserted, that these islands are incapable of being fortified; and that pretence was set up, by way of apology for this arti-

eaty. But certainly, had that been so, it is difficult to understand why France should have entered into express covenants, "not to fortify the said islands." [4th Art. *Treat. Fontenoy*.] We expected how the matter stood: and we now find, from Mr. McGregor, that "both these islands are in an eminent degree, not only capable of being made impregnable, but that their situation alone would command the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, if put into such a state of strength as it is in the power of France to put them." the French, by means of cheaper outfits and lower wages of labour, enjoy a preference in "the markets of the world, as well as in their own market at home;" and, finally, that, having obtained in those parts ceded to them, on the coasts of Newfoundland, nothing less than "half the shores of the island," and "the best fishing grounds," they have thus secured the further advantage of having actually expelled our own fishermen, and driven them from two to four hundred miles further north, where, again they are met by other competitors.

These islands, however, were lost to France by the first war of the Revolution. The peace of Amiens, as we might be sure, restored them to us; and again, as we might be equally sure, the next war transferred them to Great Britain. And, finally, in the treaties which followed the fall of Napoleon, not contenting ourselves with restoring for the third time these most important islands, we have solemnly created in favour of France various privileges of fishing, which were as ruinous for us to grant, as they were unreasonable for her to claim.

With how true and long-sighted a policy France has cultivated her fishing interest, obstinately insisting in peace upon all, or more than all that she had lost in war, may be judged from this statement of Mr. McGregor's:—Even so early as 1745, one year's fishing in the North American seas was valued at £982,000. But this was looked to as a mere collateral trifle. The direct and paramount purpose, which France pursued in this policy, was the support and aggrandisement of her martial navy. This purpose was secured, by a domestic provision, which created for the crews of all vessels fitted out for the fisheries, one-third, or at the least one-fourth of *prime rum*, that is, rum which had never before been taxed. The result of this one provision was, that annually she threw from four to six millions of her rials into her maritime service.

What is the consequence? In 1819, France employed from 250 to 300 vessels on the coasts of British America, and 25,000 fishermen. And she was continually driving these men, when brought into her domestic navy, she binds them to a twenty not to become residents. Nay, so weak and unseeing is her vigilance in this direction, "that strict naval discipline" (as we learn from Mr. McGregor, "is not lost sight of amongst our light of our British seamen, but she has been enabled to create the most perfect apprenticeship in the world for a vast and potent body of sailors, and in a quarter so remote from Europe, as hardly to attract attention.

With an evil of this magnitude before us, it becomes by comparison almost a trifle to mention, that the island of St. Pierre, where the French governor resides, is made a depot for French manufactures, which are afterwards smuggled into our colonies; that, simply as regards the commercial value of the fisheries,

And who are these? The Americans of the United States. And whence comes *their* right to intrude upon our fishing stations? Simply from our own concessions. By a convention with this country, concluded in 1818, the United States have obtained a modified privilege of fishing in these latitudes; this privilege they have greatly abused, not only by too partial a construction of the terms allowed, but by the most tyrannical usurpations of powers, which no construction, however partial, could justify, and neither side could have contemplated. Acting much more in concert than our own people, the Americans frequently occupy the whole of the best fishing banks, to the exclusion of our fishermen; they fish by means of seines, which they spread across the best places along the shores, and thus intercept all chances of success for the British fisherman; they have even presumed to anchor opposite to a British settlement, to cut the salmon-net of the inhabitants, to set their own in its stead, and, finally, have threatened to shoot any one who approached it. Nay, as the efficacy of their outrages, Mr. McGregor assures us, that they have driven by force our vessels and boats from their stations—have torn down the British flag in the harbours, and hoisted in its place that of the United States.

The other consequences are pretty much the same as those which have followed the French encroachments. The Americans annually employ from fifteen hundred to two thousand schooners, of 90 to 130 tons, with crews amounting to thirty thousand men. As to the quantity of produce, it may be conjectured from this—Their export of codfish alone averages 100,000 quintals annually, which is about half the quantity exported by the British, from Newfoundland and Labrador; and their home consumption is equal to three times as much more.

These are the consequences which indirectly and remotely affect our own interests, by rapidly promoting the commercial and political importance of those who are always our rivals and too often our enemies. Meantime, the direct and immediate consequence to ourselves, has been the depreciation of fish in the foreign markets, a ruinous reduction in the demand for fish oil, and the almost total destruction of our great nursery for seamen. With respect to this last evil, Mr. McGregor tells us, that the fishermen, particularly in Newfoundland, now confine themselves to a shore or boat-fishing; and from the circum-

stances under which *that* is pursued, it seems that it furnishes no regular school for training sailors. British interests have in general been confided too exclusively to the support of the sword; but we believe that no instance can be produced in which they have been—neglected, we cannot say—but systematically sacrificed in an equal degree by our diplomacy. For it must not be forgotten that this very Newfoundland, thus wantonly trifled away in recent times, was “for at least two centuries and a half after its discovery by Cabot in 1479, of more mighty importance to Great Britain than any other colony;” and Mr. M’Gregor justly doubts whether “the British Empire could have risen to its great and superior rank among the nations of the earth, if any other power had held the possession of Newfoundland; its fishing having ever since its commencement furnished our navy with a great portion of its hardy and brave sailors.”

Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton occupy the two next books. Neither of these islands can pretend to any considerable rank amongst our American possessions. Yet this is not so much from any want of natural resources that can be charged upon either of them, as from the extraordinary neglect which they have experienced from government. It is true, that private enterprise has done something within the last thirty years to remedy this neglect. All the world remembers the late Lord Selkirk’s intelligent plan of colonization in Prince Edward Island; and a good deal has been done for Cape Breton by English settlements since the close of the American revolutionary war. Yet, when the French possessed this island, the inhabitants employed upon the fisheries near 600 vessels, exclusive of boats, and from twenty-seven to twenty-eight thousand seamen; and the French Ministry considered this fishery “a more valuable source of wealth and power to France than the possession of the mines of Mexico and Peru.” Indeed Louisburg, the old French capital of the island of Cape Breton, and at that time the capital of all the French possessions, of itself sufficiently indicates the importance of this settlement. The inhabitants were 5000, without reckoning the garrison; and the reduction of the place by General Amherst, in 1758, required a powerful armament of twenty-three ships of the line, eighteen frigates, 157 sloops of war and transports, together with a land force of 16,000 men. For more than twenty years, however, after this event, the island was abandoned to a few fishermen, whose existence was scarcely known. At this time the colony, if such it could be called, was treated as an appendage of Nova Scotia. After the American war, it is true, promises appeared of a better system. A new capital, named Sidney, was founded by the first governor, Louisburg having been raised to the ground: and the colony of Cape Breton was then gratified by a distinct and independent government. This gleam of prosperity, however, appears to have been transitory; the succeeding

governors did little to promote the welfare of the island; and since 1820 it has been reannexed, a dependency, to the government of Nova Scotia.

We are not without hopes that the present work will once more call the attention of government to a possession with such extended capacities, both for internal improvement, and for external aid to the whole system of colonies among which it is placed. The abundant fisheries of its coasts, its numerous harbours, its great plenty of wood for ship-building, a soil sufficiently fertile and excellent land for grazing, are alone ample elements of a vast internal development which waits only for a sufficient population; and this ought long since to have been furnished from our own shores. But beyond all other constituents of a flourishing colony, Cape Breton has that of coal mines, which must sooner or later raise it to a first-rate importance. This fact we have first learned from the work before us. And really, when we lay all these considerations together, we cannot but agree with Mr. M’Gregor that it is “difficult to account for this colony having been so long neglected, while the attention of government has been directed to the colonization of countries so distant as the Cape of Good Hope and Van Dieman’s Land.” The only solution of this difficulty is to be found, as he suggests, in the general ignorance of the advantages held out by this colony—an ignorance common to government and to all those who are speculating on emigration. Hence we shall not be surprised, if Mr. M’Gregor should himself prove the greatest of all benefactors to Cape Breton, by causing the current of emigration to turn for a time into that direction. Certain it is that not one of our colonies is so much coveted by the United States; and if they should once obtain possession of it, there is every reason to believe, with Mr. M’Gregor, that, as a position commanding the surrounding seas, and coasts, it would protect the nursery for their navy until it would have “sufficient strength to cope with any power in Europe, not even excepting England.” Thus it will be seen that we have graver reason for attending to the condition of Cape Breton than merely those which respect the interests of our emigrants. Yet it is certain that the same measure would provide for all these objects at once. Let government select a proper body of emigrants; grant them suitable encouragement and have them trained, according to Mr. M’Gregor’s suggestion, as a militia;—in that case the internal prosperity of this valuable island, and its defence against the Americans would be secure at one blow, and with an expense in the utmost degree insignificant by comparison with the great ends attained.

At present it is probable enough that the whole attention of the government at home which is disposable in this direction, settles upon the two principal colonies of Nova Scotia and Canada. Yet even these suffer in some degree from neglect. And apparently this neglect is

pursued them from the earliest times. Nova Scotia, which had been one of the earliest British acquisitions in right of Cabot's discovery on behalf of Henry VII., for a long period was carelessly resigned to the French. That active nation zealously profited by our torpor,* but misfortunes blighted their efforts, after a brief prosperity of eight or ten years. This catastrophe was followed by various changes of fortune, alternately establishing the French and British sovereignty, until in 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht finally secured this colony to the British crown. In that allegiance it has ever since continued; and, according to Mr. McGregor, no colony is less likely to throw it off. So long, however, as the French were in possession of Prince Edward Island, (then called St. John's) of Cape Breton, and the Canadas, this colony was never at ease from French intrigues; nor was it until Wolfe's expedition to Quebec that a perfect state of security was established. Up to that era, it is notorious that the British settlers were frequently scalped by Indian tribes, instigated and bribed by France; an atrocity which has stamped the memory of the French governors in that age with everlasting infamy. At present this colony possesses all the civil establishments which are essential to its own welfare, and suitable to its connection with so great a mother country. Halifax, the capital, has a population of sixteen thousand people, the best harbour in North America, and the most respectable dockyard out of England. Hitherto, indeed, it has been the great central rendezvous for his Majesty's shipping in those seas, and the head quarters of the troops in the Lower American provinces. Yet at this time it seems there is a ruinous job going on for transferring these establishments to the Bermudas, that is, from a station with every natural advantage to one with none at all.

Intellectually speaking, that is, with a view to the blessing of cultivated society and of education, Nova Scotia stands at the head of our North American colonies. During the government of Lord Dartmouth a college was established, and endowed with funds to the amount of nearly ten thousand pounds, as a measure of relief to the case of students who decline subscribing the Thirtieth Articles; students of the Church of England were already provided for by the College of Windsor. The same enlightened nobleman established an agricultural society. And

* There is a truly characteristic anecdote connected with this French possession of Nova Scotia, (or Acadia, as it was then called.) De Monts, who had a commission from Henri IV. of France, constituting him governor of this and other countries, under the general name of New France, thought proper to confiscate the property of one Rossignol; but, on the other hand, by way of consoling the unhappy Frenchman for his loss, he called a certain harbour, now known as Liverpool harbour, by the flattering name of *Port Rossignol*.

upon the whole, there is perhaps no settlement in the world where equal culture of mind is combined with the same simplicity of manners.

Until the year 1785, the province of New Brunswick formed a part of Nova Scotia; and we may properly enough, therefore, notice its present circumstances in this place. Mr. McGregor supposes that it is capable of maintaining "at least three millions of inhabitants;" which single statement is a sufficient indication of its importance. Yet with all these immense resources, it was not until 1762 that this country attracted any British settlers. In that year a few families made the first attempt at colonization. Their sufferings were great; but still greater (if we may trust a pamphlet written by a gentleman at Fredericton, in the same province) were the sufferings of those who followed in the spring of 1784. They were American loyalists, who were obliged to leave comfortable homes in the United States after the close of the war of independence. "Scarcely had these firm friends of their country (meaning Great Britain) begun to construct their cabins, when they were surprised by the rigours of an untried climate; their habitations being enveloped in snow before they were tenable. The climate at that period being far more severe than at present, they were frequently put to the greatest straits for food and clothing to preserve their existence; a few roots were all that tender mothers could at times procure to allay the importunate calls of their children for food. Sir Guy Carleton had ordered them provisions for the first year at the expense of government; but food could scarcely be procured on any terms. Frequently had these settlers to go from fifty to one hundred miles with handsleds or *bobcogs*, through wild woods or on the ice, to procure a precarious supply for their famishing families. Frequently in the piercing cold of winter, a part of the family had to remain up during the night to keep fire in their huts to prevent the other part from freezing. Some very destitute families made use of boards to supply the want of bedding; the father or some of the older children remaining up by turns, and warming two suitable pieces of boards which they applied alternately to the smaller children; with many similar expedients." However, in spite of these hideous difficulties, already in 1785 a royal charter was granted to New Brunswick, as a distinct province independent of Nova Scotia. Fredericton is now the seat of government; but the largest town is that of St. John's, which has a population of twelve thousand people.

No town, however, is more heard of in this country, on account of its immense timber trade, than that of Miramichi. We mention it here as connected with one of those tremendous firs which sometimes arise in the American forests, and spread havoc by circles of longitude and latitude. In the autumn of 1825, such a calamity occurred on the river Miramichi, which extended 140 miles in length, and in some places 70 in breadth. It is of little consequence that

no wind should be stirring at the time; for, as Mr. M'Gregor observes, the mere rarefaction of the air creates a wind, "which increases till it blows a perfect hurricane." In the present case the woods had been on fire for some days without creating any great alarm. But "on the 7th of October, it came on to blow furiously from the westward and the inhabitants along the banks of the river were suddenly surprised by an extraordinary roaring in the woods, resembling the crashing and detonation of loud and incessant thunder, while at the same instant the atmosphere became thickly darkened with smoke. They had scarcely time to ascertain the cause of this awful phenomenon, before all the surrounding woods appeared in one vast blaze, the flames ascending from *one to two hundred feet above the tops of the loftiest trees*; and the fire, rolling forward with inconceivable celerity, presented the terribly sublime appearance of an impetuous flaming ocean." Two towns, those of Douglas and Newcastle, were in a blaze within the hour; and many of the inhabitants were unable to escape. Multitudes of men on lumbering parties, perished in the forest; cattle were destroyed by wholesale; even birds, unless those of very strong wing, seldom escaped, so rapid was the progress of the flames. Nay, the very rivers were so much affected by the burning masses projected into their waters, that in many cases large quantities of salmon and other fish were scattered upon their shores. Perhaps the plague of fire has never been exhibited, or will be, till the final destruction of this planet, on so magnificent a scale. Such disasters, however, are repaired in wonderfully short space of time; wooden cities being easily rebuilt in a country where timber is a weed. Weed, however, as it is in a domestic sense, by means of exportation to English markets timber has turned out a more valuable possession to New Brunswick than diamond mines could possibly have proved to a country in her situation. Mr. M'Gregor gives us a very impressive picture of the mode in which timber is cut, hauled to the banks of rivers, and finally floated in the shape of rafts to Miramichi or other ports. The class of people engaged in these labours are called *lumberers*; they live like Indians in the woods; and a life of greater hardship than theirs, or labours carried on under circumstances of more romantic peril and difficulty, we do not suppose to exist any where on this planet.

Mr. M'Gregor's account of these people has all the interest of a romance with the truth of history. Yet they are cheerful; and as passionately attached to their own mode of life, though entailing upon them a premature old age, as the *chamois-hunters of the Alps*. Danger, like the risk in gambling comes at length to be loved for its own sake.

It is urged, however, that this pursuit has a tendency to demoralize the people engaged in it; and on that ground chiefly has been raised a project by our present ministers for loading the colonial timber with an additional duty of ten shil-

lings a-load, and at the same time reducing the duty on foreign timber by five. On this point, Mr. M'Gregor makes a powerful representation, on the one hand, of extravagant follies connected with this new financial plan, and, on the other, of the benefits to this country from the timber trade as now conducted. The heads of his statement are these: First, it employs about three hundred thousand tons of British shipping, and sixteen thousand seamen. Secondly, it supplies to England annually about four hundred thousand loads of timber. Thirdly, it takes off, in payment for this, British manufactures to the value, *at first cost*, of more than two millions sterling. Fourthly, the timber ships having a home freight find it to be in their power to carry out emigrants at one half the fares which would otherwise be required. And accordingly in 1830 alone, out of forty thousand British settlers in North America, more than three-fourths were carried out at these reduced rates by the timber ships. With these and other facts before him, luminously stated in the present work, Lord Althorp must be a bold man indeed if he can seriously proceed with his financial changes, which will have the effect of destroying this important branch of industry at one blow.

Yet these interests, vast as they are, sink in importance by the side of those which are connected with Canada; so much larger is the scale, and so much more comprehensive, upon which these last are expanding. In 1763, about the time when our possession of Canada was finally secured by treaty, its total population was rated at seventy thousand. It is now, according to Mr. M'Gregor, nine hundred thousand; of which one-third belongs to the upper province, and the other two to the lower. The total militia of Canada consists of eighty-five thousand men. In 1830, the imports of Canada amounted to £1,771,345; and the exports to nearly two millions. Twenty years ago, all the vessels of every description which arrived in Canada, amounted to 341, registering about 52 thousand tons. At present, without enumerating coasters, or fishing-vessels, river or lake craft, Canada gives employment to about one thousand ships, registering about 220,000 tons, and navigated by eleven thousand seamen. These items in the account of its prosperity we mention as expressing, in a shape easily understood, the amount of advance which she has made; and it must be recollected that this expansion is continually going on. In reality if Great Britain had no other possession than this in North America, she would have the basis of a great empire. The mere river St. Lawrence is a sufficient exponent of the great destiny which the hand of nature has assigned to his region. Perhaps few readers are aware that the river St. Lawrence is the greatest in the world. Mr. M'Gregor asserts this; and, considering the breadth of this river in connexion with its length, and the prodigious size of the lakes into which it continually opens, we believe

he is right.* At Cape Rosier, which is connected its mouth, the St. Lawrence is eighty miles broad; and at Cape Chat, 100 miles up the river, it is still forty. Even at the point where the waters are perfectly unaffected by the sea, it is still twenty-two miles broad, and twelve fathoms (that is, 72 feet) deep. Nay, 100 miles above Quebec, it is nearly 300 feet deep; for depth increases upwards. Such a river was an appropriate basin for receiving the vast timber-piles called the Columbus and the Baron of Renfrew—"those mammoth ships," (as Mr. McGregor happily styles them,) "the largest masses, in one piece, that human ingenuity, or daring enterprise, ever contrived to float on the ocean." Both, by the way, crossed the Atlantic; and both were built at Quebec. Of the Columbus we have the following account from Mr. McGregor:—"The length on the keel was about 320 feet; breadth something more than 50; and the extreme depth of the body about 40 feet. There was then 3000 tons put on board before launching. Every thing was on a gigantic scale. The launch-ways were laid on solid masonry-work, embedded in the rock. The main and hemp-cables, capstan, bars, &c. exceeded the dimensions of common materials, in the same proportion as the Columbus did other ships. Yet this huge four-masted vessel was roughly framed, timbered, and planked, on the usual principles, and not put together like a raft, as many people imagined."†

One pledge for the future prosperity of Canada is found in her mineral wealth. Even petalite, the rarest of fossils, is yielded by her soil, (near York: iron of the best quality, copper, lead, tin, malagoe, &c., and all the metal predominant in the useful arts, having been found already; nor do we recollect a single mineral which is indispensable to manufacturing industry, except only oil, which has not been discovered in Canada. Clay and gypsum are now produced in abundance. Sea coal would probably have been detected long ago, had the woods been less infinite. And, could it even happen that coal were never detected, still the vast coal-fields in the neighbouring province of Nova Scotia (to say nothing of that might be had from New Brunswick, or Cape Breton, or Nova Scotia,) are known to be sufficient for the consumption of all America, through very long periods of time.

Meantime, as a place of residence for those who seek quiet, and the enjoyments of social life, no one of our colonies seems equal in at-

tractions to this magnificent region. Provisions are cheap; though, it is true, that, in Quebec and Montreal, the style of living, in other respects, is allowed to counteract that advantage. The scenery, and the style of rural architecture adopted in the Canadian cottages, is such as peculiarly to delight English eyes. And perhaps, in no part of the world is the style of manners so courteous and winning, as amongst the old indigenous Canadian peasantry, descended from the original French settlers. On these points we cannot have more accurate information than that of Mr. McGregor.

"The houses of the *habitants*, (i. e. the peasantry) are sometimes built of stone, but generally of wood, and only one story high. The walls outside are whitewashed; which imparts to them, particularly in summer, when almost every thing else is green, a most lively and clean-looking appearance. Some of the houses have verandas; and an orchard and garden is often attached. We cannot but be pleased and happy while travelling through them. They assuredly seem to be the very abodes of simplicity, virtue, and happiness. We pass along delighted through a beautiful rural country, with clumps of wood interspersed, amidst cultivated farms, pastures, and herds; decent parish churches, and neat white houses or cottages. The inhabitants are always not only civil, but polite and hospitable; and the absence of beggary, and of the squalid beings, whose misery harrows our feelings in the United Kingdom, is the best proof that they are in comfortable circumstances. Thefts are rare, and doors are as rarely locked. You never meet a Canadian, but he puts his hand to his hat, or *bonnet rouge*; he is always ready to inform you, or to receive you into his house; and, if you are hungry, the best he has is at your service. The manners of the women and children have nothing of the awkward bashfulness which prevails amongst the peasants of Scotland, nor the boorish rudeness of those of England. While we know that each may be equally correct in heart, yet we cannot help being pleased with the manners that smooth our journeys; and often have I compared the easy, obliging manner of the Canadian *habitants*, with the rough, 'What do ye want?' of the English boor, or the wondering 'What's your will?' of the Scotch cotters. At the *auberges*, or inns, many of which are post houses, we find civility, ready attendance, and have seldom to complain of what we pay for. The post-houses, which are established along the main road, are regulated by an act of the Provincial Parliament; and the *maitre de poste* is obliged to keep a certain number of horses, caleches, and cabrioles, ready all hours of the night or day for the accommodation of travellers. There is seldom any delay; fares are fixed by law; there is nothing to pay the driver; and a paper is given, stating the charge from stage to stage—which is, for a caleche or cabriolet, (in which two can travel,) fifteen pence per league. The *pricat's* house is always close to the church; and

* Even the river of the Amazons appears, by Mr. McGregor's measurement, to be inferior to the St. Lawrence, as respects length; and that it is very much inferior, as respects breadth, every body is aware.

† The reader must not suppose that three thousand tons was the compliment of her loading. She ran out a mile by the impetus of her launch, and took the rest of her cargo which was far more, at the Falls of Montmorency.

you never see him except in his sacerdotal robe. Enter his house and you are welcome; nor will he let you depart hungry."

"A Sabbath morning in the Scotch parishes, most remote from the towns, bears the nearest resemblance to a Sunday before mass in Canada. But the evenings of Sundays are far more cheerfully spent than in Scotland. The people of the parish often meet in small groups, or at each other's houses, for the sake of talking; and on these occasions they sometimes indulge in dancing."

And on the whole, Mr. M'Gregor concludes, that "If we look for a more correct or moral people than the Canadian *habitants*, we may search in vain."

Such is the picture of rural life. On the other hand, if a man seeks for the pleasures peculiar to towns, Quebec offers more attractions, and of a more varied kind, than most cities in Europe. Here are monasteries* of ancient foundation, diffusing solemnity and the tranquil peace of religion upon a place, else so tumultuous with the stir and enterprise of a capital, and through the temperament of its native population. Here are prospects the most ample and magnificent in the world; in Mr. M'Gregor's opinion, much transcending those from Edinburgh or Sterling Castles. Above all, this is the capital where winter puts on its gayest apparel. In a cold climate, it should always be remembered that extremity of cold is a great advantage, because under the circumstances which that produces, all the out-door pleasures take a tone more emphatically characteristic of a high latitude; and because home is thus trebly endeared. Winter in Quebec is much severer than in Montreal; and in that proportion, every true connoisseur in luxury would pronounce a Quebec Christmas happier than one in Montreal. We may add, as one of the *agremens* of Canada, if the visitor should choose to seek it, the society of the old Canadian *noblesse*, (or properly speaking, gentry.) "These noblesse," says the earliest British governor of Canada, (General Murray,) "are seigneurs of the whole country; and though not rich, are in a situation, in that plentiful part of the world, where money is scarce, and luxury still unknown, to support their dignity." They have been too much neglected by the haughty English; but hear what Mr. M'Gregor says of them:—"The Canadian gentry all over the province, consisting chiefly of the old noblesse and gentry, or their descendants, retain the courteous urbanity of the French school of the last century. They speak French as purely as it is spoken in Paris. Many of them also speak English fluently; and although their political jealousies may be objected to, yet their society is very agreeable, and not sufficiently courted by the English." Finally, there are a college and professors at

Quebec; two good libraries; four newspapers of which three twice a week; banks; one or two good hotels; and, in short, every possible accommodation that European habits of luxury can demand.

With respect to the connexion of Canada with this country, that depends upon ourselves. Assuredly it is nowise essential to Canada, which is now sufficiently developed, to take upon herself her own defence, and her own burdens of every kind. Under these circumstances, we cannot but think with Mr. M'Gregor, that our Government at home have been greatly injudicious in the attempts to create splendid revenues for the Church of England, where so very large an overbalance of the population is Catholic or Presbyterian. On this point it is possible that we are more impartial than Mr. M'Gregor, who, though liberal and tolerant, in the very highest degree, has probably been bred up in sentiments of somewhat hostile feelings towards the English Church. We, on the contrary, profess the highest veneration for that great bulwark of Protestantism, and everlasting gratitude to her for the services she has rendered. But it would be a bad mode of testifying these feelings—to make her the object of perpetual murmuring, jealousy, and hatred, amongst a people who are under no absolute necessity (a fact of which they will continually become more sensible,) to endure her predominance. The Roman Catholic Church is in effect the ruling Church in Canada, and the parish priests of that Church are very handsomely provided for, having severally, upon an average, £300 a year; and, considering that the whole of the original Canadian population, and a very large proportion of the Irish emigrants, are passionately attached to this Church, and personally to their priesthood, it is expecting too much of human forbearance, to require of the Provincial Parliaments that they should be continually taking measures for securing ample revenues, and a civil proceeding, to a church which in this region is *militant* at any rate, and which has been too generally misrepresented to hope for any indirect opportunities of counteracting that elementary disadvantage, by conciliating to itself a body of disinterested attachment. From the quality of the *immigration* (to use that neologism) now setting into Canada, there is no rational prospect for any alteration in this state of feeling favourable to the Church of England. So far from that, the hostility which she already provokes, will grow annually more embittered, as the number increases of her Catholic enemies, and as their consciousness becomes more distinct of the independent power which they possess. A church, or any institution whatever, which exists substantially upon sufferance, must moderate her tone, and cease to court opposition by a scale of pretensions suited only to a condition of absolute supremacy.

The same spirit of forbearance ought to govern us in all other acts of interference with internal affairs of Canada. Where we cannot

* In one of these it is worth mentioning, on the authority of Mr. M'Gregor, that the nuns have an undoubted secret for curing cancer.

ally command, we should be content to our own situation, and to act by the ministrations of parental influence addressed to it and independent children. The chief ourselves in future times to our North can possessions will be this—that they will a barrier on the one side to the United sufficient to break the unity of her efforts: our maritime supremacy, and that, the fisheries, by a more direct service, will avail to keep up the succession of comparable seamen. But it is evident that of this nature, even more than a systematic despotism supported by armies, demanding an intimate acquaintance with the in- which we undertake to guide. A system, for our own, might be coherent in all its though it were composed in Great Britain merely British principles, and with a mere knowledge of Canadian wants. But, if sent to know our own place, and to inter- the weight of paternal counsels, and left of our occasional aid, in that case, as operators, we must submit to study those minutely, in which we pretend to inter- We have contrived to ruin the West In- our factious theories: let us abstain from ilar attempts upon the Canadian pro- knowing that in this case they will recoil ourselves. For the Canadians have a influence in their Provincial Parliament e can overbalance; and under any settled ion that we are not consulting for them, ourselves, they will have a sufficient mo- throwing off the allegiance which at they are content to maintain. purposes so important, and a duty so ant, calling upon us to acquire a com- ve knowledge of these American colo- e have national reasons to be thankful to Gregor for the immense labour with he has brought together the materials re- for placing our public counsels in this hapter of policy upon a sound basis. The nent at home, and their representatives onies, are under the greatest obligations and, next after them, all those who are now ting on emigration. There is a separate of valuable advice to this class: but in ry page of both volumes may be con- as specially addressed to *them*, since the able details which are collected upon ew settlement, its situation, advantages, ies, wants, and ultimate prospects, com- vast thesaurus of information, far more and comprehensive than any which an it could ever hope to gather for himself y years of personal travel. Sitting by e fireside in England, he may now make plans, he may assort the materials of the e which he may find it prudent to carry m; he may, in short, make every possi- sion for his future comfort and pros- in a higher degree of perfection than rmerly have been possible, until after a

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long, painful, and very costly experiment on the different modes of colonial life, conducted at his own peculiar risk.

Never was there a time when counsel and assistance of this quality were so clamorously called for. Emigration from this country is going on by gigantic strides; and in no very distant period the advanced posts of civilization will have established a communication between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Pacific Ocean. Mr. M'Taggart, an engineer employed on the canals of Canada, and therefore little liable to the reproach of countenancing visionary speculations, declares that, "steam-boats may go up from Quebec to Lake Superior ere three years from this time," whence they will pass through the *notch* of the Rocky Mountains, and be locked down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean." The town of Nootka, on the sound of that name, from mere advantages of situation, he believes "is likely to be as large as London; as the trade between it and the Oriental world may become wonderfully great in a short time. Then when the steam-packet line is established between Quebec and London, as it soon will be, we may come and go between China and Britain in about two months. These are magnificent prospects, but not more so than we have reason to think warranted by the mere statistics of the case. The route of a prodigious commerce will be across these regions. They will soon be inundated by a vast population. Christian temples, cottages, rich in comfort, and the best gifts of civilization, colonies rising, rapidly into centres of knowledge and power: these elements of a potent national confederation, will speedily rise to dispossess the roving deer of their pastures, and the wolf of his den. Rising under the auspices, and forwarded by the assistance of Great Britain, composed also in a very large proportion of a population originally British, they will inherit our language, literature, and historical recollections; under wise treatment at this time they will look with gratitude and veneration to the mother country; and from habits of ancient intercourse, will continue to strengthen our foreign policy as allies, long after that era when the maturity of their own development shall have silently dissolved their allegiance to the British crown.

These great prospects are not in every part dependent upon our justice and wisdom. In defiance of us, and all that our folly can accomplish, Canada, with the far stretching countries of the west, will eventually compose a great empire. But we can do much at this crisis to forward that consummation, and to found lasting remembrances, favourable to our own foremost interests. And considering the critical moment at which the present work has come forth; considering also the fulness and remarkable accuracy of the information which it offers to our governors at home, we believe that few men in this generation will prove greater benefactors to our vast establishment of North American colo-

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nics than John M'Gregor. And when it comes to be superannuated, as that can happen only through the rapid progress of the colonies to which it relates, we are sure that no man will rejoice more in a depreciation so produced, than the able and patriotic author.

From the United Service Journal.

SKYRZNECKI.

From the unpublished manuscript of a traveller.

ARRIVED at the post-house at Linz, in Austria, my first care was to ascertain whether the authorities at the Police-office would render our passports available for Berlin, without the necessity of sending them on to Vienna for the countersignature of the Prussian minister. But it appeared that no arrangement of the kind could be accomplished. We were therefore constrained to make up our minds to remain at Linz until the return of the passports from Vienna, whither they were accordingly sent without delay. As soon as this business had been despatched we removed from the Post-haus to the *Hotel Goldenen L  wen* (Golden Lion,) where, as a fellow-traveller from Braunau had apprised us, the celebrated Polish chief, Skyrznecki, was residing *incog*. Not many minutes after we had been installed in our new domicile, my companion proposed that we should send up our names to the General, and solicit permission to pay our respects, a proposition so consonant to my own wishes, that I did not hesitate a moment to acquiesce. The gar  on warned us that there was little chance of our suit being granted, inasmuch as Skyrznecki had been for two months and a half a tenant of his apartment, and invariably declined all visits; but we entertained a presentiment, pardonable enough if the acknowledged influence of the English name on the Continent be considered, that our application would not be rejected. The gar  on left us, and shortly afterwards returned with a look of surprise and good humour, saying, that the General would be most happy to receive "the two Englishmen." Our emotions may easily be conceived. My venerable companion had resided for many years in Russia; he had been witness to the system of government prevalent in that empire; he had formed many valuable friendships amongst the Poles, and though deprived by the rigidity of Russian regulations of those means of becoming acquainted with the course of public events which are available in freer countries, he had nevertheless contrived to learn as much of the progress of the affairs of Poland, as sufficed to identify Skyrznecki in his mind with every thing that was brave, honourable, patriotic, and skilful. For my own part, shut out as I have been from almost all intercourse with civilized society for the previous eight months,* and necessarily unacquainted as I was with all but the unhappy results of the Polish revolution,

I did not anticipate a higher degree of bliss than that of seeing and conversing with a soldier and a patriot of good repute.

The hour fixed upon by the General for our visit arrived; we went up to his room, knocked at the door, and were instantly admitted. Had we been utter strangers to the name and character of our new acquaintance, our demeanour might possibly have been more assured; but it is quite impossible that we could have felt the less respect for the individual who now rose to receive us. There was an air of majesty in his port, blended with the most perfect grace, that irresistibly attracted the homage of meaner mortals. Had I met him in the street, I should involuntarily have taken off my hat, or at least have turned to contemplate his "noble presence." In stature he might have been about six feet high, perhaps more; in carriage he was erect, without possessing a shadow of the ordinary stiffness of the *militaires* of the Continent; his countenance pale and somewhat wan, (evidently the result of confinement, inactivity, and distress of mind,)—but his eye! and his forehead!—His keen grey eye, which at one glance uttered a thousand sentiments—that at once spoke a consciousness of rectitude, a capacity to command, a sense of its owner's adverse condition, a feeling of goodwill to all men, and a welcome to his immediate visitors,—his vast expanse of forehead, that encased a pure and noble mind—these features could only belong to one of gentle blood, accustomed to a "space in the world's thought" and "dominion over his fellow men." He was plainly attired in an olive frock and black trousers, and had apparently been reading, for on rising he laid down a book. We apologized for the liberty, &c. but were speedily reassured, and in a few minutes had gone over various interesting subjects of discussion. On taking leave of the General, we were invited to drink tea with him that evening *   la mode Angloise*, an invitation which we gladly accepted; and we returned to our apartments, in excellent humour with the accident* that had thus brought us acquainted with one of the best and greatest men of the age. My worthy fellow-traveller did not understand a syllable of French, but so animated and expressive were Skyrznecki's gesticulations, that he declared himself almost as much delighted with the interview as if he had interchanged sentiments with the hero, or had comprehended every word he uttered. In the evening we were, as may be supposed, true to our appointment. The conversation, naturally enough, referred to the affairs of Poland; and such progress had we made in one another's confidence in the course of an hour, that on my expressing my ignorance of many of the most important and interesting features in the history of the recent revolution, Skyrznecki volunteered an account of the whole

* The writer was making a tour through the wildest parts of Persia.

* The writer had been obliged to return to Linz in consequence of the tedious quarantine required of him on the Bavarian frontier.

business, from its commencement down to the capture of Warsaw. I endeavoured, on retiring to my chamber, to commit to paper all that I had thus heard, with a view to its subsequent publication, but on submitting the manuscript to my illustrious friend, he seems to think that the dignity of the theme demanded something beyond a mere narrative; that it was of consequence enough of itself to form the subject of an entire volume, upon which I destroyed my memoranda lest I might be tempted hereafter to make use of the meagre materials at the expense of a serious and important cause. I then regret the step because No. 20 of the admirable Cabinet Cyclopædia of Dr. Lardner contains a History of the Insurrection, which in spirit and in phrase corresponds, as far as my memory serves me, almost entirely with the description given me by the General.

As a pendant, however, to that "History," I am tempted to offer a narrative which, I am persuaded, will be read with interest by all who sympathise with the fortunes of so exalted a character and brave a soldier as Skyrznecki. It is a relation communicated by himself of his flight from Warsaw to Cracow, after he had been deprived of the command of the Polish army, and Gen. Krukowski had assumed the general direction of affairs. The narrative may not possibly be fraught with so many striking events as the description I have somewhere read of the Pretender's flight after the battle of Colloden, but I venture to hope, that it will at least be found as attractive as the sketch given in Dr. Lardner's book of Stanislaus's escape.

Narrative of Skyrznecki's escape from Warsaw.

Krukowski's preponderance, the rage and atrocities of the clubbists, or Jacobins, and the danger to his liberty which the expected success of the Russians threatened, suggested to Skyrznecki an immediate retreat from Warsaw. The prospect, however, of a favourable change in political sentiment, added to affairs of a private nature, dictated a prolonged stay, provided it could be accomplished without exposing him to personal injury. With this view, an honest citizen, whom Skyrznecki could rely on, was consulted, and requested to assist his temporary concealment within the town. The man complied, though the hazard was great, and immediately assigned an apartment in his own house to the General's use, and supplied him with every comfort he could desire. Skyrznecki's wife, in the meantime continued to reside in their own house, but all communication between them was purposely avoided. Accustomed to an active life, the rigid confinement to which Skyrznecki was now subjected, ill assorted with his inclination or his health; he was therefore induced, after a time, to take occasional walks at nightfall, and on one of these occasions determined on a visit to his wife. He paid it, and the people of the cause betrayed him to the existing Government. The consequence was, that the police were in-

stantly on the alert to ascertain his retreat and to arrest him, while the clubbists anxiously sought to assassinate him. Every friend he had was visited, and closely questioned regarding their knowledge of his movements and situation, but their replies kept the interrogators still in the dark. Skyrznecki, however found that it was now high time to beat a retreat from Warsaw, and the only question was, how to effect it? His host, in conjunction with his wife, concerted the means, and at length induced the son of an old servant of Skyrznecki's stepmother, who resembled Skyrznecki in stature and complexion, to apply for passports to enable him, as it were, to leave Warsaw on his own account. The passports being obtained, they were delivered to Skyrznecki, and a night fixed for his departure. Disguised as a valet, Skyrznecki repaired at the time appointed to a neighbouring street, where a carriage and his own horses waited to receive him. He jumped up and started off at a hard pace, successfully passed the barrier, where his person was compared with the description given in the passport, and succeeded in reaching an inn not far from the next town. While he remained at the inn, two *gens-d'armes* came in, and demanded his passports, which having been shown, accompanied by a *rouble*, they left the place. The innkeeper, a Pole, perceiving however that his guest was a more distinguished individual than his papers set forth, earnestly counselled him not to pass through the town, "For you must know, Sir," said he, "the commandant of the place is accustomed to sit at his window, to watch all travellers, to stop and question them; and believe me, Sir," he added, "you will never pass the scrutiny, for you do not look like a servant." Skyrznecki deemed it prudent to act on this disinterested counsel, and after refreshing his horses set forth on another route, or rather plunged into a forest, whose mazes were unknown to all but the peasantry of the country, who warmly assisted the flight of their superiors, and drove on until he reached the precincts of a town, where a priest to whom he was known, and who was attached to him, resided. He consulted with this priest the means of advance while his horses were feeding; and another priest having been called in, it was agreed he should again alter his route, since the river Pelica, which it was necessary to cross, offered an impediment to his progress, inasmuch as all the bridges had been destroyed during the campaign by Skyrznecki's own orders, to prevent the Russians from harassing his rear. Being ignorant of the newly proposed route, a peasant was engaged, for a trifling sum, to convey Skyrznecki and his driver to the proposed destination. After a reconnaissance they set off. On their road, they

* Anxious not to compromise the safety of those who aided his flight, Skyrznecki carefully avoided naming the towns through which he passed; lest it might furnish a clue to the residence of his friends.

encountered two Polish dragoons in the interest of the clubbists, but testifying neither alarm nor curiosity at this circumstance, they escaped their suspicion or scrutiny. Reaching a narrow part of the river, they crossed it on rafters, and continuing their route, reached a town where they stopped to refresh themselves and horses. At the inn where Skrznecki put up, the Burgmeister of the town presented himself and questioned Skrznecki as to his person, his intentions, his destination, &c. Skrznecki evaded his questions in a good-humoured way, and told him he should know after dinner. The repast being finished, the Burgmeister renewed his inquiries, upon which Skrznecki informed him that he was a Major Stanisewski, and desired to proceed to a particular town. The Burgmeister, however, frankly told him he believed him to be a Russian spy. Skrznecki reasoned with him on the absurdity and injustice of such a supposition, and in evidence of his being a genuine Pole, mentioned the names, condition, residences, and means of various persons in the country round. The Burgmeister, nevertheless, was sceptical, but after detaining our hero for four hours, became a little more accessible to reason, and permitted Skrznecki to depart, accompanied by an officer of the police. Skrznecki had not, however, proceeded three versts from the town, when he was overtaken and arrested by six lancers, who had orders from the irresolute Burgmeister to carry him back. Skrznecki, finding it vain to attempt resistance, submitted to the mandate, and returned. On his arrival at the town, he found a room prepared for him, and strictly guarded. He sent for the Burgmeister, who accordingly presented himself, and things having thus reached a very hazardous crisis, Skrznecki deemed it necessary to declare himself openly to his gaoler, and request his assistance. Concealing, however, the chief causes of his flight, Skrznecki represented to the Burgmeister that he was an emissary from the Polish Government, (of which it was known he had been a member,) and was proceeding to a palatine town, in order to assist in the formation of a new constitution for Poland. The Burgmeister on this declaration being made, threw himself at the feet of the General, entreated his pardon for the severity he had exercised, dwelt with mixed emotions of pity and regret on what the General had suffered, and instantly supplied him with the means of prosecuting his journey.

He was now to enter upon the most dangerous part of his peregrination. He had the choice of either attempting to pass the Russian out-posts, or the out-posts of a branch of the Polish army, composed of, and attached to, the clubbist party. Divers reasons influenced him in the choice of the latter difficulty, and after nightfall he approached a spot where the Polish piquets were bivouacking. He was challenged on his arrival, and having given the name he assumed, was conducted to the tent of the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, who proved to be a cousin of Madame

Skrznecki's, and an old acquaintance of the General's. After taking some refreshment, and discussing with this person the affairs of Warsaw (of the latest news of which place our fugitive was the bearer,) he desired to depart; but the Lieutenant-Colonel told him to his surprise, that he could not suffer him to proceed until he had apprised Gen. Roushidski, who commanded the whole of the out-posts, of his arrival. Finding remonstrance unavailing, Skrznecki consented that the General should be informed, but entreated that the reply might be expedited. As Gen. Roushidski had received his command from Skrznecki himself, the latter of course expected nothing less than full permission to depart. But he knew not how completely Gen. Roushidski was in the hands of the faction to whom his deposition was owing. Instead of the freedom he anticipated, an order came for his being sent to a town, whither he did not wish to repair, under the escort of an old officer bristling with arms, whiskers and mustachoes, accompanied by a lancer. Skrznecki surveyed his guard from top to toe, and seeing they were more than a match for his single arm, his indignation could not be restrained. He protested against such an unwarrantable interference with his personal liberty, and conjured the Lieutenant-Colonel to disregard the injunction and let him depart alone. But his wife's cousin was as completely the tool of the Polish jacobins as his superior officer, and pleading the military doctrine of implicit obedience to orders, informed Skrznecki that he was sorry, &c., but that he must perforce carry into effect Roushidski's instructions.

As a dernier resort, Skrznecki now solicited an interview with the General, which, after some time spent in deliberation, was agreed to. Skrznecki accordingly got into his carriage and waited, outside the quarters of Roushidski, the interview in question. Gen. Roushidski soon made his appearance, but to the surprise of Skrznecki, accompanied by a staff of at least twenty officers, amongst whom Skrznecki recognised a number of his most determined enemies. At the first moment he uttered an exclamation of astonishment, but Roushidski approaching the carriage took him by the hand, and squeezing it significantly, gave him to understand that the less said in anger the better. Skrznecki accordingly turned to familiar matters, and spoke of the latest news from Warsaw and the affairs of Poland generally. Alluding to the latter, the factious members of the staff assumed a lofty tone, and catechised Skrznecki regarding many of his military dispositions during the war; they likewise censured much of his government, and complained that he had shown undue favour to the Polish aristocracy in collecting them about his person in preference to more or equally deserving men of humble origin. Skrznecki did not long condescend to argue with these persons; he boldly told them that he did not recognise their right to question him,

lately refused to hold further parley. desired leave to continue his route without, as it did not sort with his honour under such surveillance, at the same time, to comply with his wish. He then pledged himself that he would the town they had indicated, though not his will, and appealed to his character who had never broken his word, and that who had often led them to victory, for the performance of his promise. Upon appearing to consent, they suffered him and for four German miles he pursued undisturbed by any other reflections suggested by his situation, and by a road which led to one of his own farms, is promise towards the ruffians he had left. In this state of mind he arrived where the road branched off in two, large dark cellar beneath the Bishop's house was selected for the purpose. In the mean time the Austrian Consul was solicited privately to assist his flight into the Imperial territories, to which he consented, and after a little time contrived to convey the illustrious subject of this sketch across the Vistula to Podgorze, in Galicia, where he was received with cordiality and distinction. Skyrzaczewski was subsequently directed by the Imperial Government to repair to Linz (avoiding Vienna* in his route,) there to remain on parole until the Polish question should be brought to some definite termination. In that little town I found, and there I left him, hourly expecting to be joined by his wife,† (whose society he had not enjoyed for sixteen years,) and patiently awaiting the course of events which should enable him either again to take an active share in directing the affairs of his unhappy country, or to repair to England to study the institutions and the manners of a people for whom he entertains the highest respect.

From the United Service Journal:

THE HULAN TO HIS CHARGER.

AFTER THEODORE KOERNER.

Stand, my good charger! steady stand!
In thy thick mane I wreath my hand,
As bounding from the yellow sand,
We go to fight for Fatherland!
Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

Let others pant the prize to gain,
In rival race on festal plain,
Be ours to join the martial train,
Where warriors' blood flows fast as rain!
Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

Hark! 'Tis the clarion's clangor bray,
 'Tis answer'd by the joyous neigh,
 'Tis to the battle's maddening fray,
 Glory or death! for us to-day!
 Hurrah! my steed, hurrah!

The sabre gleams, the cuirass clanks,
Now side by side in charging ranks,
Like Danube when he bursts his banks,
We dash upon the foeman's ranks !
Hurrah ! brave steed, hurrah !

* To prevent unnecessary excitement in the town.

It has been suggested that in this matter a private in the Prussian army would add to the search, on which he spent the best of his earnings, and hastened the date of his departure of his parents for the very good reason of Poland. The clubbists, who had sought a pretext to prevent the young man, had not the courage to do so. He was, therefore, obliged to take refuge in the house of the Bishop until a new enemy, in the person of a Prussian troops under Rudiger, entered the d obtained information of the place of it. It now became necessary to screen a the vigilant search of his feet, and a town.

She has since joined him.

I heard from Szyrzeniecki since I left Lina. In letters from Berlin and Prague I communi- cated to him the opinion entertained of his conduct by several Polish religious of distinc- tion, and these memorable words were contain- ed in his reply:—"I may have committed some faults—what general has not committed them? But I can declare solemnly, to what- ever it may be, that I was an upright man in my political career."—"He has spoken the truth," said the old Count Mostowski (late Prime Minister at Warsaw), to whom I showed the letter. "He was all honour,—and as a soldier he possessed every military quality but the most essential—good fortune!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE EARL OF MUNSTER

THE treaty of Munster gave religious peace to the empire in 1648. We are sorry to say that the peerage of Munster did for a short time somewhat the contrary in our empire in 1831. It is, however, a tender point; and we shall pass over the slippery surface with a flying foot; as we have already said, our object in these sketches is far removed from private gossip. As for the clamour about this elevation of a most worthy and honourable gentleman, it is almost forgotten already.—Those who compare it with the doings in the days of Charles II., know very little of our history.

We have only to consider the Earl of Munster in his literary capacity—and certainly, except the King of Bavaria, whose poetry is not altogether equal to Homer's, no scion of royalty, no matter how descended, has, in our times, wielded the pen in a more authorlike fashion. His Lordship campaigned with the Tenth, at the close of the Peninsular war; and was dismissed, with the other officers of that regiment, for having committed an unprecedented breach of etiquette in that corps—by fighting. Quentin knew far better what was the duty of a dandy regiment, and kept a prudent position in the rear. Fitz-Clarence had the impertinence to charge and break the enemy's line; for which he was broken himself, and sent to India. In those days, (as his Lordship is an author, he must pardon us for attributing to him a literary failing,) he did not particularly abound in rupees, and it was so much the better for himself. If he had gone to India as a princeling, he would have come back not much better; instead of which, he set about reading, writing, translating, interpreting, stowing, working, drilling, parading, moonshoozing, and a long list of &c.'s of the same kind, and turned out at last, what is so rare a character, we are sorry to say, but when it *does* occur, so very accomplished a character, a literary soldier—a wielder of the pen and the sword. His *Journey overland from India* is a masterpiece in its way. A hundred years ago it would have set all Europe in wonder—and even now, when Eastern travellers are as plenty as Russia ducks in summer weather—it is by no means to be sneezed at. If we, magazine bred as we are, could venture to violate the awful sanctity of anonymous writing, we could point out papers of his in the *United Service Journal* which would have made glad the heart of old Polard; as it is, they rejoiced, that—(or those)—of the Siamese Twins, Colburn and Bentley.

We have depicted his Lordship as an officer, in full fig. Those who know him will see that our sketch is a wonderful likeness (except that it is a little too cross) not only in physiognomy—the family physiognomy by the way—but in the general air, and *mise*. Behind him our painter has placed a set of Indian Gods, some of whom much resemble certain friends of ours of the

Whig party—the one to the extreme right is a striking resemblance of Lord——, (a new English creation)—some queer oriental noddies, and a manuscript of nail-heads, or other wonderful affairs, unknown to all mankind.

These perhaps may be his private studies, but, if fame speak not untruly, he has, lying by him, things far more valuable than any which he has as yet published, and which we hope are not to be smothered by the coronet. Why does he not write articles for this, our super-excellent Magazine? As we have not yet the benefit of his hand, we have taken the liberty of inserting his head; and as he is about making up his household—offer a page

To one who can right well pen, sword, or gun stir—
Colonel Fitz-Clarence, Earl of song-famed Munster.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

It is not our place to account for the perversity of the human heart, or our intention to excuse the inconstancy of human nature. As for the fickleness of love, it is the old woman's axiom, time out of mind; as if love, to prove that it is so, ought necessarily to evince itself incapable of the changes to which all the material and immaterial world around us is alike liable. We say no such thing. We have seen, we have known, we can imagine; and without further argument on the passion or no passion—the affection or no affection which produced this or that consequence, we are content to draw our own conclusions. Therefore, without any sweeping denunciation against the race of man—without any libel against the law of love—without raising one man to the elevation of greater or better spirits—without degrading the species to the level of this one—we shall sketch a simple picture, in a simple way, and let the moral, if there be any, rest with the reader.

The precepts scattered to the young are as seeds sown on the bosom of the earth; time shall roll on, but the season shall come round to show that the husbandman has been there; and so it was with Delacour. Wealth, emolument, and self-interest, had been the lessons of his youth, and he had profited by them. On the death of his father, a respectable tradesman, he found himself in fair circumstances; and—by aid of his profession—for he was a lawyer—on the high road to reputation, and it might be, to riches. Possessed of a fine person, a graceful demeanour, a majestic figure, pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, it is no wonder he got into good society, and, from thence, into some notice as a professional man. He was now turned thirty, and in the full career of fortune; still unmarried, still sought by anxious mothers, and wooed by forward daughters; but he was not in love, or scarcely dared

* Momonia, sweet dwelling of song. See *Fraser's Magazine* for June, p. 556.

believe it himself. The father of Emily Sidney was a merchant, who had been mainly instrumental in the good fortune to which Delacour had attained; she was the heiress of a supposed large property, and the beauty of her circle. This was enough to depress a less ardent admirer or a more calculating man; but Delacour had owed much to chance, and perceiving, as he thought, something not altogether unpropitious to him, he commenced his secret suit.

Ah! I remember her as yesterday. She was then eighteen,—youth scarce mellowed into womanhood. The face, as it peeped from the chastening chestnut ringlets around it, was worthy the hand of the painter, though the smile that played on the lip might have defied his skill; the small and well rounded figure vied with sculpture, but marble had vainly essayed to express the grace and dignity of that demeanour. And this was the least part of all. She knew what was kindness and charity, and practised what she knew. She—but let her story delineate her character.

It must be presumed that Delacour was, in his way, ambitious, and this was the object at which he now aimed. He had imagined beauty;—here was beauty unrivalled, unexcelled; virtue,—here was virtue the most alluring; modesty, simplicity, truth, love, all combined in one; and for fortune, here was such as he could never have anticipated; connexions the most to be desired, and influence the most to be coveted. But why reason upon it! She should be his in any condition of life,—her beauty were alone dowry fit for a prince. In all stations alike lovely, alike to be desired. In such ecstasies he passed his hours; when a new suitor appeared in the person of a young baronet of considerable fortune. Money was nothing to him, and happiness every thing. Equally handsome and agreeable, and more rich than Delacour, he was, in every respect, no common rival; besides which, all the arts of a true lover were devised to secure the treasure to himself. About this time, Mr. Sidney incurred a great loss of property by an unlucky speculation. The affair was stated to the baronet—the carriage was put down—but he was not to be changed by time or place; the same accomplished suitor, the same unchanged admirer—nor did he fail to show the preference he felt. But what will love not effect! Emily Sidney was an only child, and with all the sweet ignorance of affluence, she wondered what riches had to do with content. The old question of “love in a cottage, or a palace without,” this eternal young girl’s theme, was pondered upon, but all thoughts leaned to the same side,—the predilection she felt, happily or unhappily, for Delacour. He protested disinterested affection—total disregard of all future or present expectations—and could she do less than believe him! The father consulted, the mother advised—but Emily wept, and it ended in the refusal of the baronet. A week after, Delacour made his offer, and was accepted; and who could fail

to be flattered by the preference? From that time they were all the world to one another—for ever together—he the most attentive of lovers, she the happiest of women.

As no man, by looking in the glass, is likely to form a just estimate of his own defects, or his own peculiar perfections; so no man discovers his true character by gazing, however intently, in that inward mirror of the mind—his own imagination. For as our shadows, seen in the sun, are most defective representations of our own forms, so are these mental likenesses like the bright shape of fancy, too airy and too heavenly, and too perfect to be aught but ideal types of what we would fain believe. Delacour had his vanity. He had hitherto been a happy and prosperous man; he was much sought, and, moreover, was beloved by one whose opinion most men had been pleased to have gained. And if he deceived himself, or believed too firmly in himself, what are not the deceptions that we practise on ourselves, and on others—and this, when we would be true to all parties. It was, however, no deceit that he was in love, though the manner of his loving might be another thing. Here his heart was fixed. The world might go round, and the seasons change, but each and the other could not affect him. All his feelings, his associations, were here combined, and nature must change ere he could. But why descant upon, or question, his emotions? Who, in a dream, ever dreamed that he should awake again in five minutes, or five hours, or ages, or centuries! For us, we have oftentimes stood on the utmost height of a green and glorious hill, and there have seen nature’s most awful might spread out around us. The vale, the sloping mead, the verdant lawn, the bloomy garden ground, the river, the lake, the slender stream, all blessing and giving glory to the darkness of our thoughts within; and when the golden sun broke out, we hailed the earth as joyous and happy. We do not know that the cloud was noticed, or the tempest heard to mourn, though in the deep forest its voice might have been heard deploring. We must confess, that when the rain came down, we were taken unawares. Our thoughts were leading on hope, not treading after servile despair. And when the landscape was effaced, the brightness of the heavens gone away, then we could have wept, but that tears were denied. So Delacour had before his eyes some such gorgeous scene; it was still bright, and without shadow, as if never meant to fade.—

It was a delightful evening at the latter end of summer when, mounting his horse, he took his usual way to the mansion of the Sidneys. His easy and fashionable lounge, his fine person, set off by the splendour of his attire, as well as by the beauty of true content there depicted, might alone have attracted the passengers; but then his stead, as if proud of his duty, contrived by certain coquettish knaveries and ambling graces, to fix the attention. Delacour was born to be

admired, "the observed of all observers," and many were the remarks as he passed onward. He had been riding thus for some time, when he was overtaken by an acquaintance.

"What! Delacour, on the old road again, in spite of the news. Why, Sidney is in the gazette."

"Impossible," cried Delacour, "I would have wagered my life against it—you joke." "Incredulous as a lover," replied the other, "Look and be satisfied."

The paper was handed to him, a glance was sufficient, and murmuring a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost to the view; the cloud of dust that followed his flight, alone told of his passage; and those who now saw him, pale, agitated, and flying desperately forward, might have well mistaken him for the messenger of more than common woe. A dagger, indeed, could scarcely have caused a greater revulsion of the heart.

He no sooner entered the house, than the voice of the domestic proclaimed that something had happened; he met Mrs. Sidney on the stairs.

"You will find Emily," said she, "in the drawing-room. This affair has agitated us all—you will excuse Mr. Sidney to-night."

He whispered a polite reply, and hastened forward, but was, for the first time, unheard. Emily was seated at the table, lights were in the room; she was gazing at something—it was his picture, the one he had himself given her; he drew nearer—the lip quivered, and tears were trembling in the eyelids; she sighed and sighed again; he advanced a step further, a slight cry escaped her.

"Oh! it is you," she exclaimed, but there was something tremulous in her voice, half joy, half anguish: "I knew you would come, that is, I thought you would." "How could I do less than come, when I have so often come before," was the answer. "You are very good," she sighed, "but my father's misfortunes, oh! Delacour, you can guess my feelings."

"Your feelings are perhaps peculiar to you," he returned, somewhat coldly, "you are very suspicious to-night."

"I hope not," she replied meekly, "but you are tired, we will have some refreshment, and tune the harp: you were always fond of that."

The refreshment was brought, she helped him with her own hands; but when she turned to the instrument, the full and surcharged eyes—the flushed face—the heaving of the bosom—the trembling speech—the look wandering to and fro on the face of her lover, too plainly indicated that she had perceived something more or less than usual in the manner of his address. She seemed to Delacour, as she touched the strings, to have the finest figure in the world, and indeed her soul was on the chords. She felt that she needed some other person to make all he had once been to her; she was a gentle and excellent girl, and Delacour, who was an

admirer of all excellence, was quickly won to her side. She had never played with such emotion, and now attentive, and now wavering, he listened, and was now impassioned and now cold as ever—and now he dreamed himself back to all his former adoration of her. At length he snatched a kiss—said something of forgiveness, and all was forgotten; but another hour was over—he was silent and more cold than death, at least to the heart of Emily. It was now getting late, and he declined, on plea of business, staying the night, which was his usual custom. She sunk into silence and despondency.

"You are sad, Miss Sidney," said he, "or angry, but my Emily used not to be either." "I am sad," she murmured, "but not angry—you are full of mistakes to-night." She smiled faintly.

"I am surely not mistaken," he returned, "not a word has been spoken this half hour; but some people mistake temper for feeling."

"Excuse me," she cried, and as she was seated by his side, she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder: "you do not understand me: there is no temper in me but sorrow. I am not angry," but he arose and hinted that he must depart.

"Good night, Miss Sidney," said he, "good night, Emily,—we shall meet to-morrow."

His hand was upon the door—she looked up—blushed—and advanced towards him. "I am not angry," she added, "you mistake me. Let us be friends." The last gush of feeling burst from his heart—and he caught her in his arms: A scarcely audible, "God bless you," came from his lips—an instant—and he was gone.

In her bosom was left sorrow—and anguish—and repining; the red blush was on her brow, but she sighed not, neither did she weep. The next day she received an apology for not waiting on her, as his business was urgent, but a promise so to do as quickly as possible. But day after day past on, and he came not,—she watched in vain. It was late one evening, she thought she saw him leaning as usual against the garden gate. She went to the window, but it was delusion,—she looked more intently, answered incoherently some questions addressed to her, and fell senseless to the ground.

Let us pass over the rest.—It has been said that the father waited on Delacour, but all that could be elicited was, that his views were changed, his mind, but not his affections, altered. With these words he left him: "Young man," said he, "may the sorrows of this young creature fall a hundred fold on your head!"

How strangely we decide our destiny! Led by appearances, even misled by truth. Yet why arraign the Providence of Heaven! For we walk like the wayfarer of the desert, when no star is out to guide us. With the blessing of happiness in our hands, we cast it aside and determine on misery; and when weighed down by

burden of care, we would still seek to be happy: and this, because nothing is desirable to possess, and all to be coveted we can never hope to obtain. Vile weakness of human nature; that we who would, in truth, believe ourselves perfect, should yet allow ourselves, willingly and willingly, to be so base! One would think that "the wisdom of the serpent"—the cunning of true selfishness, might teach us self-peace; if "the gentleness of the dove"—the artlessness of true nature, might not teach us disinterested love. As for Delacour, he repined to be wretched, because he feared to be happy; and then sought to be happy even while repining his greatest of human good. But what the affections we feel, or others feel for us, be true or false: the falsehood or the truth may be equally miserable—time can alone show us the reverse. In the mean time the world goes on, and we must go likewise, lest, thrown from the anchor—broken on the rock of hope—while standing at some other or firmer hold than the world within our grasp—lest, finally, we be drifted down the tide of time—and left to perish. Delacour pursued his avocations—rushed into society—and believed himself contented. But theanker of the heart eats not away so soon. He had any feelings—any sentiments—he had sworn the better part. As it is never too late for a man to grow wise, so it is never late to win honour. Had he then lived for this! He remembered his debts of obligation—of gratitude to his old friend; but then he recalled the prospects that might yet be open to him—the increase of wealth—his expectations of the future—he thought but once and no more; he hastened into amusements, into dissipation, and while he forgot his affection, he forgot himself. Some have remarked that his person became altered, his spirits changed, that it was natural depression and forced hilarity; but if he ever experienced wretchedness, or sighed in the full emotion of regret, he was the last to believe in his sorrows, his vexation, his self-reproaches, ere of his own creation.

But a few months had gone by, and another day caught his attention, of his own years—undesired, accomplished, and of desired wealth. He soon imagined himself to be in love, for in the hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion; and the lady was in love with him, just as love as a calculating woman may bestow, so thinks more of herself than of the world beside. She knew, indeed, of no feelings out of the sphere of a drawing-room, or any emotion but such as might lie in the compass of a passion. Again family, fortune, friends, and passions were canvassed, and were found fitting; again he pictured uninterrupted peace, unclouded days; again he was in possession of all he dreamed; again hoped, was again happy; in constant, again, in fact, a lover.

Time rolled on and on, and he saw no reason to regret his choice. He became restless, for men were in pursuit of the same prize as him-

self, and then he grew impatient and more impassioned, and, at length, made his offer, and was successful. He was now more gay than ever—more fashionable—more splendid. In all public places and private parties he was the acknowledged suitor, and congratulated by his friends on the fortune he would acquire—on the conquest he had made; he was not backward in boasting the favour in which he found himself, in exhibiting the influence he had over her, and in talking of the brilliant prospects that he anticipated in the future.

It was with this lady hanging on his arm, that he first again beheld Emily Sidney. The bloom of youth was gone, the form wasted, the ringlets confined beneath a gauze cap; the figure no longer joyous with content, but shackled by despondency and disappointment. She arose as she beheld him—the young Baronet was at her side.

"I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well," said Delacour, with his unchanging eye fixed full upon her face. She blushed, flattered, and murmured an assent. "I beg your pardon," he added, "but I hear you only indistinctly. You say that you are well, surely." She fixed her expressive look reproachfully upon him. "I am better than I have been," she returned, "indeed—quite well," and so they parted. The words that had been spoken were the common compliments of the day: but oh! the manner said everything. On that night she burnt a little likeness she had drawn of him from memory; she cast aside all embarrassment, she quitted her sick room, dressed, sung, laughed, danced and played as she was used to do; she hurried into company, into amusement, was as much admired as ever, as much sought as when she had a fortune: but her parents saw the dark side of the picture,—the young girl's heart was broken.

Can it be possible that Delacour went home that night in remorseless complacency? That no compunction dwelt within his breast—that no conscience visited his thoughts—that the faded form of nature's loveliness—the sweet confusion that pleaded, like the tongue of mercy and of truth—that, last of all, that look—had spoken nothing! It is impossible. He knew he was to blame—he writhed under the infliction of secret regret—he thought he had not acted quite honourably—quite tenderly—but for all that he would have started at the name of villain. Yet it was for his good he should act as he had done; she would marry the Baronet; his destiny, and not himself, was to be reproached, and, shifting from any further argument, he hastened to conclude affairs with the lady in question.

Now came the confusion of preparation. Parties were given and received, and the round of reciprocal introduction took place, and, in the sudden rush of coming events, Delacour lost all recollection of the past, and sacrificed its memory for ever on the altar of futurity. The world was determined to make him pleased, and he was resolute to be so. The house was taken,

furniture, table-linen, the elegances of a lady's comforts, all were procured, and all in the exact taste that might best suit both parties. Business was no longer attended to, for Delacour was at each and every hour of the day prosecuting his love-suit, and the lady was, at all times, his attentive listener. The marriage deeds and the settlement were next talked about, for marriages, at least such marriages as these, generally end as they begin, in a very business-like manner. But now, on the exposure of the absolute property, on the explanation of the contingent prospects of Mr. Delacour, he was found, by the father, or might it be by the lady?—he was found deficient, that is, not quite the exact bargain that was expected. They tell that the lady, hearing he had boasted of her preference, fearing too easy a conquest, adopted this pretty piece of coquetry, in hopes of being over-persuaded. Be this as it may; at the moment of doubt and denial, at the moment when the lady hinted that her decision had been entirely in obedience to her parents, not that she had in the least changed, then it was that Delacour perceived he had been a dupe—cheated, betrayed, and made the very ridicule of fortune. He rushed from the house, where he had passed two years in the pursuit of a shadow, as worthless as it was frail, and hastened homeward.

He had pride, he was not quite without feeling, at least for himself; but when he recollected the heaven he had cast away, how he had snote upon the heart that loved him, to be smitten in return, conscience was his accuser. The affair of Miss Sidney was known to his acquaintances; he himself had given publicity to this; here was the deceiver himself deceived, the betrayer himself betrayed—and he heard the laugh of derision go round about him.

It is hard for the brave and good to part with the lasting hope—the living impression—the unfading aspirations of their every-day existence; but how much more difficult for the calculating—the base, to separate, upon even terms, with their desires. This one expectation, this aggrandizement, perhaps, the lady herself, had been the stamina of Delacour's late actions and life. To have been climbing, with struggles and anguish, the steep of fortune—bewildered among the brushwood—torn and defaced amid the brambles—to find one's foot upon the last elevation our wondering gaze might discover, and no sooner to find ourselves there than the foundation gives way, the basement is scattered, and we and all our tiny hopes hurled headlong into the abyss, or into the humble vale from which we first up-sprung,—this may well demand patience; but when inflicted on the strong, when suffered by the proud, then comes the sting of madness—the writhing of passion—the gnawing of the heart—and all that despair may suffer under, and philosophy deride.

While torn by conflicting emotions, there seemed no resting-place whereon the thoughts of Delacour might repose. He had held himself

above the world, as one whom no storm might reach, no breath might touch: he had walked in pride, he was therefore more open to scorn. He looked around him, and one fair form, and one alone, was seen in the far expanse, and to her he turned. To this being he vowed to resign all false ambitions, all theories of self-emolument, all speculations of self-interest. He had grown in riches within the last two years; she might still love him—he had lost honour in losing her—well, he must repair the loss—but then her reproaches and scorn,—he deserved them, and humbly and faithfully he could avow it. He thought of her angel ways—her maiden kindness; he thought, and wondered at the monster he had been. But the mind forms schemes, after the body is tired of action, incapable of impulse. A fatal malady, the effect of his disturbed spirits, now made its appearance. Day after day passed in ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the being he had injured. The wretched young lady, on whom their last meeting had made a lasting impression, suspicious of his advances, fearing to avow her real sentiments; her delicacy offended and pride wounded, fled his secret approaches, or with cold insensibility met his more open attentions. It was enough for her to know that he was on the point of marriage with another, and though he was evidently an object of horror, yet, more eager than ever for some explanation, something to subdue or excite the anguish within him, he continued his vain pursuit. Baffled at all points, and sick in body and mind, he yielded to his depression, undetermined in what way to act that might yet amend the past. A fortnight was over, and he was the shadow of his former self, the wreck of his own weakness and folly. He now determined, cost what it would, to see her and to speak to her. Was it reason or was it madness that led him to act thus?

It was a fine and sunny afternoon when he quitted his sick chamber, in the wild and neglected attire of one who had, indeed, forgotten himself; and jumping on the top of a passing stage, he quickly found himself in the neighbourhood of the cottage where they now dwelt. This was his last attempt, and he was resolved it should not be unsuccessful. Some time he lingered, till, growing impatient, he sprang over a small fence at the bottom of the garden, and made his way, stealthily, to an harbour that was near. His hand touched the foliage round the entrance ere he perceived, reclining on a seat, the figure of Emily herself. An involuntary sigh escaped him, but her thoughts were elsewhere, and it was unheard. He gave one fatal glance, and, in another instant, rushing forward, he clasped her in his arms. It was not a shriek, or a groan, but something more terrible than either, that burst from her lips, the living sound of anguish and of sorrow. In vain he called upon her in all the desperation of agony, repentance, and affection; in vain, with presumptuous lips, he dared the purer touch of hers; she lay insensi-

or only recovered to give back a blind look of horror, as he embraced her. Here then was the consummation of his villany—the height of his despair. At this moment he heard a footstep. Scorn, contumely, and insult were all he could expect; he felt himself a wretch who needed no more; and with one last embrace—one of respectful pressure—he fled he scarcely knew where, and the morning had risen before he found himself at home.

And now he would write to her, reveal all his heart, and rely upon her generosity, and in the energy of desperation the epistle was penned. But in vain the designs of man! On that very day he heard that she had acquired a large fortune by the death of a distant relation. Thus then the barrier was placed forever between them. To return was now denied him. Fortune had been the ruin of his life, and it now stood for ever, between him and all he valued from this to the grave. How, without the imputation of the meanest of motives, how dare he now return? What had once been generous, would now be base. No—no—the spring of life was over, the wilderness of the world gone through, and death lay alone open to him.

The tide of feelings will have way, but with Delacour it now bore upon its passage the freshness and the vigour of life. It might be truly said of him, that, from this time, he was a broken-spirited man,—one not to be reconciled to himself,—one who condemned himself beyond all thought or all in the world beside. His happiness he had cast away, his wealth he had rendered worthless to him, and the malicious have said (and the best of us are not free from malice) that what his own folly and emotions might have failed to effect, his dissipation—his recklessness—shall it be said—the profligacy of a wounded mind—more easily contrived. Disasters had now laid hold upon him. His friends, once round him, all attentions were paid him, and he received a note from the last lady of his house; she had heard of his illness, she would visit him again. Delacour could just afford a smile, and with hands chilled in the coldness of morning dissolution, he tore the paper and scattered it around.

At length the hour and the moment drew nigh that was to give him freedom: his thoughts had only become a burden to him, and he was happy to resign them. He had made peace with earth, and pleaded for peace with heaven; and now he could willingly go his way. "This is the last after pang, my dear girl," said he, as his favourite sister drew near, "but it is the last, and let us pass through it bravely." It was after he had kissed her, and kissed her, and bade her adieu, that he called her back again. His noble face as changed to the marble of the grave, and those as shone with the last burning flame of nature died of life. He dashed away the tears that gathered till they flowed, and dashed them away again. The impressiveness of death was on his tongue. "If ever you see her," he sighed; "if

ever you meet, tell her—but no—I can say nothing.—If she knew all she would know too much—my silence is enough." With this he sank backward, and lay calmly; a long drawn sigh was heard—and Delacour was dead. But the sorrow he had caused neither was ended nor died with him. His faults had been without extenuation, his errors without excuse, and the world had not been backward to censure him; yet one heart was found that could pardon, one soft enough to pity his frailties. All the mercy he could hope was there, and tenderness that surpassed all he might imagine. The shriek that burst from Emily Sidney while reading the news of his decease, was the knell of another untimely end. The woe of years was ended, the link of past emotions broken. He was then gone—forever and irrevocably gone. The pride of her thoughts—the friend of her heart—the lover of her youth. No scorn or maidenly reserve could now uphold her. Modesty might fear to reveal the last fond truth, but death wipes away all blushes.

If sighs might speak of grief, or tears, or inward sorrowing, a broken sleep, a restless and unenjoyed existence,—if all these were the emblem of woe, all this had been past through in the last few years, and it was over. "Mourn not, my child," urged the mother, "he is happy, and has long been a stranger to us." "I am sensible of no grief" was the answer; "yes, he has long been a stranger, at least to me,—yes, yes,—to me he has been a stranger." This was the last time she ever spoke of him; but the thoughts will utter what the tongue never tells. She dreamed upon the scene in the garden, that faint and indistinct recollection of something most blissful and most wretched. He had thought of her, had returned to her, it was enough, he was forgiven; yet why had she not spoken to him and soothed him, and parted in friendship, if not in love? The idea was fraught with madness, and here the fatality of all her misery was seen. In the meantime she evinced no more than common grief. The day of his funeral she took her usual walk; she saw the sad procession pass, speechless, tearless, and without a murmur. And yet after this she was seen in company, and to the same eyes, the same as ever. Is woman's pride so delicate, or is it so unconquerable that it may feign all this! Yes,—sad necessity, that the last humility of disappointed affections can only stoop thus low.

At many public places, scenes of fashionable resort, or haunts of fashionable invalids, she was afterwards met. The baronet was in constant attendance, the parents hinted their hopes. She had never, willingly, given sorrow to any one; she consented to accept him, received meekly his attentions, smiled at the delighted congratulations of her friends, and seemed happy.—The sober twilight of morning just shadowed the apartment where she lay; it was her accustomed attitude; her arm gently supporting her head, the long hair hanging luxuriously on the bosom

and veiling the hands. Her mother drew near and stooped to kiss her. Enough; what would you more! That cry might have well told the rest.

From the United Service Journal.

MEETING AGAIN.

Yes we shall meet again, my cherished friend,
Not in the beautiful autumnal bowers,
Where we have seen the waving corn-fields bend,
And twined bright garlands of the harvest flowers,
And watched the gleaners with their Golden store—
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the well-remembered hall of mirth,
Where at the evening hour each heart rejoices,
And friends and kindred crowd the social hearth,
And the glad breathings of young happy voices,
Strains of sweet melody in concert pour—
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the haunts of busy strife, which bind
Thy soaring spirit to base Mammon's toil,
Where the revealings of thy gifted mind
Exhaust their glories on a barren soil,
With few to praise, to wonder, or deplore—
There we shall meet no more.

Yet mourn not thus—in realms of changeless gladness,
Where friendship's ties are never crushed and broken,
We still may meet—Heaven, who beholds our sadness,
Hath to the trusting heart assurance spoken
Of that blest land, where free from care and pain,
Fond friends unite again.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.*

ALMOST all men, women, and children, are poets, except those who write verses. We shall not define poetry, because the Cockneys have done so; and were they to go to church, we should be strongly tempted to break the Sabbath. But this much we say of it, that every thing is poetry which is not mere sensation. We are poets at all times when our minds are makers. Now, it is well known, that we create nine-tenths at least of what appears to exist externally; and that such is somewhere about the proportion between reality and imagination. Millions of supposed matters-of-fact are the wildest fictions—of which we may mention merely two, the rising and the setting of the sun. This being established, it follows that we live, breathe, and have our being in Poetry—it is the Life of our Life—the heart of the mystery, which, were it plucked out, and to beat no more, the universe, now all written over with symbolical characters of light, would be at once obscurely scribbled over with dead letters; or rather the volume would be shut up—and appear a huge clumsy folio with brass clasps, bound in calf-skin, and draped with cobwebs. But instead of that, the leaves of the living Book of Nature are all fluttering in the sunshine; even he who runs may read; though they alone who sit, stand, or lie, pondering on its pages, behold in full the beauty and the sublimity, which their own immortal spirits create, reflected back on them who are its authors, and felt, in that trance, to be the spiritual sound and colouring which vivifies and animates the face and form of nature.

* Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson. London, Effingham Wilson, 1830.

All men, women, and children, then, are manifestly poets, except those who write verses. But why that exception? Because they alone make no use of their minds. Versifiers—and we speak but of them—are the sole living creatures that are not also creators. The inferior animals—as we are pleased to call them, and as indeed in some respects they are—modify matter much in their imaginations. Rode ye never a horse by night through a forest? That most poetical of quadrupeds sees a spirit in every stump, else why by such sudden start should he through his master over his ears? The blackbird on the tip-top of that pine-tent is a poet, else never could his yellow bill so salute with rapturous orisons the ascending Sun, as he flings over the woods a lustre again gorgeous from the sea. And what induces those stock-doves, think ye, to fill the heart of the grove with soft, deep, low, lonely, far-away, mournful, yet happy—*thunder*; what, but Love and Joy, and Delight and Desire, in one word, Poetry—Poetry that confines the universe to that wedded pair, within the sanctuary of the pillared shade, impervious to meridian sunbeams, and brightens and softens into splendour and into snow divine, the plumage beautifying the creatures in their bliss, as breast to breast they croon on their shallow nest!

Thus all men, women, and children, birds, beasts, and fishes, are poets, except versifiers. Oysters are poets. Nobody will deny that, who ever in the neighbourhood of Prestonpans behold them passionately gasping, on their native bed, for the flow of tide coming again to awaken all their energies from the wide Atlantic. Nor less so are snails. See them in the dewy stillness of eve, as they salute the crescent Dian, with horns humbler indeed, but no less pointed than her own. The beetle, against the traveller borne in heedless hum, if we knew all his feelings in that soliloquy, might safely be pronounced a Wordsworth.

Thus are we all poets—high and low—except versifiers. They, poor creatures, are a peculiar people impotent of good works. Ears have they, but they hear not—eyes have they, but they will not see—nay, naturalists assert that they have brains and spinal marrow, also organs of speech: yet with all that organization, they seem to have but little feeling, and no thought; and but by a feeble and monotonous fizz, are you made aware, in the twilight, of the useless existence of the obscure ephemerals.

But we fear that we are getting satirical, than which nothing can well be more unbecoming the character of a Christian: So let us be serious. Many times a month do we hint to all such insects, that Maga looks upon them as midges. But still will they be seeking to insinuate themselves through her long deep veil, which numlike she wears at gloaming; and can they complain of cruelty, if she brush them away with her lily hand, or compress them with her snow-white fingers into unlingering death? There is no such privileged place in this periodical world

as the fugitive Poets' Corner. All its rooms are open to the inspired; but the versifier has no spot now wherein to expand his small airy wings; and you see him sitting disconsolate as one of those animalculæ, which, in their dolent brownness, are neither flies, bees, nor bees, like a spot upon dandelion or bunweed. He surprises you by proving that he has wings, or something of that sort, by a feeble farewell flight in among nettles some yards off, where he takes refuge in eternal oblivion.

It is not easy to find out what sets people versifying; especially now-a-days, when the ghliest symptoms of there being something amiss with them in that way, immediately subvert them not only to the grossest indignities, but to the almost certain loss of bread. We could perhaps in some measure understand it, were they rich, or even tolerably well-off; in the enjoyment, let us suppose, of small annuities, or hereditary nail-yards, with a well in the corner, overshadowed with a bourtree bush; but they are almost always, if in at the knees, out at the bows; and their stockings seem to have been emptied originally by some mysterious process of darning upon nothing as a substratum. Now nothing is more honourable than virtuous poverty; but then we expect to see him with a tittle or a spade in his hand, weaving "seven-hunder linen," or digging drains, till the arid dry desert is all one irrigated meadow, even as the summer woods that fling their shadows o'er its haycocks. He is an insufferable sight, alternately biting his nails and his nose, and blotching whitey-brown with hieroglyphics that would have puzzled Champollion. Versifying operatives are almost always half-dressed creatures, addicted to drinking; and sell their songs for alms. Persons with the failing, what are sometimes called the middle-classes, even in more genteel or fashionable life, such as the children of clerks of various kinds, say to coal or coal companies, are slow to enter upon any specific profession, trusting to their genius, which their parents regard with tears, sometimes joy, and sometimes of rage, according as their prophetic souls see the brows of their offspring adorned with laurels, or their breeches with tatters. Sensible parents crush this propensity in the bud, and ruthlessly bind the Apollos apprentices to Plagues; but the weaker ones enclose contributions to Christopher North, as if they had ever heard of his crutch, and thus is the world frauded of many a tailor. What becomes of the versifiers when they get old—if, indeed, they ever do get old—we never yet heard any reliable conjecture; though we have ourselves seen some in middle age, walking about, each with himself, looking as if he were sole survivor of the Seven Young Men, with his unmeaning face, and his umbrella under his arm, though the carpet may have been lying three inches thick, and going to scorn the thin-spurting showers of water-carts, that seemed sent there rather to see than to lay the ghost of a dry summer.

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

'Tis said that from this class is drawn the supply of theatrical critics.

Now and then, by some felicity of fortune, a versifier enjoys a temporary revenge on stepdame Nature, and for a while is seen fluttering like a butterfly among birds; or rather heard cheeping like a mouse among a choir of nightingales. People take it into their heads to insist upon it that he is a poet. They solicit subscriptions, get him into print, and make interest with newspaper editors to allow him to review himself twice a-week through the season. These newspapers he files; and binds the folio. He abuses Blackwood, and is crowned King of all the Albums.

We had no intention of being so, but suspect we have been somewhat, severe; so let us relieve all lads of feeling and fancy, by assuring them that hitherto we have been sneering but at sumphs and God-help-you-silly-ones, and that our hearts overflow with kindness towards all the children of genius. Not a few promising boys have lately attempted poetry both in the east and west of Scotland, and we have listened not undelighted to the music. Stoddart and Aytoun—he of the Death-Wake, and he of Poland—are graciously regarded by Old Christopher; and their volumes—presentation-copies—have been placed among the essays of those gifted youths, of whom in riper years much may be confidently predicted of fair and good. Many of the small poems of John Wright, an industrious weaver, somewhere in Ayrshire, are beautiful, and have received the praise of Sir Walter himself, who, though kind to all aspirants, praises none to whom nature has not imparted some portion of the creative power of genius.

One of John's strains we committed to memory—or rather, without trying to do so, got by heart; and as it seems to us very mild and touching, here it is.

THE WRECKED MARINER.

Stay, proud bird of the shore!
Carry my last breath with thee to the cliff—
Where waits our shatter'd skiff,
One that shall mark nor it nor lover more.

Fan, with thy plumage bright,
Her heaving heart to rest, as thou dost mine,
And, gently to divine
The tearful tale, flap out her beacon light.

Again swoop out to sea,
With lone and lingering wail, then lay thy
head,
As thou thyself wert dead,
Upon her breast, that she may weep for me.

Now, let her bid false Hope
For ever hide her beam, nor trust again
The peace-bereaving strain—
Life has, but still far hence, choice flowers to
crop.

No. 119.—O

Oh! bid her not repine,
And deem my loss too bitter to be borne;
Yet all of passion scorn,
But the mild, deepening memory of mine.

Thou art away!—sweet wind,
Bear the last trickling teardrop on your wing,
And o'er her bosom fling
The love-fraught pearly shower, till rest it find.

England ought to be producing some young poets now, that there may be no dull interregnum when the old shall have passed away; and pass away many of them soon must—their bodies which are shadows, but their spirits, which are lights—they will burn for ever—till time be no more. It is thought by many that almost all the poetical genius which has worked such wonders in our day, was brought into power—it having been given but in capacity to the Wordsworths, and Scotts, and Byrons—by the French Revolution. Through the storm and the tempest, the thunder and the lightning, which accompanied that great moral and intellectual earthquake, the strong-winged spirits soared; and found in their bosom, or in the “deep serene” above all that turmoil, in the imperturbable heavens, the inspiration and the matter of immortal song. If it were so, then shall not the next age want its mighty poets. For we see “the deep-fermenting tempest brewed in the grim evening sky.” On the beautiful green grass of England may there glisten in the sun but the pearly dew-drops; may they be brushed away but by the footsteps of Labour issuing from his rustic lodge. But Europe, long ere bright heads are grey, will see blood poured out like water; and there will be the noise of many old establishments quaking to their foundations, or rent asunder, or overthrown. Much that is sacred will be preserved; and, after a troubled time, much will be repaired and restored, as it has ever been after misrule and ruin. Then—and haply not till then—will again be heard the majestic voice of song from the renovated nations. Yet, if the hum which now we hear be indeed that of the March of Intellect, that voice may ascend from the earth in peace. Intellect delights in peace, which it produces; but many is the mean power that apes the mighty, and often for a while the cheat is successful—the counterfeit is crowned with conquest—and hollow hymns hail victories that issue in defeats, out of which rise again to life all that was most lovely and venerable, to run a new career of triumph.

But we are getting into the clouds, and our wish is to keep jogging along the turnpike road. So let all this pass for an introduction to our Article—and let us abruptly join company with the gentleman whose name stands at the head of it, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, of whom the world, we presume, yet knows but little or nothing, whom his friends call a Phoenix, but who, we hope, will not be dissatisfied with us, should we designate him merely a Swan.

One of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet, is to be the Pet of a Coterie; and the very saddest of all, if in Cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson. He has been elevated to the throne of Little Britain, and sonnets were showered over his coronation from the most remote regions of his empire, even from Hampstead Hill. Eulogies more elaborate than the architecture of the costliest gingerbread, have been built up into panegyrical piles, in commemoration of the Birthday; and 'twould be a pity indeed with one's crutch to smash the gilt battlements, white too with sugar as with frost, and begemmed with comfits. The besetting sin of all periodical criticism, and now-a-days there is no other, is boundless extravagance of praise; but none splash it on like the trowelmen who have been bedaubing Mr. Tennyson. There is something wrong, however, with the compost. It won't stick; unseemly cracks deform the surface; it falls off piece by piece ere it has dried in the sun, or it hardens into blotches; and the worshippers have but discoloured and disfigured their Idol. The worst of it is, that they make the Despattered not only feel, but look ridiculous; he seems as absurd as an Image in a tea-garden; and, bedizened with faded and fantastic garlands, the public cough on being told he is a Poet, for he has much more the appearance of a Post.

The Englishman's Magazine ought not to have died; for it threatened to be a very pleasant periodical. An Essay “on the Genius of Alfred Tennyson,” sent it to the grave. The superman—nay, supernatural—pomposity of that one paper, incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world. The solemnity with which the critic approached the object of his adoration, and the sanctity with which he laid his offerings on the shrine, were too much for our irreligious age. The Essay “on the Genius of Alfred Tennyson,” awoke a general guffaw, and it expired in convulsions. Yet the Essay was exceedingly well written—as well as if it had been “on the Genius of Sir Isaac Newton.” Therein lay the mistake. Sir Isaac discovered the law of gravitation; Alfred had but written some pretty verses, and mankind were not prepared to set him among the stars. But that he has genius is proved by his being at this moment alive; for had he not he must have breathed his last under that critique. The spirit of life must indeed be strong within him; for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the Westminster, and after that he may sleep in safety with a pan of charcoal.

But the Old Man must see justice done to this ingenious lad, and save him from his worst enemies, his friends. Never are we so happy—nay 'tis now almost our only happiness—as when scattering flowers in the sunshine that falls from the yet unclouded sky on the green path prepared by gracious Nature for the feet of enthusiasts.

we could have seen the young poet
with the shadow of a spirit that
is, that, too, of the accompanying
we are not afraid that our style
ought to wax too figurative, we
at Alfred is a promising plant; and
may come when, beneath sun and
penis may grow up and expand
trees, embowering a solemn shade
de circumference, while the day-
gously on its crest, seen from
—itself a grove.

ly will never come, if he hearken
ice, and, as far as his own nature
gulate by it the movements of his
may perhaps appear, at first sight
t a little upreasonable on our part;
Alfred will but lay our words to
ditate on their spirit. We desire
more; and we predict fame as the
moor. If he disobey, he assuredly
n.

he has small power over the com-
and thoughts of men. His feeble-
ing at all times when he makes
their ordinary sympathies. And
that he fears to look such sym-
the face—and will be—metaphy-
all the human race see and feel, he
k cannot be poetical; he is not
rascendent and eternal grandeur
e and all-time truths, which are
etry. All human beings see the
heaven and in women's eyes; and
put it into language which rather
equal, spiritualizing while it em-
shan not the sights of common
Wordsworth. But beneath the
eyes the celandine grows a star or
beauty is breathed over the daisy
sing it because it is so common!
! whose home is every where!"
; Scott, when eulogizing our love
and, uses the simplest language,
to the simplest feelings—

e the man with soul so dead,
to himself hath said,
rown, my native land?"

what more, could any man say?
these three lines—not omitting
company them equally touching—
ge, living or dead—and they will
by all hearts, savage or civilized,
exquisite poetry. Of such power,
kindles, of its dominion over men,
r common humanity, would that
and more frequent examples in
s—otherwise often exquisite—of

itted several pages of well-deserv-
n on the mystical affectation, and
t silliness" of Mr. Tennyson, and
legendary part of the article as
not our readers.—Ed. Mus.]

as is this volume we are now reviewing,
and sparse the letterpress on its tiny pages,
'twould yet be easy to extract from it much
more unmeaningness; but having shown by
gentle chastisement that we love Alfred Tenny-
son, let us now show by judicious eulogy that
we admire him; and, by well-chosen specimens
of his fine faculties, that he is worthy of our
admiration.

Odes to Memory are mostly mummeries; but
not so is the Ode to Memory breathed by this
young poet. In it, Memory and Imagination,
like two angels, lead him by the hands back to
the bowers of paradise. All the finest feelings
and the finest faculties of his soul, are awakened
under that heavenly guidance, as the "green
light" of early life again blesses his eyes; and
he sees that the bowers of paradise are built on
this common earth, that they are the very
bushes near his father's house, where his boy-
hood revelled in the brightening dawn. We
have many quotations yet to make—and there-
fore cannot give the whole ode, but the half of
it; and none will deny, all will feel, that, with
perhaps the exception of some harmless man-
nerisms—affectations we shall not call them—
the lines are eminently beautiful.

ODE TO MEMORY.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes,
Thou comest not with shows of floating vane
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest memory!

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall,
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried,
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-
side,

The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand.
Or dimple in the park of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn.

In every elbow and turn
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waked loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a lowhung cloud.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,

With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal framework of wrought gold;

Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
 And foremost in thy various gallery
 Place, it where sweetest sunlight falls
 Upon the storied walls,
 For the discovery
 And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
 That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
 Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
 With thee unto the love thou bearest
 The firstborn of thy genius. Artist-like,
 Ever retiring thou dost gaze
 On the prime labour of thine early days :
 No matter what the sketch might be ;
 Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
 Or even a sandbuilt ridge
 Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
 Overblown with murmurs harsh,
 Or even a lowly cottage, whence we see
 Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous
 marsh,
 Where from the frequent bridge,
 Emblems or glimpses of eternity,
 The trenched waters run from sky to sky ;
 Or a garden bower'd close
 With pleached alleys of the trailing rose,
 Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
 Or opening upon level plots
 Of crowned lilies, standing near
 Purplespiked lavender :
 Wither in after life retired
 From brawling storms,
 From weary wind,
 With youthful fancy re-inspired,
 We may hold converse with all forms
 Of the many-sided mind,
 The few whom passion hath not blinded,
 Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.
 My friend, with thee to live alone,
 Methinks were better than to own
 A crown, a sceptre, and a throne.
 O strengthen me, enlighten me !
 I faint in this obscurity.
 Thou dewy dawn of memory.

There is fine music there; the versification would be felt delightful to all poetical ears, even if they missed the many meanings of the well-chosen and happily-obedient words; for there is the sound as of a various-voiced river rejoicing in a sudden summer shower, that swells without staining its translucent waters. But the sound is echo to the sense; and the sense is sweet as that of life's dearest emotions enjoyed in "a realm that is not all a dream."

Mr Tennyson, when he chooses, can say much in few words. A fine example of that is shown in five few-syllabled four-lined stanzas on a Deserted House. Every word tells; and the short whole is most pathetic in its completeness—let us say perfection—like some old Scottish air sung by maiden at her wheel—or shepherd in the wilderness.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Life and Thought have gone away
 Side by side,
 Leaving door and window wide.
 Careless tenants they !

All within as dark as night :
 In the windows is no light ;
 And no murmur at the door,
 So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,
 Or through the windows we shall see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house.

Come away : no more of mirth
 Is here, or merry-making sound.
 The house was builded of the earth
 And shall fall again to ground.

Come away : for Life and Thought
 Here no longer dwell ;
 But in a city glorious—
 A great and distant city—have bought
 A mansion incorruptible.
 Would they could have stayed with us !

Mr Tennyson is sometimes too mystical; for sometimes we fear there is no meaning in his mysticism; or so little, that were it to be stated perspicuously and plainly, 'twould be but a point. But at other times he gives us sweet, still obscure poems, like the gentle gloaming saddening all that is said, and making nature's self pensive in her depth of peace. Such is the character of

A DIRGE.

Now is done thy long day's work,
 Fold thy palms across thy breast,
 Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
 Let them rave.
 Shadows of the silver birch
 Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
 Let them rave.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander ;
 Nothing but the small cold worm
 Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
 Let them rave.
 Light and shadow ever wander
 O'er the green that folds thy grave—
 Let them rave.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed ;
 Chanteth not the brooding bee
 Sweeter tones than calumny ?
 Let them rave.
 Thou wilt never raise thine head
 From the green that folds thy grave—
 Let them rave.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee ;
 The woodbine and eglare
 Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
 Let them rave.
 Rain makes music in the tree
 O'er the green that folds thy grave—
 Let them rave.

Round the blow, self-pleached deep,
 Bramble roses, faint and pale,
 And " long purples " of the dale—
 Let them rave.
 These in every shower creep
 Through the green that folds thy grave—
 Let them rave.

eyed kingcups fine;
bluebell peepeth over
'ry of the purple clover—
let them rave.
No such couch as thine,
on that folds thy grave—
let them rave.

Is wander here and there;
thou gift of speech abused
memory confused—
but let them rave.
cricket carols clear
on that folds thy grave—
let them rave.

such beautiful images float before us
try, as "youthful poets fancy when

He has a delicate perception of the
female character. Any one of his
loved maidens, walking amongst flow-
ers on earth, is worth a billowy wilder-
ness of Sea-Fairies. Their names and their
delightful—sound and sight are spirit-
ed yet, as Wordsworth divinely saith,

as not too bright or good
a nature's daily food,
and sorrows, simple wiles,
and love, kisses, tears and smiles!"

love—as an old man ought to be—
is with his ideal daughters—with
with Claribel, and Lilian, and Isabel,
ma, and Adeline, and Hero, and Al-
the Sleeping Beauty, and Oriana.
rent beings from King Charles's beau-
tiful in bodily charms far more loveable;
pure

ly Una with her milk-white lamb—

for a moment's thought, of passion; but
for ever and a day. In face, form,
circumstance and character, delicately
drawn from one another are all the sweet

"Seven lilies in one garland
—alike, but oh, how different!"
drossoming, full-blown; but if on leaf or
touch of decay, 'tis not the touch of
sorrow, and there is balmy beauty in
light—lovely to the last the lily of the
field, or of the valley. The rose
n of flowers—but should she ever die,
ould wear the crown—and her name is

ISABEL.

down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
e clear-pointed flame of chastity,
without heat, undying, tended by
eternal thoughts in the translucent fane
I spirit: looks not wide disspread,
wise, on either side her head,
t lips whereon perpetually did reign
amer calm of golden charity,
d shadows of thy fixed mood,
red Isabel, the crown and head,
ly flowers of female fortitude,
sweet wifehood and pure lowliness.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime—a prudence to withhold—
The laws of wifehood character'd in gold
Upon the blenched tablets of her heart—
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow

Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undes-
cried,

Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride—
A courage to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of way,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placed life
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

The mellowed reflex of a winter moon—
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one;
Till in its onward current it absorbs,

With swifter movement and in purer light,
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother—
A leaning and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen
quite,

With cluster'd flowerbells and ambrosial orbs
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each
other—

Shadow for thee:—the world hath not another
(Though all her fairest forms are typical of thee,
And thou O God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

There is profound pathos in "Mariana." The
young poet had been dreaming of Shakespeare, and
of Measure for Measure, and of the gentle lady
all forlorn, the deserted of the false Angelo, of
whom the Swan of Avon sings but some few low
notes in her distress and desolation, as she wears
away her lonely life in solitary tears at "the
moated grange." On this hint Alfred Tennyson
speaks; "he has a vision of his own;" nor might
Wordsworth's self in his youth have disdained to
indite such melancholy strain. Scenery—state
—emotion—character—are all in fine keeping;
long, long, long indeed is the dreary day, but it
will end at last; so finds the heart-broken prisoner
who, from sunrise to sunset, has been leaning on
the sun-dial in the centre of his narrow solitude!

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."

Measure for Measure.

With bladest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven.
Either at morn or eventide.

After the fitting of the bats,
 When thickest, dark did trance the sky.
 She drew her casement curtain by.
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
 She only said, 'The night is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, 'I am weary, weary,
 I would that I were dead !'

Upon the middle of the night,
 Waking she heard the nightfowl crow,
 The cock sung out an hour ere light :
 From the dark fen the oxen's low
 Came to her : without hope of change,
 In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
 Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
 About the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, 'The day is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, 'I am weary, weary,
 I would that I were dead !'

About a stonecast from the wall,
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
 And o'er it many, round and small,
 The clustered marishmosses crept.
 Hard by a poplar shook alway,
 All silver green with gnarled bark,
 For leagues no other tree did dark
 The level waste, the rounding grey.
 She only said, 'My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, 'I am weary, weary,
 I would that I were dead !'

And ever when the moon was low,
 And the shrill winds were up an' away,
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the gusty shadow away.
 But when the moon was very low,
 And wild winds bound within their cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.
 She only said, 'The night is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, 'I am weary, weary,
 I would that I were dead !'

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
 The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
 Old footsteps trode the upper floors,
 Old voices call'd her from without.
 She only said, 'My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, 'I am weary, weary,
 I would that I were dead !'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
 When the thickmoated sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Downslipped was westering in his bower.
 Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
 He will not come,' she said :
 She wept, 'I am weary, weary,
 Oh God, that I were dead !'

It is not necessary that we should use fine poetry to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music. That is to say, some sorts of poetry—the shadowy and the spiritual; when a thing glides before us ghostlike, "now mer and now in gloom," and then awakes some still place of trees or tombs. Yet who composes it, must weigh the force of the feeling word—in a balance true to a hair vibrating, and obedient to the touch of a dewdrop. Think not that such process rupts inspiration; it sustains and feeds it; it becomes a habit of the heart and the soul; their musings and meditations; and the language of poetry, though human, is speech. In reading it, we see new revelations each rehearsal—all of them true, though differently different—and what we at first thought we may at last feel to be an elegy—a biographical not about the quick, but the dead. So with us in reading over and over again "Adeline" we supposed the lady slept beneath the oak-tree, thick-leaved, ambrosial; and "ancient melody" was dimly heard by her world of dreams. But we know only her dust is there; and that the character of her spirit, as it dwelt on earth, is shadowed by the congenial scenery of her burial-place. "Adeline" is alive—faintly-smiling—she dreams—spiritual Adeline—such are the gifts bestowed by the poet on that Lady who visits his visions—though doomed or rather to melt away back to her native

ADELINE.

MYSTERY of mysteries,
 Faintly-smiling Adeline,
 Scarce of earth, nor all divine,
 Nor unhappy, nor at rest;
 But beyond expression fair,
 With thy floating flaxen hair,
 Thy roselips and thy full blue eyes,
 Take the heart from out my breast
 Wherefore those dim looks of thine
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?
 Whence that aery bloom of thine,
 Like a lily which the sun
 Looks through in his sad decline,
 And a rosebush leans upon,
 Thou that faintly smilest still,
 As a Naiad in a well,
 Looking at the set of day.
 Or a phantom two hours old
 Of a maiden past away,
 Ere the placid lips be cold?
 Wherefore those faint smiles of thine
 Spiritual Adeline?

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
 Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
 For sure thou art not all alone.
 Do beating hearts of salient spirit
 Keep measure with thine own?
 Hast thou heard the butterfly
 What they say betwixt their wings
 Or in stillest evenings
 With what voice the violet wooeth
 To his heart the silver dew?

Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? Whom waitest thou
Wit hthy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dewlit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?
Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side o' the morn
Dripping with Sabran spice
On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn.
Breathing light against thy face,
While his locks a-dripping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring,
Make a carcanet of rays.
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith spring
Letters cowlips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

The life of Claribel was shadowed forth by
images of death—the death of Adeline seemed
predicted by images of life—and in the lovely
lies on the Sleeping Beauty, life and death meet
in the stillness of that sleep—so profound that it
is felt as if it were immortal. And is there not
this shading and blending of all feeling and all
thought that regards the things we most tenderly
and deeply love on this changeable earth?

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Year after year unto her feet.
The while she slumbereth alone,
Over the purpled coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair hath grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.
The silk star-braided coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever, and amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd
Grows forth each softly shadow'd arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either side upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;

She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

Some of our old ballads, breathed in the gloom
of forests or glens by shepherds or woodsmen,
are in their earnest simplicity inimitable by ge-
nius born so many centuries since they died, and
overshadowed by another life. Yet genius has
often delighted to sink away into such moods as
those in which it imagines those lowly men to
have been lost when they sang their songs, "the
music of the heart," with nothing that moved
around them but the antlers of the deer, undis-
turbed by the bard lying among the breckens or
the broom, beneath the checkered light that came
through the umbrage of the huge oak-tree, on
which spring was hourly shedding a greener glo-
ry, or autumn a more golden decay. Shepherds
and woodsmen, too, there have been in these
later days, and other rural dwellers, who have
sometimes caught the spirit of the antique strain
—Robert, James, and Allan—whose happiest
"auld ballants" are as if obsolete forest-flowers
were brought back to life on our banks and braes.
Perhaps the most beautiful of all Alfred Tenny-
son's compositions, is the "Ballad of Oriana."

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribbed with
snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana.
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.
Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana,
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana;
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.
In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By starshine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.
She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana:
She watched my crest among them all,
Oriana:
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stepp'd a foeman tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
 Oriana:
 The false, false arrow went aside,
 Oriana:
 The damned arrow glanced aside,
 And pierced thy heart my love, my bride,
 Oriana!
 Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
 Oriana!

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,
 Oriana.
 Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
 Oriana.
 Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
 The battle deepen'd in its place,
 Oriana;
 But I was down upon my face,
 Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
 Oriana!
 How could I rise and come away,
 Oriana?
 How could I look upon the day?
 They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
 Oriana—
 They should have trode me into clay,
 Oriana.

Oh! breaking heart that will not break,
 Oriana,
 Oh! pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,
 Oriana,
 Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
 And then the tears run down my cheek,
 Oriana:
 What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
 Oriana?

I cry aloud: none hear my cries,
 Oriana.
 Thou comest atween me and the skies,
 Oriana.
 I feel the tears of blood arise
 Up from my heart unto my eyes,
 Oriana.
 Within thy heart my arrow lies,
 Oriana.

Oh! cursed hand! oh! cursed blow!
 Oriana!
 Oh! happy thou that liest low,
 Oriana!
 All night the silence seems to flow
 Beside me in my utter woe,
 Oriana.
 A weary, weary way I go,
 Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,
 Oriana,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana.
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
 I dare not die and come to thee,
 Oriana.
 I hear the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana.

But the highest of all this young poet's achievements is the visionary and romantic straining, "Recollections of the Arabian Nights." is delightful even to us, who read not the Arabian Nights, nor ever heard of them until late in life we think we must have been in our tenth year the same heart-soul-mind-awakening year brought us John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe and in which—we must not say with whom we first fell in love. How it happened that we had lived so long in this world without seeing or hearing tell of these famous worthies, is a mystery; for we were busy from childhood with books and bushes, banks and braes, with libraries of white, brown, and green leaves, perusing school-room, whose window in the slates shone the beautiful blue braided skies, or in fields and forests, (so we thought the birch coppice, its old pines, the abode of linnets and cushats for no long, broad, dusty, highroad was there and but foot-paths or sheep-walks winded through the pastoral silence that surrounded that singing or cooing grove,) where beauty filled the shiny day with delight, and grandeur the starred gloaming with fear. But so it was; we knew not that there was an Arabian Night in the whole world. Our souls, in stir or stillness, none but the sweet Scottish stars. We knew indeed, that they rose, and set, too, upon our climaxes; and had we been asked the question should have said that they certainly did so; we felt that they and their heavens belonged to Scotland. And so feels the fond, foolish old man still, when standing by himself at midnight, withered hands across his breast, and eyes turned heavenwards, that show the brightest stars a little what dim now, yet beautiful as ever; out of the moon from behind a cloud, and he thinks of Loch Lomond glittering afar off with its radiance that lift up in their loveliness, fluster flush—and each silvan pomp is statelier the last—now one, now another, of her haunted isles!

But in our egoism and egotism we have forgotten Alfred Tennyson. To his heart, to doubt not that heaven seems almost always English heaven; he, however, must have been familiar long before his tenth year with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; for had he covered them at that advanced period of life had not now so passionately and so imaginatively sung their wonders.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew
 In the silken sail of infancy,
 The tide of time flowed back with me
 The forward-flowing tide of time:
 And many a sheeny summer morn,
 Adown the Tigris I was borne,
 By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
 High-walled gardens green and old;
 True Musselman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

my shallop, rattling through
and bloomed foliage, drove
grant, glistening deeps, and clove
ron shadows in the blue;
len porches on the brim,
dly doors flung open wide,
ittering through lamplight dim,
sidered sofas on each side:
oth it was a goodly time,
t was in the golden prime
good Haroun Alraschid.

where clear stemmed platans guard
let, did I turn away
t-head down a broad canal
he main river sluiced, where all
ping of the moonlit sward
mask work, and deep inlay
ded blossms unmown, which crept
to where the waters slept.
dly place, a goodly time,
t was in the golden prime
good Haroun Alraschid.

on from the river won
the smooth level, bearing on
llop through the star-strown calm,
nother night in night
rd, from the clearer light,
red vaults of pillar'd palm,
ming sweets, which, as they clomb
ward, were stayed beneath the dome
ollow boughs.—A goodly time,
t was in the golden prime,
good Haroun Alraschid!

ward; and the clear canal
ded to as clear a lake.
ie green rivage many a fall
ond rillels musical,
h little crystal arches low
rom the central fountains flow
ilver-chiming, seemed to shake
urkling flints beneath the prow.
dly place, a goodly time,
t was in the golden prime
good Haroun Alraschid!

through many a bowery turn
with vary-colour'd shells
r'd engrain'd. On either side
nd about the fragrant marge,
uted vase, and brazen urn
r, eastern flowers large,
rooping low their crimson bells
med, and other studded wide
disks and tiars, fed the time
odour in the golden prime
good Haroun Alraschid.

and where the lemon grove
st coverture upsprung,
ing airs of middle night
und the bulbul as he sung.
: but something which possess'd
rkness of the world, delight,
guish, bath, immortal love
not, mingled, unexpress'd,
t from place, withholding time,
lattering the golden prime
good Haroun Alraschid.

Black-green the garden bowers and grots
Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwooded of summer wind
A sudden splendour from behind
Flushed all the leaves with rich gold green,
And flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond plots
Of saffron light. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Dark blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars unrayed,
Grew darker from that under-flame;
So leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came:
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
Entranced with that place and time,
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence through the garden I was borne—
A realm of pleasure, many a maund,
And many a shadow-chequered lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound.
And deep myrrh thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazzled vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat,
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled flowers,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
After the fashion of the time,
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From wreathed silvers, look'd to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night new-risen, that marvellous time,
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tress'd with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing below her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underpropped a rich
 Throne o' the massive ore, from which
 Down dropped, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diaper'd
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold,
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
 With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID!

Our critique is near its conclusion; and in correcting it for press, we see that its whole merit, which is great, consists in the extracts, which are "beautiful exceedingly." Perhaps, in the first part of our article, we may have exaggerated Mr. Tennyson's not unfrequent silliness, for we are apt to be carried away by the whim of the moment, and in our humorous moods, many things wear a queer look to our aged eyes, which fill young pupils with tears; but we feel assured that in the second part we have not exaggerated his strength—that we have done no more than justice to his fine faculties—and that the millions who delight in *Maga* will, with one voice, confirm our judgment—that Alfred Tennyson is a poet.

But, though it might be a mistake of ours, were we to say that he has much to learn, it can be no mistake to say that he has not a little to unlearn, and more to bring into practice, before his genius can achieve its destined triumphs. A puerile partiality for particular forms of expression, nay, modes of spelling and of pronunciation, may be easily overlooked in one whom we must look on as yet a mere boy; but if he carry it with him, and indulge it in manhood, why it will make him seem silly as his sheep; and should he continue to bleat so when his head and beard are as grey as ours, he will be truly a laughable old ram, and the ewes will care no more for him than if he were a wether.

Farther—he must consider that all the fancies that fleet across the imagination, like shadows on the grass or the tree-tops, are not entitled to be made small separate poems of—about the length of one's little finger; that many, nay, most of them, should be suffered to pass away with a silent "God bless ye," like butterflies, single or in shoals, each family with its own hereditary character mottled on its wings; and that though thousands of those grave brown, and gay golden images will be blown back in showers, as if upon balmy breezes changing suddenly and softly to the *air* whence inspiration at the moment breathes, yet not one in a thousand is worth being caught and pinned down on paper into poetry, "gently as if you loved him"—only the few that are bright with the "beauty still more beautiful"—and a few such belong to all the orders—from the little silly moth that extinguishes herself in your taper, up to the mighty Emperor of Morocco at meridian waving his burnished downage in the unconsuming sun who glorifies the wondrous stranger.

Now, Mr. Tennyson does not seem to know this; or if he do, he is self-willed and perverse in his sometimes almost infantile vanity; (how vain are most beautiful children!) he thinks that any Thought or Feeling or Fair that has had the honour or the happiness to pass through his mind, must by that very act be worthy of everlasting commemoration. Heaven! the poor world, were we to put into stanzas, and publish upon it, all our thoughts, thick as motes the sun, or a summer evening atmosphere midges.

Finally, Nature is mighty, and poets should deal with her on a grand scale. She lavishes glorious gifts before their path in such profusion that Genius—reverent as he is of the mysterious mother, and meeting her at sunrise on the mountains with grateful orisons—with grateful orisons bidding her farewell among the long shadows stretch across the glens when sunset sinks in the sea—is yet privileged to tread with a searing scorn in the imagery that to common eyes would be as a revelation of wonders from another world. Familiar to him are they as the grass below his feet. In lowlier moods he looks them—and in his love they grow beautiful. Did Burns beautify the daisy—"wee modest crimson-tipped flower!" But in loftier moods, "violet by the mossy stone," is not "half hidden to the eye"—it is left unthought of to its own sweet existence. The poet then ranges wide and high, like Thomson, in his *Hymn to the Sea* which he had so gloriously sung, seeing in all changes of the rolling year "but the varied Go"—like Wordsworth, in his *Excursion*, communing too with the spirit "whose dwelling is the life of setting suns."

Those great men are indeed among the

"Lights of the world and demi-gods of fame;"

but all poets, ere they gain a bright name, must thus celebrate the worship of nature. So is too, with painters. They do well, even the greatest of them, to trace up the brooks to their source in stone basin or mossy well, in the glen where greensward glades among the heather—the birthplace of the Silent People—the Fairies. But in their immortal works they must show how "red comes the river down;" castles of ivy or of cloud—long withdrawing vales, where a way between the flowery foreground, and in distance of blue mountain ranges, some great city lifts up its dim-scen spires through the mists of smoke beneath which imagination hears the pulse of life—"peaceful as some immeasurable plot the breast of old ocean sleeping in the sun"—or as if an earthquake shook the pillars of caverned depths, tumbling the foam of his breakers, mast-high, if mast be there, till the can ceases to be silent, and the gazer hears him breathing over his prey—See—see!—the foundered wreck of a three-decker going down head-foremost to eternity.

With such admonition we bid Alfred Tennyson farewell.

From the Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON AMERICA.

Charleston, S. C.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number and variety of works on American manners, politics, and statistics, with which the British public has lately been treated, in the shape of sketches, novels, and dissertations, still the subject appears to have lost none of its interest; but, on the contrary, each new publication is read and quoted with greater avidity than its predecessor.

The reception which even Mrs. Trollope's works experienced amongst us, is a proof of the tired interest which Englishmen feel in all that concerns their Transatlantic brethren. There is nothing in this scandal-loving-lady's book very new or profound. It is in fact no more than a caricature, of the ill-educated Americans. A *“yankee”* would find no great difficulty in producing an equally ludicrous effect, by an exaggerated display of the vulgarity of the corresponding classes in England. The Broughams in *“Evelina,”* the Grimshaws in *“Sketches of Character,”* and the heroes of Mr. Theodore Hook's *Tales*, are just as fair representations of the respectable middle classes in England, as the worthies who figure in Mrs. Trollope's pages, are of the merchants, farmers, and sycophants of the United States. *Haud inexpertus error.* A residence of several years in America has afforded me ample opportunity of scrutinizing the manners and character, public and domestic, of all classes, from the President at Washington to his slave at Tennessee.

My design, however, in these sketches, is not to review the works of others, but to relate such occurrences, and describe such scenes and peculiarities of character, as fell under my personal observation, and would be most likely to convey to the reader a correct idea of the actual state of society in various parts of the United States: and it must be recollected that some account of what may be called the foreign, or emigrant population, will necessarily hold as conspicuous a place in any description of the inhabitants of a country, which has, for so many years, been the asylum of the discontented, unfortunate, and surprising exiles from every other part of the globe. For the shelter which modern Rome has ever afforded to deposed monarchs, their oppressed subjects have found in the United States. The affrighted fugitive from Scio, the fiery Neapolitan noble, the haughty Spanish and Portuguese constitutionalist, and the heartbroken slave of Erin, all meet there,—to mourn over bright prospects, and meditate on fresh enterprises. There, too, may be seen the desperate Irish trader, privateer, and pirate from Cuba and the Spanish main, the keen Jew from Poland, and the keener Scotchman from the Clyde, the whining comedian and impudent journalist from London,—Turks, West Indians, Chinese, Negroes, and Hindoos, fill up the more prominent

parts of the varied picture, in which the native Americans seem only to occupy the back ground.

This mixture and jostling together of men of all classes and nations is particularly observable in Charleston, the principal city, though not the capital of South Carolina.

Some years have elapsed since I first visited Charleston, but I recollect the day I landed there, as if it were but yesterday. The yellow fever was raging, and as we sailed up the bay, and neared the wharf, the appearance of every thing was black and desolate—no hearty greeting, so welcome after a voyage—no boats full of anxious expectants of northern news and northern friends (for we had sailed from New York)—all was silent and dismal. The shore was lined by mourners, “clad in the dark livery of woe,” and dreading the inquiries to which such sorrowful replies must needs be given. We appeared like a cargo of condemned wretches, sent, like the Roman criminals, to perish in the Pontine marshes. Even the negroes forgot to chuckle with their usual recklessness of life or death, as they advised “Massa to take him care ob de yellow fever.” I walked from the wharf across the fine street called the Bay, along Broad Street, into King Street, that is to say through the principal part of the city, and did not encounter a living creature, man or beast. Scarcely a store was open, and the dwelling houses appeared to be nearly all tenantless. The master of the inn to which I had been directed, informed me, that two of his children had fallen victims to the pestilence the week previous; and another person mentioned, with an expression of countenance that denoted something between dogged indifference and sullen resignation, that his father had also died that morning. I found afterwards that my informant was a kind-hearted and estimable man, but the familiar sight of suffering and death had stifled his better feelings, and rendered him for the time in pious and morose. I was advised to secure a nurse in time, as the chance of escape for a foreigner, not acclimated, was small indeed. All this was terrible enough, and I heartily wished that my better genius had kept me out of this city of the plague. Unfortunately, too, I had read Boccaccio, De Foë, and Wilson. My imagination, therefore, was abundantly stored with food for unpleasing meditation. The fact was, that we had been misinformed as to the sanitary state of the country, having been assured, that a black frost had already purified the polluted atmosphere, which was not the case till some days subsequent to our arrival. Then, however, an immediate change took place in all around. The houses in Sullivan's Island (which is a long bench of white sand, devoid of vegetation, and lying on the side of the harbour opposite to the city) were soon deserted. Hundreds of long boats, laden with furniture and negroes, were seen lazily crossing the bay. The streets were speedily crowded by a busy population of all colours, whose present gaiety was evidently augmented

by the depression of spirits, under which all had so recently laboured.

A stranger, entering Charleston for the first time by moonlight, would be struck by the romantic solitude of its appearance. The negroes are all locked up by ten o'clock, and the city guard of soldiers traverse the streets with noiseless vigilance. The fine old church of St. Michael, the exchange, and post office, at the foot of Broad Street, and the patrician residences which overlook the beautiful bay, give to Charleston the semblance of some old, half deserted, Italian city, while its sparkling southern atmosphere is not unworthy of comparison with the clearest and mildest sky, which lends a principal charm to the land of love, and painting, and poetry.

Charleston does not appear to have reaped much advantage from the revolution. There is scarcely a building of any size or importance which was not erected under the old dominion. It was a favourite residence of the British governors of South Carolina, and prospered under their sway. Since then its glory has in great measure departed. The indigo and tobacco trades have been ruined. There is still a large decayed building in King-street, called the tobacco warehouse, which proves the extent to which that branch of commerce was formerly carried. At present cotton and rice are the staple articles of trade, which is principally in the hands of merchants from the north, who pass the winter or business season only in Charleston, and return in the summer to expend the fruits of their industry 700 or 800 miles from the place where they were acquired. An Englishman would probably consider two or three such journeys in the course of the year, a matter of some moment, but an American measures distances with a different scale, and to him, a journey by land or water from New York or Boston to Savannah or Charleston, is a mere bagatelle. Thus Charleston gains but little from the commerce which is carried on within its walls. The late prohibitory, or what were meant to be prohibitory, duties on British goods, press heavily upon it, by causing a reduction in the prices of cotton and rice, and an advance on the articles for which those products must be exchanged. If the last tariff be persisted in, and submitted to, it is evident that the southern states will be sacrificed to the northern. But symptoms of a sturdy resistance have lately manifested themselves, and it is to be hoped that a system, ruinous to many, and eventually profitable to none, will soon be abandoned.

There was formerly a considerable trade in slaves carried on from Charleston, mostly however by foreigners. But since this horrid traffic has been legally prohibited, I am not aware of any attempt having been made to continue it. It was a common saying in Charleston, that "the curse of God stuck to all slave-traders and their children," who never prospered finally. There *seemed to be one*, and I was told only one, ex-

ception to this rule, in the person of a benevolent gentleman, the son of a slave. But during my residence in South Carolina exception ceased to exist; for the person alluded to failed in business, and "the curse" at last upon him.

The slaves in Charleston are, outwardly, the same happy and reckless set of beings as elsewhere. They are, for the most part, very well treated. Indeed, during a residence of two years among them, I never saw one maltreated or whipped. I am aware, of course, that this is far from proving that cruelty is never practised, but it shows at least that it is not common. However, as it may naturally be expected, the unfortunate beings, knowing that they have no property in themselves, show but little regard for the property of others; plots and insurrections are frequent, and during the winters of 1825 and 1827, we were continually alarmed by their attempts to set fire to the city. One of these, unfortunately, succeeded too well, and a large amount of property was destroyed, especially in King-street, which is long, narrow, and combustible. Half of the militia force of the city, in which all able bodied whites are enrolled without distinction of rank or nation, is always on fire duty, or liable to be called out for the protection of the inhabitants and their property against the negroes, in case of a fire; I was between twenty and thirty nights during the winter on this business. The blacks were compelled to draw the engines and extinguish the fire they had kindled, while many a fierce nunciation of punishment and revenge filled the lips of their incensed masters. The fire in King-street above alluded to, was the most tremendous I have ever seen. The houses and stores were swept off on both sides of the street for nearly half a mile. Many of the shops contained kegs of gunpowder, which every now and then exploded fearfully. I cannot give an adequate idea of the excitement and alarm occasioned by this conflagration. Every one was aware that the negroes were constantly plotting destruction, and that fire was the auxiliary which they chiefly relied on to effect it. To add to the confusion, fires broke out in various other parts of the city, though, fortunately, they were extinguished.

At one time during the night, when the conflagration was at its height, and roof after roof fell in with a tremendous crash, I was engaged in conversation with an old gentleman, like myself, who was for a time off duty. He was quietly speculating on the chances of the city being rebuilt, which, he said, the declining state of trade in Charleston would not justify. Upon turning round to examine his features more closely, I recognised the principal owner of the burning property, and the richest Jew in Charleston. I complimented him upon his comely demeanour. "O," said he, "I have lived long enough in this world, to take matters coolly in such a fiery night as this is." He was a

resided in Charleston some forty years. He first arrived, he was quite destitute, owed half a dollar from a fellow countryman passenger, whom he lived to see re- great poverty, and whom, in gratitude old obligation, he constantly and effect- riended in his time of need. I men- as one among many instances of the ice of the individual, who is well and ly known in Charleston. As I have marked, I was much struck by his , and have always considered him a real er. When the mansion of Joseph te at Bordentown was burnt to the great praise was bestowed upon its dis- proprietor, for the quiet temper and d he displayed during the operation. was this difference between the case of iend and that of king Joseph—the pa- insured!

this time a circumstance occurred, ll serve to illustrate in some degree the ation of the two castes in the southern t was found impossible to collect evi- ficient to convict a negro of incendi- ough it prevailed so alarmingly. But ough necessary to lay hold of some one, not, as it might happen, and punish rrown. For this purpose a mulatto s sentenced to be hanged, upon very evidence. Two householders and a ma- onstituted the court. It was, I verily he intention of these parties to have a commutation of punishment, previ- he day of execution, but no respite ar- a the governor. At the appointed time, a grove in Charleston went to see the urch they appeared to consider the of this poor devil, if we might judge rformance in which they indulged on and. The shouts resounded with the d-posit with an American merchant. Notwith- of the crowd. My own servant, standing his fore-sight, he was surprised at last, of course, requested my leave of ab- and escaped with difficulty. On his arrival in company them, because, he said, that the United States, he found that the funds which he had remitted to his own countrymen, owing to their insolvency and race-ility, were not forth- to be very much to see him hang- coming; and his property was reduced to about of a year irretrievable, and he went £3000, the amount in the hands of the honest st. It appeared, however, that the d his deposits refused to allocate as- ever, he might at least have lived in comfort, belonging as their excuse the notorious of the poor fellow. This did not pre- stock of any kind, and persisted in spending his r obbing a reward to any one who- capital till it was nearly exhausted, when he for- a their substitute, but no one could- tunately died. He kept no bank account, but had made up his mind to destroy himself upon the first refusal of his check. I ought to add, that in consideration of the value of his deposit, for upwards of twenty years, the bank director- had given orders always to pay the very mode- rate drafts, which the old man might have occa- sion to make, so that no necessity should occur for his putting his suicide purpose into execu- tion. This, however, was no idle boast on his part, as the accidental dishonour of his check one day proved. The pistols were taken out of

they move about with their long white veils, is elegant and romantic. The young Jewesses of South Carolina are certainly the handsomest wo- men I ever saw. The older ones, I am sorry to say, are peculiarly the reverse. The fondness for jewellery and ornaments, which distinguishes the Hebrew nation all the world over, is very conspicuous in Charleston. While the exterior of their dwellings is frequently dirty and neglect- ed, I scarcely ever saw the inside of one, which was not furnished with a strikingly inconsistent degree of show and expense. A Jewish gentle- man commonly carries rings and seals enough about him to furnish half a dozen London "swells" for the season. The Americans, in general, show the greatest fondness for external ornament of any civilized nation, and the Eng- lish, perhaps, the least; but even in the United States, the Jews are remarkable for this pen- chant.

The fugitives from St. Domingo may be men- tioned as forming one class among the many which make up the motley and varied population of this singular place. There cannot now be many of these unfortunate Frenchmen remain- ing, though at one time they abounded in Charle- ton. They were in general very poor, and had been very rich. A little knot of them were in the habit of meeting in a room behind a bar- ber's shop, very early every morning, to drink French coffee, and talk over old times. They afterwards adjourned to the market, and were generally there as soon as the gates opened, to select their frugal fare for the day. Among these old gentlemen, there was one who particularly attracted my attention. He was formerly pos- sessed of great wealth in the West Indies, and in anticipation of the negro insurrection, had re- mitted large sums to his countrymen in the Uni- ted States, and fortunately also made one small standing his fore-sight, he was surprised at last, and escaped with difficulty. On his arrival in the United States, he found that the funds which he had remitted to his own countrymen, owing to their insolvency and race-ility, were not forth- coming; and his property was reduced to about £3000, the amount in the hands of the honest yankee. Upon the interest of this sum, how- ever, he might at least have lived in comfort. But he never could be induced to invest it in stock of any kind, and persisted in spending his capital till it was nearly exhausted, when he for- tunately died. He kept no bank account, but had made up his mind to destroy himself upon the first refusal of his check. I ought to add, that in consideration of the value of his deposit, for upwards of twenty years, the bank director- had given orders always to pay the very mode- rate drafts, which the old man might have occa- sion to make, so that no necessity should occur for his putting his suicide purpose into execu- tion. This, however, was no idle boast on his part, as the accidental dishonour of his check one day proved. The pistols were taken out of

the case, and loaded for destruction, when a breathless clerk arrived to apologize for the mistake, and prolong the old Frenchman's existence. I believe that Mr. R—— was quite singular among his countrymen in his indifference to life, and determination to quit it prematurely, under any circumstances. For the most part, the national gaiety of spirit prevailed among these kind-hearted exiles, in whose company I have passed many amusing hours.

One of the most striking and amusing scenes in the world may be witnessed upon a Charleston race course. I remember being present at the running of a famous match between two horses from Virginia, and one belonging to South Carolina. The two first heats were gained, one each, by the Virginian horses, and the two last by the favourite of South Carolina, whose name I recollect was Bertram. The interest always attendant upon a good horse race, was increased to intensity by the feeling of state rivalry prevalent all over the union, and which is called forth in all its strength on such occasions. Many a dirk was grasped, and fierce threat uttered. At last the South Carolina horse came up victorious, and the scenes which followed recalled to my mind Gibbon's account of the Blue and Green factions of Constantinople, when the triumph of a political party depended upon the speed of a horse. Ever since, the horse races of England have appeared to me to be very tame affairs indeed. I was in New York at the time of the match between Henry and Eclipse, between the north and south, which is well remembered by many as evidencing the existence of a spirit of rivalry by no means favourable to the future permanence of the federal union. But to dilate upon the topic suggested by the last remark is not my intention—at least not at present. It is of too serious a nature to be discussed in the cursory and rambling style in which these sketches have been thrown together.

I am inclined to think that some of the best society in the United States is to be met with in Charleston. Most of the neighbouring gentry or planters have travelled in Europe, and many have been partially educated abroad. They are well informed, hospitable and polite. In other parts of the union, it seems to be a matter of conscience to introduce subjects of conversation, which must necessarily be disagreeable to the Englishmen present. The battle on Lake Erie, and the affair at New Orleans, frequently form the subjects of discourse. But there is a high degree of polish, as well as spirit, in the courteous demeanour of a South Carolinian gentleman. I fear that this must partly be attributed to the practice of duelling which is common among them. When an insulting expression can only be used at the risk of a man's life, he soon learns to be sparing of them.

Kean performed twelve nights in Charleston during the winter, I think, of 1825 and 1826. The theatre is small but elegant, and the price of admission to the pit is the same as to the boxes. By this arrangement, those who can best appre-

ciate good acting, have an opportunity of it from the best quarter of the house.

I have witnessed Kean's performance in London, and the English country towns, and various parts of the United States, but in no noble judgment, there was more real feeling, beauties of the author, and just discrimination estimating the actor, displayed in Charleston than at any other theatre where I have opportunity of seeing Shakspeare performed. This was peculiarly to be remarked at the representation of Hamlet and Macbeth. I verily doubt whether so many well educated men ever collected into so small a compass, to be met with in the Charleston theatre the term of Kean's engagement; and I formed, that great actor himself was at the judgment, good taste, and thoroughledge of Shakspeare which the audience did. I have mentioned these particulars, because I wish to do justice to the refinement and merits of a remarkably intelligent body, and because I consider a correct discrimination of good plays and good actors better evidence of those qualities which attributed to the society of Charleston, than vague and general encomiums and asser-

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SONG OF THE GIFTED

By MRS. HEMANS.

"That voice re-mem-
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of nature utter: birds or trees,
Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath plant
Murmur and music thine of sudden breeze"
COLER

I heard a song upon the wandering wind,
A song of many tones—though one full soul
Breathed through them all unphlegmily; and made
All nature as they pass'd, all quivering leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,
As with the consciousness of human prayer.
—At times the passion-kindled melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,
Over the wild sea-wave;—at times the strain
Flow'd with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse;
And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note
Of Tasko's holy lyre;—yet still the tones
Were of a suppliant;—"Leave me not!" was still
The burden of their music; and I knew
The lay which genius, in its lonelines,
Its own still world amidst th' overpeopled world,
Hath ever breathed to Love.

They crown me with the glistening crown,
Borne from a deathless tree;
I hear the pealing music of ruin—
O Love! forsake me not!
Mine were a lone dark lot,
Bereft of thee!

They tell me that my soul can throw
A glory o'er the earth!
From thee, from thee, is caught that golden glow
Shed by thy gentle eyes
It gives to flower and skies,
A bright, new birth!
Thence gleams the path of morning,
Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone!
Thence to its heart of hearts, the rose is
With lustre not its own!
Thence every wood-recess
Is fill'd with loveliness,
Each bower, to ringdoves and dim violets

I see all beauty in thy ray
That streameth in thy smile;
Oh! bear it, bear it not away!
Can that sweet light beguile?
Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,
To linger long by earthly streams;
I clasp it with th' alloy
Of fear 'midst quivering joy,
Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
Leave me not, Love! to mine own beating heart?

The music from my lyre
With thy swift step would flee;
The world's cold breath, would quench the starry fire
In my deep soul—a temple fill'd with thee!
Said would the fountains lie,
The waves of harmony,
Which thou alone canst free!

Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,
Whence the oracle hath fled;
Like a harp which none might waken
But a mighty master dead;
Like the vase of a perfume scatter'd,
Such would my spirit be;
So mute, so void, so shatter'd,
Bereft of thee!

Leave me not, Love! or if this earth
Yield not for thee a home,
If the bright summer-land of thy pure birth
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers—"Come!"
Then, with the glory from the rose,
With the sparkle from the stream,
With the light thy rainbow-presence throws
Over the poet's dream;
With all th' Elysian hues
Thy pathway that suffuse,
With joy, with music, from the fading grove,
Take me, too, heavenward, on thy wing, sweet Love!

From the United Service Journal.

THE PRIZE RECAPTURED.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST AMERICAN WAR.

The following Narrative is a plain statement of authenticated facts which occurred to two brothers, one of whom only, now serving as Captain of the — regiment, survives.

In the middle of the year 1812, when England, in a situation all but desperate, was combating singly with the European continent for existence, she sustained an attack from a quarter where she might have expected and ought certainly to have met with sympathy. Her offspring in the New World ungenerously declared against her! and suddenly covered the Atlantic with a swarm of privateers, eager to prey on her ill-armed and worse-manned merchantmen.

Among the many captures made by these horrors in the early part of the war, the following narrative of one is remarkable for its evidence of the effect of surprise in paralyzing the minds of men, whose active and dangerous occupation might certainly to render them the least subject to panic. But we believe there are very few men conscious of possessing what Napoleon (in allusion to an anecdote related in the Memoirs of the Duc de Sully) calls "two o'clock in the morning courage."* Indeed, for one who

* "As to moral courage," observed he, "I have very rarely met with the two o'clock in the morning kind. I mean unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision."—*Las Casas Journal*, vol. i. part second, p. 8.

would have acted with the presence of mind recorded of the gallant Crillon,† thousands, perhaps, in other circumstances, equally brave, would have fled; a truth which the subjoined statement may tend to demonstrate.

A small merchant brig, called the Euphemia, belonging to a house in Glasgow, on her voyage from La Guayra in Colombia to Gibraltar, on the 16th Dec. 1812, with a favourable breeze, in latitude forty degrees, and a little to the westward of the Azores, discovered at daylight a large ship astern, close hauled on the starboard tack standing to the southward. It was soon after observed, and reported to the captain of the brig, a young man of two and twenty, that the stranger had bore up, was making sail in chase, and from the cut and colour of his canvass, was evidently a ship of war and a foreign one. The Euphemia running before the wind, and the stranger a considerable distance astern, a few hours of anxious consultation intervened as to the propriety of resistance should she prove an enemy; during this interval, the little brig was prepared for action. Her means of defence consisted in eight twelve-pounder car-

† In the life of the Duke of Epemon the following anecdote is related of Lewis Berto de Crillon, or Grillon, a gentleman of Avignon. "The Duke of Guise, to whom he had been sent after the reduction of Marseilles, having a mind to try his courage," says the historian, "agreed with some gentlemen to give a sudden alarm before Grillon's quarters, as if the enemy had been masters of the town; at the same time he ordered two horses to the door, and rushing into Crillon's room, cried 'all was lost; that the enemy were masters of the port and town, and broke and put to flight all that opposed them; that two horses were at the door, and desired him to haste and fly.' Crillon was asleep when the alarm was given, and hardly awake whilst the Duke of Guise was speaking. However, without being at all disconcerted by so hot an alarm, he called for his clothes and his arms, saying, 'they ought not, on too slight grounds, to give credit to all that was said of the enemy; and even if the account was correct, it was more becoming men of honour to die with their arms in their hands, than to survive with the loss of the place.'

"The Duke of Guise, being unable to prevail on him to change his resolution, followed him out of the room; but when they were got half-way down stairs, not being able to contain himself any longer, he burst out a laughing, by which Crillon discovered the trick that had been played him. He assumed a look much sterner than when he only thought of going to fight, and squeezing the Duke of Guise's hand, said, swearing at the same time, 'Young man, never make it a jest to try the courage of a man of honour, for, by—hadst thou made me betray any weakness, I would have plunged my dagger in thy heart,' and then left him without saying a word more."—*Sully's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 409, note; new edition, 1812.

nades, and two long threes: the crew, including boys and officers, mustered thirty-five hands, and one passenger, a young gentleman about eighteen, the master's brother.

At eleven A. M. when the stranger was within about two miles, she hoisted an English ensign and pendant, which only increased the suspicion previously existing, and in another hour she was within pistol-shot alongside, showed American colours, and fired a gun athwart the forefoot. She appeared to be a large corvette mounting twenty-two guns, with strong substantial quarters of stout scantling, and her tops full of men.

Notwithstanding the overpowering force of the enemy, the crew of the *Euphemia*, true to the character of British seamen, stood steady at their guns, watching with their petty artillery the motions of the enemy. The young man who commanded her, having coolly examined and satisfied himself of his antagonist's force, cried to his crew, "Men! you see the enemy's force,—if we engage, will you stand by me?" One fine fellow, the captain of one of the guns, quickly stood erect from his position, in marking the enemy's ship, and exclaimed, "Stand by you, Sir! by—we'll go down with you," and instantly resumed his station. This noble fellow's name was Diamond, an Irishman; but a man at the helm, who from his station and the sheer of the dock was very much exposed, pointed out the hopelessness of the contest, to which, with tears in his eyes, Capt. — assented, and ordered the colours to be hauled down.

The enemy proved to be the *America*, a private armed ship belonging to Boston, of twenty-two guns, and 200 men, homeward bound, after a cruise.

The commander of the privateer transhipped the whole of the carronades, and left only small arms sufficient for eleven men and a boy, whom he sent on board to navigate the prize. The whole of the British were removed on board the *America*, with the exception of the master and his brother, and an old man who had been cook, and allowed to remain as servant to these gentlemen. It was observed, that the officers of the *America* wore uniform coats and epaulettes, and the vessel appeared to be in a very respectable state of discipline. Her owners, it was understood, only supplied provisions to the crew, who for wages depended entirely on prize-money. From what followed, it appeared these ships' crews are, by the laws of the United States, subject to trial on their return by naval courts martial for offences committed at sea; this may partly account for the regularity and discipline prevailing in such a body.

The boats having been hoisted in, both vessels shaped their course for Boston. The following day proved stormy, with the wind westerly as before; and it was now mortifying to observe, that the prize weathered fast on the *America*; so much so, that she was ordered to make the best of her way for an American port. This order was no sooner known to the two young prisoners, than

a resolution was made to attempt by themselves the recapture of the brig; a determination which however extraordinary, was successfully carried into effect.

The fire-arms were kept on deck; but it was known that the prize-master had in his possession somewhere about the cabin two brace of pistol and a claymore or Highland broad sword, to obtain possession of these became the primary object. The magazine being, as usual in such vessels, below the cabin floor, to which a hatch under the table led, there was very little trouble in providing ammunition, the great difficulty being to ascertain where the concealed arms were. As it was manifest success must depend entirely on the instant advantage to be taken of the first moments of panic, it was highly necessary that the brothers should act as with one mind under every possible contingency, to prevent, if possible, the enemy having an instant for recollection, or observation of the numbers opposed to him. To this end, and to avoid being overheard, all intercourse on this subject was made on a slate, and to account for its frequent interchange, in case of observation, a riddle, a conundrum, or a problem occupied the upper surface; and such, in fact, was the amusement when either of the American officers were present. While searching for the arms, it was necessary that one of the gentlemen should attend to give notice when any one was coming below; and this was rendered easy in consequence of an opening over the cabin door being so large, that a person sitting on the lockers in the cabin could see the companion ladder. This opening had been made after the vessel was a prize, by the labour of a pet parrot whose destructive bill was in this way a useful auxiliary. Having at last found the concealed arms, they were immediately prepared. It was judged improper to load both brace of pistol with ball, one pistol, therefore, in the possession of each was charged with slugs, made of a pair of pewter tea-spoons, broken up at the moment they were wanted; the remaining two only were loaded with ball. The former were the first destined to be made use of, and the others when necessary. After being loaded and ready, they were concealed in the bed-clothes of the elder brother's berth, who slept on the starboard side of the cabin. The prize-master or his mate slept alternately in one opposite on the larboard side. The crew's berths were part forward in the fore-castle, and part in the steerage; the passage to the latter was through the companion, in consequence of the steerage hatch being for warmth kept close battened.

A little after four P. M. on the 5th of January 1813, it being then dusk, the desperate attempt to recapture the ship was made, an attempt which may be called desperate, for to most men it would appear so, when the fearful odds, two men against twelve, are alone considered; but a just knowledge of the constitution of the generality of men's minds in cases of sudden alarm, and due weight allowed to the fact that the seamen were

services in war, the chances of success will not appear so very unfeasible. At the moment mentioned, three of the crew were known to be in the steerage, and the prize-master had just turned in, being their watch below; thus, eight only, including the boy, could be on deck. All being ready, with one consent the brothers sprang to their arms; the American master at this instant luckily gave no sign of being awake, and while the younger brother locked the cabin door after him, Capt. — got on deck and cried aloud, "This vessel is now again my property!" immediately discharging a pistol at the helmsman. The seamen appeared to have been collected on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, talking with the man at the helm, who dropped in consequence of receiving, almost at the same moment with the slug-shot, a sabre wound. The others ran round the opposite side of the companion on their way forward; the remaining charge of slugs was sent among them, and Capt. — pursued, while his brother, stationed at the companion, warned those below that an attempt to come on deck would meet with instant death. On the former reaching the windlass, he found the mate, a tall muscular man, ready to charge him with a boarding pike, but knocking it aside with his broadsword, and placing the muzzle of the remaining pistol close to the man's head, he ordered him instantly below, a mandate that was promptly obeyed; those remaining quickly followed, tumbling down the hatchway in great haste, to the manifest danger of their limbs. He then drew the hatch over, and lashed a kedge across it to the two bower anchors: coming aft, a rope was run round the companion doorway, which had no lock, and a couple of nails driven behind the slide, which secured the crew below; and thus the brig was restored to her rightful commander.

It now became necessary to consider the means of navigating the ship, and the care of the wounded men, for it was judged another had been hurt by the second shot in consequence of the scream or exclamation which followed the discharge. On examining the man remaining on deck, it was found that slugs had penetrated the arm, and he was lightly injured in the side; the other man's wound proved to be very trifling. After dressing the hurt of the former, he was sent below in the fore-castle, to which place the three men in the steerage were likewise transferred. The prize-master was allowed to remain locked up in the cabin. The whole of the small arms were at this juncture thrown overboard, with the exception of the two brace of pistols mentioned, and a cutlass.

The weather had been nearly calm all day, but as it could not be expected to remain moderate on the North American shores at that season of the year, a man and boy were called up to assist in reefing topsails and working the ship. When with these feeble means every thing was made secure, the log-book was examined, whence the ship's place appeared to be a little to the

north-west of Cape Cod; but no observation had been obtained for several days, and very little confidence was placed in the reckoning. A course was, however, shaped for Halifax, Nova Scotia, as the most convenient port; but unhappily during the night it began to blow from the north-west, and continued with occasional lulls until the night of the 8th, when soundings were suddenly got in fifteen fathoms water: this was very alarming on a coast where the tide is known to have great influence on a ship's course, and the more so, as it was impossible to decide whether she was off Cape Table or Table Island: soundings on both banks being very similar, besides, having been unable to get a sight of the sun, it was scarce possible to make a reasonable guess. In the interval from the 5th to the 8th, the weather had become exceedingly cold, the spray of the sea covered the decks and rigging with connected sheet of ice; it had been found necessary to have six of the Americans, three at a time, on the deck to work the ship; the oil for the binnacle was all expended, and to afford a wretched light, candles were made of cook's skimmings: the wine and spirits were exhausted, and once or twice it had become impossible to boil a piece of meat, the spray washing out the fire: finally, the youthful captors having been unable to take any rest, were almost exhausted with cold and want of sleep. In this distressing situation, six Americans were brought on deck together, to get the ship on the other tack, and haul the fore-topsail, for which purpose they were all sent aloft, but the spray had made the sail as stiff as a board, and it was found impossible to furl it; one seaman lay down in the top, unable from fright or the severity of the cold to come down, (it was reported he was frozen there,) and the others appearing to be quite exhausted, were sent below. Under these overpowering causes, it was become necessary again to yield the recapture to the prize-master.

On going below, the appearance of two such intruders on the solitary prisoner, with the miserable light scarce sufficing to show the icicles hanging from the hairs of the head and whiskers, sheets of the same material attached to the clothing, a naked cutlass, with two loaded pistols, stuck round the waist in canvas belts, and eyes red with watching—the entrance of two such men must have tried his nerves, but he showed no sign of trepidation, and in common circumstances, there is little doubt would have maintained the reputation of a good as well as a brave seaman; he was a stout muscular well-looking man, a native of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts. He and his mate agreed to certain articles of capitulation, which were faithfully kept; one of these was, that, if required, he should surrender the long boat with the baggage, provided land was made in any part of the British Americas.

During the night the wind got round to the eastward, and the following day land was made, and ships were observed coming out of a harbour, which was afterwards known to have been

Port Roseway, in Nova Scotia; at this time it was mistaken for some part of the province of Maine. The fleet seen coming out were under convoy, as was afterwards learnt, of His Majesty's ship *Rattler*, Capt. Gordon, bound up the Bay of Fundy. Although the *Euphemia* could not have been six miles distant from His Majesty's sloop, she took no notice, and shortly after it began to snow so thick that every thing was obscured. Having stood to the southward, there was no appearance on the day following of either land or ships. A few days more brought the brig into an unfrequented harbour in the province of Maine, where the master and his brother left her, and got a passage in a boat proceeding towards Eastport, a town on the frontier, but which landed them, on paying a little extra, in Grand Manan, an island on the British side; thence they proceeded by way of St. Andrew's, and St. John's, New Brunswick, to Halifax.

Here our narrative might terminate, but as it is not the least singular part of this story, that these gentlemen should have had the misfortune again to fall in with the same cruiser on their passage from Halifax to England, and to become prisoners a second time, the reader may wish to be made acquainted with the sequel; the story is therefore continued.

Having remained some weeks in Halifax, to recruit lost health, a passage was taken in the brig *Lucy*, Capt. Hutchinson, for Liverpool. On board of this vessel, besides the subjects of our narrative, there were as passengers, two gentlemen, a boy, and a lady with two children. The *Lucy* proceeded favourably for about ten days, when, being a little to the eastward of the great bank of Newfoundland, a strange sail was reported at daylight to be in chase; she was soon recognised to be the *America* by her late prisoners, much to their astonishment and vexation. The *America*'s worst point of sailing being known to be on a wind, the *Lucy* was forthwith close-hauled, and her capture in consequence delayed until noon, but not having a single gun, she was at that hour a prize.

On the captain of the enemy's ship learning that the two young gentlemen who recaptured the *Euphemia* were again his prisoners, he visited them, assured them of the kindest treatment, and kept his word. On being conveyed on board the ship of war, the crew evinced great anxiety to see their prisoners, the ship's sides and rigging were literally screened with seamen, and when on deck it was scarce possible to move, at the same time perfect decorum was preserved, and they were very respectful; the quarter-deck was cleared the moment the order was given, and indeed, as has been already stated, the discipline on board was remarkable. Next day curiosity had in some degree subsided.

It was here reported that the prize-master and mate of the *Euphemia* were tried by a naval court martial, and that the former was declared incapable of serving the United States in any capacity.

In a few days, the *America* fell in with a fleet for Newfoundland, and the *Gull* of St. Lawrence, the convoy under the command, we believe, of Admiral Sir R. Keats, through which she passed in the night undiscovered. Next day an unfortunate straggler was captured, a schooner full of passengers from Waterford, bound to Newfoundland. After plundering this vessel she was allowed to proceed; the passengers and crew of the *Lucy* were likewise permitted to avail themselves of this opportunity of escaping an American prison, and in a few days arrived at St. John's, whence making another attempt to reach Great Britain, they were successful, landing at Greenock, a port in Scotland, in the autumn of 1813.

Had there been among the American crew one individual possessed of the energy and moral courage, noted as the "*two o'clock in the morning kind*," the result might, nay must have been very different. Yet, the foresight, confidence, and judgment displayed in this spirited enterprise are abundantly remarkable; and the successful issue for the time was well deserved.—*Fortes fortuna juvat.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO JUNE.

By LEIGH HUNT.

MAY' s a word 'tis sweet to hear,
Laughter of the budding year;
Sweet it is to start and say
On May-morning, "This is May!"
But there also breathes a tune,
Hear it—in the sound of "June."
June's a month, and June's a name,
Never yet hath had its fame:
Summer's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepen'd tune
Of the bees, and of the birds;
And of loitering lovers' words:
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;
And the very colour's tone,
Russet now, and fervid grown:
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gipsy June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek,
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right;
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best,
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,

e'd, full length, to lie
 land-enshaded eye
 warm and golden slopes,
 n the butter-cups,
 with nice distant ears
 hepherd's clapping shears,
 next field's laughing play
 appy wars of hay,
 s perfume breathes all over,
 ean comes fine, or clover.

I walk round the earth,
 heart to share my mirth,
 ook to love me ever,
 iful much, but sullen never,
 be content to see
 i no variety,
 g here, and living there,
 ook and frugal fare,
 finer gipsy time,
 uckoo in the clime,
 t morn, and mirth at noon,
 ep beneath the sacred moon,

From the United Service Journal.

OATHS.

It is a recognizance to Heaven,
 s over to the courts above,
 to the indictment of our crimes,
 e who "escape this world should suffer there."

Custom of solemn adjuration to the invi-
 sers, would naturally be one of the earli-
 h a rude people would oppose to treach-
 trust, deceit, and other vices; and ac-
 y, we find the practice to be most ancient,
 tells us, that *Ὀρκος*, the presiding deity
 wits, was the son of Eris, or Contention,
 r extraction for so anomalous an officer,
 ith all his influence, could not save his
 followers from the proverbial stigma
 under *Graca fides*. Homer makes
 mon chatter about the infernal regions,
 rape he got into about Briseis; and from
 urces we gather that some of the sturdy
 ould mouth a curse as bitterly as Ernu-
 lself. Yet the Greeks seldom strained
 us as we do; on very important occasions
 re accompanied with imprecations, but
 ral their deities were rather invoked as
 s than as avengers. The oath of an
 of Athens was not that of which the
 tend to eternity—he was obliged to de-
 at, in case of default, he would forfeit a
 statue, of equal proportion to himself,—
 method of binding to their duties men
 ared neither Tartarus nor Tyburn.
 t the philosophers, we find that Zeno
 ore by capers; and Socrates by a dog or
 , or a tree. Pythagoras, who rarely ap-
 peared to the gods, invoked air and water, and
 ber four,—a number mystical, as imply-
 soul of man to consist in mind, science,
 nd opinion,—but Clinias, one of his dis-

ciples, chose rather to forfeit three talents, than
 swear at all.

An oath was remarkably dreaded by the an-
 cient Romans; and Polybius assures us, that
 even in his time, the obligation was sufficient to
 restrain those who had any of the public money
 in their hands from abusing the trust. In the
 affairs of common life the men swore by their
 genii and lares, the women by Juno, and the va-
 rious labourers and artisans by the presiding
 deity of their calling. In the middle ages, the
 oath "by the ashes of parents" was esteemed
 one of the highest sanctity; and he who de-
 sires to know the absurd blasphemy of those times,
 may consult Du Cange.

Many of the forms observed by the ancients
 were voluntary, and ought to have disappeared
 with paganism; but since the time that Sisenand,
 the Gothic king of Spain, administered his dread-
 ful imprecation at Toledo, in the 7th century,
 Christians have been more harshly visited with
 official oaths than even the Greeks and Romans
 were: and it is undeniably oppressive to be so
 frequently called upon to stake one's eternal sal-
 vation against trifles. When men could not sub-
 scribe their names, they merely made a signa-
 ture; that is, they signed a cross, and as such a
 mark would be difficult to identify, parties gen-
 erally made their transactions valid by meeting be-
 fore a priest, and swearing to observe the en-
 gagement so signed; and this afterwards became
 legalized. Still these were matters of plain deal-
 ing between men of a less refined age than the
 present, rather than tests of party or politics, for
 as the renowned Hudibras has it—

"Oaths were not Purposed more than law,
 To keep the just and good in awe;
 But to confine the bad and sinful,
 Like moral cattle in a pinfold."

If the definition be correct, that the sanction
 of an oath is the strongest hold that the law can
 take of the consciences of men, to bind them to
 adhere to their obligations, or to declare the truth
 when they are questioned on occasions which
 concern the welfare of society, why should they
 be irreverently administered? Unless the utmost
 precision and circumspection are used, as well in
 taking as in administering an oath, it is a cere-
 mony inconsistent with common reason and
 proper reverence to the Omnipotent. But we
 deny the necessity of the practice, in a judicial
 sense, except where the dearest interests and pri-
 vileges of mankind are at stake. The multipli-
 cation of oaths has a pernicious tendency to
 cause levity of conduct and laxity of morals;
 their force and influence are weakened by their
 frequency; and there is little question but the
 disgusting expletives with which language has
 been disfigured, have emanated therefrom.*

* Without descending to record the flowers
 of Billingsgate and Sally Port rhetoric, we
 may instance the common practice of swear-

Without dwelling upon the desecrating effects of taking affidavits in police-offices, and other unconsecrated places, we may consider an oath, wherein a person solemnly and deliberately calls upon God to witness the truth of his asseveration, as an act of such responsibility that it should be viewed as sacredly as that of taking the holy sacrament; for the swearer, in this invocation, virtually renounces all claim to divine grace should he appeal falsely: or at least, if such is not his belief, the oath is nugatory in operation. That the mass of mankind think but slightly of the tie, is a fact more readily seen than proved; and it is the accommodating faculty of the mind, under what ought to be a binding ceremony, that provoked Butler to parody the rule—"jurare in animum imponentis," thus—

"He that imposes an oath, makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any man be said,
To break an oath he never made?"

The form of our affidavits, and the levity with which they are administered by Laymen of every description, are but weakly adapted to impress upon untutored minds the meaning of what they are doing, and the obligations they incur, by consigning themselves to that place, where, as Esther observed, "if they perish, they perish." Savage says—

"Nay, but weigh well what you presume to swear!
Oaths are of dreadful weight—and if they're false,
Draw down damnation."

The arguments in favour of this practice, are more specious than sound. It is alleged that invoking the awful name of the Omnipotent, in a right cause is not only a lawful act, but also a religious acknowledgement of his infallible knowledge of the sincerity or falsehood of our hearts. This may be true where the end is to maintain equity and charity among men, and where it is done under the salutary fear of that terrible denunciation, "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." But is it reverence to drag a solemnity which should be awfully sacred, into the use and abuse of the commonest acts of every day life? Such a custom may have had its influence in savage and superstitious times; but both religion and government are injured by its continuance, it being as inconvenient, and therefore improper, to the sovereign as to the subject. Perjury and treason are suffi-

ciently punishable without regard to oath-taking; and the courts of justice are always open to accusations against those who are guilty of violating laws. Let those who respect this obligation in theory go to our custom-houses, and excise-offices, and election-hustings, and police-offices;—let them go alongside of a ship returning from the Mediterranean, at the moment the quarantine officer shoves a copper case, supposed to contain the gospel, at the end of a pole, for the captain to kiss;—let them see these farces, and be cured.

In this levity of term and administration, we differ from the solemnity of both ancients and moderns. The Papal denunciations are so notorious for bitterness, that Uncle Toby's heart melted at the idea of even the devil suffering under them; though, to be sure, in Rome, much may be softened for *giuli tre*. The people of Madagascar denounce horrid maledictions upon the oath-breaker: they implore that he may perish miserably, and in anguish, that his belly may burst open, and that his filthy carcase may be the food of alligators, or become the *coprolites* of wild beasts. More dignified, but equally vengeful, was the celebrated Amphyctyonic oath, as transmitted by Æschines, which awfully imprecates, that "if any one shall violate any part of this solemn engagement, whether city, private person, or country, may such violators be obnoxious to the vengeance of Apollo, Diana, Latona, and Minerva the provident! May their lands never produce fruits; may their women never bring forth children of the same nature as their parents, but offsprings of an unnatural and monstrous kind: may they be forever defeated in war, in judicial controversies, and in all civil transactions; and may they, their families, and their whole race, be utterly destroyed; may they never offer up an acceptable sacrifice to Apollo, Diana, Latona, and Minerva the provident; but may all their sacred rites be forever rejected."

Solemnities so startling operated in rendering him infamous who thought lightly of them; and where superstition got the upper hand of piety, every evasion was resorted to for avoiding the responsibility of breaking an oath. Thus, many who adjured by some peculiar object of veneration, would not scruple to violate what was sworn upon the Gospel. As in ancient times kings swore by their sceptres, and soldiers by their spears, so, in modern days, the Calabrese swear by their guns, and various people by fire and light. The luckless Harold was sworn over an altar, which, when uncovered, was found to be filled with the most sacred relics that could be procured; and a similar deception is still practised in Sardinia. William the Conqueror was wont to swear by the splendour of God,—and William Rufus by St. Luke's face, by which he meant the portrait of our Saviour as painted by the Evangelist. Francis the First appealed to the truth of his assertions, "on the word of a gentleman," but in this admirable form he was

ing by the Supreme, by the Rood, and by Faith, *Zounds* is a corruption of God's wounds; *Zooks* of his hooks; and *'S Death* of his death. Many aver to the truth of what they advance, by "*Devil take me*;" and even the popular expression of the Sons of St. David, "*Odd splutter hur nails*," is instantly recognisable as God's blood, and the nails which fastened him to the cross. The Shakspearian oaths, *Odsbody*, *ods-pittikins*, &c. are evidently from the same source.

preceded by our Henry the Third, at the solemn and terrible ratification of Magna Charta. But both may have borrowed a hint from the Roman practice of swearing by faith and honor. It has some of the degrading properties of common oath-taking, and would give to individuals that personal responsibility which leads to virtuous carriage. In this light, we have often thought, that the easy, dignified deportment of even the commonest Turk, has partly resulted from the trust placed in him, for in most trials the word of a known Moslem is sufficient testimony to support an accusation or defend a charge: and where an oath is administered, it stigmatizes the taker as a man of bad faith. The Koran forbids the making of God a target for swearers, and the whole body of 'Umela would regard the hot ploughshares of the Saxons, the fetiches of the Negroes, and the custom-house oaths of the English, as alike abominable.

Of the demoralizing consequences of oft-administered oaths, every one will be aware, on casting his eyes towards France, and her century of constitutions. A worthy old *Commis* in one of the public offices in Paris, observed at a private party, soon after the *restoration*, how often they had been called upon in the last twenty-five years to take the oath of allegiance to the existing government. "For my part," added he, with a significant smile and a shrug of the shoulders, "I never give myself any trouble about it, but take every oath proposed without the least hesitation."

Paley, mistaking the exception for the rule, has dogmatically pronounced that the "Rule of Honour," was made by fashionable people, to facilitate their intercourse with one another, "and for no other purpose." He then adds, that it countenances cruelty, impiety, revenge, and the licentious indulgence of the natural passions; and that it places no value on the virtues opposed to those vices. It is hence pretty evident, that the Reverend Archdeacon was, upon the "Rule of Honour," in the condition of Mahony's salmon upon a gravel walk. Addison, who moved in as good a sphere* as did the Archdeacon, despises the class who have the spurious notions of the "sacred tie" which Paley entertained, and remarks that it is a sense of so fine and delicate a nature that it is only to be met with in minds that are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by good examples or a refined education. True honour will ever scorn evil actions, and its votaries are those, in the words of the Royal Psalmist,

"Who know what's right, not only so,
But always practice what they know."

An old aphorism observes, and the observation is perfectly just, that the nearest way to honour

* This word has been strangely familiarized: should it not rather have been *orbit*?

is, for a man so to live as to be found, in truth, that which he would be thought to be. And in direct allusion to this fine impulse, the ancients represented Apollo as a man, with a rose in his right hand, a lily in his left, above him a lotus, and under him wormwood, with this device,—
"CONSIDER."

But although Paley was incapable of defining honour properly, his authority, on most other points which he treated, must be holden in the greatest respect; and we gladly conclude our observations with his view of the evils of oath-taking. "A pound of tea cannot regularly travel from the ship to the consumer without costing half-a-dozen oaths at the least; and the same security for the due discharge of their office, namely, that of an oath, is required for a churchwarden and an archbishop, from a petty constable to the chief justice of England. Let the law continue its own sanctions, if they be thought requisite, but let it spare the solemnity of an oath. And where from the want of something better to depend upon, it is necessary to accept men's own words or own account, let it annex to prevarication penalties proportioned to the public mischief of the offence.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy Maker's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
Thine eyes are passion-free;
And pleasant thoughts like garlands bind thee
Unto thy home, yet Grief may find thee—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
Singeeth in its summer nest,
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No bitter, angry voice hath stirr'd
The beauty of its rest;
But winter cometh, and decay
Wasteth thy verdant home away—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Thy Spirit is a House of Glee,
And Gladness harpeth at the door,
While ever with a merry shout
Hope, the May-Queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er!
But Time those strings of Joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever;
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy Mother's Hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night,
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darken'd light.
But that sweet Hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more those feet shall stay:
Then pray, Child, pray!

From Fraser's Magazine.

RENCONTRES ON THE ROAD.

SATURDAY.—JUSTINE PEYRON.—THE SCHOOLBOYS.

"Every day has a character of its own. Saturday is not like Monday, though the difference is not easily defined."

Rich and Poor.

THE reader—if he chance to number among his acquaintance a feeling but not melancholy reclus, weaned by misfortune from a world whose denizens he can yet yearn over with a brother's sympathies and invest with a poet's halo of romance—may be aware (if, amid the din of life, an old man's very existence be not long since forgotten) that it is at this precise season he becomes, like his sylvan neighbours, the cuckoos and swallows, at once restless and garrulous; loathing, like a patient under hallucination, even the cottage he would not exchange for a city of palaces, and the book which has lain in his bosom and been unto him as a daughter; "babbling," like a seaman in a calender of "green fields," and sallying forth, Quixote-like (though on no lean Rozinante,) in quest of spring associations and spring adventures.

Spring did I say? Methinks that bright and balmy season has this year been a blank in the calendar; so often has her primrose-crowned head been thrust back into winter's icy lap—the carol so often frozen in the throats of the little wondering and well-nigh disheartened choristers.

But, be this as it may, I am too wise to dwell long on possible alloys to an old man's scanty share of earthly enjoyment. Sunshine with me makes summer, as unequivocally as the swallows that come from afar to proclaim the joyous season; a sunshine holyday is still one to the old bachelor, because, with the memories that gild the summer Saturdays of a long life, these rarely fail to mingle actual rencontres with happy human beings to whom memory is as yet little, but hope every thing!

Last Saturday was indubitably a spring day. There were tears, bright and harmless as ever April wept in sport—and smiles, which in dazzling instability might have vied with that noted coquette's most bewitching caprices. The tint of green diffused over earth's surface, thanks to the eternal dripping of the tears in question—would they had always been of as genial a character!—was soft and tender, as though born yesterday; while the tardily unfolding buds of the reluctant oaks and ashes spoke alone of "winter lingering in the lap of May." There was in all nature, to the eye of Fancy, a mingling of that youthful revelry of enjoyment which defies change—with that timid uncertainty of virgin demeanour, ready to shrink appalled from the first rude breath of tempest or misfortune.

This was particularly manifest in the deportment of my neighbours of the bee-hive. "To swarm, or not to swarm," was evidently the soliloquy of every bee of the commonwealth, as

well as the grand matter of debate in the apian wittenagemot. With every bright blink of sunshine came thoughts of enterprise and emigration, while under every quick succeeding cloud they subsided into drowsy domestication.

I am,—like all those who have no one to consult or be thwarted by,—notorious for indecision; but as a coward is sure to gather courage from a display of irresolution in others, I was stimulated by the posillanimous perplexity of the bees to more decisive proceedings, and set out, for the first time this season, on a long aimless ramble for rambling's sake.

I might have been aware it was Saturday, even before quitting my peaceful bachelor dwelling. The duenna who guides (*credit Judæus*) with noiseless regularity its humble economy, has in her composition too little of the Alceste or Tisiphone, to exorcise with vulgar Saturday annoyances her sensitive and harmless lord. How and when the cleanliness conspicuous from garret to kitchen is achieved, she happily leaves me to conjecture—nor should I but for certain sounds of nocturnal activity too decided for incorporeal besom, and footsteps not exactly sylph-like, occasionally "murdering sleep" before dawn, be aware of any agency in the household more obtrusive and tangible than that of Robin Goodfellow, or our own indigenous Brownie. It was therefore with the blissful feeling of escape from some unimaginable form of "most admired disorder," that I heard my careful house-keeper say, as she stood shading her old eyes from the unwonted sunshine in my little porch, and looking after her master and Dimple as proudly as if the one had been Alexander and the other Bucephalus—"Ye needna be in ony partic'lar hurry the day, sir; a lang daunder will be for your health after sae muckle confinement."

As I turned the corner into the village, Saturday stared me in the face. Dozens of housewives, less merciful than mine, were twirling the mop of empire with undisputed sway. Dimple's ideas of the fitness of things were grievously staggered, and indeed at one time nearly upset, by a display of stools and tables, where stools and tables "shouldna be"—*videlicet*, lining the usually peaceful and grass-grown street, and lending to it the temporary appearance of preparation for the gingerbread fair (*Scottice*, grosset-market,) at the invasion of whose booths the sagacious animal is in the habit of taking annual umbrage. On piles of bedding, evoked by the spirit of nascent cleanliness from the vasty deeps in which winter had kept them immured, lay groups of sprawling urchins, to whom the inversion of the tranquil order of things was evidently matter of infantine delight. Nearly equal, though more subdued satisfaction, beamed on the visages of the female enchantresses of the broomstick and scrubbing-brush; and so universal was, on this privileged day, their emancipation from shoes and stockings, that I began to think Monsieur Nodier's ludicrous idea of their

being distasteful to a
women, must have
furnished by a Satur
the streets of B—.

The very spirit of Hunt
animate young and old in
form. Old men, cunning
boote art, sat astride on
new-grown tenements, mock
one of their weather-stained
patches of golden thatch.

Masons' apprentices, on
ow's Sabbath purifications,
positional pride on many a
randishing their besom of
ing with a sable shower
them his evil stars sent
alliance; while, with more
lender barefooted lassies on
more ambitiously elevated
rashed creepies, polished
each dingy window-panes
defunct Kilmarnocks had
planted, pouring a flood of
same radiance on the Bible,
the perturbed world without,
mother lay reading ayout the hallan.

Could these and other indications, "so redolent of spring" and Saturday, have been mistaken, incredulity must have vanished at sight of the early, unwonted, and indeed altogether gratuitous (though perhaps not wholly disinterested,) emancipation of the village school. The "skail-yells and shrieks of discordant joy, as at all times rather too much for the sober gravity of Dimple; but to-day it was attended with such outrageous and unrestrained demonstrations of anticipated enjoyment, that I thought for a moment the unhorsing of an elderly gentleman was to form the first act of the expected entertainment. Allowance must, however, be made for Dimple, whose equanimity I have twice already, I find, unwittingly disparaged. The transition from the retired and sheltered paddock, where—with the occasional variety of a snug stable, and the company of a cow, like himself, of a certain age—no object for the last six months had invaded his tranquillity or disturbed his ruminations, to the turmoil of a half-yearly red-ding-up in the village, and the Babel of a half-holiday at the school, must have been to the last degree trying and unendurable; and cooler reflection has convinced me that his snort of disdain and sidelong efforts to eschew the annoyance (unattended as they were, thanks to my self-possession! with any catastrophe) were not only pardonable, but praiseworthy.

My drawing him up, however, as I prudently bid, to let the hawling torrent of triumphant exultation exhaust itself, brought me into contact with one whose enjoyment was not a whit inferior in its own quiet way, and of course far more clamorous exhilaration than I was j

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on

held up his pale cheek to the rovi
and courteously expressed his sal-
seeing me once more mounted for the

"We are both prisoners, sir. I
from different causes," said
ly uncomplaining student: "nec-
cessity are alike inexorable." their occasional relentings all the more vi-
perhaps, Mr. Lorimer, for their previous tyr-
As for myself, I doubt if one of your ragged
ment yonder is more thoroughly alive to the
sures of this fine Saturday; and you, I am sure,
look as if mind and body drew life from every
breath of this kindly spring wind, after the gloom
and heat of the school. Nothing, indeed, but
professional enthusiasm, which I trust you feel,
could reconcile one of your tastes and habits to
the vocation you have chosen." "As to the vo-
cation, Mr. Francis," replied the Dominic, with
a subdued smile, "necessity is, I fear, as often
the parent of that as of invention. Far be it
from me to complain of the allotment of a wise
Providence; but I did not study seven long
years at the university of — with no higher
ambition than that of teaching the grammar-
school of B—."

"More congenial employment is, I trust, await-
ing you, my young friend; but, in the mean
time, I hope you teach the young idea to shoot
(as one comes to do most things) *con amore*."
"I do, Mr. Francis, at times feel much both of
decent satisfaction, and, I fear, human pride, in
the progress of my pupils. I love my boys, even
the dull ones, when the wish to learn makes up
for want of power; and the little curly-headed
rogue who has been dux these six months (bar-
ring Saturday forenoons, when he has not slept
a wink all night for thinking of the fly-fishing)
is as near my heart as though he were my own
younger brother. It is not the drudgery, but the
nature of the employment I am sometimes tempt-
ed to quarrel with. To spend in teaching words
the faculties which would fain be devoted to in-
culcating truths—to be cramming memories, in-
stead of feeding souls,—this is a trial to more
ambitious, and, I trust, not criminal aspirings.
But I strive to discharge my duty, sir, and leave
the rest to a gracious Providence."

I had a letter in my pocket from my nephew
Arthur, complaining of the difficulty of replacing
his lately deceased pastor with a successor at
once pious and modest, and of cultivated mind;
and, after asking Mr. Lorimer to partake my
Sunday's dinner on the morrow, I felt inclined,
by checking the pace of my pony, to prolong our
conference to-day; but, with a hasty glance at
his watch, and a slight blush on his really hand-
some countenance, he apologised for quitting me
to keep an appointment elsewhere.

I know not why I, who account it one of the

few privileges of my seclusion to escape all knowledge, direct or indirect, of the affairs of others, should have felt a sudden curiosity to dive into those of the village schoolmaster. Perhaps, however, (and self-complacency immediately assured me it was so,) my growing interest arose from a laudable desire that the possible future incumbent of Arthur's parish, with a parsonage absolutely within the park, should have placed his affections on no ignoble or unsuitable helpmate. Now all this train of provident and prospective feelings had its rise simply from a slight heightening of colour on a cheek which the "eloquent blood" rarely visited; and that rarity inducing me to attach importance to the circumstance, I stood (tell it not in Gath, far less in B—!) actually raising myself in my stirrups to spy, with a curiosity I should in any other cause have utterly abhorred, the site of the "appointment," which honest Will Lorimer could not mention without blushing.

I very soon did so myself, and with a double glow! the ungenial flush of conscious meanness blending with an indignant rush from the heart in reprobation of my suspicions of aught interested or unworthy in the devotion of poor Lorimer. I watched him down the green lane leading from the main street of the village, to one of the humblest though neatest of its cottages, saw him knock with reverential deference, and place, with respect due to misfortune and suffering, within his own the arm of the fragile unearthly-looking being, on whose lovely countenance deeper ravages than those of mere ill health were still sadly legible.

"I might have guessed this," said I to myself, as they disappeared amid the wood's most sequestered paths. "Sympathy will draw congenial minds together; and here, alas! there is congeniality of fortune, or rather misfortune, to cement the bond. Both these young creatures were educated for stations far different from those fate has assigned them in an evil world; but that they should have fallen thus together, may perchance convert both ultimately into blessings. If the poor stranger's partial recovery may indeed be depended upon!"

But I am forgetting that the reader does not know who the poor stranger is. Her tale, alas! though no very common one, is soon told.

It is some years since, by the well-meant, though in some respects injudiciously directed, munificence of a rich townsman of X—, (a village adjoining our own,) the character of his native place was totally altered—whether for the better or worse remains to be proved—by the endowment of a wealthy gratuitous seminary. That schools are excellent things, and intellectual improvement eminently desirable, are positions which none but antediluvians of the most bigoted class now presume to question. But as the blessing of education was one whose light had long, in common with every village in Scotland, shed its serene and useful radiance over the humble dwellings of X—, it may be doubted whether

their inmates were made either happier or essentially wiser by having placed within their reach, and of course their ambition, the superfluous acquirements of dancing and geography and French. Be this as it may, a teacher of the latter language was found for the infant establishment, in the person of one of those young Swiss who leave their native country fitted out with a venture of grammars and dictionaries, as regularly, and quite as full of hope, as our own more substantially endowed traders seek the marts of commerce.

Antoine Peyron had no one to leave behind but a sister a year or two younger than himself. Their parents were dead; and Justine's education, which had been a careful one, as far finished as altered circumstances would now ever permit. There were many humble homes in their native canton which would have sheltered Justine, left slenderly, though, for Switzerland, not inadequately portioned. But the grief of parting with her only brother, and those bright visions of English splendour and English music, which haunt every Swiss girl's fancy, determined her to accompany Antoine on his far pilgrimage. He was delicate—in fact, as many of his countrymen are, constitutionally consumptive—and Justine felt that were he ill, no one in England could watch over or nurse him like herself; and even if well, he would have none to share his brief recreations, or talk to him amid strangers of the valley of St. Pay.

Antoine felt it his duty to remonstrate; but his inclination to yield, at length, to that energy of determination which ignorance of obstacles induces in many a young and sanguine mind. The orphans, in fact, were all the world to each other, and why should seas and mountains divide them? Had Antoine lived and prospered, as he did at first, beyond even youth's anticipations, in his humble but laudable vocation, all would have been well. Often did he, for months after his arrival in Britain, exclaim, on returning home to snatch his frugal meal, "Thank God I have a sister to share it with me!" and a smile at her simple efforts to surprise him with some of their country's primitive dainties. Often did Justine re-echo his expressions of fraternal thankfulness; and even amid much of *ennui* and monotony and privation, to look twice a-day on Antoine, and see him adding slowly but gradually to their little mutual hoard for brighter days at St. Pay, was happiness—for it included hope! Justine, meanwhile, by embroidering with her fairy fingers, as even persons of peasant rank in her country contrive to do with hands inured to the labours of the field, kept her own pittance undiminished, if not increased. It sufficed for her simple wants, even in England—that land of splendid privation, as it is felt to be by many an exile to whom it denies the cheap luxuries of southern existence!

It had hitherto denied to poor Antoine the more indispensable blessings of air and exercise. The city in which, as more favourable to his views as a teacher, he had at first fixed his abode,

could not afford the success forbade the droped, he knew not and fame, (for renown is not confined to heroes.) Still, even the hope of his paternal valley, could not arrest the disease.

The eye of Justine marked the change with the quickness of affection; and, with a competence might have hesitated to exert, without a sigh, from the fatal emoluments of a happy idleness in a cheap Highland glen, treasure even a dim, absent friend, seemed to have repaired the havoc of toil and confinement; and Antoine longed, with the energy of an upright mind, to resume his useful vocation.

Where to do so was now the difficulty. Of towns Justine would not even hear; while in most country villages a French teacher would have found himself a most superfluous personage. The new academy of X— came as if by miracle to supply the desideratum; to combine rural simplicity, as yet unimpaired by an overgrown establishment, with all the pecuniary advantages which redundant wealth enabled it to hold out. At X—the Swiss orphans were for some time but too happy. There were pastoral hills, if not mountains, to refresh them with Alpine associations; a primitive people to wish them well, and show them kindness; indulgence on the part of superiors, unused to despotism; deference and docility from pupils, enchanted with the novelty of instruction. For Antoine occupation just sufficient to keep the mind from stagnating, and abundant leisure to give the body healthful exercise. In short, humanely speaking, all those advantages which the Power that first leads sometimes sees fit so mysteriously to render abortive.

An apparently slight cold, a decay of strength so gradual as hardly to alarm Justine, paved the way for the return of that insidious enemy, who, hunting alike the desert and the city, retires but to gather venom for another blow. More than a year did Justine watch over health too fluctuating not to keep alive hope, yet too precarious for one moment to permit anxiety to slumber. A year's anxiety! brightened, perhaps, alone by some short hours of sickly hope! who need be told its undermining effect on a mind so loving, and a frame so far from robust as the Swiss maiden's?

Both were sustained, as frequently will happen, by the strong stimulus of daily duty—till exertion was, alas! no longer required. Both then paid their tribute to frail humanity, in the shape of a fever of frightful violence, whose subsiding excitement left the bereaved orphan with a shattered body, and a mind, it was feared, a nearly equal wreck. As the former gradually recovered, the aberrations of the clear, though single intellect, were confirmed. In the

Museum.—Vol.

if his compassion, she had been relieved on her poor brother's death, she met with the most attention and most genuine sympathy. But the task of controlling her wild and often alarming rambles, and of tracing her wandering footsteps to their usual goal, her brother's lonely grave, was one which circumstances did not long permit them to fulfil; while the vicinity of that grave, and of the hills which fostered her soul's malady, was considered by her physician as a serious obstacle to her ultimate recovery. To be, however, within reach of the benevolent few, whom her youth and misfortunes had deeply interested, she had only been removed to B—, and placed under the humble roof of a poor widow and her daughter, who to great piety, simplicity, and industry, united the invaluable requisites of mingled tenderness and firmness of character.

But with these homely beings—gratefully, nay, even dutifully, as with returning reason she acknowledged their cares—the gently nurtured, romantic, cultivated mind of Justine could have few ideas in common. Necessity and a quick ear had made her, even before she stood alone in the world, a tolerable proficient in English; but still she longed for some one to whom she might pour out, in the unrestrained accents of her own land, the sorrows of an exile. To this wish she recurred so often during her occasional paroxysms, that her kind hostesses became persuaded such intercourse could alone complete her cure; but how it was to be brought about, it baffled their simple skill to devise. The successor of poor Antoine at X— had, with well-meant kindness, visited her while there; but the inevitable revulsion of feeling occasioned by the office he filled, had rendered the interview too agonizing to be even again ventured on. My own well-known avoidance of strangers and precarious health prevented my presumed gift of tongues being invoked in the cause of humanity. But though, Heaven knows! it would have gladdened the solitary recluse, by exerting talents long in abeyance, to waken salutary echoes in a faint and desolate heart, it was perhaps well that the office should devolve on a younger and more efficient agent—one who could make the tones of human sympathy blend with those of heavenly consolation, and lure back the stricken deer to the fold by the united charm of eloquence and religion!

A wish, rather hopelessly thrown out than seriously expressed, for a supply of French books to beguile the tedium of winter to the convalescent, drew forth the discovery that young Lormer, the new schoolmaster, possessed, as a relic of his university studies, no contemptible collection of the select authors of France. That he read the language was naturally to be inferred from so rare a feature in the library of a divinity student—that he spoke it was somewhat more rashly concluded. The absence of this latter accomplishment had never before been matter of regret to one, familiar as household words with the glorious dialects of antiquity—but that very

acquaintance promised facilities for his new pursuit; and, moved to the very heart, at their first brief interview, with the gentle melancholy and innocent pining for her native accents of the forlorn orphan, he bethought himself of converting the task of enabling him to converse in them into the most effectual stimulus that could probably have been devised to rouse poor Justine's slumbering energies of mind and memory.

There were circumstances in the age, history, and views of the young aspirant in the thorny path of tuition, which reminded her, though without bitterness, of her poor brother; and when once impressed (as those about her sedulously inculcated) with the eminent advantage the sympathising young schoolmaster would derive in his future career from permission to study French under the auspices of a native, Justine set about the task of his instruction with womanly kindness, and almost infantine delight.

The intended profession of the incipient divine was conspicuous in the choice of the precious volumes forming his scanty stock; and it was while reading—with one who blended the intelligent pupil with the meek, unobtrusive instructor—the sublime eloquence of Massillon and Bourdaloue, and the yet more soul-subduing simplicity of the French sacred volume—that peace, heartfelt, permanent, not of this world, was shed abroad once more on the bruised and long-benighted spirit of the Swiss maiden.

All the long winter, the evenings of the benevolent Lorimer were devoted to this pious task. It had its first and purest reward, when the roving eye and unsettled mind of his fair fellow-student became fixed, in still solemnity, on the hallowed page of inspiration. It was next delightful to less exalted human sympathies to mark that eye's sparkle of joy, and that mind's responsive thrill of ecstasy, when her apt scholar became able to re-echo, in its own darling accents, her rapturous praise of Switzerland. Of further reward, or deeper and less disinterested feelings, William Lorimer hitherto dreamed not. Had he been at this period questioned on the nature of his sentiments, he would have spoken unhesitatingly of the object of all his devotion in terms of pity and admiration, but hardly of love; and though existing only in the perhaps enhanced sunshine of smiles now once more placid as a new-born babe's, it might have been long ere he confessed to others—nay, even to himself—an attachment to one whom he had seen the victim of grief, in its direst and most appalling form, had not a critical occurrence taught him how indissolubly, in his case, pity had proved "akin to love."

An unexpected opportunity presented itself of restoring Justine, under the most eligible protection, to her native mountains. Her heart throbbed wildly at the half-forgotten thought; her first movement was to grasp eagerly at the long-despaired-of return to "dwell among her own people." Yet, strange to say, there was

something within her that clung to cold, ungenial Scotland! Was it a brother's loved remains, or the breathing form of one still dearer, that made her pause ere she consented? Whatever might be her doubts and uncertainties on the subject, Lorimer had felt none from the hour her departure was first spoken of as probable. A thought, wild and transient as some of her own fitful fancies, flashed across his mind, of following her to her fair land of day-dreams and romance. But William had a country and a calling too sacred to be bartered for even the most gorgeous features of earth's outer sanctuary! With another he had nothing to share but his hopes, distant and visionary enough, of church preferment. If on these and her own scanty pittance Justine could live and love in Scotland, Arcadia itself would be a desert to B—. If otherwise, would Lorimer's high-schooled, disciplined heart break at the separation? No; he hoped to be enabled to bid the gentle sister of his love and prayers "God speed" in her far pilgrimage, and cherish her image, undesecrated by one selfish regret, to hallow the remainder of his own!

How the proposal was made or received is known to themselves alone. Suffice it, that Justine did not go to Switzerland with Lady G—; and saw her depart, if not without a "few natural tears," at least she "wiped them soon." Somewhat of all this (the particulars I have learned since) had reached me through the medium of old Deborah, who, in pure fear of breaking her heart were it otherwise, is allowed, during very severe and protracted attacks of rheumatism, to entertain her master, as she calls it, by telling him the news of the village. How little I am in the habit of profiting, may be imagined from my having well-nigh forgotten, or rather never listened sufficiently to comprehend, the bit of real-life romance I have just narrated. All my dormant interest in it suddenly awakened by the sight of the young pair issuing forth to enjoy, on this bright balmy holyday, their guileless communings. I could not resist stopping, as I passed along the lane, at the door of the cottage which had so long sheltered the Swiss maiden, ostensibly to inquire, with the privilege even a stranger of my age might assume, after the mental and bodily health of its inmate.

I fastened Duple to the gate of the little scrupulously neat parterre, and knocked with all the awkwardness of tardy courtesy at the door of the cottage. A feeble voice said "Come in;" and an old woman, beautiful as cleanliness and serenity of aspect can make age, sat reading her Bible in a large, high-backed arm-chair. "My bairn," (for so, I found, she still called a daughter no longer young,) "has stappit out this bonny forenoon. Ye'll excuse my rising, sir; I've been a cripple wi' the pains a' winter." "I can not only excuse, but sympathize with you," said I, glad of the opening thus afforded; "the same cause has kept me a prisoner for months past, else I should not now for the first time have

been inquiring for your interesting lodger. I hope your kind cares have been rewarded by seeing her restored to health."

"They have been blessed, sir," said old Margaret, solemnly, "by Him whose it is to bind up the broken in heart, and set the prisoners of darkness free. It was, in truth, a benighted, broken-hearted creature, that was sent us to deal wi'. But, thanks to Him, and good Mr. Lorimer, the bonny bit dowed flower can lift up its head again after the storm, and the wild eldritch fancies that the Enemy had power to send through her wandering brain, are a' clean skaued awa' by the blessed light o' the Sun of Righteousness! It garr'd me grow when she came first (though I kent she wasna hersel), to hear her aye praying to die, and her so unfit for a change; but now if it were His will, I could lay her in the kirkyard as pleasantly as ever I did ony of my ain four bonny lasses—though I had rather nae doubt, she were spared to requito gude Willie Lorimer for a' his care baith for soul and body. We never did muckle wi' her till the sound o' her ain mither tongue brought the tears back to her dry een, and the softness to her full heart; and when they read thegither in a wee bookie—no like ane o' our stately, purpose-like Bibles—yet I kent it was the Word o' God, by the light that cam glancin' ower her brow, and the quiet draps that lay waitin' their time to fa' on her lang, black eye-lashes. She's been an altered woman since, (though, 'deed, at warst she was aye a winning creature,) and I dinna think an innocent, better doing lassie is in a' Scotland, let alane her ain far-awa highlands, that she likes sae weel. She's gude enough for a wife to William Lorimer—and what could I say mair, gin I should speak till the morn! I wish I could only hope to live to see their hands joined; but a weary wait I doubt they'll hae till he gets a kirk, that has naething but modest worth to speak for him!"

"Who knows, Margaret?" said I, not daring to excite hopes I had no certainty of realizing. "When merit does make friends, they're the surest of any." "It makis a friend of Him that's abune a'," answered the old woman, with her habitual reference to a higher power; "and if He sees fit, the hearts of men are in His hand."

I rose, and promising a supply of French literature and another visit to the interesting orphan, bade her aged guardian a respectful and cordial farewell.

In deep and not unprofitable musings on the "lights and shadows" of the little scene of Scottish humble life, which Saturday had so vividly brought before me, I had permitted Dumble to choose his own path. The love of shade and seclusion which his sequestered paddock inculcates, and the instinctive preference of hoofs to longer young for byways over highways, bade him follow the course of the little river, or rather brook, which surrounds, as with a fairy elf-knot, our picturesquely situated village.

We were holding, like the here placid stream,

our noiseless course along the haugh, all gemmed, thick as a summer midnight sky, with starry primroses, when I was aware of as sweet a bit of unsophisticated natural grouping as ever Morland or Gainsborough embodied or imagined. Before me, in the narrowing path over which the alders and willows began well-nigh to meet, walked a pair of happy schoolboys, who, loaded as they were with rod and basket, and all the appurtenances of sylvan recreation, had, in their unconsciously lingering pace, and gesture of unstudied endearment, a something which bespoke unrestrained communion, rather than sport, to be the chief delight of this first summer holiday. The arm of the taller and slighter of the two glad creatures was thrown carelessly over the other's shoulder; his fair cheek rested in almost startling contact on one brown as though gipsy tents had lent it nurture: and so close, so earnest was the conference which, on some momentous bird-nesting, or trout-catching, or care-killing topic of school-boy lore, these loving playmates were engaged in, that even I and Dumble (with the added consequence of six month's seclusion from the public gaze) could scarce obtain a glance of hasty recognition.

Piqued, as well an elderly gentleman might, by this manifestation of youthful indifference, vanity prompted me to try and astonish them out of it by a display of those congenial talents which, in all classes of society, form the most infallible claim on sympathy. "So you're for the fishing, my lads?" I cried with all the hilarity which the word could inspire in one whose rod had lain idle more summers than their youthful heads yet numbered. "A fine afternoon for the sport, if your gear is the right thing, and your flies fit for the spot and the season. Will you let an old fisher see your tackle, my bonny men—one that knows the trade well, though he may be a thought rusted now-a-days?"

The rosy creatures looked astonished, but not displeased, at the strange gentleman's intrusion. I turned Dumble to graze among the primroses; and laying myself down, rheumatism and all, on a tuft of dry fern, began to turn over the miscellaneous wealth of the holiday sportsmen, till it became obvious, to any eye less sanguine than a schoolboy's, that the murder of even a minnow by such "means and appliances" was manifestly impossible.

"This will never do, bairns!" cried I, in a tone of compassionate superiority. "You may thresh the water till doomsday with this gear, and get nothing for your pains but a pain in the shoulder. Come to me between this and next Saturday, and I'll rig you out with such a kit of flies and lines as your young eyes never opened on. But you must unlock your lips in return now, and tell me what you were talking of so earnestly when ye walked together face to face as I rode up."

At this the two boys blushed, as if by one impulse—the "celestial rosy red" of the fair cheek, shamed by the mantling of the eloquent brow.

through all the hardy bronzing of the other. "We were speaking sir," began the flax-haired blusher, whose gentle breeding was evidently akin to his delicate complexion—but his eye caught the laughing one of his swarthy play-fellow, and the words died away, while a fresh glow of vermillion rushed over cheek and brow. "We were just saying," began his brisker comrade, when, lo! the sudden spirit of unwonted bashfulness sealed his merry lips also! "Tut!" cried both together, in a simultaneous fit of desperate frankness, "it's no worth the makin' a phrase about! We were just cracking about what trade we wad like to be."

"And what *would* you like to be?" said I, to the tall, fair boy; "you're the oldest, I think, and should tell first." But he hung back disconcerted; and the dark smiler, emboldened by his friend's hesitation, exclaimed, "I'm auldest, though Charlie's gotten the heels o' me for length; and I'm to be a doctor or a dominie, or some douce kind o' a trade like that. I'm no for wild, uncanny notions o' sailoring, like some folk that I ken o'." Another blush marked the application of this innuendo; and its object, with a flash in his clear blue eye, the more remarkable from its previous softness, cried, "I'm no gawn to think shame o' wishing to be a sailor; my father was aye before me!"

"The very reason ye should be nae sic thing, Charlie," replied the younger, who, with somewhat of a waggish turn, united, I could perceive, strong sense and genuine feeling. "What will your puir mother say?" "My mother loves sailors, Rob," cried the now thoroughly animated Charlie; "she says her very heart warms to them." It'll be cauld enough if ye're drowned like your father, and leave her wi' naeboddy to care for her in her auld days, like lanely Lizzie Murdie." "But I'll no be drowned, Rob," exclaimed the little sanguine slip of a future Nelson (not the first instance of a heroic soul in a feminine fragile-looking casket), "I'll be an admiral, and take French ships fu' o' siller, and my mother 'll never need to greet again."

"And who is your mother, my fine fellow?" asked I, not aware of any sailor's widow settled in B——. "My mother?" echoed he, in evident surprise; "they ca' her Widow Bennet, and she's sister to Bob's father there, and stays down bye at the Mains since my father never cam hame."

"Sir," said the little hero's more communicative cousin—son, I now discovered, to one of the most industrious farmers in the parish,—“my auntie would fain hae Charlie there to gie up thoughts o' the sea, and be a minister, like her ain father, and gude Mr. Monteith down by at St. Forgan's. And O giv he wad only think sae!—it maun be grand to stand up in a braw pulpit a' covered wi' red cloth, and speak awa out o' the Bible for an hour upon end, wi' a' the folk hearkening, and naeboddy dawning to answer him again! I wad like it weel mysel', but I could never won up till 't—I'm ower blate. Now

Charlie here, for as douce as he looks, never feared the face o' man, and wad mak a special minister. If ye only heard his Latin speeches at the examination! Mr. Lorimer says he's a born orator!" "I'm a born sailor, Rob," cried the boy impatiently, "and its no in the power o' man to mak me ony thing else!"

"Weel a weel," cried the good-natured little philosopher—"him that will to Cupar maun to Cupar! I'm wae for my auntie, and that gar'd me speak. But"—suddenly starting up, and gathering the now despised tackle, "since there's to be nae fun here, we'll away down to the burn-mouth and hook for sand cels—the lave's there langsyne."

"I'll go with you," said I, loath to part with this interesting pair of widely differing boys; "I'm always glad to turn my pony's head towards the sea."

About a quarter of a mile lower than the spot where our conference had taken place, the brook or burn as it is called, emerged from its leafy concealment between the wooded banks of the little Den, to run for perhaps another half mile across open sandy downs or links to its parent element. A long line of shining beach extended in one direction from the wide shallow outlet of the here considerable streamlet; and along this we could see, on gaining the first sand-hill, a crowd of persons of all ages running along in a hurried, desultory manner.

"What play's yon they're after the day, Rob, think ye?" asked the keen, daring, little sailer-elect, all impatience at the thought of any pastime—a nautical one especially—in which he had no share. "It's no like fun yon," answered his cousin, after a pause and earnest gaze on the advancing group; "it's the laddies, sure aneech—but there's men and women and a' yonder, and a horse coming after, and a man on't—guide's, Charlie! it's the doctor's powny—there's been mischief yonder, and nae fun."

It was impossible to look on the ominous aspect of the motley but silent crowd which thronged along the glittering sands, without sharing in the child's gloomy foreboding of some catastrophe. I pushed on, well aware my light-footed comrades would easily keep up, and in ten minutes more we were in the heart of the melancholy group.

The prominent object in it, the one on which all eyes were sadly but irresistibly rivetted, was the corpse of a boy, apparently little if at all older than my youthful acquaintance, Charlie—like him, of slight interesting figure—gifted like him, with a profusion of golden hair, which dripping wet, and yet dabbled with sand and seaweed, fell over the edge of the shutter on which they were carrying this only son of a widowed mother to her desolate home, his lately animated features frozen in marble stillness, his free, unshackled limbs stiffened into eternal repose! "Gude sae's, Willie Armstrong!" burst from the lips of poor Bob Arnot, one of his favourite play-fellows, as he sprang forward from my side to

seize the cold, lifeless hand, and then shrunk back with the instinctive horror of childhood for mortality.

"Good God! how did this happen?" asked I. of the old weather-beaten sailors who had rescued from the deep, and were calmly though mournfully bearing, the body of the drowned child. "It cam o' wilfulness, sir," said one of them; "clean wilfulness and contempt o' counsel! The whole callants had gotten the play this weary Saturday, and naething wad serve them but a boat. Boats were never made for bairns, and we set a watch on the yawls, lest the mischancy creatures sud lay hands on aye; but, Gude forgive us, we forgot the auld rotten skiff that's lain guenzing sin the last winter's wrack, high and dry on the Mussel Brae. The wild callants brought her down, and launched her round the point, where there was nane to see them. By a special mercy she drifted aff ere ever they could a' leup in thegither, wi' only puir Willie Armstrong his lane! I saw the laddie, God help him! baling out the water wi' his hat ae minute, and waring it in the air for help anither; but ere I could won down, the skipper's scailzie, and cast aff my jacket to swim out to him, the boat was keel uppermost, and the doomed laddie nae more to be seen. I got a glisk at last o' his bonny gowden hair, and gripped it, and brought him ashore; but, wae's me! there was nae life in the creature; and weel I wot, though Doctor Armour has been fechtin' this hour to bring breath into the cauld clay, his Maker had the soul o' the puir witless callant or ever I laid hand on his body in the water."

A piercing shriek turned all eyes towards an advancing female, who, all bent and coiled up, like some wild animal on the spring, bounded rather than ran towards the spot. "His mother! his mother! God pity her! Puir Helen Armstrong!" burst from lips awe-stricken and sealed till now. Instinctively the women closed round the body, to shield it from a mother's frantic gaze; while one more thoughtful than the rest, tore off her apron and threw it over the face.

But what living rampart, however charitably braved, can stand against a mother's yearning for a son's inanimate relics? In an instant, Helen, a tall, powerful woman, stood, defying opposition, erect before her darling's bier—the next, she lay as lifeless as him—self upon the bench beside him. From her awakening grief all seemed to shrink appalled; but Monteith, the deep-ried pastor of an often sorrowing flock, who had hurried hastening, like a ministering angel, to the scene of anguish; and I felt, like all around me, as if the peace he seldom invoked in vain must each ere long even to the desolate parent before.

I looked round, ere I quitted the spot, for the same fearless countenance of little Charlie Bennett: it was pale and subdued; the flush of conscious daring was fled; yet somewhat of high resolve and thoughtfulness still stamped the delicate features with an expression not belonging

to childhood. "Will you be a sailor now, Charlie?" asked I, with a glance at the fearful spectacle we had left. "I'll be like Mr. Monteith," answered the child—his whole countenance brightening with unearthly joy—"and speak to my mother when she greets, as he's doing the now to Helen Armstrong, and"—suddenly starting away—"I'll run hame to her this moment for fear she should think, when she hears o' a drowned laddie, it maun be her ain wild Charlie."

"Even so, dear child!" exclaimed I, as I saw him bound off like a roe across the sand hills. And did not my own saddened heart whisper, how like the tenour of human life is this brief summer Saturday! Toil and trouble, labour and confusion among the many; here and there a heart gathering out of the furnace of affliction pure unalloyed grains of affection's imperishable ore; pleasures, empty as the laughter and fleeting as the sports of childhood, and ending (as these have done to day) in gloom, and tears, and a grave! Yet over even these—to complete the analogy—the mild form of Religion rising beacon-like from the dark and troubled waters, to wipe away the tears of time, and draw aside the veil that shrouds eternity!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE COURT OF EGYPT.

A SKETCH.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favourite residence of the Pasha of Egypt. The palace, on the banks of the Nile, is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a Kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange-trees, you suddenly perceive before you, tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques fastened to the land by silken corals. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade, the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banqueting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white shining marble of which the whole Kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pasha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his Highness piques himself upon wearing a calfan of calico, and a juba or exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not

for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery, the Nubian eunuchs rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps,—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the Divan.

All the splendour of the Arabian Nights is realized in the Court of Egypt. The guard of Nubian eunuchs with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous Harem, the crowds of civil functionaries and military and naval officers in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high-bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad and its romantic Caliph.

Yet this Court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens of Shubra. During the festival of the Bairam, the Pasha generally holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banqueting rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated on small Persian carpets smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water: from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.

From the Metropolitan.

ITALY IN 1832.

Stat nominis umbra.

THE year 1830 will be memorable in the annals of the world, as the dawn of that fearful period predicted by the master mind of Napoleon, on the rock of St. Helena, the operation of which on the future destinies of Europe baffles the intellectual grasp of the philosophic statesman.—Symptoms of a fierce and total change are already appearing in every monarchy of the Continent. What is styled a wild and bitter crusade against authority, has every where been stirred up by "the three days of July." So rapid is the march of events, that the revolution of the morning becomes in the evening the patrimony of history, to be succeeded on the morrow by another. In the midst of this European movement there is a nation so oppressed, so unfortunate, that almost every principle of political vitality appears

extinct. Europe scarcely deigns to cast a look upon her, speaks of her as an ancient tradition, and pronounces her great name with a sneer of withering contempt. And yet twenty millions of men exist upon her soil, who, amid the despair of ages, still long after the "immortality of independence." To her we owe every thing—the fount that has thrice given to Europe, to the world, the sceptre of arts, of science, and of letters,—the tomb of empires, the shrine of great recollection:—this country is—Italy.

"La antica regina del universo."

Italy contains a population of twenty-one millions, spread over a surface of 90,652 square miles, which gives about 231 inhabitants to the mile; her revenue amounts to £13,500,000 sterling; her regular army to 120,000 men; but we give these figures as an approximate estimate, for statistical studies are so neglected in Italy, and so fettered in their development by the different governments, that it is utterly impossible to arrive at accurate results.

We have here the melancholy picture of twenty millions of men, poor upon the most fertile soil, and under the most beautiful climate in the world. Wasting in futile literary disputes their fine intellectual qualities, without industry amid all the varied productions of nature, without commerce, in the most admirable geographical position. And still possessing all the elements and all the traditions of the most brilliant destiny—without a political existence. To what causes, must we attribute the debasement of this people, to whose energy and prowess the world has no parallel, once masters of the commerce of Europe, and holding the sceptre of arts, of science, and of letters, astonishing the world by their opulence and the versatility of their genius? To a combination of untoward circumstances; to the fatuity of her governments; to her territorial divisions; to the very glory even, which has accrued to her from being the "foyer" of the Roman Church; an arena, on which for ages have combated the prejudices and the errors of mankind. But an investigation of these causes is not our object; that is more properly the province of the historian, while our own is an attempt from the aspect of the present to draw an augury of the future.

The kingdom of Sardinia defends the advanced posts of Italy on the side of France; thus is she watched with an extreme solicitude by Austria: already have intrigues been set on foot to induce the old king to abdicate in favour of the Duke of Modena, a creature of Metternich's, but the council of state at Turin loudly opposed it, and Austria appears to have renounced it. Nevertheless she continues to have a footing in the kingdom by the appointment of General Paolucci to the command of the army, a man devoted to the House of Austria. This nomination has given the greatest umbrage to the army, and may afford the Prince de Carignan the opportunity of regaining that popularity he once enjoyed.

The Sardinian states may be properly called French Italy: in fact, the manners, physiognomy, and even the language of Turin, is almost French. The population has not the stamp of Italian character, and fifteen years have not been able to destroy the organization of Napoleon in this kingdom. The monarch is the *beau idéal* of despotism. He can annul every transaction, and every private contract, and reverse the sentences of the public tribunals. A sordid economy presides over all his acts: for example, the present minister of the interior actually holds the port-folios of the police, public instruction, and of public worship.

The Sardinian army amounts to 60,000 men, two-thirds of which are always absent, *en congé*, without pay. Their organization is French, but their discipline defective, and their officers mere boys. The population is estimated at 2,500,000 inhabitants, and the territorial extent of the whole kingdom at 18,100 square miles.

There exists in this state two powerful causes of dissolution, Genoa and Savoy; the latter belongs to France by her position, her manners, and her language. Genoa to independence, by the most sacred rights,* by her character, and her traditions. These two people sympathise by the common feeling of misfortune and oppression.

The character of the Genoese noblesse is haughty in the extreme, and the following anecdote will develop their dispositions towards the government. The king, in a moment of unfortunate inspiration, required from the Genoese nobility an individual oath of fidelity, or the penalty of a thousand crowns and the forfeiture of their titles. Immediately five of the first families sent in their fine, and a sixth not only refused to pay it, but threw off his allegiance, and became a subject of Russia. Recent arrests have proved that the revolution of July has given an impulse to the Genoese opposition. It may be compressed for a time, but every system of oppression carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The incorporation of Savoy and Genoa with the kingdom of Sardinia, is one of the combinations of the Congress of Vienna. But this new political geography—an artificial work founded on a false basis, and so fatal in all its consequences—cannot long survive the constituted principle of its birth. The Holy Alliance has ceased to exist; and that political superstructure, the work of its diplomatic combinations, is hourly crumbling to pieces.

German Italy, or the Lombardo Venetian kingdom, presents another physiognomy. Here there exists a more powerful cause of resistance—the iron pressure of a foreign yoke. Nothing, in fact, so develops the sentiment of nationality among a people, as a common point of attack, a marked object of hatred and universal execration. Such are the Austrians in Lombardy.

* It may be added, by a treaty with England, basely violated.

More than 100,000 well-armed troops, foreigners, and consequently without either local attachment or "sympathy" for the inhabitants, whom they regard as a conquered people, press upon an unarmed population. A ravenous administration bleeds the country through all her pores. The treasury of Vienna is for Lombardy the fabulous tun of the Danaides. Every thing is done through and for Vienna. The vice-king is but a mere cipher, a puppet kept for purposes of state pageantry, but totally without influence, for the provincial councils and the "Haute Police," correspond direct with the Austrian cabinet.

Of the Austrian police in Lombardy, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea. It is an invisible Argus, whose million of eyes are constantly on the watch—it penetrates every where, hears, sees, and knows, every thing. One would imagine that it even haunted the air. Proteus-like, it assumes every form: the domino of the masquerade, the livery of the footman, the moustache and glittering epaulette of the soldier, the tonsure and sombre cassock of the priest; it is seated in the academic chair of the professor, and enthroned in the luxurious couch of the courtesan. Such is this fearful machine, wielded by a despotic government, whose ruling object is the oppression and degradation of the people. So completely blockaded is Lombardy, that the introduction of every glimmering of foreign thought, as of foreign "material" or productions, is strictly prohibited. The laws of Austria alone are in vigour; throughout every department of the state Germans preside; and the creatures of Metternich, drawn from the plains of Hungary, or the valleys of Bohemia, scarcely acquainted with the national language, are called upon, in their capacity of magistrates, to decide on the fortune, the liberty, and the lives of the Lombards. There is, however, in this oppressed country, one scourge less than in Piedmont: we allude to the clergy. Austria, faithful to her old Ghibeline animosities, has always resisted the encroachments of the pope, and confines his ministers within the strictest limits of their spiritual functions. Inflexible against every liberal political opinion, the Austrian censorship treats with indulgence every diatribe against the court of Rome, and with yet more singular inconsistency it allows to be published at Milan, in the French language, a paper, the subject of which is the base of all political science—"Les Annales de Statistique." Lombardy is a much richer country than Piedmont. Many families at Milan are possessed of very considerable fortunes; while an air of ease and comfort reigns through the provinces. But it is at Venice that the traveller beholds the decay of empire in all its desolation. In vain have the Austrian government declared this once celebrated city a free port. The vicinity of Trieste has given the last death-blow to her commerce. A recent law forbids the nobles to dispose of the lead which covers the roof of their palaces. Such was the miserable resort of poverty to which this once bright metropolis

race is reduced. "Star by star" she has seen her glories expire. The population of this once Queen of the Adriatic now barely number ninety thousand souls. And Venice,

"The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

stands but the shadow of her former greatness.

If the iron pressure of a foreign yoke has a natural tendency to concentrate into one focus the energy of national resistance, it must be confessed on the other hand, that the display on the part of the oppressors of an overwhelming military force, is well calculated to repress this generous "clan."

Should the Lombards, to-morrow, succeed in cutting off the 100,000 Austrians who garrison their country, they would be succeeded by fresh armies, who would fall upon their exhausted and decimated population, with an irresistible force, to which they would have nothing to oppose.—We advance this opinion in order to present the question in its true point of view; and to show, that a patriot movement can only prove fatal to Italian liberty. It must be general in its conception, instantaneous in its operation—a political improvisation, and Italy will be free. Piedmont has the advantage of possessing a national army; and even in this country, the soldier, it has been seen, will not willingly act against his fellow-citizens. In 1820, the government was obliged to call in the Austrians, and it was their presence alone that dispersed the Constitutionalists at Navarro.

The population of the Lombardo Venetian kingdom is estimated at 4,950,000 inhabitants; and its superficial extent at 17,800 square leagues. Austria derives from it the enormous revenue of five millions sterling. The army, which amounts to 50,000 men, is distributed among the Austrian corps, along the Turkish and Polish frontiers.

Such is then the present condition of the two states, that may be looked upon as the keys of Italy; states on which repose the hopes of the future regeneration and political independence of the whole country. Lombardy is bounded on all sides by a population impatient of the Austrian yoke; and who, occupying all the passes of the Alps, would prove formidable auxiliaries. What external enemy has Piedmont to fear? It could only be Austria; but ere an Austrian army could thunder at the gates of Turin, it must previously traverse those plains of Lombardy, the scenes of so many former defeats.

The Piedmontese and the Lombards, sympathise over the degraded condition of their respective countries; their cause is the same. The ill-concerted attempts of 1820 have left behind them the germs of revolt, that await but a favourable moment to burst forth with fiery energy. The Lombards, like the Piedmontese, are excellent soldiers. Napoleon rendered them this justice. The Lombardian noblesse is enlightened, capable of the greatest sacrifices, while the people at large are devoted and prepared for resist-

ance. Genoa is a military point of the utmost importance—in fact, there exists on every side the seeds of political regeneration and independence, isolated; they have been invariably powerless, but let them be once united, and they will prove invincible. If we pass the Po, we shall find two small duchies; the satellites of Austria, and a Roman province, in which she keeps a garrison. The duchies of Parma and Modena do not between them contain more than 900,000 souls. In the former there is more liberty than in either Piedmont or Lombardy. The Arch-duchess, Maria Louisa, does not do all the harm she might do. She persecutes no one, and allows the free introduction of every liberal European journal. In character and habits, the population is Lombardian.

The government of the duchy of Modena is a miniature tyranny, her duke—the creature of Austria and of the Jesuits; he pardons every crime, but never liberal opinions. Every law, and every measure of the government, are directed against wealth and intelligence. Confiscation has become the order of the day. The judicial system, both civil and criminal, submitted to the "*bon plaisir*" of the prince, whose whole life appears to be one experiment of oppression on his 400,000 subjects. With a refined spirit of cruelty he tortures his state in all its members, out-Heroding even the rigours of Austria. By the death of his mother, he has recently succeeded to the duchy of Carrara, which gives him an addition of 25,000 subjects to torment. In this tyrannical state the last link of the social chain appears nearly severed. Suspicion and mistrust reign on every side; the "elite" of the population is driven into foreign exile, or peoples the dungeons of the capital. A veil of mourning hangs over the land. But the hour of retribution is advancing with gigantic strides; discontent is at its height, and an explosion, terrible in its effects, will teach this pigmy despot to feel the force that belongs to right and justice.

Tuscany may be regarded as the threshold of southern Italy, the country of transition forming the point of passage from Austrian Italy to Italy proper; participating with the one by its government, and with the other by its manners. It is the basis of Italy; the Tadmor of freedom amid the desert of slavery. Here the despotism of the government is neutralized by ancient form; and, above all, the personal character of the prince; but weak guarantees, it must be confessed, of social happiness.

The extent of Tuscany is 6,324 square miles, upon which exist, or rather vegetate, a population of 1,280,000 souls. Her annual revenue about £800,000 sterling, and the regular army to 4,000 men. It would be difficult to say what system of administration is in vigour in this state. The French organization and laws have been abolished, and a volume would scarce suffice to unfold the complex system of legislation, in which there is to be found neither unity nor concord.

The commerce of this state, once so flourishing, is now confined to Leghorn, and is almost totally in the hands of foreigners. The parsimony of the Florentines, which was so celebrated in the time of Dante, is to this day their national characteristic; the Grand Duke himself, though extremely rich, setting the example.

Tuscany is the country of Italy in which is the minimum of political resistance. The character of her people is mild; strangers to the empire of violent passions, they resign themselves without a murmur to their lot. We of course allude to the majority. In this country, as every where else, is to be found an enlightened minority, who aspire after something more than this lifeless torpidity, this "*dolce far niente*" existence. Although it is probable that the Tuscans would not actively co-operate in the great work of Italian regeneration, they would be no barriers to it, but would hail with enthusiasm the dawn of the star of freedom on their darkened horizon.

Tuscany is enveloped on three sides by the states of the church. Here is an abyss in the centre of Italy: a fatal abyss, which has swallowed up so many generations, so many noble thoughts, so many liberties; in fact, an entire civilization. Here commences Italy without alloy. The papal organization is a kind of "*noli me tangere*." It appears like a Titanic skeleton ready to fall into dust. If the administration of Tuscany appeared to us a labyrinth, what name shall we give to the Roman? It is a chaos of heterogeneous institutions, which clash with each other like the elements before the creation. Yet from this very struggle there results a kind of equilibrium; for the machine works.

The population of the Eternal City is divided into two classes—the clergy and the laity. The balance is in favour of the former; as much by their numbers, as their immediate influence on the other class: for the clergy is "the state," and what people will overthrow a government from which they derive their subsistence? More than a third of the lay population draw their means of existence from the influx of foreigners, attracted thither by the imposing solemnities of the church. Were this source to fail them, starvation must be their portion. In this respect they may be compared to the inhabitants of those islands who live upon birds of passage. Another third is attached to the cardinals, in the quality of stewards, of clients, of major-domos, commercials, and a hundred other co-operates for the suite of "an eminence" is immense; the remaining third depends immediately upon the government, by all those sinecures, in short, by all the hopes that attach an indolent people to a despotic government.

Such is the picture of Rome. A nation never throws away a certainty for an uncertainty; and the ruin of the papal administration would destroy all those resources of revenue which the Romans so successfully work. They murmur—

but their murmurs are, *Vox et preterea nihil*." As for the lower orders, let the Transteverini be asked if they are tired of the dominion of the pope and the cardinals; they would to a man answer the question with a negative. A combination, of which we see no probability, must take place ere a revolution can break out in the Eternal City.

In the provinces, however, the state of things is different. There exist numerous seeds of revolution; for the state reduced to her own internal resources, drains the provinces through all their pores.

The territory of Rome, once the mistress of the world, contains only 13,000 square leagues, but of surprising fertility. The revenue is uncertain; yet, as an approximative sum, we shall venture to estimate it at £1,500,000 sterling, while the population amounts to 2,592,000. The army, composed of foreign mercenaries, does not exceed in force a Roman legion in the days of Augustus. The topographical arrondissement of the papal territory is as follows:—The four legations occupy the north. The marches extend along the Adriatic to the kingdom of Naples. Bologna, the principal city of the legations, is almost an Hanseatic town, for more liberty is enjoyed there than in any other of the papal states. Machiaveli celebrates the love of liberty of the Bolognese, and the traditions of former freedom are not extinguished among the descendants. The revolution which hurled the Bourbons from the throne of France, was hailed with enthusiasm by these people, and shed a gleam of hope on the settled darkness of their condition.

Such is the state of feeling in all Romagna, at Ravenna, at Forlì, and at Ferrari. The *Marches* have long been in a state of fermentation, and they warmly espoused the principles of the Neapolitan revolution in 1820. At present, every thing wears an outward aspect of tranquillity; but it is the calm that precedes the hurricane. This mountain population is as intelligent and as energetic as the Bolognese; they foster the same animosities and the same hopes; but their hatred is more profound, for they are cruelly oppressed by the police. The *Marches*, like Romagna, are peopled with secret political societies, that communicate as much as possible with the rest of Italy. Ancona, the only Roman port on the Adriatic, is far from enjoying the same privileges as Bologna, although important by her position; an ill-conceived prohibitory system undermines her commerce. The fair of Zingalia, one of the principal resources of the country, declines yearly. If we recross the Apennines, we find the same spirit of irritation against the metropolis. Spoleto and Perugia are in a state bordering on open insurrection. The Delegation of Frosinone is the most southern portion of the papal states, and at the same time, the most barren and uncivilized. The inhabitants are "brigands" in their habits, and present admirable materials for a Guerilla warfare.

We have now passed in review formidable masses of political resistance. For years past they have been foaming—and have dashed themselves, to no avail, against Rome, like the waves of the sea against a rock. Where does Rome find the force to oppose so many storms? What magic power surrounds her? Is it a display of physical force? certainly not; for she governs rather morally than physically. She reposes upon her great name, upon a long habit of dominion, upon a force of opinion, a prestige, a traditional halo, acting on the imagination almost like a fatality; upon that singular identity of church and state, which sustains both, covering the profane and terrestrial nature of the one by the divine and sacred essence of the other. She reposes upon the want of concert among her enemies—upon a system of mistrust-skillfully fomented; by her holy office, in short, which terrifies the imagination by its rigour and its mystery. And, lastly, by the vicinity of the Austrian bayonets.

How miraculous the existence of this city—so radiant amid the ruin of her former splendour—so powerful in her decadency—so imposing in her isolation. Half the world is leagued against her; her children waver in their fidelity; her very system of defence is badly concerted. She fetters without discernment the march of mind; proscribes with singular *maladresse* the progress of intelligence. Severe by starts, she knows neither when to punish nor when to pardon at the seasonable moment. Inconsistency, contradiction, unskillfulness, preside over all her acts; and yet she comes out of every attack victorious, and remains tranquil amid her desert of ruins. With her every thing is form and contention; her motto is “immutability.” To the wants of a restless and inquisitive age she presents the ceremonies, the worn-out pomp of the middle ages; to its demands for redress, she answers by benedictions; to its cries of misery, by “*miserere*.” And yet—shall we say it?—we should witness the downfall of this power with regret. We love her ceremonies, her worn-out pomp, her benedictions, and her “*miserere*.” We, doubtless, desire the emancipation of her provinces and the happiness of her people; but we desire also Rome to remain untouched. She is the pilgrimage of thought, the asylum of grief, the refuge of fallen greatness and broken hearts.* We wish Rome to remain such as forty centuries have made her; Rome with her arts, her pontifical purple, her chaos of ruins and desolation.

The kingdom of the two Sicilies is the largest, finest, and most fertile portion of the Italian peninsula; 7,420,000 souls cover an extent of 31,800 square miles; and an army of 30,000 of the worst soldiers in Europe, are kept up more for the purpose of enforcing the collection of a revenue of about three millions sterling, than the defence of the state. In theory, the judicial and administrative organization is good, but in its practice detestable. Ferdinand, on his return,

maintained in all their integrity the French institutions. Up to the year 1821, things went on very well; there was despotism, but despotism without oppression. The Revolution has totally changed the face of the country. This noble enterprise, ill combined and still worse conducted, betrayed by its own leaders, and by the king himself, sunk under the united efforts of disaffection, perjury, and the Austrian bayonets. This was the origin of the atrocious system now in vigour in this ill-fated country, and which is pursued with a rigour and constancy almost unparalleled in the annals of tyranny.

The government has divided its subjects into two classes—the Absolutists on the one side, and the Liberals on the other; the former enjoy all the protection of the government, while the latter are persecuted, proscribed, and condemned to death. They are pursued—if we may be allowed the expression—into the most secret recesses of the heart. The confessional is erected into an inquisition, where thought is submitted to the rack. Not only must a man denounce himself, but also his friends and relations; absolute is obtained but at this price. Thus are the minds of the timorous wavering between the shame of a base delation, or the fear of eternal damnation.

The position of a Neapolitan suspected of Carbonarism is truly terrific. He has no asylum in the world: in private life he is avoided by his friends like one attacked by an endemic; in civil life the tribunals of government are all directed against him; without either security or repose. Does he wish to throw himself into the arms of religion, he finds its ministers armed against him; and, lastly, if desirous of escaping from the accumulated horrors of his position, he seeks the exile of a foreign land, the Argus vigilance of the police on the frontier, deprives him even of this melancholy consolation.

The provinces are in the hands of intendants, who govern them with the ruthless cruelty of a Turkish Pacha. If the provincials, in their distress, venture to present a remonstrance to the court, the complaint is sent back to the provincial tribunal, and the complainant thus delivered up to the vengeance of the governor he had denounced.

The whole kingdom is involved in debt; property groans under the load of taxation; commerce languishes; industry is a nullity; and, with the exception of an Urbane guard, devoted to the government, the whole population is disarmed. In no part of Italy does there exist such general discontent. In Calabria, goaded almost to madness by the reaction of 1821, the elements of revolution are already in full development.

Sicily, deprived of her parliaments and her privileges, is delivered up to Neapolitan caprice. The Sicilians and Neapolitans hate each other still more than the Austrians and the Lombards. The union of this semi-African island with the kingdom of Naples is one that can never last, and is altogether out of the political order of things. The interests of Sicily are concentrated

within her own sea-girt shores, and indifferent to every thing beyond them, she demands but her parliament and those ancient rights of which she has been so unjustly deprived.

Such "*en resume*" is the present political and statistical state of Italy. We regret that our space limits us to but a rapid sketch of so vast and important a subject; but imperfect as it may be found, we flatter ourselves that it may afford some interest; for at a moment when the chances of war are considered so eminent, it may be useful to draw the attention of the reader to those countries likely to become the theatre of its operations. Under this category do we rank Italy; for in our opinion, the first *coup de canon* on the European continent, would be the trumpet of Italian resurrection.

From what we have advanced in the course of this paper, it will be seen that two principles are in operation in Italy—a French and an Austrian; upon this point there is a general unity of hopes and fears among the Neapolitans as among the Lombards. Hatred to Austria is the common bond of union, and may serve as a rallying point, a central focus of operation and attack.

The decisive moment for Italy appears to be approaching: the electric lights that have broken along the political chain of Europe have let drop their sparks on the fertile plains of the Milanese, on the lofty summits of the Appenines, amid the ruins of Rome, and the Orange groves of Naples. After an interval of twenty years, the tri-coloured flag again waves on her soil. But let not Italy wait till liberty is brought to her by the foreigner—let her not, to use the glowing language of her own Filicaja—purchase freedom so dearly, and,

"Ne le vedrei del tuo ferro cinta
Pugnar col braccio di Straneire genti
Per servir sempre o Venecitrice o venta."

Let it be the fruit of her own classic soil, ripened by her glowing sun. Let the Italians familiarize themselves with the idea of encountering Austria alone, without relying on foreign assistance, and without being cast down by the fate of Heroic Poland; let them rise *en masse*, like men, and make one glorious struggle to recover their former independence. But let them prepare for the mighty effort with a firm resolution of not laying down their arms till the great work of regeneration is achieved; for the experience of every age and country teaches us that an unsuccessful effort, on the part of a nation to reconquer their independence, only rivets more firmly the bonds of their servitude.

From the Metropolitan.

THE HOME OF HAPPIER DAYS.

YEs, bright the velvet lawn appears,
And fair the blooming bowers,
Yet blame me not—I view with tears
This scene of light and flowers;

Strangers possess my native halls,
And tread my wonted ways;
Alas! no look, no voice recalls
The home of happier days.
The gay guitar is still in tune,
The greenhouse plants are rare;
Glad faces throng the wide saloon,
But none I love are there.
Oh! give me Friendship's cherished tone,
Give me Affection's gaze;
Else my sad heart can never own
The home of happier days.

From the Metropolitan.

THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.

WRITTEN AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON, BY
COLONEL W——F.

O LET not with willows his ashes be shaded,
O let not the cypress wave over his grave,
For though the last leaf of his laurel has faded,
Such trifles unhallow the tomb of the Brave.
What, he, whose ambition, though vast and mistaken,
Still thirsted for more than a world could supply,
Shall that hero be mourn'd, like a maiden forsaken,
With a poor drooping willow, a tear, and a sigh?
No, if emblems must be, take the pine newly riven,
That on Athos' proud top, check'd the tempest-borne cloud,
Whose towering height drew the lightnings of Heaven,
And was riven and blasted, but never was bowed.
Yet no symbol is wanted—his deeds live in story,
Recorded alike is his fame and his doom,
And the world he has shaken, his record of glory—
And less than a world would dishonour his tomb.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN CHILI.

It was in the middle of the month of November, nearly approaching the Midsummer of the southern temperate zone, that after a few days' absence on a visit to the skirts of the Andes, I returned to my rustic dwelling, situated in a small valley, but out of view of the sea-coast of one of the central provinces of Chili. Two hours after sunset I watched the moon slowly rise over the distant mountain-range, and sail upwards into the clear blue starry vault, when, closing the door of my apartment, and shutting out the world, I betook myself to my accustomed studies, with a keener relish, after my few days' privation from them, and the rude life I had been leading. It was luxury, and doubly so, when contrasted with the ordinary Spanish dwellings, merely constructed as a shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night, without any regard to those inner arrangements, small-

designated by the word comfort. The nights, on the sea-coast of Chili, frequently feel cool after the heat of the day merely by contrast; and, therefore, a few sticks of aromatic wood were burning in the chimney, diffusing a delightful odour, while on the skin of the *Puma*, or silver lion, which served as a hearth-rug, reclined a beautiful black greyhound, and a large white setter, with the accustomed quietude, which was the condition of their being allowed to remain. My books were all around me: the olive-oil burned brightly in the lamp, and gave forth a chastened light, while not a sound was heard save the gentle breathing of the dogs. Some flowers which a little child had brought as a present, were in a jar before me, delighting alike with their hues and odour; and, with every corporeal sense either gratified or quiescent, my mind was in the mood to give to thought the most perfect shape my physical organization would admit of.

I had opened the volume of an ancient sage, and after long pondering on the mazy intricacies encountered in the search after the principle of life, took my pen to note down some of the peculiar attributes of the human variety of the animal race, amongst which, man reigns triumphant and unquestioned, either singly or in numbers. I finished my task, and plunged still deeper into the abyss of thought, utterly unconscious of every thing around me, when I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the short, quick, single bark of the vigilant greyhound, who pricked up her delicate ears, and fixed her snake-like dark eyes upon my face. I must here remark, in spite of all attempts and struggles to stave off digression, that whenever I hear the quotation from Imogen—

“Oh for a horse with wings!”

My imagination instantly conjures up a symmetric black greyhound, grown to the size of an Arab steed. Could any delight transcend that of scouring an endless and unbroken green plain thus mounted? But to return. At the bark of the greyhound, the setter lazily lifted his head, and then both sprang rapidly to their feet. Then I remarked a low rumbling sound, and the faint trembling of the lamp upon the table. It was an earthquake; but I had experienced so many of these slight shocks at different periods, and during the preceding month as often as four times, that I paid no attention to it; and, rating the dogs, I again took up my pen. But the motion gradually increased, and the lamp was thrown down; on which I sprang up intending to gain the open air. As I rose, I staggered like a man who has newly entered on ship-board; a violent lateral motion was felt from north to south, with incessant heavy vibrations; then it changed its direction to east and west, and afterwards became a continuous whirl, constantly increasing in violence. By a strong effort I gained the door, which opened outwards, and my hand was upon the lock, but a piece of furniture which stood in the lobby had fallen against it in a diagonal po-

sition, so that I was unable to force it open. Still the motion continued to increase, and I turned round thinking to gain an opposite door, but with a crash, as if earth had been rent to its centre, and a shock, such as the imagination might liken to that of a falling comet, the frame-work of the dwelling bent to its base, and all that was frangible or moveable, was broken and whelmed together in sudden chaos. My senses for a time forsook me, as I was buried beneath the weight of a bookcase loaded with several hundred volumes.

When my senses returned, I found myself half suffocated with dust and smoke. It was with considerable difficulty that I forced my way upwards through the mass of books, plaster, broken bricks, and the ruins of the ceiling, chimney, and furniture, combined; I reeled with the effects of the blow, suffocation, and the still continued rocking of the earth. On my hands and knees I again reached the door, and found that with the violence of the shock, the piece of furniture had again shifted its position, while the door had been torn from its hinges, so that I gained the lobby. Fortunately, the outer door had been left open, and I emerged, half stifled, upon the terrace, to inhale the fresh air. When I looked round, I beheld a number of peasants, who had been engaged in a Rosary, or procession in honour of the Virgin; men and women, huddled together on their knees upon the bare earth, beating their breasts and calling upon her sainted name. The trembling of the earth still continued, but the violence of the shock had apparently passed away. The appearance of the sky was bright as ever, and the moon shone smilingly; I looked forth upon what had been the surface of a large lake, but the water had disappeared, and a deep black gulf was all that remained, broken, round its edges, into chasms that would have entombed horses and riders in their dark abysses. Not a sound was heard from the water-birds, and the horses, which the votaries of the Virgin had fastened to the rails around, stood trembling and shivering as if in stupor at the strange visitation, beyond the comprehension of their limited faculties.

Scarcely two minutes had elapsed, ere the trembling again increased so violently, that I was unable to keep my legs. The earth heaved beneath me like a ship in a heavy gale of wind; and large masses of sand rolled down from the topmost steep of some near sand-hills, like avalanches; my view was turned towards the lake, and I beheld the water again vomited forth from its hidden depths, in innumerable dense masses, to a considerable height, whence it descended in a white foam. The scared people deemed that the ocean was about to burst in upon them, and their wild screams echoed with appalling horror upon the night breeze. Knowing that the lake communicated with the sea, the conclusion seemed probable; and the circumstance of that remarkable fact having occurred in several earthquakes in Chili, Peru, Italy, and various other

place, instantly rushed upon my memory. I looked at the still falling masses of sand, and called to the people to cross the hollow of the valley with me, and ascend the comparatively firm hill opposite. But the only answer was their renewed wild outcries, accompanied by an increased convulsive shock. A herd of several hundred black cattle now swept by from seaward, and rushed towards the hills with horrible moanings. The horses also, goaded to madness by their no longer supportable terrors, burst their saddles, and fled after the cattle, snorting in wild rage; while their terrified owners heeded not the probable loss of the caparisons, which at another moment would have driven them half crazy. The howling of the cattle as they rushed through the trees, the clattering of the horses' hoofs upon the hill sides, the shrieks of the women, the cries of the men, and the discordant notes of the wild birds, which began to add their sounds to the din, all helped to create a scene of horror not easily forgotten, strangely contrasted as it was with an atmosphere of superlative beauty.

"The Virgin! the Virgin! bring out our Lady of the Holy Rosary, to take pity on us!" exclaimed a female voice, as soon as an interval of comparative quiet succeeded; and all bent their knees reverentially to the chapel. The lights had all been extinguished, and it was with considerable difficulty that they procured one. When they were kindled, their lamentations were renewed. The interior of the chapel was wholly in ruins, and the peculiar construction of the building, in solid frame-work, had alone caused its racked materials to hold together, like those of the dwelling. The altar-piece was overthrown and dashed in pieces, while its rich relics and oblations, with plate and jewellery, were strewn amidst dust and fragments. The semblance of humanity in the image of the Saint was utterly lost, and the disfigured head was separated from the body. No hands were found sacrilegious enough to touch the relics, and hopeless of help, they humbled themselves in the dust. Again I begged, implored them, to seek the hill, but my words fell on the ears of those who were deafened by terror, and they were unavailing. I observed a sick child cowering by the side of her mother, and snatching her up, folded a poncho around her, while I cut my steps across the valley. The mother needed me not, and only one person followed me, my servant boy, Ignacio, a lad of fifteen years, of age and very delicate health. I have seldom seen a firmer mind than that boy exhibited throughout the whole of that eventful night. He was at that time afflicted with a pulmonary complaint, and died some four months after the earthquake. Since, I have remarked, that strong manly courage is frequently an attribute of the weaker component parts endowed with individual caring much rather that disorder. Ignacio, Peruvian of pure Spanish blood, with light hair, blue eyes, and a complexion, handsome countenance, and a remarkable gentleness and docility of disposition, had, moreover, been taught to read and write, a

though the father, a worthless and drunken old man, was but a poor mechanic. Reading and writing are, in Chili, held to be somewhat of a marvel.

Ascending the hill a few yards above the level of the valley, I seated myself with my charge on one of the Indian tunuli, wherewith the hill was thickly studded in single groves, many, probably dug before the arrival of the Spaniards, judging from the ancient and lofty trees springing from out several of them, in some instances with the parent stem gone to decay, and numerous descendants rising from the imperishable root.—Scarcely was I seated, ere another violent shock succeeded; the lake was again drunk dry, and as I looked towards the dwelling, I beheld three giant palms,* which were rooted near it, bowing their heads almost to the earth, to every point of the compass alternately, their huge bodies looking like warring monsters, while their fruit and leaves were gradually stripped off by the strong and constant vibrations, rapidly repeated. The dwelling and the chapel lay on their sides, like the hulls of vessels which had been cast on shore, strained and useless from the buffeting they had undergone. The masses of rushy thatch which had been piled on them from year to year, layer upon layer, and had helped to constitute their rustic beauty, were shaken from them in large fragments, looking like weather-piled weeds on a naked sea-beach, not unaptly represented by the bare sand hills and sandy avalanches in the rear.

Custom reconciles us to all things; and in half an hour from the commencement of the earthquake I became almost indifferent to its dangers, and could reflect calmly on its causes, even while I felt the tree above me writhe like a tortured snake, as though the denizen of the narrow house beneath me were awaking from his long slumber, and shaking, like Titan, his earthly covering from above him. I looked on the destruction of the works of man, and then turned to the hoary hills and ancient trees, amongst which the buried dead had sported, to reflect on what miserable vanity the exultation of man is usually based.

"God made the country, and man made the town."

I never before felt so much contempt for myself and my species as while I reflected how the operations of Nature might destroy our race and our name, making, perhaps, a fresh desert, to be again peopled in future ages, perchance by races of totally distinct natures, whose corporeal organization might employ the very materials on whose present combination we reflect with so much self-distrust, while talking of our bodies. I saw two of the aristocratic families of the north, whose lovely heads do not do it to their honour to carry on an hereditary hatred; fancy their component parts endowed with individual caring nothing for that disorder. Ignacio, Peruvian of pure Spanish blood, with light hair, blue eyes, and a complexion, handsome countenance, and a remarkable gentleness and docility of disposition, had, moreover, been taught to read and write, a

* *Palma Chilensis*, growing to the height of a hundred feet.

No. 122.—R

nerations the body of Lord A. became the body of a descendant Lord B. and *vice versa*, would not the old bodies quarrel with the new spirits, and thus produce numerous animal and mental disorders, like a house divided against itself?—Could one fancy such things as these, it would be another argument for the inculcation of universal love, on the principle of universal selfishness.

In the course of another hour I felt the night grow chilly from the effect of the somewhat heavy dew, and it became necessary to remedy it. Though the frame-work of the house still held together, it was not a place to be coveted, for a more violent shock might destroy what remained of it.

Taking lights with us, Ignacio and myself watched for an interval between the shocks, and entered the dwelling which was late my home. No loss in mere money could have inflicted on me the bitter pain this hideous sight of destruction did. My house was destroyed, my household goods were crushed, and my hearth was quenched in ruin. Nay, more; even could it be restored there was no security against subsequent risk. I was dwelling over a gulf which might suddenly entomb me without warning, which might * * * *. But for shame, I could have wept over the scene of desolation on which I gazed, and which I knew must for a long period deprive me of mental philosophy by the pressure of physical annoyance. In England a man possessing money has but to ask, and he may instantly possess every luxury he may chance to covet, but in a rude portion of a rude country much painful superintendence is necessary to procure the convenience of high civilization. I had been unwearied in my pains to gather these things together, and the "cunning of mine own right hand" had served me well to furnish forth many of the minor elegancies, which are, perhaps, essential to the maintenance of refined and delicate feelings. I have at times, like the Tartars, carried rations of horse-flesh and bull's-flesh, daily, for whole months, beneath my saddle, the brackish pool my drink, and the unsheltered earth my couch, wantonly vying with the wildest and the coarsest in savage habits and power of endurance; but it was not my nature, and whenever, after a term of probation, I mingled again with the more refined of my species, my bosom thrilled with joy, such as I could more easily feel than express.

"Patron! the house is on fire!" exclaimed Ignacio, pointing to smoke arising from the heterogeneous pile. Ere I could examine it another shock came on, so strong that we were obliged to retreat; and I expected that the whole building would burst forth in a blaze, thus totally destroying what was left by the earthquake. It was, however, spared, and with some vessels of water we re-entered the building. Removing the piles of bricks from the spot where the chimney had fallen through the ceiling, I found that the embers from the grate had smouldered unnoted among the books, many of which were con-

sumed; and the pile, so soon as it was opened to the fresh air, burst into a flame, which it was necessary to extinguish with the water, and thus spoil the remainder. The Red Indian, in the snow-clad forest of the northern winter, far from all human abode, could not have grieved more over the destruction of his last horn of powder than I did over the loss of my beloved treasures. But it was useless to repine, and forcing my way to an inner apartment, I dragged forth some mattresses and bedding, some weapons, a favourite book or two, my saddle gear, a favourite *lass*,* some provisions, and, above all, the materials for my favourite beverage, tea, as well as the delicious *mate*,† common to most Southern Americans. These things Ignacio carried to our bivouac, and then returned for a fresh supply. "We must close these doors, Ignacio," I remarked; "the deserters who are strolling in the woods will be on the look-out for plunder so soon as their terror goes off!" Jointly we essayed to close them, but in vain. "It is of no use, Patron," the boy replied; "the frames are strained, and we must wait for the next shock to force them into their place." I closely scanned the countenance of this admirable boy, but not the slightest sign of fear was visible; his words were calm, and his actions consistent. The shock came, and with its force he was almost thrown down; but he recovered himself, and the doors were fastened with the same precision he had been accustomed to on ordinary occasions. As we turned away, loaded with various articles of clothing, I could scarce help smiling at the superfluous trouble we had taken, for the rent walls in many parts offered as easy an entrance as the doors. We reached our place of refuge, where a fallen tree was burning brightly, and straining the *lass* between two trees, to serve as a ridge, fastened to it several sheets and blankets, which, pinned to the ground, served to form as admirable a tent as a weary traveller could have wished, under which the spread mattresses formed couches, which, had we been disposed to sleep, none but the fastidious could have complained of. But such a night might have appalled the hardest! When the rolling waves threaten the crazy vessel of the sailor, he consoles himself with the thought that he may reach firm land, but when the solid earth seems to melt beneath the feet of the landsman, all hope vanishes, and safety becomes to his imagination almost an impossibility. The first shock had taken place about the hour of ten, lasting about three minutes; and during the whole night the shocks were repeated, with more or less violence, with intervals of from five to seven minutes, during which a constant tremor was experienced.

Finding it impossible to retain liquids in the ordinary utensils used for tea, I was obliged to prepare it in a deep calabash or gourd, and thus

* Noose of a raw hide for catching wild animals.

† A species of tea.

all the night in reflecting on my situation, the best remedy for it. Having once decided, I ceased to repine, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to lose outward consciousness. The book chance to be Byron's of his Shipwreck, and I tried to persuade myself that, after all, my situation was not much of what "Foul-weather Jack" said. With the arrival of day-light, the people had partially subsided, on themselves still alive; and the prayers, continued the whole night, were suffering in their intensity. Hunger also began to claim, and taking advantage of it, I made provisions to be prepared. Their creases as their hunger lessened, and *Marias* became less frequent. I then made, under the direction of Ignacio, poles and branches. A spot was leuprights were planted in the earth in a parallelogram, divided into three compartments; poles were laid across to form a roof, whole was watted over with the branches, and some pieces of canvass serving as openings which gave entrance to my fire. By mid-day it was finished, and the distribution of that mixture, known under the name of *grog*, induced the venture into the ruined house, for the securing what few things were not. They were placed in some sort of rude erection; and ere evening set in, the possession of my new dwelling, the nomenclature of the country as a

Following day, at sun-rise, I mounted to visit the shipping port at the distant miles. My course lay first along the sand avalanches, through which I steed plunged and forced his way, sinking to the girths. The shore of the sea then skirted, wherein the water three feet below its accustomed level; I was obliged to leap the broad basin, formed in a waving but continuous, along the alluvial margin. Wherever of hard dry clay occurred, it was minute cracks, small as the chequers board, and down which the superintendent had disappeared. Whenever I rode, the tremor was still distinctly though rapid motion made me insensible on the recurrence of the more shocks, when the animal staggered and rove; and I myself experienced an effect of nausea similar to sea-sickness, and, had been a source of considerable trouble from the first commencement of the earthquake, reached a broad valley, down which a stream of water had deserted its bed, and formed itself a new channel through the ruins of cultivation. In vain I strained

my eyes to seek for a ripple which might announce a spot fit for fording; as far as the eye could reach, the discoloured flood ran between steep banks occasionally broken down near an eddy. The mill-man, who usually attended in the season of flood, had fled away, and the few rushen huts were destitute of their tenants, who had left the dangerous level for the more secure refuge of the hills. There was no remedy but either to turn back or to risk the stream. I chose the latter, and forcing my horse over the bank, with the usual precaution of first slinging the holsters round my neck, he was instantly swimming. The current carried us far down, but the noble horse was a practised swimmer, and we safely landed on the opposite bank, where the shore grew shelving; after leaping several deep chasms, I at last left the valley, and ascended the table plain beyond. Everywhere the marks of the earthquake were visible; and when I came to a part of the road which wound along the edge of a cliff overhanging the sea, my passage was altogether stopped; in lieu of a road, nothing was left but a precipitous steep, with the sea beneath, dashing over the ruined fragments of the rock which had fallen. I was obliged to retrace my steps, and make a detour of several miles ere I could regain the road.

Every farm-house which I had been accustomed to behold with busy people around it, was shaken down; and wringing their hands in despair, the inmates had taken to the open fields. Their hopes seemed to be desolate, and they scarcely answered to any nod of recognition. At one house I had been accustomed to change my horse for the convenience of quick travelling, but neither horses nor men were now to be seen, and a boy, of whom I inquired where they were gone, replied with a vacant stare and a half-muttered prayer to the Virgin. The nearer I approached the sea-port, the more frequent were the marks of desolation. Into many of the cultivated gardens and enclosures, usually guarded with much care, the cattle had broken, and, taking advantage of the general terror, quadrupeds were at their pleasure devouring the food of man, while the lordly biped was crouching under the influence of pale fear. But all fell short of the extraordinary spectacle which greeted my vision, when, near the conclusion of my journey, I reined-up my steed on the brink of the last cliff, beneath which was spread the mountain-surrounded broad plain, and distant heights and ravines occupied by the town of ***** in front of which opened the semicircular picturesque bay, studded with shipping and bordered by romantic rocks.

Temples, castles, and houses were alike prostrate in the dust; the numerous church towers had disappeared; the walled gardens, jealously enclosed, were all thrown open; the streets were confounded in many places with the sites of the dwellings, and in others, only dimly marked, save in the main avenues, where the unusual breadth had prevented the houses from mingling

by "a hut of boughs,"—generally by watchmen of cultivated grounds.

together in their fall. Here a ruined gable still rose in a tottering attitude; there a door-case, with opened door, still erect, marked that the building had not fallen on its inmates. Farther on, stood the gorgeous altar-piece of a church, still rising erect amidst the ruins of its walls, but with saint, silver shrines, and all that was moveable, buried in the common mass, from which its timber material had served to rescue the altar-piece. Opposite to it, there had formed a large pool of water, from the channel of a small stream being dammed up with the thickly strewn ruins, and still, as the eye traced its way along the scene of desolation, destruction alone presented itself in every varied shape throughout the works of man. But glancing towards the distant hills, I saw that they still were green; the wild shrubs still grew and flourished on them; the sea still dashed its faint musical ripple on the sandy beach; the sea birds screamed, the land-birds chirped, and the sun shone brightly forth, as if Nature were putting forth her mockery of all the works of art.

Descending by a zigzag traverse to the level, I threaded my way amidst the ruins, while my startled steed sprang from side to side at each unwonted object that met his view. Then earth was still trembling, and tottering fragments were continually falling. Here and there were seen the partially exposed bodies of those who had been too late in effecting their escape; and some few beings, of the dregs of the population were busied like jackals amongst the ruins, in search of plunder. As I looked around on the locations of each well-known object, I asked myself if this could be all that was left of a population of twenty thousand souls, who, but two days before, had revelled in the full tide of enjoyment, resulting from a healthy atmosphere and abundantly supplied wants. I passed the church of La Merced, and involuntarily drew bridle to gaze on the strange mingling of rich and splendid decoration with hideous ruin, "the wreck of matter." Gladly did the sound of human voices burst upon my ear as I turned a projecting rocky point of the mountain, and, in an open space near the centre of the most populous part of the town, beheld a procession of priests chanting their hymn to the Virgin. The greater part of the population had retreated to the tops of the hills, to the shelter of any species of cover they could devise, fearing that the sea would rush in and sweep them away, if they stayed on the low ground. Some of the foreign residents had pitched tents in the streets, in front of what had been their dwellings, and whose ruins they watched to rescue the remnants of their property from pillage; but the greater portion had retired, with their wives and families, on board the ships in the harbour. Strange, that man should seek the uncertain sea as a place of safety from the insecurity of the land! But many of the native labourers, foreign seamen, negroes, and women, having procured access to liquor and provisions, were drinking and cooking in parties, with so

much glee, that, but for the appalling ruins, one might have deemed it a scene of national rejoicing and festivity, like one of the fairs of Europe.

Leaving my horse tied up to feed in a garden, enclosed with a palisade, in charge of a poor man, to whom I had rendered some service, I entered a canoe and was paddled on board an Indiaman, with whose captain I was acquainted, and by whom I was about to despatch some letters. He described to me the effects of the first shock, by which a single heavy wave was carried as if the whole of the water were leaving the harbour, and his anchors were dragged, while his vessel was thrown on her beam-ends; he pointed to the broken lamp still swinging in the cabin, in confirmation of it. The beach was laid dry for many yards, and some of the small craft grounded, and the revulsion of the water washed up to the very houses, but subsequently subsided far below its former level. Various circumstances, which I afterwards discovered, led me to conclude that the coast in that neighbourhood had been raised from three to four feet above its original height. A species of shell-fish, which had been scarce previous to the earthquake, was subsequently found in great abundance, and an altogether new variety was discovered. There was also on the beach, near where I resided, the wreck of a large vessel, which, at high-water mark, I could just get on board of from on horseback, the water reaching above the saddle-flaps; but subsequently, I could almost walk on board dryshod, when near high-water. I lived for some time afterwards in the expectation that the hole beneath us would, some day, fill up again with a similar shaking; but it did not happen while I remained in the country. The space through which the shocks were felt, was three hundred miles in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth, including the main ridge of the Andes.

'It plucked the seated hills with all their load.'

The number of human beings who perished amounted to about seven hundred.*

When night set in, I looked from the deck of the vessel towards the land, but no busy hum arose. The hills were studded far and wide with the watch-fires of the homeless; and from some inexplicable cause, the dull heavens were clouded over, and the light of the moon was hidden. At that period of the year, rain had never before been known, and none could guess the result of such a phenomenon. The distant-chanted prayers were borne to us, and the long lines of religious processions by torchlight wound up the twisting and irregular ravines, gliding like fiery serpents in rock-studded tracks, till the constantly increasing blackness at length almost hid them from our

* The early hour saved the people, as they had not retired for the night.

view. The warm wind soon began to blow—it increased, and preparations were made to secure the vessel from damage in the heavy gale which was now certain to set in from the north. The waves began to roll in, with the long deep swell of the open and boundless Pacific ocean, while the vessel pitched as though she would have shaken her masts out of her, and the cowardly Lascar crew shrunk from the heavy blast. The rain soon began to fall, and after a short interval, the water seemed to descend in sheets, while the spray of the sea beat over the deck from stem to stern. I watched the fires on the shore, as one by one they disappeared; and I thought of the unsheltered condition of the poor houseless beings, now exposed to almost total destitution. The usual duration of these rains was three continuous days, and I well knew that such an infliction, in the existing state of the country, must produce an enormous destruction of human life. The buildings which had fallen were principally composed of sun-dried bricks, and a continued heavy rain would have washed them into rounded heaps, resembling Indian tumuli: the number of half-naked people, huddled together on the hills, and rocking with steam beneath the pitiless pelting of the storm, would have generated typhus fever; and the crops of standing corn, then ripening, would have been destroyed by blight, the unvarying consequence of damp, after corn begins to ripen in Chili: famine would, in time, have completed what the earthquake had spared.

But it chanced otherwise. Throughout the whole of that appalling night, of storm in the heavens, and earthquake beneath the waters, I watched for signs of its abating. Morning came, and the bright sun rose in the heavens: the wind fell, and the surface of the sea was placid. I bade farewell to the captain, and his boat having set me on shore, I mounted my horse and returned home. Even the hut of boughs had become a home to me, and the cheerful climate yielded me content. For a whole month the shocks of the earthquake continued with little intermission, gradually diminishing in violence, and then the people began to dull their sense of fear, and almost to forget that it had occurred; the only difference being, that they purposed rebuilding their houses of wood, in lieu of bricks. I verily believe, that in process of time, the human race might become reconciled to living with a constant earthquake beneath their feet, regarding it with as little terror as the vibration produced by the motion of wind, after taking proper precautions to tame its mischievous propensities, and render it harmless.

But when the trembling had altogether ceased, and the sufferers wished to repair their dwellings, human annoyance began to interfere. The governors of the *soi-disant* Republic began to think it high time that they should expel the King of Spain from his last strong-hold in the Pacific, the island of Chiloe. They, therefore,

ordered the *leva*, or impress, to be put in force, for the purpose of raising troops, for an expedition; an ancient Spanish custom, whereby after the same fashion as the English impress of seamen, the expense of bounty money was saved. The consequence was, that the peasants betook themselves to the rocks and mountains for refuge, stealing the cattle of the Chilian. Tory landlords for their subsistence; and thinking in their obstinacy, that it was a much pleasanter life than soldiering. Their watch-fires might be seen on every mountain, ridge, and peak, far and near; and whenever the man-catchers went after them, they used to resist by rolling down large stones and rocks on their assailants,—an effective mode of warfare, but by no means pleasant to the storming party, who could not retaliate. For four months this continued, during all which time I was living under the bushes; and then a crisis was brought about by a *ruse de guerre*. In the province where I resided, the peasantry, at least the unmarried ones—every *pater-familias* being exempt from the impress—the peasantry had not attended mass for a long period, and the priesthood became seriously alarmed for the safety of their plebeian souls, with possibly also a slight anxiety on account of the growing unhealthy condition of their own most patrician pockets; wherefore they applied to the governor, requesting free leave for the peasantry to attend mass on the following Sunday, without molestation from the man-catchers of the impress service. The worthy governor, after due deliberation on the matter, acceded to the request of the soul-savers, and in consequence, the churches in the great square of the chief town of the province were thronged with large congregations. Mass being ended, they turned to depart, but all the avenues were blocked with troops, and a glorious scene of man-catching took place. Some six hundred being selected, the rest were permitted to depart; and the *Volunteers*, as they facetiously phrased them, pleaded the promise of the governor, which had induced them to attend mass. “Go along, ye knaves,” replied the man in authority. “I promised only that ye should come to mass unmolested, I said nothing of your return; therefore, my promise is unbroken.” And all the people of “high respectability” decided, that the governor was a shrewd politician, more especially as it was a case never likely to apply to themselves. The *Volunteers* were forthwith driven to the sea-port, in charge of some cavalry, and any existing rebellious spirit was stilled by the application of sea-sickness, on board the vessels to which they were consigned. They subsequently sailed for Chiloe, in company with other troops, and, strange to say, they took the island from the Spaniards. Verily, the poor people were of a docile race. Pity is it, that they are not better guided; but even as the Spanish race has sown, so must their colonial descendants reap, till experience shall dictate the necessity of

varying the seed. Democritus might find much food for laughter, amongst the *soi-disant* republica, in beholding with what solemn gravity their wise men watch, in the expectation of reaping figs from thistles.

From the Athenæum.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

CHANGE is abroad, and tumult:—ancient thrones

Shake on their pedestals—distrust and fear
Brood o'er the dwellings of those haughty ones
Whose names were late a tower of strength,
we hear

Rumours of battle from afar,—the ear
With ghastly tales of pestilence runs o'er;
And dauntless hearts grow dull that never
sunk before.

We live not in the easy plenteous day
Of seed-time hope and harvest merriment;
The hind no longer to some rustic lay
Whetteth his sythe—but sadly doth lament
Bright years gone by—or plods along, intent
On care and want to come;—in every field
Sadness hath silenced song;—the lover's lip
is sealed.

We hear of heavy things—the mighty fall,—
And none rise up to fill their vacant seat:
The tomb those great magicians doth enthrall
Who held the world of hearts beneath their
feet—

The Bard whose music made our pulses
beat
Even as he will'd—the Prophet and the Sage
Rests by his princely friend—the giant of his
age!—

We hear of heavy things—there went one
forth
Whose spells ten thousand thousand hearts
obeyed—

We thought th' inclement breezes of the north
Too boisterous for a flame about to fade:
And to the spirit of the south we prayed
With genial airs to nurse its waning fire,
Nor let its precious light in her warm breast
expire.

The summer brings him back—ah! woeful
day,

When the tired wanderer finds his native
shore,

Not with the buoyant step, the promise gay
Of active health to gladden us once more—
Lies not life's secret in his treasur'd lore?
Vain thought—how vain!—a cloud of boding
fears

Sinks on the anxious heart, and loads the eyes
with tears.

Must he too go? Come, sit we by his gate
To catch the tidings of the passing hour,—
Is there not yet retrieval left to Fate?

Is there not Hope, unalienable dower
That clings to Life? Hath mind divine no
power

For him who bears it, to increase the span
Of few and changeful years allotted unto man?

Thou seek'st too much—and yet, that spark
from Heaven,

That mind divine, itself shall never die!
Lo! on the earth it shall survive—the leaven
Of future triumphs over worlds that lie
In the gross darkness of the sealed eye.
Years pass—it spreads—it breathes—it burns
—and light

Breaks out where was but mist—and know-
ledge springs from night.

Then hold thy hope—though they must go—
whose songs

We hung upon like oracles—the seed
Is sown among the world's unheeded throngs,
From which the Tree of Life shall yet pro-
ceed,

Whose fruit is lofty thought, and noble deed,
It shall increase—shall flourish—bright and
brave,
Albeit its Planter's hand lie wither'd in the
grave.

From the Metropolitan.

"I REMEMBER THY VOICE."

I REMEMBER thy voice—when brightly
The sunbeams around me lie,
When the glorious day hath gladden'd
The face of the laughing sky.
When the midnight winds are sighing
With a faint and wailing sound,
And the city with its murmur
Lies dark and silent round.
When the lamps are dimly twinkling
In their cold and far array,
And toil, and care, and anguish,
Lie hush'd until the day,

I remember thy voice.

I remember thy voice—when harshly
Some other hath learn'd to chide,
And cold words are vainly uttered,
While my thoughts are wandering wide.
And, O! when the tones are gentle,
From a kindly heart and eye,
I dream of thy words of fondness,
And weep for the days gone by.
In the glittering blaze of splendour,
In the midst of the heartless crowd,
Amid shouts, and music, and laughter,
Amid murmurs confused and loud,

I remember thy voice.

I remember thy voice—when sadly
I sit in the evenings alone,
Or when lips beloved have spoken
With something of thy tone,
When the rich warm breath of summer
Hath rippled the silent wave,
And the scent of some lone wild flower
Brings dreams of thine early grave.
In the dark and dreary winter,
When the snow shower falleth light,
And they talk of the year departed
Round the home-fire blazing bright.

I remember thy voice.

I remember thy voice—the future
 May come with its smiles and tears,
 And the past with its gloomy sorrow
 May be hidden by sunny years.
 The power of grief may weaken,
 As it doth—in the hearts of men,
 And the thoughts that are now so bitter,
 May come faintly to me then.
 O then will thy deep tones vanish!
 Will that sound from my soul depart.
 I remember thy voice—the echo
 Is wringing my inmost heart.

From the Monthly Magazine.

CUVIER AND HIS CABINET.

Did you ever visit the Museum of Natural History in the *Jardin des Plantes*? Did you ever see collection so complete? And this not only in snakes and crocodiles, the monster of the forest and the deep, and all the stuffed prodigies of the bestial world, for what to me appeared far more curious, were the specimens of animated nature—of man. Methinks we do not care enough to preserve the varieties of that species, so full of physical variety. Painters, indeed, do much in this respect, and might do more: it is their office. But the rogues alter truth; they must either idolize or caricature. Their sketches do not give the real thing.

For instance, of what interest and importance it is to behold, or be acquainted with the French, such as they were in the last century, under the different forms of powdered Marquis and cropped revolutionarian. Can a picture give you an idea of either? Certainly not. Nor can Paris itself, if you frequent its common or its modish haunts. But hie eastward, to the Faubourg St. Antoine; go to bask in the afternoon sun that warms the alleys of the *Jardin des Plantes*, and you will behold all these antique specimens of the insect,—man. They seem really as if they had just emerged from the cabinet of a natural philosopher. Nowhere are to be seen so many varieties of age in man, from the somewhat wealthy pig-tailed noble in his buckles and *douillette*, to the humble but halcyon veteran in drab, so lavish in the use of his only luxury, snuff.

Nor are the younger specimens of the French species less interesting; the self-complacent expression of the Parisian's countenance, proud of his garden and its wonders, contrasted with the astounded and admiring look of the provincial, who is stultified with wonder. Then the glee of the children, and the attention paid to them—one of the most amiable and universal traits of the French character being fondness for infancy—the peculiar neatness and chatter of the *bonnes*, the good, the almost genteel behaviour of all, supply one with many pleasing reflections.

There cannot, in short, be a more charming avenue to the temple of science. But the guide-book, or his passport, will have introduced the stranger here already. My purpose is to intro-

duce him to the high priest of the temple, the great Cuvier. And here let not squeamishness be shocked. I am not about to penetrate his saloon, nor reveal, after the favour of an invitation, the mysteries of his soirees. I respect civilized life and its rules too much to commit such a decided misdemeanour. But I may be allowed, methinks, to describe the person of the great naturalist, when his public lectures might have procured me the facilities or to penetrate, as any student may do, into the cabinet which he occupies as professor.

This is a long room at the top of the building, so chosen to have the light from above. It is fitted up precisely like a tent, which gives a pleasing effect to a ceiling that naturally follows the obliquity of the roof in which it is. This might furnish an idea to luxury in a garret. But here is no luxury except that of affected rudeness: every thing is of the plainest kind, just what befits science. No rose-wood or buhl, not even mahogany. A *pupitre*, or desk, of deal painted black, high enough to keep the student half sitting half standing, occupies the space beneath one of the skylights. From over this appears a large pale immensity of face, and such a forehead as Spurzheim might adore! The eyes, however, are singularly inexpressive. There is no sparkle, no glitter in that mind. Its peculiarity consists in the immensity and the store of the intellectual mansions,—I should add, in its internal order, for what is abundance without arrangement. Cuvier's head is enormous: so is his neck; the circumference of its envelope might equal that of a well-grown tree. This gives him a singular awkwardness of gait, the nether man being obliged to make mighty and unequal efforts to carry the weight of the upper or intellectual ditto.

It is impossible not to recur to the extreme singularity and simplicity of his cabinet. In a corresponding place, beneath another light, stands a table, equally fenced in by screens, as the *pupitre* of the professor. There sit his two acolytes, dissecting, putting the bones and parts of animal mechanism together, or else taking them asunder, with precisely the same aid of glass and intentness as watchmakers employ. Behind them is a huge, rude stove, which an old, sturdy, and silent domestic is feeding with logs. Opposite to it extends a sofa, but not for fair or scientific visitors. The skeleton of a young whale occupies all of it that books do not encumber. In every direction lie relics of all that is least perishable in life, at least in physical life, Curious specimens of the animal kingdom from distant parts of the world, from Thibet and the Andes, and the great deep. Here are the cetaceous and the mammifer side by side; the enormous *charpente*, the carpentry, as the French express it, of the mammoth, contrasted with some specimens equally curious in the diminutive. It was the opening scene of Faustus realized, did but the spirits of earth and air appear to the aged philosopher.

Alas! whilst I write, the tidings come that he has gone to join them. Cuvier is no more, and his departure has left a gap in science that centuries may not fill up. How death hath been prone of late to level his scythe at the lords of intellect. In science alone, how quick and great have been our losses: Wollaston, and Davy, and Young, carried off in a single year. Whilst France loses almost at once Champollion and Cuvier. I little thought on commencing this sketch of the great natural philosopher, that a few days would convert it into an article of necrology.

Cuvier was born in 1769, that great year for giving birth to genius, at Montbéliard, in the south-east of France, near the Jura. His father was an officer in a Swiss regiment, and destined his son to his own profession. But young Cuvier was too studious, and too successful in his class to be diverted from learning. He resolved to go into the church. The little county of Montbéliard, though now a part of the French territory, was then more German than French. It belonged to Wirtemberg, and Stuttgart, not Paris, was its metropolis. This circumstance had considerable and fortunate influence upon Cuvier, since, making him both German and French, it early communicated to him that largeness and universality in his scientific views, which he might have wanted had he belonged exclusively to either country. He went from Montbéliard to the university of Stuttgart, where Schiller happened to be his fellow student. And here he gave himself up principally to the study of natural history. From the university he went as tutor to a noble family of Normandy, where the seacoast, seen by him for the first time, attracted all his curiosity and attention as a naturalist. It was some discoveries made here, some improvements in the classification, I believe, of the worm tribe, that set him in correspondence with Mr. Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, and from this step his advance to the foremost rank in science was progressive. He obtained the chair of comparative anatomy, and showed himself as eloquent an expounder, as an acute discoverer of knowledge.

The grandeur and lucidity of his views and lectures attracted peculiarly the admiration of Napoleon. "That man," said he, "must be a good administrator." Cuvier was nominated minister of public instruction; how could there have been chosen one more suitable to Napoleon's ideas of education, which, we need not say, went to make all men arithmeticians and engineers, rather than generally informed and lettered. The "reports" drawn up by Cuvier were the very models of their valuable sources of information.

Fortunately for his greatness, nevertheless, Cuvier was restored exclusively to science in 1816. His being a protestant alone was, in the eyes of the dominant party, a crime only equalled by his having been a Buonapartist. Cuvier

retired (if the *Jardins des Plantes*, and all the society of Paris, may be called retirement) to his fossil bones and geological discoveries, the latter the most sublime and striking that he produced.

The Bourbons, for all their high monarchicals, soon perceived the utter incapacity of the old noble and emigrant party. They were compelled to have recourse to that host of *capacités* that Napoleon had developed and cherished. Cuvier, never very marked in his political opinion, was amongst the most useful, and he became again state counsellor, royal commissary, and burdened with political functions. He was the atlas of the *Conseil d'Etat*, or privy council, and to those who knew him it was inconceivable how he could get through the various and gigantic tasks committed to him. Like many great characters, his itch and inclination were for these pursuits, in which there was most name and least honour. Thus he took more pride in his counsellor's robe, than in his professor's seat. In the last year of his life, Louis Philippe appointed him a peer: he had been but a nominal baron previously. This new function of the aristocratic legislator pleased him vastly; so much so, that he abandoned the all important occupation of completing his philosophical discoveries, for the vain honour of sitting and debating in the House of Peers. And this was the thought of remorse that tormented him at his death.

I must profess myself no naturalist, and therefore quite unable to appreciate the worth of Cuvier in his discoveries; but the facts and principles which he established in geology, and in the ante-deluvian history of the earth, are such as to meet the intelligence, and command the admiration of the most unscientific reader. To Cuvier we owe the final blow given to cosmogonies and absurd theories. Through Cuvier we now have in idea the beginning of the world cradled at once in poesy and truth; we dissect its layers, and are made acquainted with at least its animal inhabitants. Cuvier's theory is harmonious with the account of the Bible; and in this respect he stands alone amongst the entire scientific herd of France. Indeed, in his last lecture at the Sorbonne, in the College de France, Cuvier gave a formal challenge to the Volney school, and received no answer. I well remember in one of these lectures, his announcing, that if we take the heaps, formed either at the feet of mountains, by the wearing away at the top, or on the shore, by the daily carriage of the tide, and admeasure them by their rate of progress, we shall find them commence about the period assigned to the cessation of the flood. A murmur of approbation from the young, of dissent from the old, met the remark. But it excited no discussion. 'Tis a pity that Cuvier would not allow, at least not latterly, these lectures of his to be published. And unless some kind unfaithful friend have preserved the import of his papers, they will be lost to the world.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of JAMES CURRIE, M.D. F.R.S. Edited by his Son, William Wallace Currie. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1831.

DR. CURRIE was born in Annandale, where his father was minister, in 1756. In consequence of promises, none of which appear afterwards to have been performed, he went out at the age of fifteen to Cabin Point, Virginia, apprentice to a merchant, who had been a pupil of his father. His father died when he was eighteen, and left a large family of daughters ill-provided; in favour of whom young Currie instantly wrote home to renounce his patrimony. The troubles in America broke out about the same time. As the disturbances increased, they soon made his residence there worse than useless; and his attachment to his native country began to make it dangerous. After two years of suspense, irritation, and indignity, he was too happy to return home himself, which he had some difficulty in doing. In this manner, he found himself, at twenty, under the necessity of beginning the world afresh. He immediately fixed upon medicine, which had been his original destination. Settling resolutely to work as a student at Edinburgh, his ardour was kept up through the severe privations of hard study and rigid economy, next to his own spirit, by the flattering notice of Dr. Cullen. By the time he was twenty-six, he had in point of education, redeemed the years, which in his case, indeed were by no means thrown away, considering the effect which they had upon his character. In his anxiety to relieve his friends from all charge on his account, his first object, on entering upon practice, was an army appointment in a medical staff then forming in Jamaica. Disappointed in this expectation, he looked round to take his chance for what is called an opening at home. Accidental circumstances, as fortunate for the place as for himself, led him to seat himself at Liverpool, without being at the time acquainted with a single individual. He came there in 1780, and resided in it with short absences, till 1805; that is, till the illness which speedily terminated in his death. His persevering industry, varied accomplishments, and fearless humanity, stood him instead of letters of introduction. He became in time the Dissenters' Physician; and his name (there could be no higher compliment) became, whenever Liverpool was mentioned, linked with that of Mr. Roscoe. Their co-operation ended only with his life. The memory of that honourable union, in which they were for twenty years and more, the spirit of the place, first and last—the alpha and omega—in every undertaking of literature, charity, and public principle, will long survive.

There must be something particularly humanizing in the study and practice of medicine. No profession is so distinguished for its taste in general literature, for liberality in matters of re-

ligion, and for that every day benevolence which turns out in all weathers, and answers to all claims. In almost every town throughout the kingdom, the physician is the person in whom the stranger, if a scholar, would have the best chance of finding a congenial companion for the evening; or, in case he came on an errand of philanthropy, would be most likely to meet with the compassion and encouragement of an ally. Unfortunately, few situations are more precarious and more subject to caprice. The first sitting down of a young physician at a strange place must be very trying. The criticisms and speculations upon the new-comer,—the canui of solitary walks, the fatal consequences of unpopular peculiarities and supposed opinions, the sense of desolation before one understands others or is understood one's self, the misery of the attentions of stupid people, the wretched list of petty etiquettes and jealousies, the forms to be endured, the arts to be submitted to, and last, but not least, the obstinacy with which the old established *Æsculapius* lingers on, and wears out his successor under that hope deferred which makes the heart sick, in the absence of all other sickness;—all these ought to have been described for us by Crabbe. A doctor's first patient should be as interesting as a "barrister's first brief," and might easily be made much more so. Dr. Currie's probation seems to have been of a mitigated and of a manly sort. Besides, he had already been broken in, by a severe rough-ride, to the exigencies of life. After having served a commercial apprenticeship in Virginia, and been kicked about with a most republican contempt for forms (even those of justice) at the opening of the American Revolution, the difficulties and discipline of his new career could not seriously alarm him. He began by sacrificing to the graces of the place; and in order to make himself known, paid cheerfully the necessary penalties; and became (such in that day was the classical Liverpool of Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson) a member of two card-clubs, and a bowling-club. In his second year, a prudent and happy marriage extended his personal connexions. By assiduous labour in his profession, he took care to counteract the suspicion of ignorance in, or indifference about it;—a suspicion which is, in every profession, the inevitable consequence of other attainments and pursuits. One thing he neither did, nor could have done;—seek for favour by compromising the integrity of his mind. Making the most charitable constructions for the prejudices of others, he felt the duty, and therefore insisted on the right, (according to his own discretion, as to time, place, and manner,) of attempting frankly to remove them. Thrown upon evil times and evil tongues, he was never intimidated by professional considerations from honestly avowing his opinions, however invidious the occasion, and at whatever risk. He trusted to his character for living down calumnies; and so it did. But, had the event been otherwise, and had he suffered for thinking better of his own men-

than they deserved, the fountain at which he had drunk in his love of liberty and truth, was not of the sort which dries up in the season when the need for it is most severe.

Almost every chance for naturalness is destroyed by the mere act of sitting for one's picture. The chance is not improved by sitting to one's self—generally the most improper artist we could choose for such a purpose. The chief advantage of such an operation is, that it will make tolerably sure of preserving our mannerisms and conceits. Autobiography can present us with a natural likeness, only when it fortunately takes the unconscious form of familiar correspondence. The second of the volumes before us consists of letters upon a great variety of subjects; most agreeably written, and containing just the kind of picture we desire. They show a great constitutional tenderness of disposition in their writer. It amounted in him as a boy to a sensitiveness which appears to have raised in his family the apprehension that he was 'too sentimental to be clever.' He early resolved to convince them of their mistake, and kept his word. The two last years of his residence in America, and the necessity of acting on his own entire responsibility in such a crisis, made a man of him at once; and that, too, a man of decision. Put betimes on his mettle, he learned his power; and the success with which he extricated himself gave him confidence. His nature would never have condescended to push, any more than crawl; but the early warfare and scramble in which he had been engaged, enabled him, without the sense or appearance of effort, to take and keep his place. Hence came that contrast of opposite tendencies, which so seldom meet together; but which, when duly reconciled, add a hundred-fold to the strength and beauty of each other. A more frequent interchange between the exclusive qualities of private and public life would be to the benefit of both. Indulgent fathers of families often make very bad public men; and incorruptible politicians are sometimes not over amiable at home. Human nature is not really driven to take its choice of these alternatives. Examples exist as in the case of Dr. Currie, which establish the possibility of combining the severe with the gentle virtues—as also a contemplative turn of mind with a capacity for, and a pleasure in, affairs.

Nothing is more striking than the heart which Dr. Currie put into, and kept paramount over his busy life. Whilst idleness can yield nothing but weeds, constant occupation may be said to leave few of its drudges 'leisure to be good.' Restlessness of temperament and fever of business become in some persons a disease. Carried beyond a certain point, they seem practically to be dangerous to principle, and incompatible with any exercise and consciousness of the affections. The feelings of Dr. Currie were too deeply mixed up with all he did, and all he was, to leave him liable to such a risk. No emergency ever found him unable or unwilling to devote to it

whatever time, or labour, or health, it might require. Always vibrating on the edge of the hereditary consumption of which he died, his life might have challenged the apology of being a long disease. Nobody could have questioned the fairness of the excuse. But his energy kept him up; and he contrived always to put on, as it were, the additional steam necessary for the occasion. The detail, day by day, of an extensive practice, was in his case, something very different from a string of gossiping calls in an easy carriage. In the ordinary avocations of his profession, he had to ride the country round. For a considerable period, the fatigue exhausted him so, that, in order not to fall asleep the moment he got upon his sofa he was obliged regularly to dose himself with coffee. Between October and May, in one year, we find him losing 200 ounces of blood by venesection, and taking twelve ounces of digitalis. Yet he never thought of giving in. Then comes a stirring question of public interest, which wants to be clearly and powerfully put forward: he not only borrows for the purpose from his jaded night, but steals the whole of it. Under circumstances in which few persons would have added to their cares by the responsibility of superintending the proof-sheets of a pamphlet,—from an admiration for the genius of Burns, and from a generous desire to assist the family, he became, at their earnest request, the biographer of the poet, and editor of his works;—a painful, and, at last, probably a thankless office. For the alacrity with which he answered the calls of private friendship, he suffered more severely. He was just beginning to feel his way at Liverpool, when the exposure and anxiety of an attendance on his friend, Dr. Bell of Manchester, brought on an attack of consumption, which compelled him to go to Clifton for a time, and from which he very narrowly escaped. A similar attendance on Dr. Percival brought on the illness of which he died. When the circumstances of the broken health and unrelenting engagements, under which, as under a harrow, Dr. Currie laboured, are duly weighed, it is impossible to admire too highly the pertinacity of purpose, and the "courage never to submit and yield," which are so strongly marked in his defiance of bodily disease, and of that moral languor, so often the worst part of it. The whole of his life was "the good fight," which he fought and won as from a litter. He died at last, as he had foreseen, and as he himself expressed it, "like the camel in the wilderness, with his burden on his back." What might not a man have accomplished, with command of means, and in the vigour of health, who by mere strength of will, and resoluteness of horsemanship, brought up so gallantly to the post, a steed which, in most other hands, must have broken down in the middle of the course, or would probably never at all have started? Valetudinarianism is generally so degrading, that thus to rob sickness of its sting and victory is among the greatest of all triumphs. There

are abundance of valetudinarians who would find their advantage in it as a prescription, if, instead of their morning dialogue with their apothecary, they would read a few pages (or rather, would take a leaf) out of the life of Dr. Currie.

The affectionateness of his nature left a very favourable impression of his early advantages upon his mind. "In my father's house (he says) we had very good society: after a pretty extensive acquaintance with the world, I scarcely found any domestic circle better calculated to cultivate the affections, and not many where the powers of the understanding had fairer play." He always acknowledged, with unbounded gratitude, their especial obligation to an excellent specimen of a maiden aunt. These lay sisters of charity are the comfort and salvation of so many families, that every home appears to us imperfect which has not the good fortune to have one of them appended to it. On the whole, however, his early instruction was but summary. The subjects to which the important years of his apprenticeship in a Virginia store must have been devoted, would not connect very happily with intellectual improvement. His general attainments, therefore, have in a great measure the merit of *self-education*, under unfavourable circumstances. He became a great proficient in many branches of knowledge; such as history, morals, metaphysics, and political economy. He also made himself an excellent classical scholar in the Latin and English languages; and acquired a degree of literary taste, as well as a power of style, very uncommon in one who had not the advantages of a regular education. Of these accomplishments, his "Jasper Wilson," and "Life of Burns," (both of which were written very hastily, and amidst the hourly demands of professional avocations,) are striking proofs. The return which, in some form or other, every intelligent practitioner is to make towards the honour and advancement of the art by which he lives, he paid in several ingenious publications; especially in his "Medical Reports," on the use of cold ablution in the early stages of fever. His powers of conversation, his enlarged views, and general acquaintance with all that was passing in the literary, scientific, and political world, were put in constant requisition. It is not only since its rail-road that Liverpool has been an object of great interest and curiosity. Nobody could be better qualified to do, or more prompt in doing, the honours of the place to all liberal and well-informed strangers. He was thus rendered personally known to a considerable extent, independently of his provincial celebrity; and he may be said to have, to a very unusual degree, engrafted on a private station the character and duties of public life.

When a man's services are in his daily habits, their importance is weakened by selecting for specific mention and approbation any collateral incidents; since, even if they should appear more curious and piquant, they are, after all, only side dishes. To write a clever Report

on an infirmary or asylum, or, after five years' opposition, to carry through, by the votes of the "honest democracy" of the parish, the establishment of a fever hospital, can be no peculiar merit. That, shortly after his arrival, he revived the "Literary Society" at Liverpool; that he became a member of the "Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society;" that he co-operated with Mr. Roscoe in founding the "Athenæum, and Botanic Garden," and in making the "Liverpool Press" classically known in England, will convey a very imperfect notion of the state in which they found the literary cultivation of Liverpool, and of the degree of credit they are entitled to for the state in which they left it.—Dr. Currie writes, in 1789, how heartily he was sick at times, "of its pounds, shillings, and pence society;" and used to mention how his heart had warmed towards the person from whose lips he first heard there the phenomenon of a line of Shakspeare.

We were struck by one of the occasions on which his pen was put in requisition. It is conclusive of the impression which the general ability of their doctor had by this time made upon his townsmen. In 1792, the merchants of Liverpool deputed him to draw up resolutions and a petition for opening the trade to India. The statement was thought sufficiently important to be republished in 1812. In 1803, a task still more flattering was proposed to him, that of commanding a corps of volunteers. His health and practice obliged him in this case to decline. All this, however, to a spirited and able person, was comparatively straight sailing. Other members of the medical profession, distinguished as it is beyond any other for its liberal temper and general information, may have done as much. But the qualities for which Dr. Currie was chiefly remarkable, were those seldom practised; and indeed not much called for or expected in medical life—political courage and independence. These are virtues indeed of the highest order; and they derived in the present instance a peculiar lustre from the circumstances of the times. Dr. Currie lived at a place and in a period when they were above all praise. Two or three of the most solemn of human subjects became matters of daily discussion around him, and of intense national anxiety. Immense interests were at stake; boundless passions were let loose. It was impossible for any intelligent man to be really neuter: but to many it must be ruin to speak what they might believe to be the words of truth.—Shrinking from terms like these, mere good sort of people withdraw into retirement, or remain to swell the crowd. Mere talent stays to excite or to betray. What is wanted at such a crisis—but what it is so difficult to find in it—is the example of a man, who to acknowledged goodness and talents unites unbending principle;—who, although threatened with destitution and contumely of every kind, unless he will desist or turn aside, consecrates for the more arduous path of civil duty, the watchword which *great and*

Cæsar's followers have made familiar in the path of a much more tinsel glory:—"It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live."

Somewhere about the year 1787, Englishmen seem to have asked themselves seriously for the first time, whether it was a Christian or a human thing to buy their fellow-creatures like cattle, and to use them worse. It was a startling question to the town of Liverpool, the principal part of whose means were invested in that long-established traffic. It was one in which an evasive or neutral answer might have borne the varnish of an excuse, from men, dependent as were Mr. Roscoe and Dr. Currie, on public opinion by their professions, and whose children's bread might turn on their reply. They were, however, not content with even honestly returning the merc juror's verdict of guilty. They put themselves in the front rank,—the avowed advocates of abolition; and were the prominent supporters of petitions prepared for that object in the very mart and head-quarters of the slave trade. The inevitable unpopularity of such a course was soon afterwards aggravated, according to the ordinary tactics of self-interest when in danger, by political imputations. "The merchants engaged in the trade uniformly combined their own cause with that of established government: and represented the abolitionists as the same class of men with the Jacobins of France." Whilst Dr. Currie was not deterred by these or similar apprehensions from doing justice to the negro, it is an instance of (what the violence even of philanthropical polemics obliges us to consider as) a more than usual self-command, that he would not allow himself to be provoked to retaliate their injustice upon his opponents. On the contrary, he was deeply touched with the fearfulness of the dilemma, in which parties, whose fortunes had been innocently or inconsiderately committed to the trade, found themselves on a sudden placed, by what in fact amounted to a new discovery in morals. On this point, he came forward, earnestly and generously to bear witness in their behalf, against the indiscriminate censures of his more impetuous friends. He delighted in the enthusiasm of the public, and hailed it "as by far the finest feature of the present age." The claim to have a property in man, he felt to be a blasphemy towards God. On the duty of denouncing the claim, and abolishing the property, nobody felt more strongly. But his candour prevented him from joining in a proscription which was not satisfied with taking away from individuals their property, without depriving them of their character also. The following observations made in 1787, in a private letter to Mr. Wilberforce, are as true, and almost as important in all their bearings, as in the year when they were written. For slavery is just as indefensible in principle as the slave trade. The interests in it, and the particular excuses—as well those which are made by, as those which can be made for individuals—are in both instances about the same. The only difference is in the accompany-

ing precautions, under which our remedy must, in the latter instance, be applied.

"I seldom hear the justice or morality of the trade seriously defended. Very frequently, indeed, it is asserted, that the condition of the negroes in the West Indies is happier and better than in their own country; and, therefore, that those transported to our sugar colonies can really sustain no injury. Whence then, I have asked, arises the waste of life in the West Indies, which occasions the necessity of so large a supply to keep up the number there; and whence the increase of life in Africa which affords this supply, without the numbers there being diminished? This I have ever found an *argumentum craticum*, and I verily believe it unanswerable. Ten millions of negroes have been carried across the ocean to support a population which, it is said, at present does not amount to more than 800,000 souls. Ten families planted in those islands 300 years ago, when the slave trade commenced,—under the auspices of freedom and of nature, with the advantages of a fertile soil, and a climate congenial to their constitutions, might by this time have produced a greater number. Who can doubt it? Within half this time, a handful of Englishmen have spread themselves over an immense continent—have converted a wilderness into a fertile country—have given battle to the most powerful people of Europe—and, through a sea of toils and troubles, have risen to the rank of thirteen independent states. The English were free men: the unhappy Africans were slaves."

A question surrounded by so many passions is too much beyond the reach of argument. But the temper of *personal* charity with which Dr. Currie interceded for those whose practice he most condemned, must have prevented all animosity but what was absolutely unavoidable. It is too often forgotten how much the softening influence of conciliation helps to keep open the way for conviction,—wherever and as long as the possibility of it exists.

"When the advocates for the abolition of negro slavery attack the general character of the merchants and planters concerned in it, they discover an ignorance of human life; and they advance out of their stronghold to take a ground, on which I am persuaded they will often be repulsed by their adversaries. It is a truth, that in those of my acquaintance who are and have been masters of Guineamen, a great majority are men of general fair character—that some of them are men of considerable improvement of mind—and that I could point out amongst them more than one instance of uncommon integrity and kindness of heart. The same may be said of the body of the merchants concerned in the slave trade; who are, some of them, men of liberal education and enlightened understandings; and for spirit and enterprise in commerce very much distinguished. Men of candour, whatever their opinions of this traffic may be, will see that this fact is supported by reason and probability, when

The combined influence of custom, education, and interest is fully considered. A sailor is seldom a nice casuist. He takes a trip to Guinea, because the wages are good; and, if he live, rises perhaps first to be a mate, and afterwards a master; in this station a few voyages more enable him to live at home, and to take shares in vessels commanded by younger adventurers. His children inherit his fortune, his commerce, and his opinions of the slave trade: in which, perhaps, they are deeply engaged before they have ever heard that a doubt is entertained of its lawfulness."

It is a consolation to think, if men usually seem better than they are, that, nevertheless, in some of their worst proceedings, a good many of them are, after all, really better than they seem.

[Here follows some account of the political life of Dr. Currie, which want of room and other reasons have induced us to omit: our readers are likely to take greater interest in the description of the conclusive effect, which the perusal of Malthus's "Essay on Population" had upon one of his patients.—Ed. Mus.]

"A gentleman of a liberal education had, according to the fashion of the times, indulged himself some years ago in speculations on the improvement of the human race and the perfectibility of man. By long, deep, and solitary meditation on these subjects, his mind became unsettled and his reason gave way. He seemed to himself to want nothing but power to make mankind happy, and at length he became convinced that he had a right to that power. The consequence of this rendered it necessary to confine him; and about two years afterwards he was removed by his friends from the situation in which he was originally fixed, and placed under my care. At the time of which I speak he was become perfectly calm; he was on general subjects rational, and on every subject acute, but the original hallucinations were as fixed as ever. In occasional discussions of his visionary projects, I had urged, of my own suggestion, the objection that when men became so happy as he proposed to make them, they would increase too fast for the limits of the earth. He felt the force of this, and after much meditation, proposed a scheme for enlarging the surface of the globe, and the project of an act of Parliament for that purpose, in a letter addressed to Mr. Pitt, very well expressed, and seriously meant, but which if published would appear satirical and ludicrous in a high degree. Having had occasion to mention his situation to his brother, a man of letters, he proposed that an experiment should be made of putting Malthus' Essay into his hands; to which I assented. It was given to him last autumn, and he read it with the utmost avidity and seeming attention. In my visits I did not mention the subject to him, but desired the keeper to watch him narrowly. After finishing the perusal, he got pen, ink, and paper, and sat down seemingly with an intention to answer it, or to write notes

upon it. But he did not finish a single sentence, though he began many. He then sat down to read the book again, aloud, and finished this second perusal in a few days, not omitting a single word, but stopping at times, and apparently bewildered. I now spoke to him, and introduced the subject, but he was sullen and impatient. He became very thoughtful, walked at a great pace in the airing ground, and stopped occasionally to write, if I may so speak, words, but more frequently numbers with a switch in the sand. These he obliterated as I approached him. This continued some days, and he appeared to grow less thoughtful; but his mind had taken a melancholy turn. One afternoon he retired into his room on the pretence of drowsiness. The keeper called him in a few hours, but he did not answer. He entered, and found the sleep he had fallen into was the sleep of death. He had 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' At the moment that I write this, his copy of Malthus is in my sight, and I cannot look at it but with extreme emotion. I have no doubt that he perceived sufficiently the force of Malthus's argument, to see the wreck of all his castle-building, and that this produced the melancholy catastrophe."

Dr. Currie had paid much attention to insanity, and had intended to publish upon it. The following anecdote concerning Cowper, is mentioned in a letter from Clifton to Mr. Roscoe. It is melancholy, as, alas! every thing must be, regarding the mental state of that most interesting of a not uninteresting family—the race of poets. They are the singing birds of our species—a class, by the way, which exists apart in men only and birds. What is the proportion of both that are in confinement?

"Johnny of Norfolk, *alias* the Rev. Dr. Johnson, is a creature of extraordinary simplicity. He is not unlike Dalton the lecturer. He is, I believe, a man of great kindness and worth, and even of learning. We talked much of Cowper. The truth respecting that extraordinary genius is, that he was a lunatic of the melancholy kind, with occasional lucid intervals. Johnny said, that Cowper firmly believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, and that the influence of the last generally prevailed. For the last five years of his life a perpetual gloom hung over him—he was never observed to smile. I asked Johnny, whether he suspected the people about him of bad intentions (which seems to me the Shibboleth of insanity?) and he said that he very often did. "For instance," observed he, "he said there were two Johnnies; one the real man, the other an evil spirit in his shape; and when he came out of his room in the morning, he used to look me full in the face, inquiringly, and turn off with a look of benevolence or of anguish as he thought me a man or a devil!" He had dreadful stomach complaints, and drank immense quantities of tea. He was indulged in every thing, even in his wildest imaginations. It would have been better if he had been regulated in all respects."

If the spirit of song does not appear to be ordinarily the spirit of happiness to its inspired possessors, it is nevertheless a glorious privilege to be the source of so much happiness to others. Poetry does all, and more, for man than wine has ever been said to do. It is the best and noblest of drams. It brightens his countenance and makes glad his heart. It gives him wings, and lifts him out of the dirt; and leads him into green valleys; and carries him up to high places, and shows him at his feet the earth and all its glories. The man read Homer as Homer ought to be read, who said, that every body afterwards looked to him to be a foot higher. What could Euripides mean, by complaining that poetry and music (a part, and the humblest part of it) were only used of old to make festivity more festive? What nurse makes half so smooth the bed of sickness? What moralist can so lay, as with a charm, the storm of human passions? Or what companionship can better relieve the cares, and throw a purer grace and dignity over the retirement, of the statesman and the hero? The Marquis de Chastellux, travelling through North America, staid one night only with Jefferson at Monticello. They passed great part of it in pointing out to each other their favourite passages in Ossian; and their hearts grew warm in passing from breast to breast the high-souled melancholy of the Celtic bard. No wonder that Dr. Currie was pleased in contemplating this picture—the French noble, and the American democrat-leader, pledging at the foot of the Alleghany, in a cup of song from Morven. One of the last books which Fox took pleasure in, during his last illness, was Crabbe's Poems. So much for statesmen. Now for a hero. It seems that General Wolfe kept his intention of attacking Quebec a profound secret. As they were dropping down the St. Lawrence, Professor Robinson, then a midshipman in command of an adjoining boat, overheard a gentleman repeating to him Gray's Elegy. Wolfe's remark upon it was their first notice, that the attack would take place next day. The remark was the noblest of its panegyrics, and one as honourable to the soldier as to the poet. "I would rather," he said, "have been the author of that piece than beat the French to-morrow." What a scene! and what a moment! How splendid is the compliment paid by it to poetry! and how sweet the satisfaction to have diffused such intense enjoyment over the last evening that Wolfe was destined to enjoy! By the comparison we may judge of the enjoyment; for we know that the morrow's victory was a thing which he was well content to purchase with his life.

Dr. Currie had the true feeling of a poet. The enthusiasm with which "he had crooned, in his solitary journeyings," over the ballads of the Bards of Scotland, well qualified him to be the historian of Burns, the greatest of them all. The correspondence, in the first of the present volumes, proves how reluctantly he undertook the office; what great personal inconvenience he

underwent in the discharge of it; the admiration for the poet, and compassion for his family, by which alone he was induced to listen to the application; the singular good faith to the public, and delicacy of feeling towards the individual, with which he approached the painful parts of the subject; and, lastly, the entire satisfaction which Dugald Stewart, Mr. Syme, Lord Woodhouselee, and Gilbert Burns, the brother, expressed at the time with the execution. It is rather late, after Dr. Currie is in his grave, and when living evidence is perishing, to raise a cry of exaggeration and misrepresentation against his view of the indiscretions of his favourite minstrel; and to expect that, in the teeth of such testimony, any counter impression can be made upon a reasonable mind. Dr. Currie had too much pride in tracing "the life and progress of this daring peasant," to lift the veil from poor Burns's infirmities, except with reluctance and in sorrow. "This part of the subject," he observes, before he began his labours, "must be touched with great tenderness; but it must be touched. If his friends do not touch it, his enemies will. To speak my mind to you freely, it appears to me that his misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors." After publication, Dr. Currie was anxious about nothing so much as about the prudence and propriety of this part of his delineation. His question is—"Have I touched the bard with a rough or a lenient hand?" and his own suspicion evidently leaned to the apprehension, that, in case he had exposed himself to either imputation, it was to the last. "If I have softened somewhat the deep shade of his errors, you will not find, I trust, that I have compromised the interests of virtue." Surely society is entitled, on occasions like the life of Burns and Byron—if to any thing—to the truth; and to that most solemn of all warnings which the errors of genius convey.

Dr. Currie was perhaps less exclusively national than some of his countrymen have the credit or discredit of being. Yet he had strong upon him those early domestic associations, out of which the love of country most naturally springs. A passion for scenery—the gratification from the arts and from the most favoured intellectual or social intercourse—the traditional pride of great historical recollections—or even the glowing sense of political pre-eminence and rights, do not leave behind so permanent an impression. Whether the cause is in the cloth or in the dye, Scotch family impressions have the merit of standing the wear and tear of life better than those of almost any other country, and of seldom wearing out but with the web into which they are engrained. Wilkie's paintings could scarcely furnish him with more powerful an invitation sent across the water, than the following sketches.

"You are now a native land. Tw
portion of life; and . . .

from Britain, and suffering the scorching beams and the numbing colds of the atmosphere of Virginia. Do not you think you should relish a sight of your old friends, and of the scenes of your infancy? About eighteen months ago I visited your father and mother; both, as our phrase is, rather frail, but preserving nearly the same appearance, and displaying the same kind hospitality as formerly. I was entertained in the far room where we used to sleep, and sat on the very same bed that held us together six-and-twenty years ago. The ideas were recalled to my mind as fresh as if they had happened yesterday; and I could not but suppose I saw you lying under the clothes with your head bare, and a Jew's harp in your mouth, playing your favourite air. I joked with your mother about your old tricks, and drank drams with your father till we fell a-kissing each other, and we could have both cried heartily. I looked into Mean Water to see if there were any minnows, and there they lay under the banks just as when we left them."

The second was a cordial for that dear old maiden aunt, to whom his youth had owed so much; and the obligations to whom it was such a pleasure to feel and to acknowledge.

"I do not know any one that flatters me more agreeably than my good and kind aunt. I can declare to her, with great truth, that I am very sensible to her praise, and much gratified by an expression of her approbation. We are now very old acquaintances. We have seen many changes, and participated in many sorrows, and I hope the mutual sympathy and affection between us will continue while we are sensible of pleasure or sorrow. * * * * * My obligations to you are now nearly of thirty-four years' standing; and though they are not all fresh on my memory, yet many of them are; and instances of your kindness mingle themselves with the earliest impressions that remain on my mind. I can remember that you gave me a halfpenny to put in the first breeches' pocket I ever had. I can remember too, that once, when we were walking from Gretaey together, and a shower of rain came on, you took off your own scarlet cardinal, and put it round me, leaving yourself exposed. Truth to say, I neither understood the kindness, nor received it as I ought. We had to come past Kirkpatrick school, and the boys were playing on the green, never minding the rain; and as we came by, they a' cried out, "Ae! look at the little manny i' the red cardinal!" Oh! I was sadly mortified, and hard I struggled to get clear of the incumbrance; but, as I could not do this, I jumped into the burn as we crossed it, out of mere spite. It was many years before I saw this business in a proper light. Well, I hope, you will not deny any of this. If you do, I will send you twenty times more of the same kind."

It was impossible, with such recollections of the heart as well as others of the head, (how

comes it that there is no such English word as *souvenirs*?) that he should not love the country of his youthful home. It seems, however, because, in his rational attachment, he did not love its faults, more indiscriminate idolaters were disposed to question the acceptableness of his worship. If Dr. Currie's life had been prolonged, and he could revisit the Scotland of the present day, he would find that its national character has undergone in this respect a considerable change and marked improvement. It would be no longer necessary to qualify his praise by criticisms on its servile indifference in the cause of constitutional freedom, or its barbarous indifference to war, whether right or wrong. There can be no doubt but that under an improved form of representation, its political character will equally improve.

"For my part, I assure you, I love Scotland dearly:—I like her green vales, her clear streams, her bleak mountains; as I travel north, I always watch the moment, and mark the spot (a little beyond Penrith,) where Burnswark rises above the English horizon, and presenting itself the first object in Scotland, recalls at the same time the idea of my native country, and of the scenes of my early life. Considering that I have lived but little in Scotland, and that I left it early, there is no man retains more of the partialities of a Scotchman than I do. Men, whose connexions in infancy deserve and possessed a large portion of their affection, always, I observe, love their country. But though I love my country and my countrymen, when I examine their claims to esteem' rationally, I am obliged to abate for the moment some part of my regard. Whatever trouble an ambitious and unprincipled statesman has with Englishmen, with Scotland he has little or no difficulty. You are always ready to give your confidence to the minister for the time being. You supported to a man the mad American war, and even now, (1794,) I am told, in spite of bloody experience, you are to a man supporters of this war, unexampled in the annals of Britain for expense, disgrace, and carnage."

We must conclude, and leave with the reader the agreeable task of looking through the correspondence for the evidence of those virtues and affections which made Dr. Currie as delightful in his family as he was admired and respected out of it. Such a person well deserved a place in the biographical annals of his country. He was as remarkable, as virtuous and as useful a man as we ever knew of in a private station. He loved truth intensely. It may be said of him as was said of Priestley—he followed truth, as a man who hawks follows his sport—at full speed, strait forward, looking only upward, and regardless into what difficulties the chase may lead him. He loved literature for its own sake, and for its influence on the civilization and happiness of mankind. In its vineyard he laboured anxiously and successfully; desirous of extending its sphere, and of bringing it into closer contact

with the hearts and bosoms of men. His fellow-creatures he loved with that true humanity, which begins indeed at home, but the circle of which is not lost in spreading; though it stops not until it has the whole world inclosed in it as kin. In their cause all labours and all sacrifices were light. We have chiefly dwelt on the moral courage which, though his profession would have made neutrality in the eyes of most a duty and a merit, he uniformly volunteered in behalf of humanity and truth. The occasions were in themselves important; but the value of such examples is not occasional;—it is beyond all price, and is lasting as mankind. It has been a painful pre-eminence at times, to live a century too soon, even in science;—to discover and maintain unpopular truths, whether about chemistry or the stars. But to be beforehand with your age in political knowledge and intrepidity, implies always a far greater risk, and is, in this light, therefore, a far greater honour; and shame be to the generations that come after, if in times when liberality of sentiment has ceased to be a transportable offence, they cherish not the memory of men, the fruits of whose perils and of whose virtues they enjoy!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON,

By the Countess of Blessington.

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

* * Our readers will recollect those letters in the second volume of Moore's Byron, addressed to Lady B—, which confer such additional value on that work. The whole of the journal, in which those letters, given by Lady B— to Mr. Moore, were entered, (and which journal was never shown to Mr. Moore, nor indeed till now confided to any one,) is in our hands, and will appear from time to time, in the New Monthly, till concluded. It is full of the most varied interest, and we believe that it will be found to convey at least as natural and unexaggerated an account of Lord Byron's character as has yet been presented to the public. For the opinions on men and things professed by Lord Byron, neither ourselves nor the narrator can, of course, be answerable. His character and his mind ought to be public property, and every sound judgment must allow that we have no right to follow our inclination alone in the omission of passages that may hurt the vanity of individuals. Papers of this sort are a trust not for individuals—but for the public—if there is complaisance on the one hand, there is justice on the other: if it be desirable that Byron's real opinions should be known, we are not to stifle them because they are severe, or because they are erroneous. As about no man was there more juggling mystification, so about no man ought there to be a plainer truth-telling. To clip—to garble—to conceal his sentiments upon others—unless with almost religious caution—is in reality to disguise his character—and again to delude the world.

Genoa, April 1st, 1823.—Saw Lord Byron for the first time. The impression of the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, high-

ly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped, but, from being a little *too thick*, it looks better in profile than in front-face: his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full, and finely cut. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. This particularly struck me. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person—and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally: he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character, as I observed that when any observation elicited a smile—and they were many, as the conversation was gay and playful—it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilette, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large—and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready-made, so ill do they fit him. There is a *gaucherie* in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him; for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking, has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable, that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my preconceived notions of them as is his appearance. I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world: but nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterise a man of birth and education.

Albaro, the village in which the Casa Saluzzo, where he lives, is situated, is about a mile and a

Half distant from Genoa; it is a fine old chateau, commanding an extensive view, and with spacious apartments, the front looking into a courtyard, and the back into the garden. The room in which Lord Byron received us was large, and plainly furnished. A small portrait of his daughter Ada, with an engraved portrait of himself, taken from one of his works, struck my eye. Observing that I remarked that of his daughter, he took it down, and seemed much gratified when I discovered the strong resemblance it bore to him. Whilst holding it in his hand, he said, "I am told she is clever—I hope not; and, above all, I hope she is not poetical; the price paid for such advantages, if advantages they be, is such as to make me pray that my child may escape them."

The conversation during our first interview was chiefly about our mutual English friends, some of whom he spoke of with kind interest. T. Moore, D. Kinnaird, and Mr. E. Ellice were among those whom he most distinguished. He expressed himself greatly annoyed by the number of travelling English who pestered him with visits, the greater part of whom he had never known, or was but slightly acquainted with, which obliged him to refuse receiving any but those he particularly wished to see: "But," added he, smiling, "they avenge themselves by attacking me in every sort of way, and there is no story too improbable for the craving appetites of our slander-loving countrymen."

Before taking leave, he proposed paying us a visit next day; and he handed me into the carriage with many flattering expressions of the pleasure our visit had procured him.

April 2nd.—We had scarcely finished our *déjeuné à la fourchette* this day when Lord Byron was announced: he sent up two printed cards, in an envelope addressed to us, and soon followed them. He appeared still more gay and cheerful than the day before—made various inquiries about all our mutual friends in England—spoke of them with affectionate interest, mixed with a badinage in which none of their little defects were spared; indeed candour obliged me to own that their defects seemed to have made deeper impressions on his mind than their good qualities (though he allowed all the latter) by the *gusto* with which he entered into them.

He talked of our mutual friend Moore, and of his "Lalla Rookh," which, he said, though very beautiful, had disappointed him—adding, that Moore would go down to posterity by his Melodies, which were all perfect. He said that he had never been so much *affected* as on hearing Moore sing some of them, particularly "When first I met Thee," which, he said, made him shed tears: "But," added he, with a look of archness, "it was after I had drunk a certain portion of very potent white brandy." As he laid a peculiar stress on the word *affected*, I smiled, and the sequel of the white brandy made me smile again: he asked me the cause, and I answered that his observation reminded me of the story of a lady

offering her condolence to a poor Irishwoman on the death of her child, who stated that she had never been more affected than on the event; the poor woman, knowing the hollowness of the compliment, answered with all the quickness of her country, "Sure, then, Ma'am, that is saying a great deal, for you were always affected." Lord Byron laughed, and said my *apropos* was very wicked—but I maintained it was very just. He spoke much more warmly of Moore's social attractions as a companion, which he said were unrivalled, than of his merits as a poet.

He offered to be our *cicerone* in pointing out all the pretty drives and rides about Genoa; recommended riding as the only means of seeing the country, many of the fine points of view being inaccessible, except on horseback; and he praised Genoa on account of the rare advantage it possessed of having so few English, either as inhabitants or birds of passage.

I was this day again struck by the flippancy of his manner of talking of persons for whom I know he expresses, nay, for whom I believe he feels a regard. Something of this must have shown itself in my manner, for he laughingly observed that he was afraid he should lose my good opinion by his frankness; but when the fit was on him he could not help saying what he thought, though he often repented it when too late.

He talked of Mr. ———, from whom he had received a visit the day before, praised his looks, and the insinuating gentleness of his manners, which, he observed, lent a peculiar charm to the little tales he repeated: he said that he had given him more London scandal than he had heard since he left England; observed that he had quite talent enough to render his malice very *piquant* and amusing, and that his imitations were admirable. "How can his mother do without him?" said Byron; "with his *espiglerie* and malice, he must be an invaluable confidant; and Venus without Cupid could not be more *délainée* than *Milady* ——— without this her legitimate son."

He said that he had formerly felt very partial to Mr. ———; his face was so handsome, and his countenance so ingenuous, that it was impossible not to be prepossessed in his favour; added to which, one hoped that the son of such a father could never entirely degenerate: he has, however, degenerated sadly, but as he is yet young, he may improve; though, to see a person of his age and *sex* so devoted to gossip and scandal, is rather discouraging to those who are interested in his welfare.

He talked of Lord ———; praised his urbanity, his talents, and acquirements; but, above all, his sweetness of temper and good-nature. "Indeed I do love Lord ———," said Byron, "though the pity I feel for his domestic thralldom has something in it akin to contempt. Poor dear man! he is sadly bullied by *Milady*; and, what is worst of all, half her tyranny is used on the plea of kindness and taking care of hi-

health. Hang such kindness! say I. She is certainly the most imperious, dictatorial person I know—is always *en Reine*; which, by the by, in her peculiar position, shows tact, for she suspects that were she to quit the throne she might be driven to the anti-chamber; however, with all her faults, she is not vindictive—as a proof, she never extended her favour to me until after the little episode respecting her in “English Bards;” nay more, I suspect I owe her friendship to it. Rogers persuaded me to suppress the passage in the other editions. After all, Lady ——— has one merit, and a great one in my eyes, which is, that in this age of cant and humbug, and in a country—I mean our own dear England—where the cant of Virtue is the order of the day, she has contrived, without any great semblance of it, merely by force of—shall I call it impudence or courage?—not only to get herself into society, but absolutely to give the law to her own circle. She passes, also, for being clever; this, perhaps owing to my dulness, I never discovered, except that she has a way, *en Reine*, of asking questions that show some reading. The first dispute I ever had with Lady Byron was caused by my urging her to visit Lady ———; and, what is odd enough,” laughing with bitterness, “our first and last difference was caused by two very worthless women.”

Observing that we appeared surprised at the extraordinary frankness, to call it by no harsher name, with which he talked of his *ci-devant* friends, he added:—“Don’t think the worse of me for what I have said: the truth is, I have witnessed such gross egotism and want of feeling in Lady ———, that I cannot resist speaking my sentiments of her.”—I observed:—“But are you not afraid she will hear what you say of her?”—He answered:—“Were she to hear it, she would act the *amiable*, as she always does to those who attack her; while to those who are attentive, and court her, she is insolent beyond bearing.”

Having sat with us above two hours, and expressed his wishes that we might prolong our stay at Genoa, he promised to dine with us the following Thursday, and took his leave, laughingly apologizing for the length of his visit, adding, that he was such a recluse, and had lived so long out of the world, that he had quite forgotten the usages of it.

He on all occasions professes a detestation of what he calls *cant*; says it will banish from England all that is pure and good; and that while people are looking after the shadow, they lose the substance of goodness; he says, that the best mode left for conquering it, is to expose it to *ridicule*, the only *weapon*, added he, that the English climate cannot rust. He appears to know every thing that is going on in England; takes a great interest in the London gossip; and while professing to read no new publications, betrays, in various ways, a perfect knowledge of every new work.

In all his conversations relative to Lady By-

ron, and they are frequent, he declares that he is totally unconscious of the cause of her leaving him, but suspects that the ill-natured interposition of Mrs. Charlemont led to it. It is a strange business! He declares that he left no means untried to effect a reconciliation, and always adds with bitterness, “A day will arrive when I shall be avenged. I feel that I shall not live long, and when the grave has closed over me, what must she feel?” All who wish well to Lady Byron must desire that she should not survive her husband, for the all-atoning grave that gives oblivion to the errors of the dead, clothes those of the living in such sombre colours to their own too late awakened feelings, as to render them wretched for life, and more than avenges the real, or imagined wrongs of those we have lost for ever.

When Lord Byron was praising the mental and personal qualifications of Lady Byron, I asked him how all that he now said agreed with certain sarcasms supposed to bear a reference to her, in his works. He smiled, shook his head, and said they were meant to spite and vex her, when he was wounded and irritated at her refusing to receive or answer his letters; that he was not sincere in his implied censures, and that he was sorry he had written them; but notwithstanding this regret, and all his good resolutions to avoid similar sins, he might on renewed provocation recur to the same vengeance, though he allowed it was petty and unworthy of him. Lord Byron speaks of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, constantly, and always with strong expressions of affection; he says she is the most faultless person he ever knew, and that she was his only source of consolation in his troubles on the separation.

Byron is a great talker, his flippancy ceases in a *tete-a-tete*, and he becomes sententious, abandoning himself to the subject and seeming to think aloud, though his language has the appearance of stiffness, and is quite opposed to the trifling chit-chat that he enters into when in general society. I attribute this to his having lived so much alone, as also to the desire he now professes of applying himself to prose writing. He affects a sort of Johnsonian tone, likes very much to be listened to, and seems to observe the effect he produces on his hearer. In mixed society his ambition is to appear the man of fashion, he adopts a light tone of badinage and persiflage that does not sit gracefully on him, but is always anxious to turn the subject to his own personal affairs, or feelings, which are either lamented with an air of melancholy, or dwelt on with playful ridicule, according to the humour he happens to be in.

A friend of ours, Colonel M——, having arrived at Genoa, spent much of his time with us. Lord Byron soon discovered this, and became shy, embarrassed in his manner, and out of humour. The first time I had an opportunity of speaking to him without witnesses was on the road to Nervi, on horseback, when he asked me, if I had not observed a great change in him. I allowed that I had, and asked him the cause;

and he told me, that knowing Colonel M—— to be a friend of Lady Byron's, and believing him to be an enemy of his, he expected that he would endeavour to influence us against him, and finally succeed in depriving him of our friendship; and that this was the cause of his altered manner. I endeavoured, and at length succeeded, to convince him that Colonel M—— was too good and honourable a man to do any thing spiteful or ill-natured, and that he never spoke ill of him: which seemed to gratify him. He told me that Colonel M——'s sister was the intimate and confidential friend of Lady Byron, and that through this channel I might be of great use to him, if I would use my influence with Colonel M——, to make his sister write to Lady Byron for a copy of her portrait, which he had long been most anxious to possess. Colonel M——, after much entreaty consented to write to his sister on the subject, but on the express condition that Lord Byron should specify on paper his exact wishes; and I wrote to Lord Byron to this effect, to which letter I received the following answer. I ought to add, that in conversation I told Lord Byron, that it was reported that Lady Byron was in delicate health, and also that it was said she was apprehensive that he intended to claim his daughter, or to interfere in her education: he refers to this in the letter which I copy.*

Talking of literary women, Lord Byron said that Madame de Staël was certainly the cleverest, though not the most agreeable woman he had ever known. "She declaimed to you instead of conversing with you," said he, "never pausing except to take breath; and if during that interval a rejoinder was put in, it was evident that she did not attend to it, as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not been interrupted." This observation from Byron was amusing enough, as we had all made nearly the same observation on him, with the exception that he listened to, and noticed, any answer made to his reflections. "Madame de Staël," continued Byron, "was very eloquent when her imagination warmed, (and a very little excited it;) her powers of imagination were much stronger than her reasoning ones, perhaps owing to their being much more frequently exercised; her language was recondite, but redundant, and though always flowery, and often brilliant, there was an obscurity that left the impression that she did not perfectly understand what she endeavoured to render intelligible to others. She was always losing herself in philosophical disquisition, and once she got entangled in the mazes of the labyrinth of metaphysics; she had no clue by which she could guide her path—the imagination that led her into difficulties, could not get her out of them; the want of a mathematical education, which might have served as a ballast to steady and help her into the port of reason, was always

visible, and though she had great tact in concealing her defeat, and covering a retreat, a tolerable logician must have always discovered the scrapes she got into. Poor dear Madame de Staël, I shall never forget seeing her one day, at table with a large party, when the busk (I believe you ladies call it) of her corset forced its way through the top of the corset, and would not descend though pushed by all the force of both hands of the wearer, who became crimson from the operation. After fruitless efforts, she turned in despair to the valet de chambre behind her chair, and requested him to draw it out, which could only be done by his passing his hand from behind over her shoulder, and across her chest, when, with a desperate effort, he unsheathed the busk. Had you seen the faces of some of the English ladies of the party, you would have been like me, almost convulsed; while Madame remained perfectly unconscious that she had committed any solecism on *la décence Anglaise*. Poor Madame de Staël verified the truth of the lines—

' Qui de son sexe n'a pas l'esprit,
De son sexe a tout le malheur.'

She *thought* like a man, but alas! she *felt* like a woman; as witness the episode in her life with Monsieur Rocca, which she dared not avow, (I mean her marriage with him,) because she was more jealous of her reputation as a writer than a woman, and the faiblesse de cœur, this alliance proved that she had not the courage to *affiche*. A friend of hers, and a compatriot into the bargain, whom she believed to be one of the most adoring of her worshippers, gave me the following epigrams:—

SUR LA GROSSESSE DE MADAME DE STAËL.

' Quel esprit! quel talent! quel sublime génie!
En elle tout aspire à l'immortalité;
Et jusqu'à son hydropisie,
Rien n'est perdu pour la postérité.'

PORTRAIT DE MADAME DE STAËL.

' Armande a pour esprit des momens de délire,
Armande a pour vertu le mépris des appas:
Elle craint la railleur que sans cesse elle inspire,
Elle évite l'amant que ne la cherche pas:
Puisqu'elle n'a point l'art de cacher son visage,
Et qu'elle a la fureur de montrer son esprit,
Il faut la défier de cesser d'être sage
Et d'entendre ce qu'elle dit.'

"The giving the epigrams to me, a brother of the craft of authors, was worthy of a friend, and was another proof, if proof were wanting, of these advantages:—

' No epigram such pointed satire lends
As does the mem'ry of our faithful friend'

I have an exalted opinion of friendship, see. You look incredulous, but our will not fail.

* Here follow the letters in Moore's Journal, p. 644—6.

give me credit for being sincere in this opinion, but one day arrive at the same conclusion yourself. 'Shake not thy jolly locks at me;' ten years hence, if we both live so long, you will allow that I am right, though you now think me a cynic for saying all this. Madame de Staël," continued Byron, "had peculiar satisfaction in impressing on her auditors the severity of the persecution she underwent from Napoleon: a certain mode of enraging her, was to appear to doubt the extent to which she wished it to be believed this had been pushed, as she looked on the persecution as a triumphant proof of her literary and political importance, which she more than insinuated Napoleon feared might subvert his Government. This was a weakness, but a common one. One half of the clever people of the world believe they are hated and persecuted, and the other half imagine they are admired and beloved. Both are wrong, and both false conclusions are produced by vanity, though that vanity is the strongest which believes in the hatred and persecution, as it implies a belief of extraordinary superiority to account for it."

I could not suppress the smile that Byron's reflections excited, and, with his usual quickness, he instantly felt the application I had made of them to himself, for he blushed, and half angry, and half laughing, said:—"Oh! I see what you are smiling at; you think that I have described my own case, and proved myself guilty of vanity." I allowed that I thought so, as he had a thousand times repeated to me, that he was feared and detested in England, which I never would admit. He tried various arguments to prove to me that it was not vanity, but a knowledge of the fact, that made him believe himself detested: but I, continuing to smile, and look incredulous, he got really displeased, and said:—"You have such a provoking memory, that you compare notes of all one's different opinions, so that one is sure to get into a scrape." Byron observed, that he once told Madame de Staël, that he considered her "Delphine" and "Corinne" as very dangerous productions to be put into the hands of young women. I asked him how she received this piece of candour, and he answered:—"Oh! just as all such candid avowals are received—she never forgave me for it. She endeavoured to prove to me, that, *au contraire*, the tendencies of both her novels were supremely moral. I begged that we might not enter on "Delphine," as that was *hors de question*, (she was furious at this,) but that all the moral world thought, that her representing all the virtuous characters in "Corinne" as being dull, common-place, and tedious, was a most insidious blow aimed at virtue, and calculated to throw it into the shade. She was so excited and impatient to attempt a refutation, that it was only by my volubility I could keep her silent. She interrupted me every moment by gesticulating, exclaiming:—"Quel idée! Mon Dieu!" "Ecoutez, donc!" "Vous m'impatientez-y."—but I continued saying how dangerous it was to inculcate the belief that genius, ta-

lent, acquirements, and accomplishments, such as "Corinne" was represented to possess, could not preserve a woman from becoming a victim to an unrequited passion, and that reason, absence, and female pride were unavailing.

"I told her that "Corinne" would be considered, if not cited, as an excuse for violent passions by all young ladies with imagination exalted, and that she had much to answer for. Had you seen her! I now wonder how I had courage to go on; but I was in one of my humours, and had heard of her commenting on me one day, so I determined to pay her off. She told me that I, above all people, was the last person that ought to talk of morals, as nobody had done more to deteriorate them. I looked innocent, and added, I was willing to plead guilty of having sometimes represented Vice under alluring forms; but so it was generally in the world, therefore it was necessary to paint it so; but that I never represented virtue under the sombre and disgusting shapes of dullness, severity, and ennui, and that I always took care to represent the votaries of vice as unhappy themselves, and entailing unhappiness on those that loved them; so that my moral was unexceptionable. She was perfectly outrageous, and the more so, as I appeared calm and in earnest, though I assure you it required an effort, as I was ready to laugh outright at the idea that I, who was at that period considered the most *mauvais sujet* of the day, should give Madame de Staël a lecture on morals; and I knew that this added to her rage. I also knew she never dared avow that I had taken such a liberty. She was, notwithstanding her little defects, a fine creature, with great talents, and many noble qualities, and had a simplicity quite extraordinary, which led her to believe every thing people told her, and consequently to be continually hoaxed, of which I saw such proofs in London. Madame de Staël it was 'who first lent me "Adolphe," which you like so much: it is very clever, and very affecting. A friend of hers told me, that she was supposed to be the heroine, and I, with my *aimable franchise*, insinuated as much to her, which rendered her furious. She proved to me how impossible it was that it could be so, which I already knew, and complained of the malice of the world for supposing it possible."

Byron has remarkable penetration in discovering the characters of those around him, and he piques himself extremely on it: he also thinks he has fathomed the recesses of his own mind; but he is mistaken: with much that is little (which he suspects) in his character, there is much that is great, that he does not give himself credit for: his first impulses are always good, but his temper, which is impatient, prevents his acting on the cool dictates of reason; and it appears to me, that in judging himself, Byron mistakes temper for character, and takes the ebullitions of the first, for indications of the nature of the second. He declares, that in addition to his other failings, pride is now esta-

blished. This new vice, like all the others he attributes to himself, he talks of as one would name those of an acquaintance, in a sort of deprecating, yet half mocking tone; as much as to say, you see I know all my faults better than you do, though I don't choose to correct them: indeed, it has often occurred to me, that he brings forward his defects as if in anticipation of some one else exposing them, which he would not like; as, though he affects the contrary, he is jealous of being found fault with, and shows it in a thousand ways.

He affects to dislike hearing his works praised or referred to; I say affects, because I am sure it is not real or natural; as he who loves praise, as Byron evidently does, in other things, cannot dislike it for that in which he must be conscious it is deserved. He refers to his feats in horsemanship, shooting at a mark, and swimming, in a way that proves he likes to be complimented on them; and nothing appears to give him more satisfaction than being considered a man of fashion, who had great success in fashionable society in London, when he resided there. He is peculiarly compassionate to the poor; I remarked that he rarely, in our rides, passed a mendicant without giving him charity, which was invariably bestowed with gentleness and kindness; this was still more observable if the person was deformed, as if he sympathized with the object.

Byron is very fond of gossiping, and of hearing what is going on in the London fashionable world; his friends keep him *au courant*, and any little scandal amuses him very much. I observed this to him one day, and added, that I thought his mind had been too great to descend to such trifles! he laughed, and said with mock gravity, "Don't you know that the trunk of an elephant that can lift the most ponderous weights, disdains not to take up the most minute? This is the case with my *great* mind, (laughing anew,) and you must allow the smile is worthy the subject. Jesting apart, I do like a little scandal—I believe all English people do. An Italian lady, Madame Benzoni, talking to me on the prevalence of this taste among my compatriots, observed, that when she first knew the English, she thought them the most spiteful and ill-natured people in the world, from hearing them constantly repeating evil of each other; but having seen various amiable traits in their characters, she had arrived at the conclusion, that they were not naturally *mechant*; but that living in a country like England, where severity of morals punishes so heavily any dereliction from propriety, each individual, to prove personal correctness, was compelled to attack the *sins* of his or her acquaintance, as it furnished an opportunity of expressing their abhorrence by words, instead of proving it by actions, which might cause some self-denial to themselves. This," said Byron, "was an ingenious, as well as charitable supposition; and we must all allow that it is infinitely more easy to decry and expose the sins of others, than to correct our own; and many

find the first so agreeable an occupation, that it precludes the second—this, at least, is my case."

"The Italians do not understand the English," said Byron; "indeed, how can they? for they (the Italians) are frank, simple, and open in their natures, following the bent of their inclinations, which they do not believe to be wicked; while the English, to conceal the indulgence of theirs, daily practise hypocrisy, falsehood, and uncharitableness; so that to *one* error is added many crimes." Byron had now got on a favourite subject, and went on decrying hypocrisy and cant, mingling sarcasms and bitter observations on the false delicacy of the English. It is strange, but true as strange, that he could not, or at least did not, distinguish the distinction between cause and effect, in this case. The respect for virtue will always cause spurious imitations of it to be given; and what he calls hypocrisy, is but the respect to public opinion that induces people, who have not courage to correct their errors, at least to endeavour to conceal them; and Cant is the homage that Vice pays to Virtue.* We do not value the diamond less, because there are so many worthless imitations of it, and Goodness loses nothing of her intrinsic value because so many wish to be thought to possess it. That nation may be considered to possess the most virtue, where it is the most highly appreciated; and that the least, where it is so little understood, that the semblance is not even assumed.

About this period the Duke of Leeds and family arrived at Genoa, and passed a day or two there, at the same hotel where we were residing. Shortly after their departure Byron came to dine with us, and expressed his mortification at the Duke's not having called on him, were it only out of respect to Mrs. Leigh, who was the half-sister of both. This seemed to annoy him so much, that I endeavoured to point out the inutility of ceremony between people who could have no two ideas in common, and observed, that the *gêne* of finding oneself with people of totally different habits and feelings, was ill repaid by the respect their civility indicated. Byron is a person to be excessively bored by the constraint that any change of systems would occasion, even for a day; but yet his *amour propre* is wounded by any marks of incivility or want of respect he meets with. Poor Byron! he is still far from arriving at the philosophy that he aims at and thinks he has acquired, when the absence or presence of a person who is indifferent to him, whatever his station in life may be, can occupy his thoughts for a moment.

I have observed in Byron a habit of attaching importance to trifles, and, *vice versa*, turning serious events into ridicule; he is extremely superstitious, and seems offended with those who cannot, or will not, partake this weakness. He has frequently touched on this subject, and tauntingly observed to me that I must believe myself wise!

* Rochefoucault.

than him, because I was not superstitious. I answered, that the vividness of his imagination, which was proved by his works, furnished a sufficient excuse for his superstition, which was caused by an over-excitement of that faculty; but that I, not being blessed by the *camera lucida* of imagination, could have no excuse for the *camera obscura*, which I looked on superstition to be. This did not, however, content him, and I am sure he left me with a lower opinion of my faculties than before. To depreciate his anger, I observed that nature was so wise and good that she gave compensations to all her offspring: that as to him she had given the brightest gift, genius; so to those whom she had not so distinguished, she gave the less brilliant, but perhaps as useful, gift of plain and unsophisticated reason. This did not satisfy his *amour propre*, and he left me, evidently displeased at my want of superstition. Byron is, I believe, sincere in his belief in supernatural appearances; he assumes a grave and mysterious air when he talks on the subject, which he is fond of doing, and has told me some extraordinary stories relative to Mr. Shelley, who, he assures me, had an implicit belief in ghosts. He also told me that Mr. Shelley's spectre had appeared to a lady, walking in a garden, and he seemed to lay great stress on this. Though some of the wisest of mankind, as witness Johnson, shared this weakness in common with Byron! still there is something so unusual in our matter-of-fact days in giving way to it, that I was at first doubtful that Byron was serious in his belief. He is also superstitious about days, and other trifling things,—believes in lucky and unlucky days—dislikes undertaking any thing on a Friday, helping or being helped to salt at table, spilling salt or oil, letting bread fall, and breaking mirrors; in short, he gives way to a thousand fantastical notions, that prove that even *l'esprit le plus fort* has its weak side. Having declined riding with Byron one day, on the plea of going to visit some of the Genoese palaces and pictures, it furnished him with a subject of attack at our next interview; he declared that he never believed people serious in their admiration of pictures, statues, &c. and that those who expressed the most admiration were "*Amatori senza Amore, and Conoscitori senza Cognizione.*" I replied, that as I had never talked to him of pictures, I hoped he would give me credit for being sincere in my admiration of them: but he was in no humour to give one credit for anything on this occasion, as he felt that our giving a preference to seeing sights when we might have passed the hours with him, was not flattering to his vanity. I should say that Byron was not either skilled in, or an admirer of works of art; he confessed to me that very few had excited his attention, and that to admire these he had been forced to draw on his imagination. Of objects of taste or virtù he was equally regardless, and antiquities had no interest for him; nay, he carried this so far, that he disbelieved the possibility of their

exciting interest in any one, and said that they merely served as excuses for indulging the vanity and ostentation of those who had no other means of exciting attention. Music he liked, though he was no judge of it: he often dwelt on the power of association it possessed, and declared that the notes of a well-known air could transport him to distant scenes and events, presenting objects before him with a vividness that quite banished the present. Perfumes, he said, produced the same effect, though less forcibly, and, added he with his mocking smile, often make me quite sentimental.

Byron is of a very suspicious nature; he dreads imposition on all points, declares that he foregoes many things, from the fear of being cheated in the purchase, and is afraid to give way to the natural impulses of his character, lest he should be duped or mocked. This does not interfere with his charities, which are frequent and liberal; but he has got into a habit of calculating even his most trifling personal expenses, that is often ludicrous, and would in England expose him to ridicule. He indulges in a self-complacency when talking of his own defects, that is amusing; and he is rather fond than reluctant of bringing them into observation. He says that money is wisdom, knowledge, and power all combined, and that this conviction is the only one he has in common with all his countrymen. He dwells with great asperity on an acquaintance to whom he lent some money, and who has not repaid him.

Byron seems to take a peculiar pleasure in ridiculing sentiment and romantic feelings; and yet the day after will betray both to an extent that appears impossible to be sincere, to those who had heard his previous sarcasms: that he is sincere, is evident, as his eyes fill with tears, his voice becomes tremulous, and his whole manner evinces that he feels what he says. All this appears so inconsistent that it destroys sympathy, or if it does not quite do that, it makes one angry with oneself for giving way to it for one who is never two days of the same way of thinking, or at least expressing himself. He talks for effect, likes to excite astonishment, and certainly destroys in the minds of his auditors all confidence in his stability of character. This must, I am certain, be felt by all who have lived much in his society; and the impression is not satisfactory!

Talking one day of his domestic misfortunes, as he always called his separation from Lady Byron, he dwelt in a sort of unmanly strain of lamentation on it, that all present felt to be unworthy of him; and as the evening before I had heard this habitude of his commented on by persons indifferent about his feelings, who even ridiculed his making it a topic of conversation with mere acquaintances, I wrote a few lines in verse, expressive of my sentiments, and handed it across the table round which we were seated, as he was sitting for his portrait. He read them, became red and pale by turns, with anger, and threw them

down on the table, with an expression of countenance that is not to be forgotten. The following are the lines, which had nothing to offend, but they did offend him deeply, and he did not recover his temper during the rest of his stay.

And canst thou bare thy breast to vulgar eyes?
And canst thou show the wounds that rankle there?

Methought in noble hearts that sorrow lies
Too deep to suffer coarser minds to share.

The wounds inflicted by the hand we love,
(The hand that should have warded off each blow,)

Are never heal'd, as aching hearts can prove,
But sacred should the stream of sorrow flow.

If friendship's pity quell not real grief,
Can public pity soothe thy woes to sleep?
No! Byron, spurn such vain, such weak relief,
And if thy tears must fall—in secret weep.

He never appeared to so little advantage as when he talked sentiment: this did not at all strike me at first; on the contrary, it excited a powerful interest for him; but when he had vented his spleen, sarcasm, and pointed ridicule on sentiment, reducing all that is noblest in our natures to the level of common every-day life, the charm was broken, and it was impossible to sympathise with him again. He observed something of this, and seemed dissatisfied and restless when he perceived that he could no longer excite either strong sympathy or astonishment. Notwithstanding all these contradictions in this wayward, spoilt child of genius, the impression left on my mind was, that he had both sentiment and romance in his nature; but that, from the love of display and astonishing, he affected to despise and ridicule them.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE ADIEU, by Lord Byron.

Written under the impression that the author would soon die.

Adieu, thou Hill*! where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.

Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's path we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And melancholy pale.

Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine.
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime,
Where grew my youthful years;

Where Loch na Garr in 'snows sublime
His giant summit rears.

Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the north,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view;
The faltering tongue, which sung thy fall
And former glories of thy hall,
Forgets its wonted simple note—
But yet the lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes on Æolian Wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge,
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noontide heat their pliant course;
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet Mary,† all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd;
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To death the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou my Friend,§ whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal and our lot,
In that dear moment, quite forgot,
Let pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of Love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race—
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart:
On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
Consumed in glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmarked my birth,

† The river Grete, at Southwell.

‡ Mary Duff.

§ Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister.

* Harrow.

My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd
My home within a shroud,
My life in his stream.

When I rest beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven;
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To him address thy trembling prayer:
He who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within:
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

1807. [Now first published.]

From the New Monthly Magazine.

OUR COMMON MOTHER.

When art thou fairest, Nature? When her
hood
Pale Twilight dons, and o'er the quiet vale
Fares forth, to hear within the silent wood
The plaintive story of the nightingale;
And, in the dim and drowsy light of eve,
The spider loves its subtle snare to weave.

Or art thou fairest in the morning hour,
When daylight dances on the daisied lea;
And birds sing forth their matins from the
bower,
And blossom-banners float from every tree:
When sunshine sparkles from the stream, and
all
The jocund earth seems one bright festal hall?

Nay, thou art ever fair! in every mood,
Through every season and at every hour!
'Tis but the heart where sinful thoughts in-
trude,
That doubts thy beauty and rejects thy
power:
Why—why should evil mingle with our blood,
Since only they are happy who are good?

Thine is a glorious volume, Nature! each
Line, leaf, and page are filled with living
lore;
Wisdom more pure than sage could ever
teach,
And all philosophy's divinest store;
Rich lessons rise where'er thy tracks are trod,
The book of Nature is the book of God.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The lovers of adventure in strange and romantic situa-
tions, far from the busy haunts of men, are about to be
gratified by the Narrative of Captain Skinner's "Excursions
in India." The author, we understand, proceeded
from Calcutta through the Sunderbunds to Singapore, vis-
ited the once famous city of Delhi, Meerut, and other
places; and, crossing the Himalaya Mountains, arrived at
the sources of the Jumna and the Ganges. His voyage of
1200 miles up the latter river in small boats was attended
with considerable loss of life.

The "Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion."

The scene of the forthcoming novel, called "Fortune
Hunting," is said to be chiefly at Leamington, and the
work will present, we understand, a picture of the *rares*
adopted at fashionable watering-places by needy adven-
turers on the look-out for women of property.

Mr. Thomas Arnold is about to publish, under the title
of "Dramatic Stories," a series of stories of various coun-
tries, which are likely to prove unusually attractive. The
scene of the principal tale (Godwin and Goda) is laid at
that period of our history, when the Saxons were involved
in the most obstinate and bloody struggles with their
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"Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through untrodden tracts
of Khuzistan and Persia, in a Journey from India." By
J. H. Stoequeler, Esq.

"Lives of Eminent Missionaries." By J. Carne, Esq.
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The third and fourth volumes, which complete the work
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"The Life and Times of Isaac Watts, D. D." with no-
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Life, as it at present exists in Bombay and Madras, may
be very shortly expected.

"The Christian Warfare Illustrated," by the Rev. Robert
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liffe," &c.

"Memoirs of Captain Heywood," Midshipman on board
the Bounty at the time of the Mutiny.

"History of Chalemagne." By G. P. E. James, Esq.

1

2

My life a short and vulgar dream :
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd
My hopes were within a shroud,
My fears were in the stream.

When I reposed beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies and storms alone ;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven ;
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne ;
To him address thy trembling prayer :
He who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of light ! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within :
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive ;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.
1807. [Now first published.]

From the New Monthly Magazine.

OUR COMMON MOTHER.

When art thou fairest, Nature ? When her
hood
Pale Twilight dons, and o'er the quiet vale
Fares forth, to hear within the silent wood
The plaintive story of the nightingale ;
And, in the dim and drowsy light of eve,
The spider loves its subtle snare to weave.

Or art thou fairest in the morning hour,
When daylight dances on the daisied lea ;
And birds sing forth their matins from the
bower,
And blossom-banners float from every tree :
When sunshine sparkles from the stream, and
all
The jocund earth seems one bright festal hall ?

Nay, thou art ever fair ! in every mood,
Through every season and at every hour !
'Tis but the heart where sinful thoughts in-
trude,
That doubts thy beauty and rejects thy
power :
Why—why should evil mingle with our blood,
Since only they are happy who are good ?

Thine is a glorious volume, Nature ! each
Line, leaf, and page are filled with liv-
lore ;
Wisdom more pure than sage could
teach,
And all philosophy's divinely store ;
Rich lessons rise where'er thy tracks are
The book of Nature is the book of God.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The lovers of adventure in strange and romantic
tions, far from the busy haunts of men, are about
gratified by the Narrative of Captain Skinner's "E
sions in India." The author, we understand, proc
from Calcutta through the Sunderbunds to Dinspo
ited the once famous city of Delhi, Meerut, and
places ; and, crossing the Himalaya Mountains, arriv
the sources of the Jumna and the Ganges. His voya
1200 miles up the latter river in small boats was att
with considerable loss of life.

The "Private Correspondence of a Woman of Faab
The scene of the forthcoming novel, called "Fo
Hunting," is said to be chiefly at Leamington, and
work will present, we understand, a picture of the
adopted at fashionable watering-places by needy ad
turers on the look-out for women of property.

Mr. Thomas Arnold is about to publish, under the
of "Dramatic Stories," a series of stories of various c
tries, which are likely to prove unusually attractive.
scene of the principal tale (Godwin and Goda) is la
that period of our history, when the Saxons were inv
in the most obstinate and bloody struggles with
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Munroe

APPROXIMATE JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND
collected by E. H. H. H. H.



Alfred Henry

AUTHOR OF "SATAN"

Ed by F. Littell.

Why they are happy who are good?



Munster

AFTER A JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND

Published by T. Little, Philad.



MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1832.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GRIFFIN'S REMAINS.*

ALL nations, great and small, having any distinctive character of their own, may be said to hate one another, not with a deadly but a lively hatred. Love of country is inseparable from individual pride; and the dearer she is to her children, the more haughtily do they admire their mother. Slight or scorn, shown to her by any alien, is felt to be a personal insult to themselves; and she, again, regards every demonstration of such feelings towards the least of her offspring, as disrespectful or contemptuous of herself, and will vindicate her native worth by vengeance on all offenders. Thus it is that all communities, the more firmly they are bound together, are the more "jealous and quick in honour;" the *amor patriæ*, because sacred, is exclusive; and no good son of the state can be a citizen of the world.

Every people should have their own specific and peculiar character; and so they will have, if they have any government deserving the name, and any institutions. These naturally mould each other; and when hardened by time, blows, that would once have broken both, rebound from them with a cheerful din, like hammering from the anvil. The once soft clay has been indurated into adamant; and firm then the finest workmanship on the Corinthian capitals of the social structure as the plainest on its pediments.

So far, then, from deprecating national jealousies, dislikes, animosities, and hatreds, we have always been anxious to contribute the little that lay in our power to their successful cultivation. Heaven forefend that we should ever be so lost to all sense of duty as good citizens and good Christians, as to seek to smooth down and wear

away those peculiar asperities which are among the strongest safeguards of national and individual independence, and entitle communities to rejoice each in the nature as well as the name of a separate people! We leave that vain task to your slumbering cosmopolites. They foolishly tell us that it is unphilosophical to talk of nations being natural enemies; the idiots absolutely going the length of denying that the English and French are so, knowing all the while that *they* eat frogs, and *we* eat oxen. But besides that sufficient reason, there are many others subordinate, of which we need now mention but one—we are Islanders. Ships—colonies—and commerce! What countless multitudes of causes for our hating all continental nations are crowded into these three omnipotent words!

But while it is thus obviously the duty of all states to hate, it is no less their duty to love, one another; nor have they far or long to seek for good grounds on which to build up a substantial fabric of either affection. Materials, too, are lying close at hand, and every people is provided with the "genius and the mortal instruments." But before we begin to build, and while we are building—and the work is never brought to an end—we must understand ourselves and others. We must see and know things as they are; there must be no falsehood—no injustice; for if there be, we shall hate where we should love, and love where we should hate; and in our blind and wilful ignorance, we shall strengthen the hands of our natural enemies against us, and be preparing the decadence of our own greatness, or its overthrow.

All national *prejudices*, therefore, we would extirpate and fling into the sea. By prejudices we mean false judgments formed before taking means within our reach, that would have enabled us to form true; as, for example—and one such illustration is worth a thousand—with regard to the American frigates. We—not our captains—though perhaps some even of them—but our civilians—believed that ours would blow them out of the water. The said civilians had some

* Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, compiled by Francis Griffin: with a Biographical Memoir of the deceased, by the Rev. John McViekar, D.D. 2 vols. New York: 1831. *Museum*—Vol. XXI.

idea of a British frigate, of an American, more; and though they could not estimate too highly the skill and bravery of our tars—matchless both—yet they did estimate too lowly by far power that hoists “the bit of striped bunting,” and thus the nation expected—demanded impossibilities of her heroes—and was mortified, humiliated, that Dacre was sunk by Decatur.

The opinion broached in the first sentence of our article, which you thought a paradox, you perceive now is a truism. It is so especially when applied to our neighbours the Americans. We call them our neighbours, for the Atlantic, now-a-days, is not much wider than was formerly Fleet Ditch. The two countries cordially hate and love each other, according to the laws of nature. And all that we have to do is to preserve those feelings, respectively, in proper proportion; so that England and America, flourishing in amicable animosity, and inspired with reciprocal respect, command for aye the admiration of all the rest of the world.

It would not be less absurd to suppose it possible for two fine women to love each other, without any spice of jealousy, which is a gentle word for hatred, than to suppose that two ugly women, who imagine their faces to be constantly throwing unpleasant reflections on their opposing features, could lead a life of perpetual friendship. Now, England and America are two fine women—and not only so, but they are mother and daughter. England is fat, fair, and forty, fit for the arms of a King. America is in her teens, and a morsel for a President. As long as they pursue each her own path, and are proud, each of her own lord or lover, both can bear, without any painful uneasiness, the thought of each other's beauty, and smilingly blow kisses from their hands across the Atlantic. Yet 'twould be too much to expect, that when they speak of each other's charms, they should always select the most seducing; that when they touch on each other's defects, they should point to the least prominent. 'Tis not in nature.

Disencumbering ourselves of all illustrative imagery, which by trailing on the ground is apt to impede progress, what would America have England to think, feel, say, and write about her, the United States? Does she really consider herself an elegant, graceful, and polished people? All the nations of Europe and Asia, and most of the African tribes, would shake their heads like Mandarins, on the enunciation of such a bare idea. On two counts in the indictment drawn up against her, she has been found guilty by a Jury—neither packed nor special—but chosen indiscriminately from the whole world—smoking and spitting;—which though not capital crimes, are in all civilized countries punishable by transportation. They necessarily include, too, the perpetual perpetration of many lesser enormities, endurable, perhaps, but certainly inexcusable by the politer sort of people in the other three quarters of the globe.

We more than suspect, that our manners are,

on the whole, preferable to those of the Americans; though ours are in much bad enough, and must frequently offend, on their visits to our shores, our Transatlantic brethren. But it is for them, not for us, to point them out in their periodicals. The great law of manners seems to be, restraint on all exhibitions of indulgencies of small selfishness when we are in company with civilized Christians. It becomes, when obeyed habitually, so easy that it is not felt, yet so strong that it cannot be violated without a feeling as instant and decisive in its own sphere as that of conscience. In this country, its sphere is comprehensive: and manners are with us the minor morals. We do not say that it is not so in America. But we do say that the law of manners there is comparatively lax both in practice and in principle; and that it there disregards many feelings as false or valueless, of which the truth and worth can be proved; and therefore ought to be respected—by the highest reason.

Our friends, the Americans, must not be unduly incensed by these hurriedly expressed, but slowly considered remarks; for they know that many thousands of themselves have many thousand times been many thousand degrees more severe on John and Sandy than we have now been on Jonathan. They cut us up in all directions, and sometimes “do not leave us the likeness of a dog.” They seldom scruple to avow, with an easy air of self-satisfied assurance, a sense of their national superiority over all us doting denizens of the old Eastern world, with its superannuated institutions; and they must lay their account with occasionally meeting from Europeans—for there is still life in a mussel—the “retort courteous” and the “quip modest.” We have in our possession as many American libels on Britain as would make a pile of papers that could not be burned without danger of setting our chimney on fire. But we have never suffered their most abusive sarcasms to disturb our equanimity; and cheerfully confess that they contain not a little salutary truth. So far from being insensible to their virtues—physical, moral, and intellectual—we do sincerely admire—nay, cordially love the Americans. They are a brave, enterprising, energetic, intelligent, and prosperous people, and they are growing more like ourselves every generation, under the influence of philosophy and literature. Their schools and colleges are diffusing more and more widely the gentlemanly spirit which is the sure test of liberal and enlightened education; and great numbers of their ablest young men are continually carrying back to their native land, not only the accomplishments, but the knowledge and the wisdom which are the fruit of judicious foreign travel. Not a few are with us every year in Scotland; and were we to form our opinion of their countrymen in general from the young Americans with whom we have made acquaintanceship and friendship, we should think almost as highly of our brethren across the western wave as of ourselves; and that surely is praise

sufficiently high to satisfy the inhabitants of any reasonable quarter of the world.

In spite of all the spitting, smoking, and dram-drinking, that pollutes the otherwise pure atmosphere of Columbia, the Americans, compare them with whom we may, are a moral people. Many things there seem to be in their domestic economy, in their household arrangements, which might be changed for the better; nor can we approve of the principles on which seems to be regulated the society of the sexes. European gallantry, as it is called, is often of a degenerate, of a bastard kind; but, at the worst, it is better than American boorishness; and we have never yet met with any man, not a "free-born American," who admired the habitual behaviour of males, in that land of liberty, either to maids or matrons. *Chivalrous* is a word they would laugh at with a cigar in their mouth; and the queerest of all God's creatures to them must appear a knight kneeling at the feet of his mistress, and praying for glove or scarf to wear during the eclipse of her countenance. They have no romance in their character; and though they, no doubt, make love at last every whit as well as we do in *substantialibus*, their addresses are more useful than ornamental; even as lovers, they are free-born Americans, when they should be the most slavish of Yankoes; and as husbands, though affectionate and faithful, their habits are far from being domestic; Benedict is by no means confidential to his "mutual heart;" and heads hold secrets unknown to each other and undesired, when lying on the same pillow. We cannot reconcile this close system of nuptial felicity to our sense of what is either pleasant or right; and we wonder the more angrily that it should prevail in a country where the women are so beautiful, and so amiable, and so loving, and would, had they more devoted husbands, be the best wives in the whole world, with the exception of Scotland.

As for the literature of the Americans, we have always spoken more highly of it than any other European journal. Would that we knew it better; we hope to do so ere a few years elapse; and we wish some benevolent reader in Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, or any other of their beautiful cities, would send us over some of their standard works, and the productions as they appear of the best living writers. We pledge ourselves to speak of them in a brotherly spirit of love, and to do justice to genius. It delighted us so to speak, a month or two ago, of Bryant.* There are other worthies (conspicuous among them the fair Sigourney) whom we wish to see flourishing in our far-flying leaves; nor mean we to confine our regards to their poetical literature—but to extend them to their political and moral philosophy—and to their theology too, of which there must be much that will prove more to our taste, than, with all their eloquence, the

discourses of that amiable but overrated unitarian, Dr. Channing.

There is no other kind of communication more likely than this, to awaken and keep alive a generous friendship between the two great countries, who, we devoutly trust, will be not only at peace, but in love, in *secula seculorum*.

In pursuance of our design to give faithful pictures of the American mind, in fair critiques on the best American books, we turn now to the Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin. Few copies can be in Britain; and we have seen none but very short, though kind, notices of the work, in our periodicals. It is therefore, as Mr. Coleridge says, "as good as MS.;" and we cannot well fail, by little else than extract and abridgement, to make from it a good article.

The life of a domestic studious young man, says the editor of the volumes of which we are about to give some account and some specimens, terminating before its twenty-sixth anniversary, cannot possess many materials for interesting the public. At the best, it can be but an amiable and flattering picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed; and the highest aim it can propose, is the delineation of a virtuous and well spent youth. Professor M^r Vickar deems it due, therefore, in justice both to himself and his readers, to say beforehand, that such is all his Memoir professes to be; and that it must serve as his apology for dwelling at large upon many little incidents of boyhood and youth, which, in any other light, would appear trifling and irrelevant. They serve to fill up a moral picture, which he knows to be just, thinks to be interesting, and vain would hope will be found to be useful.

With such sentiments we do most sincerely sympathize; the excellent editor has performed his labour of love in a humane, philosophical, and christian spirit; and from his hands the Life and Remains of Edmund Griffin have been to us scarcely less impressive and affecting than those of Kirke White, from the hands of Mr. Southey. We cannot doubt for a moment, that thousands of British hearts will be touched with affection and esteem for the delightful character of their American brother, whom it pleased Providence to cut off in the prime of life, when, like a young fruit-tree, he was thickly covered with bright and beautiful blossoms, that would assuredly have grown into richest fruits. True, that we have here "a picture of what life promised, rather than what it performed;" yet it had performed enough for the allotted time it flourished, and has not gone to its reward in Heaven without leaving on earth memorials of its worth, that "time will not willingly let die." They may not, perhaps, "interest the public;" for the public desires strong and coarse excitement, alike here and across the Atlantic. But they will interest, and that too most deeply, the private; nor will their beneficent influence be small on numberless kindred spirits pursuing the same high studies on the same humble paths, whether

* See Museum, Vol. xx. p. 578.

destined to a longer or an equally brief, a brighter or a more obscure career.

Edmund D. Griffin, second son of George Griffin, Esq. of New York, was born at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of September, 1804. When he was about two years old, his parents removed to the city of New York. He possessed the usual vivacity and buoyancy of childhood, but with great delicacy of constitution; and with a view to strengthening his health, much of his time was passed in the country, where he continued at various schools, until the age of twelve years. It appears that he was always at the head of his class, which is surely better, notwithstanding the subsequent eminence of some distinguished boobies, than to be always at the bottom; and it was the uniform prediction of his teachers, that if his life and health were spared, he would one day be an ornament to his family and his country. In early boyhood he evinced all that deep attachment to the domestic circle which characterised him through life; and his heart overflowed with all the family affections. In his twelfth year, he was sent to the school of Mr. David Grahame, in the city of New York, that his dearest desire might not be denied him, that of being near his parents; and nine little volumes of essays still remain in his school-boy hand. The neat and orderly arrangement of these early manuscripts is, we are told by his affectionate biographer, remarkable, and displays a trait peculiarly characteristic of the author. Whatever he did was done with care, arranged with taste, and disposed in order. This distinguished alike his books, his papers, his academic exercises, and his personal appearance; in which latter particular there was always evidently a punctillious regard to neatness—a virtue, adds the Professor, if it may be so called, which seems to have inward connexion with the tendencies of a pure soul and well-ordered mind. A few sentences are quoted from these little essays, which show in their simplicity that the "child is father of the man," and that the days of Edmund Griffin "were linked each to each by natural piety." Speaking of the Bible, the boy says all the man could say. "Here we see examples of meekness, forbearance, and fortitude, unrivalled and unexampled in profane history. Here we read all the labours of the cross, and the triumphs of Christianity. Here we may learn that the maxims of Confucius are empty and vague; that the promises of Mahomet are false, and his Koran is but a lie."

In his thirteenth year, Edmund visited, with his parents, the place of his birth,

"On Susquehanna's side, sweet Wyoming."

He kept a journal of his tour; and from it we see how alive his heart was to nature. As he approached the wild and romantic scenes of his infancy he exclaims—"Oh, nature, sweetest nurse both of the sense, mind, and body, how beautiful dost thou appear! Thy wide-spreading

fields, thy shelving declivities and hills, thy awful mountains and precipices, either fill the mind with gratitude or with awe." To the traveller, as he approaches from the east, the valley of Wyoming opens suddenly and with great beauty, from the brow of an eminence, familiarly known as "Prospect Rock." Young Edmund thus describes it:—"When we had ascended the second mountain, we went a short distance from the road upon a ledge of rocks. And what was it first struck my sight? Was it a darkly frowning wilderness beneath me? Did a rushing, foaming cataract pour its streams along? No; a scene more lovely than imagination ever painted presented itself to my sight—so beautiful, so exquisitely beautiful—that even the magical verse of Campbell did not do it justice. The valley extends far and wide, beautified with cultivated fields, and interspersed with beautiful groves. The Susquehanna meanders through it, now disappearing and losing itself among the trees, now appearing again to sight, till it is at last entirely hidden among the mountains. I saw the Susquehanna roll its waves along, and scarcely knew that nearer to me flowed a slow and silent stream." Nor was the heart of the boy insensible to heroic aspirations. He was the grandson, on the mother's side, of Colonel Zebulon Butler, a distinguished revolutionary officer, who was long regarded as the patriarch of that secluded village, having commanded on the side of its defenders in the memorable, but ill-fated engagement (3d July, 1778,) which terminated in the devastation of the British, and their Indian allies, of that beautiful, and now classic valley. Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*, had said that John Butler, the commander of the Indians, was the brother of Colonel Zebulon Butler; and that hero's grandchild, in his journal, says, with much animation, "this is false. My blood boils in my veins when I hear that a stranger, a man not at all acquainted with Wyoming or its inhabitants, should presume to call so cruel a traitor as John Butler the brother of *my grandfather*, for there was not even the most distant relationship between them." This is a fine trait. "On the Sunday preceding our departure, we visited the grave of grandpapa." "The grave of this villified hero of the valley," says his sympathetic biographer, "naturally attracted the steps of his indignant grandson, and he found it embellished with the uncouth, but pious rhymes, of some poet of the wilderness—

'Distinguish'd by his usefulness
At home and when abroad,
In court, in camp, and in recess,
Protected still by God.'

On this Sunday an incident occurred, long remembered with interest by those present; and we must give it unabridged, in the Professor's own words:—

"It happened that the solitary pastor of the valley was on that day absent, on some neigh-

bouring mission. The church consequently was not opened, but the congregation assembling in the large room of the academy, *extempore* prayers (it being a presbyterian congregation) were offered up by some of the elders. After this a discourse was to be read. A volume of sermons with that view was handed to Edmund's father, either out of compliment to his standing, or as being more conversant with public speaking than any present. The father not being very well, transferred the book to his son; Edmund's modesty for a moment shrunk from it—but the slightest wish of his father was ever a permanent law with him; so he arose and addressed himself to his unexpected task, with no greater hesitation than became the occasion. The sermon selected proved to be an impressive one. The reader was less than thirteen years of age; in the language of affection, of 'angelic beauty;' and many of those present saw him now for the first time since, but a few years before, they had caressed him an infant on the knee. His talents as a reader, by nature superior, were heightened by the excitement of the occasion; and the effect upon a numerous audience, to use the language of one who heard it, was 'indescribable and overpowering.' They remembered the words of the Psalmist, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength,' and their hearts yielded to the lips of a child, an obedience which age and wisdom could not have commanded. This incident, never forgotten by the inhabitants of his native valley, was afterwards recalled to mind with deep interest, when, after eleven years, he again addressed them as an authorized preacher of the gospel; this was his only subsequent visit, and but two years before his death. An Episcopal church had in the mean time been erected in the valley, where the ordinances of religion were regularly administered, and where Edmund was listened to with affectionate admiration. The praises bestowed upon him owed, no doubt, somewhat of their fervour, to the touching recollections of his earlier visit."

With a swelling bosom Edmund bade Wyoming farewell. "Farewell, Wyoming! Perhaps, farewell for ever. Thy groves might be the recesses of departed sages; thy forests, those of the forgotten Druids of antiquity; thy cultivated fields, the product of the amusement of those who, during life, loved rural scenes and enjoyments; thy open areas, the places where the shades of youths exercised themselves in warlike sports; thy Susquehanna the bathing-places of nymphs and naiads; and thy houses, the dwellings of those who had formerly been *discreet housewives*."

The vacation of the following year was made happy, by a visit to the Falls of the Passaic. After describing a scene of great beauty, the boy says, "How divine are our sensations! We look up with gratitude to the Creator of all things, and not only *know* but *feel* that he is a Father." In wandering about the Falls he met a melancholy stranger, playing on his native bagpipes. "I thought," says he, "of the Highlands of Scotland. I saw in imagination's eye, a Wallace,

or a Bruce, leading Scotia's chiefs upon some daring enterprise. I saw the chieftains of other times, the turf-raised monument, the four gray stones that rested on the body of heroes; methought I heard the deserted, blind, and mournful Ossian lamenting for his child." Returning with the setting sun, he thus writes:—"We saw the sun setting in his beauty; the fields of grain look more lovely under his influence, and the river reflect his golden beams in its clear lucid channel; the village spire shines like gold; the tinkling of the cow-bell is heard, as the village boy is driving her from the cot; the milkmaid with her pail; the old people sitting at the door enjoying the cool air, the children sporting on the green, the farmer returning with his plough, happier than the king in his palace, &c." All these pretty descriptions show how early his fine spirit was imbued with a high, and also a homely love of Nature, in which he delighted to the last, and which in riper years was sometimes vented in language, by earnestness and enthusiasm of feeling made poetical, though it can hardly be said that he ever was a poet.

When in his fourteenth year, and properly thought by his father to be too young for College, however well fitted by attainments, Edmund was placed at a school just then rising into great celebrity. Here is a noble picture.

"This was kept by Mr. Nelson, distinguished at that time as the Blind Teacher, in the city of New York, and afterwards more widely known as the learned classical professor in Rutgers College, New Jersey. The mention of this name recalls to the writer, who was his college class-mate, the merits of a singular man; and as death has now turned his misfortune into an instructive lesson, it may be permitted to dwell for a moment upon his eventful story. The life of Mr. Nelson was a striking exemplification of that resolution which conquers fortune. Total blindness, after a long, gradual advance, came upon him about his twentieth year, when terminating his college course. It found him poor, and left him to all appearance both penniless and wretched, with two sisters to maintain, without money, without friends, without a profession, and without sight. Under such an accumulation of griefs most minds would have sunk, but with him it was otherwise. At all times proud and resolute, his spirit rose at once into what might well be termed a fierceness of independence. He resolved within himself to be indebted for support to no hand but his own. His classical education, which, from his feeble vision, had been necessarily imperfect, he now determined to complete, and immediately entered upon the apparently hopeless task, with a view to fit him as a teacher of youth. He instructed his sisters in the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and employed one or other constantly in the task of reading aloud to him the classics usually taught in the schools. A naturally faithful memory, spurred on by such strong excitement, performed its oft-repeated miracles; and in a space of time incredibly short, he became master of their contents, even

to the minutest points of critical reading. In illustration of this, the author remembers on one occasion, that a dispute having arisen between Mr. N. and the Classical Professor of the College, as to the construction of a passage in Virgil, from which his students were reciting, the Professor appealed to the circumstance of a comma in the sentence as conclusive of the question. 'True,' said Mr. N. colouring with strong emotion; 'but permit me to observe,' added he, turning his sightless eyeballs towards the book he held in his hand, 'that in my *Heyne* edition it is a colon, and not a comma.' At this period a gentleman, who incidentally became acquainted with his history, in a feeling somewhere between pity and confidence, placed his two sons under his charge, with a view to enable him to try the experiment. A few months' trial was sufficient; he then fearlessly appeared before the public, and at once challenged a comparison with the best established classical schools of the city. The novelty and boldness of the attempt attracted general attention; the lofty confidence he displayed in himself excited respect; and soon his untiring assiduity, his real knowledge, and a burning zeal, which, knowing no bounds in his own devotion to his scholars, awakened somewhat of a corresponding spirit in their minds, completed the conquest. His reputation spread daily; scholars flocked to him in crowds: competition sunk before him; and in the course of a very few years he found himself in the enjoyment of an income superior to that of any college patronage in the United States—with to him the infinitely higher gratification of having risen above the pity of the world, and fought his own blind way to honourable independence. Nor was this all; he had succeeded in placing classical education on higher ground than any of his predecessors or contemporaries had done; and he felt proud to think that he was in some measure a benefactor to that college which a few years before he had entered in poverty and quitted in blindness."

It was at this school that young Griffin first became acquainted with his biographer, who says he "knew him then a lovely boy, full of sensibility and generous ardour, bearing with blushing modesty the honours heaped upon him, in a race where he rarely or never failed to come off victor; and such he may say he continued to know him the remainder of his short life." Some specimens are given of his translations from Virgil and Ovid, done with much elegance and spirit.

In the autumn of this same year, (1819,) when he was just fifteen years old, Edmund appeared among the candidates for admission into Columbia College. The examination for entrance into that college, was at that time long and rigid, continued for several days, and terminated in an arrangement of their names in the order of merit. The older schools were not willing to yield pre-eminence to a blind competitor. Their choice scholars were therefore studiously drilled for the occasion; and most of the teachers, and many anxious fathers, were in close attendance to en-

courage their sons or pupils by their presence, or perhaps to become judges of the impartiality of the decision. Among these, says Professor M'Vickar, Mr. Nelson might always be distinguished; the first to come, the last to go; the most anxious, and yet the most confident; his blind steps, as he entered the hall, being followed, rather than directed, by the youth who attended him, so singularly resolute was he in all his motions. His beloved pupil, Edmund Griffin, on this occasion triumphed over all competitors, though some of them were by much his seniors, and of more than ordinary talents and attainments.

From all the Professors during his connexion with the college, Edmund received marks of high approbation and confidence; but in the venerable President (the late Dr. Harris,) he excited a feeling more akin to the affection of a parent. During a fever which had brought him very low, "his venerable and venerated friend" visited him in his father's house; and the meeting, as described by his father, was a touching one. Edmund had risen trembling from his seat to receive the President; but the "good old man" hastened to him, extended his arms, and folded his emaciated form to his bosom; neither spoke for nearly a minute, and both wept, as those who had longed but despaired to meet again." In August, 1832, at the age of nineteen, he took the usual degree of A.B.; and, on parting, the highest honours were adjudged him amidst universal applause. His biographer, in the following beautiful passage, has set before them a picture which all generous youths will do well to study, and, if possible, to make it a true picture too of their academical life.

"Edmund's habits of study at this period might be recommended as a model to the student, on the score both of health and industry. They were early formed; and, partly from love of order, still more from a sense of duty, were perseveringly maintained through the whole course of his education. His practice was to rise so early as to study between two and three hours before breakfast, which meal was at eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. His morning studies were, therefore, during one half of the year, commenced by candle-light. From breakfast until three p.m., the hour of dinner, he was employed at his books; either at home, school, or college. After dinner, he gave up to exercise and recreation until twilight; when he resumed his studies, and continued them until bedtime. While a schoolboy, this was at the primitive hour of nine o'clock, and not later than ten, while a collegian: thus securing for sleep some of those early hours, which, in the opinion of physicians, are worth double the amount after midnight, for the rest and invigoration of both body and mind. After quitting college, the demands of social intercourse broke in upon this regularity, and led him to trespass in his studies far upon the night: it was a change, however, which he both lamented and condemned; and had his life been spared, would no doubt have returned to those fresh morning

hours which he always spoke of with delight, and which are so essential to the health of the student. Happy they who can receive this doctrine; with the young it is in their power, and let them choose wisely and in time, lest haply when old they pay the penalty of having divorced a life of study from one of healthy enjoyment. With Edmund, these regular habits strengthened a constitution naturally delicate, and enabled him to bear without injury a more than ordinary degree of mental exertion, and to execute an amount of intellectual labour almost incredible at his early years: having left behind him manuscripts to the amount of at least six octavo volumes. The secret of his health lay in early hours, and regular systematic exercise; and his example in this particular is the more valuable, because in our country it is more needed. In Europe, the sedentary habits of the students are attended with comparatively little danger to what awaits them in our warmer climate, where they are found so often to render valueless all the advantages of education, and to present the painful picture of a young man unfitted for usefulness in his profession by the very zeal with which he has pursued it. The peculiar character of young Griffin contributed still further to this end; he enjoyed the health which flows from equanimity. His mind was singularly well balanced; in that happy even poise which ever preserved its serenity; hence, though earnest, he was not enthusiastic; though diligent, he never overstrained his powers, but preserved, on all occasions, even of the highest excitement, a tranquil self-possession, and an even sweetness of temper, which to a stranger savoured of coldness; but to those who knew his warm heart, only added to their admiration of his abilities. This felicity of nature was early remarked of him by his teachers. 'He did every thing,' says Mr. G., 'apparently without effort;' and, so far at least as it was called forth in academic competition, the author speaks from long personal observation, having often regarded with wonder his calm benevolent repose of features in the midst of the highest exertion; which he remembers on one occasion to have drawn forth from one of his examiners the warm-hearted exclamation, 'He has the face of an angel.'

Such was Edmund Griffin in his nineteenth year—a youth of whom any country—England or Scotland—might have been proud;—and many such there are, at this hour, in their cottages and halls, destined, with all their talents and attainments equal to his, and some of them, no doubt, with genius superior, to perish, perhaps, ere their prime, or to pass obscurely, but happily, through the light of the valley of life into the shadow of that of death, and to leave behind them, in the humble sphere of their prolonged usefulness, but a fast-fading name, unknown altogether to the wider world. A few favoured spirits find biographers, and continue to live on earth in their "Remains." They shine, like the lesser lights, in their own quiet region of the skies; nor are they obscured by the larger luminaries. 'Tis pleasant, but mournful to the soul,

to look at these fair emblems of purity and peace, withdrawn unstained and undisturbed from the storms of the world. His schoolboy and college years were the most felicitous allowed to this noble boy. He was happy ever in the vernal dawn of his own moral and intellectual and religious being brightening more and more into the perfect day. The desire of knowledge has been with some gifted spirits a burning—a devouring passion; with him it was a tranquil and steady affection, that did indeed grow with what it fed on, but found constant contentment in every new acquisition, and loved the sweet seasons of study because they were all so like one another, and because the closing year contained at last such a quiet crowd of hours, days, weeks, and months, all blended together in the dream of memory by the magic of one lustrous and unclouded light. As every study had its hour—says his amiable and enlightened biographer,—and every hour its employment, the day was always free for its own labours; no neglect of yesterday burdened it, or threw hurry and anxiety into his preparation or performance of a prescribed task. But he beautifully adds—a still greater blessing rested upon it. As industry was the surest road to ease, in it seems to have been also that to innocence and virtue, and to have left his moral character, not only without blemish, but above suspicion. This indeed was to have been expected from that generous industry which belonged as much to the heart as to the head, and which, springing from high and pure motives, led naturally to the pursuit and practice "of whatever was pure, lovely, or of good report."

Emerging from the retirement of college life, thus crowned with honours, and at an age most accessible to flattery, a little youthful vanity, says the good Professor, might have been pardoned to him, especially as to all other exculpatory circumstances was joined the reputation of great personal beauty; yet did he continue to be noticed for a modesty of manner approaching to shyness, and a diffidence which was sometimes mistaken for coldness, and still oftener set down to the charge of affectation. With so many fine accomplishments, such love of knowledge, and so much sensibility, the choice of a profession was to Edmund Griffin a perilous thing; and in a state of doubtfulness, he took that step from which he thought he could most easily recede. He entered his father's office as a student of law, and there remained about two months, diligently devoted to the study of it; but there was a voice within that called him to more sacred duties; and at length, after some delay, and much doubt of his own faithfulness, he resolved upon devoting himself to the ministry, and that in the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which, at that time, no member of his family belonged. On this choice of a profession, Professor M'Vicar, among many other excellent observations, has the following—

"Edmund's preference of the Episcopal church, though suddenly avowed, had been slowly and deliberately formed. His first

doubts arose in pursuing his academic course of civil history. The period of the Reformation arrested his attention, the circumstances of haste and distrust which then attended the establishment of the presbyterian form of church government, bearing so evidently the marks of expediency and not choice, together with the open declaration of many of its leaders to that effect, putting themselves on the ground of necessity, in casting off the jurisdiction of bishops; these things very naturally startled him in his prepossessions, and led him to farther enquiry. In attending the prayers of the church, which he then occasionally did, he became deeply impressed with the beauty and devotion of its noble liturgy. In its solemn and impressive services, its grave and decorous regularity, there was something peculiarly attractive to one of his refined and almost fastidious taste. His feelings revolted from any thing like an approach to familiarity of language addressed to the Deity. He argued, that public worship demanded the consecration of the lips, as well as the heart; that the name of God should be like his nature, 'clothed in majesty'; and that the fervour of Christian boldness should never go so far as to make man forget the humility that belongs to a 'worm of the dust:' these securities he missed in extempore prayer, but found in the ritual of the church. In this matter, too, his judgment went with his feelings; in the use of prescribed forms he recognised, as he often said, the strongest bulwark against both error of doctrine and fanaticism of life; and whether he looked into the past history or present state of the Christian church, he found abundant proof of the necessity of such safeguards. His own country was full of warning examples; and when he saw the pathless ocean of error into which so many churches had wandered for the want of such a landmark, of such an abiding test by which to try the doctrines of the living preacher, he may be said to have clung to the liturgy of the church as to the pillar, or rather the anchor of Christendom."

In a letter written to a Presbyterian friend, October 29, 1823, he avows his preference of the Episcopal Church, and asks his friend to excuse his want of delicacy in speaking thus plainly against the feelings he entertains in favour of his own denomination. "My preference of the Episcopal Church arises from my conviction of the superior purity of its origin, the greater certainty of its doctrines, and the beauty, holiness, and devotion of its forms." In the same letter he writes thus of his religious connexions, and of his views on entering the ministry.

"With respect to my motives for entering the profession:—I have chosen it not, believe me, for a maintenance or a name. No; I could not sell my soul to everlasting death, for the means of keeping the breath of life in this mortal frame. I could not grasp at the fleeting shadows of earthly fame, forsaking the substantial and estimable good of everlasting glory. I acknowledge, most fully, the truth of your description of the unsanctified man who takes upon himself the character of a mi-

nister of God. I know that he must be hypocritical, perjured, impious. I know that he must be, in this life, as wretched as restraint, self-denial, and conscience, can make an unregenerate man; and that he must have his position in the world to come, beside that betraying disciple whose character and conduct his must nearly resemble. Mere worldly honour, mere worldly prudence, would deter me from making all my life a lie—my whole existence a scene, a reality of wretchedness. But I hope I have that within me which will render it unnecessary to call these principles into exercise. My heart is changed from what it once was. I acknowledge the existence of sin within me, and I abhor it as the cause of every evil, as the bar to every good. I love, admire, revere the character of God. I believe in the character of Jesus Christ, as the only means of salvation; I love his character, his attributes; I love him as the voluntary sacrifice for my sins, the atoning victim for my iniquities. I love his cause—the greatest, the most philanthropic, the most all-important, that ever engaged the attention of mankind. To this cause, it is my hope and prayer to be made the instrument of good. Though my heart is changed, I cannot firmly say it is regenerate; and believe me when I say, that I will never approach the communion-table until my hope is stronger and more constant."

The same strain of fervent piety runs through a letter written to a friend shortly after, on the death of a sister:—

"Dear —, I write to you under circumstances of affliction, which it has not been the lot of our family ever before to experience. Our dear Ellen is no more. She died last Sunday evening, after an illness of about four weeks. We feel resigned to this providence of God, not only because it is the will of our heavenly Father that we should suffer affliction, but because our beloved relative gave the most consolatory evidences of having made her peace with God, and of her being about to enter upon the joys of heaven. She was informed of her danger about two weeks before her death. She was heard in prayer. She called her dear father to pray with her; and when informed she was dying, about thirty-six hours before her end, though she was perfectly possessed of her reason, the king of terrors had no terror for her. Ought we not to be thankful, my dear —, instead of repining that she is taken from us to be with her God? For my own part, I shall think of her hereafter, not with the bitterness of grief, but with the sad, yet sweet and soothing recollection we derive from joys that are gone. I shall regard her not as she lay upon the bed of death, though even there the smile of a seraph dwelt upon her lips—not as she now lies in her narrow house, as calm, as pure, as innocent as the statue of a saint, but as a blessed spirit calling to my spirit, bidding me prepare to appear before my God, to stand with her in the presence of her Redeemer, and enjoy with her the beatitude of heaven. Pray with me, my dear —, that I may be enabled to attain that preparation. My composure does not, I trust, arise from insensibility; from God I have sought for consolation, and I trust it is from

God I have found it. Pray for my dear parents; they will see this letter, and join in the request that they may have that consolation which cometh down from above. Pray for all of us, my dear —, that our hearts may be purified in the furnace of affliction; and that we may have reason to thank God, not only for her, but for ourselves; that our sister, daughter, and friend, has been taken from us. Let not this deprivation damp the joy of my dear cousin —'s bridal; we trust that it has been our sister's bridal also, and that the bridegroom whom she has wedded, is one who, throughout all the endless ages of eternity, will be able to drive every pain and every sorrow far, very far from her heart."

In August 1826, after three years devotion to theological studies, he was admitted into deacon's orders by Bishop Hobart—"The warm, the energetic friend, the liberal patron of youthful merit, then engaged in one of those frequent and laborious visitations through his extensive diocese, which though to human eye they shortened his usefulness, have yet left behind them such an apostolic seal of his ministry, as is in itself a blessing, and may well awaken into emulation thousands of those who follow him." Mr. Griffin was appointed by his diocesan to accompany him on his Episcopal visitation; and at Utica stopped, to supply, for a time, the pulpit of a clergyman who took his place as travelling companion. On his return to New York, he was appointed, along with a dear friend, agent of the General Theological Seminary, in which they had both been educated for some years, and went to Philadelphia to collect contributions for that establishment.

"His return was marked by one of those little incidents which are treasured up in the memory of parents when death has removed the objects of them. Edmund, at all times a devoted student, had no great collection of books. A good theological library was therefore the great object of his ambition, and its acquisition, at this period, was one of those pleasing surprises with which parents love to gratify a darling child. A highly valuable one, the property of a deceased clergyman, was for sale. It was purchased by Mr. Griffin unknown to his son, and during his absence on this tour transferred to his study, which was converted into a neat and well-furnished library. On entering, upon his return, his well-known room, he was lost first in astonishment, and then in delightful thankfulness. Such a son, what father would not love to gratify? The loss of such a son, what can enable a father to bear, but that hope which looks beyond the grave?"

About this period he was appointed assistant to the rector of St. James's Church; but his health soon after becoming very precarious, he made a tour to Baltimore and Washington, from which he derived much benefit, and to confirm it was then advised to visit Europe, for which, accordingly, he set sail in October 1828, being then twenty-two years of age,

Mr. Griffin passed two months in Paris; and his Journal (though that part of it is not published) contains many picturesque descriptions of what he saw and heard, especially of the personal appearance, manners, and character of its *savans* and popular lecturers. But he longed to cross Mount Cenis. The ardour with which he greeted Italy's names of glory and scenes of interest, none, says his biographer, can fully appreciate, "but the youthful scholar from the New World." This assertion seems somewhat startling; but it is thus explained, and, as he thinks, no doubt established by the ingenious Professor. "Those of England, or the Continent, may visit the monuments of Italy better qualified to *examine* and to *judge*; but to *feel* their power belongs peculiarly to the American student." What American student ever felt their power—like Byron? But let us hear our friend to the end. "He to whom *yesterday is antiquity*, stands in speechless admiration on the spot where a Roman trode, or before works which a Grecian chisel traced; these are feelings which a European can hardly estimate, but which our young traveller seems to have experienced in their full force, for he lingered amid them, and especially at Rome, after all the other American travellers had quitted it, and to the very utmost limit of his time." That will never do; but let us be with the young rapt American traveller in Italy, and see how he speaks of its wonders. After a rapid visit to Naples and Pæstum, he returned northward by way of Ancona and Bologna, to Venice. Through Padua, Vicenza, and Parma, he reached Milan; and, crossing the Simplon towards the end of June, bade to Italy an unwilling farewell.

The whole of the first volume, and nearly a third of the second, are occupied by his Italian Journal; and very delightful reading it is, full of fine fresh feeling, and without a particle of pedantry every where showing the scholar. It is imbued with a noble love of liberty, and marked throughout by the most generous and exalted sentiments. The taste of the young minister of religion is as pure as his morals; but he is in nothing too fastidious; not delicate overmuch; manly in his innocent life, and indulgent in his judgments, from the spirit of that faith which is at all times his solace and his strength—that in which he "placeth his delight." The works of the fine arts he describes always well, but those of nature better; and there are not wanting some solemn, almost sublime passages, containing meditations on the great events and characters of the olden time, and on the revolutions of empire. But the pervading character of the whole is a temper of mind at once pensive and cheerful, which carries one along with it in its own delight, and interests the reader in all that interested the spectator. There is not a sentence of false or inflated feeling in the two volumes; no affected enthusiasm; no raptures. And ever as he moves along, Mr. Griffin lets drop easily from his pen observations on life and manners which show that his intercourse with books had not been

barren, but prolific of fine thoughts and sentiments which gained new life when awakened by the realities, or the shadows of the realities, of which he had read in the poetry and philosophy of the people, among whose degenerated descendants he now walks, finely exclaiming,

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,

Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,

Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.
To look upon whose mountains in the hour
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil
Of purple flows around them, would restore
The sense of beauty when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,

Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,

The yellow harvest loads the scarce till'd plain,
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers
Wreath with their chaplets, sweet though

fading soon,
E'en fallen columns and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,

Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,
Distinguish e'en the peasant and the slave.
Where like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,

Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,
Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,
By art's weak aids or passion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,

Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,
The art of self-defence! Thy fostering care
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,
And bids e'en canvass speak; thy magic tone,
Infused in music, now constrains the soul
With tears the power of melody to own,
And now with passionate throbs that spurn control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,

Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!
Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,
No memory of the brave, of what has been?
Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then
That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence—

Shades of departed heroes, rise again!
Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence!

Oh, Italy! my country, fare thee well!

For art thou not my country, at whose breast

Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me dwell,

The fathers of my mind? whose fame impress,

E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest
With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,

Ere yet thou didst receive me as a guest,
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost:

Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,
Where Caesar's palace in its glory stood.

And see again Parthenope's loved bay,
And Paestum's shrines, and Bais's classic shore,

And mount the bark, and listen to the lay
That floats by night through Venice—
more?

Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—
It washes not thy feet, that envious sea,
But waits, with outstretch'd arms, to wait me o'er

To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not
As other things inanimate. Thou art
The cheriah'd mistress of my youth; forgot
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.
Launch'd on those waters, wild with storm and wind,

I know not, ask not, what may be my lot;
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

These are good lines, the best by far in the volumes; but Mr. Griffin's prose is far superior to his verse—it is more poetical—whether he speaks of the people or of their country. His letter on Turin and the Turinese is in all respects admirable, and, occurring early in the volume, assures us at once that he will turn out to be an instructive traveller. He saw at a glance that the manners of the Turinese furnish no illustration of Italian character. Their very language, his fine ear told him, is a dialect; their costume is transalpine. Their features, though generally handsome, had not that classic mould which he had been taught to expect on the classic ground of Italy. He knew that he was not yet in the Italy of the ancients. The most striking feature to him, on coming from France, was the general devoutness of the people. While in France, the churches were always vacant, the people always spoke with disrespect of the mysteries of religion and the members of the priesthood, and these latter showed themselves but seldom, or walked with downcast eyes and deprecating humility of aspect. Here, on the contrary, the churches were well attended, and the priests walk abroad through the streets with an air unembarrassed and independent, and seem to be treated with deference and kindness. The best positions in the vicinity of the city for prospect, he says rightly, are the citadel on the west, and the bridge of the Po on the east. Beyond the bridge arising,

topmost summit is crowned by the dome of the Superga; its sides are covered by the country-seats of the Piedmontese, and nearer at hand, on a smaller eminence, is a beautiful convent. But the great city of Turin is still farther in the distance. The innacles of Mount Cenis rise far in the distance, resting lightly on the azure sky, and distinguishable from clouds by the precision of their lines. Towards the south the pointed peak of the Viso rises far above its neighbours, to pierce the heavens. The Alpine region stretches itself from Mount Cenis, to the north, and continues until broken in by the valley of the Po. Meanwhile the children of the Alps, at various points, rise up, less lofty ridges; the plain of Piedmont, surrounded by parts present a natural amphitheatre, whose arena is the plain itself, usually arising benches are the aspiring peaks of the successive mountains, and whose crown is the eternal Alps. The following is a description:—

On the morning of our leaving Turin we had a better view than on any preceding day of the magnificent scenery with which we were surrounded. Starting at six o'clock, we arrived at the bridge of the Po, and I set out for the mountains. My hope was but small, as day had only begun to break. However, far in the distance, as the coming sun, I perceived a line which served to mark their outline. The rest of the world was still buried in mist; we were privileged to catch the beams of light, and by their colour warmed into a warm hue, which contrasted beautifully with the violet tint of the mist that lay in the distance. As morning advanced, the mist succeeded, and the vast amphitheatre of Piedmont was, in its whole western aspect, lighted up with an ineffable and over-whelming radiance. Meantime the eastern aspect was not unworthy of attention. The outlines of an Italian sky formed a magnificent background, against which were reflected the towers of the Superga, and the picturesque outline of the neighbouring hills. As I turned to contemplate this part of the scene, and turned towards the mountains, the aspect was again changed. The mist, like a curtain at their feet, and the tints of dawn had ripened into a golden day. The mountains themselves, in their vast extent, now seemed a wall of fire, using no figure of rhetoric, and understood literally. Iron in the distance did not have glowed with an intense red, but those stupendous masses in the distance, rising, never did I witness a scene so incandescent and overwhelming magnitude. A wall of fire, seeming almost as ex-hausting the circumference of the earth. Cones and pyramids and towers shoot up into heaven, as if preparing to invade the elevated regions; and above and around, new spires catching the same fiery light, the bases of the mountains clothed in a valley pervaded with the gray mist

of twilight, the distant town relieved against this brilliant background, the majestic river, the rich eastern sky, composed a landscape which brought the tears into my eyes, and closing my lips in silence, precluded even the ordinary expressions of delight."

Having reached through snows the summit of the Apennines, Mr. Griffin charmingly describes his descent into the valley of the Pocevera, by traverses cut into the sides of the mountain. 'Twas like entering almost at once into quite a different region. The snow had disappeared; the hill-side was clothed with verdure; the early flowers of spring began to show their heads, and a milder atmosphere breathed from the genial south. And how exquisitely beautiful is that valley! Its ever-varied mountains, its murmuring stream, its pleasant villas, its high-seated churches, its picturesque villages placed by the river-side, or on some lofty knoll—and then the accessories of the scene, in one place a line of mules creeping slowly up the mountain side; in another, a group of peasants in the peculiar costume of their country, red caps, short jackets, small clothes and long gaiters, with perhaps a coat or great-coat, arranged in careless folds over the shoulder; here a solitary individual opening the earth, a sign so grateful of returning spring; there another engaged in pruning the vines, or cutting the canes, which grow spontaneously in the humid bottoms; with here and there a priest in flowing garments, or a female dressed in red, the favourite colour, which, though not calculated to satisfy good taste, still adds to the effect of the romantic scenery. I have heard the Italians accused of laziness, says Mr. Griffin, and have myself seen them in crowds lounging unemployed, and sunning themselves in the streets of villages. But if such be their natural characteristics, this valley at least forms a striking exception. Here not only every inch of apparently practicable ground is sedulously cultivated, but the steep sides of the mountains are covered with regular orchards of chestnut trees, and the stony bed of the river is actually cleared for use, and walled in little patches with pebbles gathered in the operation.

We have seen how well Mr. Griffin describes the scenery of Nature. His letter from Genoa contains some fine passages descriptive of the works of art. In the church of the Albergo Dei Poveri, there is a bas-relief by Michael Angelo, which is placed over one of the altars. When compared with it, all its other decorations fade into insignificance—even the beautiful altar of Carrara marble, ornamented by a fine statue, by Puget, of the Assumption of the Virgin. This bas-relief is a round medallion, about two feet and a half in diameter, and represents Christ dead, and embraced by his Mother. You may have seen it; and it has often been described; but seldom or ever more feelingly than by this young American. The head of the Saviour, and the head and hands of Mary, are alone visible. One hand of the Mother supports his falling head, the other rests upon his neck and bosom. Her lips

are approached towards him, as if to a cold inanimate cheek. The face of the ~~carver~~ bears the marks of a consuming and overwhelming anguish. The hollow eye, the lines of the brow and mouth, speak irresistibly to the heart. Yet the storm is overpast, and more than the repose of death, the very tranquillity of heaven, has settled down upon the features. The face of the Mother is one of living anguish, modified by the tenderest traits of affection. Should the pile of St. Peter's, says Mr. Griffin enthusiastically, tumble to the earth, and were the walls of the Vatican itself defaced, the immortal artist might trust to this single remnant for the preservation of his fame.

Mr. Griffin speaks equally well of that fine picture of Guido in the church of St. Ambrosio—one of his finest—the Assumption of the Virgin. The Virgin is borne upwards, in a sitting posture, by a host of angels, who surround her on every side, and precede her into Heaven. She is clothed in white—her hands are folded meekly on her bosom—her countenance is raised towards her destined home. That heavenly expression, for which Guido is so remarkable, glows in her countenance with ineffable force, and satisfies the imagination that it may be in very truth a just resemblance of the Mother of the Son of God, ascending up in glory. The St. Ignatius of Rubens, and the Stoning of St. Stephen, from the joint hands of Raphael and Julio Romano, he speaks of with the same eloquence of feeling, and without any of that pretence of scientific knowledge of the art, which renders most critiques by amateurs or connoisseurs so disgusting; and when the subject is sacred, sometimes so impious. Speaking of Raphael's part in that divine picture, Jesus seated at the right hand of his Father, leaning over with one hand extended in the attitude of benediction, and surrounded by a cloud of angels—he says truly, that the God-made man is depicted with wonderful grace and expression, and that the angels are worthy representations of the inhabitants of Heaven. In the same natural strain, he writes of many of the finest pictures and statues in the Gallery at Florence. His favourite—as well it may—is the Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, which bears away the palm of beauty from all the productions of art, and is well known to all the world through the medium of the finest engravings. But how, asks Mr. Griffin, can any engraving convey that exquisite taste in the selection, that delightful harmony in the disposition of colours? How can any hand, inferior to that of the great master, trace those graceful outlines, arrange those natural and meaning attitudes, or communicate that beaming of maternal love, that glow of adoration, which animates the features of the infant John; that tranquil and benignant, that dignified, though childish expression of the Babe of Bethlehem? The inclination of the Mother's head, just touching that of her child, the close embrace with which she holds him to her bosom, the youthful beauty of her

features, but all, expression, which is more in v. ad. which, all, know a mother's look to all the precious has been advanced on it so abundantly. Its union is perfect; its design is perfect; its relief is perfect; its expression is perfect; every thing about it is faultless and divine.

Mr. Griffin's descriptions of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of the ruins of ~~the~~ ~~ancient~~ ~~city~~ ~~of~~ ~~Pompeii~~, are admirable; and we need not say that he puts forth all his powers on Rome. But we can afford no farther account of his Italian Journal, and must bring him without delay to Britain. After a few weeks spent in Switzerland, he quitted it by Schaffhausen and the Rhine; and passing through the Netherlands by the usual route of Aix-la-Chapelle and Brussels, reached England on the 5th of August, crossing from Calais to Dover, and proceeding immediately to London.

His feelings for some time after his arrival he thus describes in his Journal:—"Here am I, in London, but like a drop in the ocean—alone in countless crowds—more solitary than in a wilderness. Such is the oppressive feeling which weighs upon the mind during a first drive round this vast metropolis. Street succeeds to street, edifice to edifice, city to city, in apparently interminable succession. All are active, busy, bustling about affairs with which you have no acquaintance. Not a face meets you with a well-known look. Not a smile, a word of welcome, greets your eye or ear." Mr. Griffin must have been *hyp'd* when he wrote in this pining strain; nor was it reasonable for him to expect smiles and words of welcome all at once to greet his eyes and ears from the Cockneys, who had not the honour of his acquaintance. He writes to his mother, too, "that England does not please him at first sight," and that he always cherishes his own country (just as we do) "as the dearest, the freest, the happiest, the most moral, the most religious upon earth." In the same letter he says, "he loves Italy and Switzerland with something or the feeling one bears to dear living objects; that France and Germany and the Netherlands sink lower in the scale of interest, and that England does not please me at first sight, though I am sure I shall like it better on farther acquaintance." He had been but a week in London when he thus wrote, nor are we informed how he had employed himself, except that "Sunday I spent with a Mr. —, who lives in great style, has an amiable wife, a gentlemanly son educated at Oxford, two grown-up daughters, and a host of younger ones. I went to church with them all day, and dined and spent the evening at his house. You cannot conceive how delightful it was to me to join once again in a family circle resembling our own, (he had found none such, it would appear, in France and Italy;) to exchange once more, in my native tongue, views and feelings with those disposed to listen with more than the mere interest of a passing

stranger; to see a mother who reminded me of you, and two little girls in size and appearance like my dear little sisters; to go again to church, and listen to that sublime, devotional, affecting liturgy which I had not heard since I left Geneva." He ought to have loved England already for the sake of that one household.

The preference Mr. Griffin here so decidedly expresses for the Continent over England, Professor M'Vickar says, was the natural result of the order in which he visited them, and may suggest to subsequent young American travellers the advantages of reversing that order on the score both of pleasure and improvement. To a native of the New World, argues the Professor, no portion of Europe is without interest; he finds every where the stimulus of both novelty and antiquity; he should therefore begin with the one as it were nearest home, that by so doing every step may raise in its power over his imagination. Thus England, though the first in the scale of improvement, is unquestionably, to Americans at least, the lowest for excitement; with it therefore they should begin; and then France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, will be found successively to ascend in the scale of interest. The reversed order spoils the whole. After Italy, short of Greece, there is no antiquity; after Switzerland there is no scenery; consequently all that follows is dull, tame, and modern. Hence, he continues, the inconsistent estimate which travellers form of the beauty and grandeur of the Rhine, according as they are fresh from the marshes of Holland, or the mountains of Switzerland. It is noble or tame, just as the tourist's course may happen to be north or south. From this cause Mr. Griffin failed to derive the pleasure he would have done from English scenery. Thus the language of the journal, after describing the ascent of Skiddaw, is, "But what is Skiddaw to the Right?" and again, "One glance at the Tarni is worth a whole day's contemplation of the falls of Cumberland." This, says the Professor, is true; but it is unwise and unnecessary; and from personal experience he would recommend to his countrymen that order in visiting them which makes each a subject of enjoyment, and not of criticism—or if it brings on comparison, brings it always in aid of admiration.

Much—all—if you please—of the above is rational; yet it seems to us that Mr. M'Vickar exaggerates the importance of the order he recommends, and that any American, after having seen all the world, may visit Britain without feeling that either the scenery or the institutions of the country are *tame*. We confess ourselves unable to sympathize with so violent a passion for the antique as appears to rule in the soul of Jonathan; nor, indeed, were we previously aware of its being the ruling passion in that heroic residence. But grant it be; can he not descend from his meditations among the old Roman tombs to the more modern monuments on Salisbury Plain—Stonehenge? "*Yesterday is not antiquity*" with us as with our Transatlantic

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brethren; and there are not a few eras in our history that carry the mind back to a tolerably remote period in that of human affairs in general. "But what is Skiddaw to Right?" was no very wise exclamation; and some of the greatest poets that ever lived have gloried in that mountain, when fresh from their familiarity with the live thunders leaping among the Alps. Mr. M'Vickar should not have said that "after Switzerland there is no scenery;" for there is scenery in Scotland as sublime as any in Switzerland. There is magnitude enough there for the imagination; Painting and Poetry have preferred our Highland mountains to those mightier masses; and genius has intermingled with them its own more magnificent creations.

Mr. Griffin remained about six months in Britain; and the circle of friends into which he was introduced, among whom were some of rank, and many of talent, was highly favourable, says his biographer, to the attainment of every noble end which travel can produce. But seventy pages of disjointed and fragmentary matter, are all we have given us regarding England and Scotland. He well describes Windsor.

"The prospect from the windows of the state apartments, and the raised walk immediately under the castle walls, called the terrace is beautiful and peculiar. It had no pretensions to sublimity, nor a feature that was picturesque; it could boast no southern atmosphere to enhance its charms, no unclouded sky to reveal and heighten them. Yet have I never gazed on a scene so rich in rural beauty. Parks of venerable trees embowering palace mansions; plains of brilliant verdure mixed with the yellow tints of harvest; villages with modest spires, and in the distance, gently swelling hills, composed a landscape the most luxuriant in nature. Immediately at the castle's feet, as if under its protection, lay the town of Windsor: divided from the long street of Eton only by the Thames, now flowing in open sight between his verdant banks, and now seeking concealment beneath the foliage of overshadowing groves. Though the elevation of the hill is not more, I should think, than three hundred feet, yet so level is the country round, that the eye ranges in some directions a distance of nearly twenty miles; embracing a spectacle well worthy of a king, well calculated to remind him both of his resources and his responsibility.

"Leaving the walls, I proceeded on a ramble through the Great Park, commencing at the long walk immediately opposite the principal front. This a noble avenue, said to be three miles in length, bordered by two rows on each side of lofty and wide-spreading elms, and stretching in a straight direction over hill and dale. In the rear, the venerable castle is always visible; becoming, from the nature of the ground, more lofty in appearance as you recede from it. On the right and left extend as far as the eye can reach, verdant lawns, with clumps, and lines, and groves of ancient oaks; and herds of deer feeding, reposing, and sporting, on their surface. It was delightful to see them trotting along, with step

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and so light as hardly to bend the herbage; or bounding more swiftly onward with a leap so graceful as scarce to seem an effort; raising their dappled sides of every shade and mixture of brown and white, above the long grass or low shrubbery, rejoicing in their forest freedom, and guarded security from harm. The venerable oaks of Windsor, which have increased in strength and beauty during the lapse of ages, are not only trees—they are also monuments. One might almost fear to walk among them at night. One might almost expect to encounter on that open glade, the spirits of the mighty Edwards, careering with the lance; to meet in yonder labyrinth the Humpback plotting treason; to be crossed in this melancholy grove by the murdered Richard, or the martyred Henry; to be tormented beneath yon aged oak, like the fat knight of old, by the ghost of Herne the hunter and his merry imps.

"From Snow Hill, an eminence about two miles distant, is enjoyed the best view of Windsor Castle. The whole south front, with tower and battlement, is there presented, flanked by the massive keep, continued by descending piles, and ending in the long line of pinnacles which terminate the buttresses of the chapel of St. George. The whole mass is raised above the lofty forest, and appears from afar indeed the fitting seat of dominion, the worthy citadel of the majesty of England."

Mr. Griffin's description of the House of Commons and its proceedings is very tame; and that of the Court of King's Bench somewhat better: and he shortly gives his impressions of some of our principal lawyers:—

"The Court of King's Bench sits in a small apartment in Westminster Hall. There is no accommodation for spectators except a narrow passage, in which they may stand, and a small gallery in the rear, where however, the voice of the speaker cannot be heard, nor any thing be seen of him except his back. The benches are filled almost exclusively by barristers. The court is composed of four judges, in full-bottomed wigs; that is, wigs which hang down three or four inches below the chin, and almost meet in front. The rest of their costume is grave and becoming, consisting of a black robe with an ermine cape and flowing bands. Lord Tenterden, the Chief-Justice, is a fine thoughtful-looking man, with regular features, and worn and faded complexion; who realizes, by his appearance of attention, candour, and anxiety, our best conception of the character of a judge. Justice Bailey has a countenance still more strongly marked by lines of thought. Little-dale is dignified, but not remarkable: while the prominent bright days of the somewhat corpulent Park, exhibit a vivacity and acuteness which I am told are characteristic of the man.

"The barristers are habited in gowns, bands, and ordinary wigs, and are seated before the judges on an ascending series of benches. They are very numerous in their attendance, a hundred at least being ordinarily present. On the lowest bench are placed the King's Council, the Attorney-General in the centre. That dignified post is at present filled by Sir James

Scarlett, since in his profession. He is a tall, man, with a broad, sanguine countenance, and features, which, though small in proportion to his frame and face, are yet well and accurately formed. A perpetual smile lurks around his lips, which is remarkably intelligent, and, though sarcastic, pleasant. His mode of speaking is animated, without being impassioned: his voice is not strong, but is natural in its intonations; he gesticulates with his body as well as with his hands, seeming to follow with the whole man the direction of thought and the impulse of feeling. He is fluent in speech, clear and concise in argument. Remarkable sagacity I should consider his distinguishing characteristic.

"Mr. Brougham is justly celebrated for higher qualities—his great attribute is force. In person, he is remarkably contrasted with his rival. Taller than the Attorney-General, yet he would not probably measure one-third of his circumference. His face is long and lank, his mouth drawn downward, and surrounded with deep-indented furrows. The outline of the lower part of his nose is a small segment of a circle, which is distorted, however, from time to time, into a variety of less regular curves, by a nervous twitching, of which he seems to be altogether insensible. The face, upon the whole, however, is harmonious, consistent with itself, and powerfully intellectual. His manner is most profoundly grave and earnest. No one can doubt his sincerity, and the importance of his cause. His voice is loud, deep, clear, and penetrating; his gesticulation, though constant, is in general constrained. No man understands better than himself the power of emphasis; the chief word in a passage intended to be forcible, is pronounced with a significance and an impulse of voice which infallibly arrest the attention, and fix it on the object desired. I have seen him once, and once only, when animated to such a degree as afforded some slight specimen of what he may be during one of his supernatural exertions in the House of Commons. (He has withdrawn from the House for a season, I know not for what cause, having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, a nominal appointment under the Crown.) On the occasion to which I allude, all restraint vanished from his gesticulations; both arms were extended in sympathy with the energetic feeling which elevated his person with new dignity, touched every line of his dark countenance with a glow of inspiration, and lightened from his eye with the vividness of an electric flash. The cause in which he was engaged concerned the ejection of a master of a poor-house, for gross misconduct. He had been removed by the constituted authorities, and re-elected at a meeting (which, however, Mr. Brougham contended was irregular) of the parish. After a brief, clear, and calm history of the aggravated misdemeanours of the person in question, Mr. Brougham asked, *Is it to be borne that this man should be enabled, by an irregular proceeding, by a mere intrigue, to beard those very officers who have just discharged him in the discharge of their own bounden duty? &c.* I do not

pretend to give the words employed by Mr. Brougham. Perhaps the startling effect of the unexpectedly forcible enunciation of the first phrase, conspired to drive them from a memory never very tenacious."

There is more spirit in the article entitled—"London—a Literary Party."

"I dined yesterday with a very distinguished party, at Mr. M——'s, consisting of Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, Smith, (one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*,) and other *beaux esprits*; Mitchell, the translator of *Aristophanes*, and some others of less name than fame. The first is certainly a most unpoetical figure. Nor is his countenance, at first sight, more promising than his person. When you study it, however—when you consider the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidal forehead, the marked, yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompany the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy, you forget, and are ready to disavow, your former impressions. To Moore, Lockhart offers a strong and singular contrast. Tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed, his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline, which distinguish classic sculpture. It possesses, too, a striking effect of colour, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, (he seems scarce more than thirty,) yet I designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and penciled brows; those retired, yet full, dark eyes; the accurately chiseled nose, and compressed, though curved, lips. His face is too thin, perhaps for mere beauty; but this defect heightens its intellectual character. Our distinguished countryman is of about the ordinary height, and rather stout in person. His hair is black, and his complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale caste of thought." His eyes are of a pale colour: his profile approaches the Grecian, and is remarkably benevolent and contemplative. Mr. Smith carries a handsome, good-natured countenance; and Mr. Mitchell's physiognomy, though not handsome, is at least amiable.

"The conversation at dinner consisted chiefly in the relation of anecdotes. To my great disappointment, no discussion of any length or interest took place. It must be admitted that the anecdotes were select, and told with infinite wit and spirit. Many of them, I doubt not, were the inventions of the narrators. Such seemed to be peculiarly the case with those of Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith; who, though seated at different ends of the table, frequently engaged each other from time to time in a sort of contest for superiority. This contest, however, was still carried on in the same way. Both tried only which could relate the most pungent witticism, or tell the most amusing story. The subjects of the anecdotes in general were extremely interesting. Lord Byron, and other eminent men, with whom the speakers had been or were familiar, were frequently brought upon the stage. Mr. Lockhart meantime, though he seemed to enjoy the pleasant-

ries of others, contributed none of his own. Whatever he did say was in a Scottish accent, and exhibited strong sense and extensive reading. Mr. Irving seems to be one of those men, who, like Addison, have plenty of gold in their pockets, but are almost destitute of ready change. His reserve, however, is of a strikingly different character from that of the Editor of the Quarterly. The one appears the reserve of sensibility; the other that of thought. The taste of the one leads him apparently to examine the suggestions of his own mind with such an over scrupulosity, that he seldom gives them utterance. The reflection of the other is occupied in weighing the sentiments expressed, and separating the false from the true. Mr. Irving is mild and bland, ever anxious to please. Mr. Lockhart is abstracted and cold, almost indifferent.

"On returning to the drawing-room, the scene was changed, though the great actors remained in part at least the same. Music was substituted for conversation. Mr. Smith gave an original song, full of humour and variety. Mr. Moore was induced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing; it is perfectly unique. The combination of music, and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon. The modern poet has more sentiment than the Greek, but can lay no claim (what modern author can?) to the same simplicity and purity of taste. His genius, however, is more versatile. The old voluptuary complains of his inability to celebrate a warlike theme; his lyre will not obey the impulse of his will. But the author of the *Fire Worshippers* gave us, in the course of the evening, an Irish rebel's song, which was absolutely thrilling. Anacreon was, however, afterwards restored to us in a drinking song, composed to be sung at a convivial meeting of an association of gentlemen.

"I cannot conclude this brief sketch, without saying a few words of my host. He is a good-looking man, with a pre-occupied and anxious air. This gives way, however, to true Scottish sense and cordiality in conversation. He has a strong understanding, and a good memory; and is exceedingly interesting from the long intercourse which he has maintained with, and the intimate knowledge he possesses of, all the eminent literary characters of the age. The memoirs of himself and his times, would be invaluable. He has been the *Mæcenas* of his day; and, though not the favourite of an emperor, has conferred more substantial rewards on merit than even the distinguished Roman. Such has been his libera-

lity, that, though millions have passed through his hands, he is, I am told, by no means exorbitantly rich."

Mr. Griffin visited Oxford, of which he says nothing, and Cambridge, of which he says not much; but that little is, as might be expected from such a man, laudatory of the spirit of the place. He gives a sketch of the extent of knowledge necessary to obtain a bachelor's degree among the *οἱ πολλοί*; and all the world knows that it is about as great as the space traversed by a squirrel in his cage. But of the examination of the competitors for honours, he truly says, "that it takes in the whole of pure and mixed mathematics." It undoubtedly requires, he adds, "considerable talent, and the most laborious previous study." Aye—more than considerable—great talent—the greatest—to be senior wrangler or at the top of the list; as is proved yearly by the admirable persons who attain that proud pre-eminence, of whom, not a few, the Kings, the Aireys, the Whewells, the Herschells, and the Peacocks, are among the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe.

"But the examination is exclusively mathematical—no other subject is even touched on. In justice, I ought to add, that one balance against the preponderance of mathematics exists in the fact, that prizes of considerable value are in the gift of both the colleges and the university, for proficiency in classical and other studies." 'This is true, but meagre; and will leave an erroneous impression on the minds of the Americans, if they happen to take from it any impression at all, of the system of education established in that illustrious university. In no college in America is classical literature studied with such enthusiasm and success as in the colleges and halls of Granta—bear witness the many great scholars she has produced and is producing, the numberless good scholars she annually distributes, along with her stately sister, all over enlightened England, who never will suffer to be shorn of their beams, even by a reformed Parliament, those two glorious establishments. But though Mr. Griffin says little to the purpose on the system of education at Cambridge, he speaks worthily of the men who conduct it.

"Much has been said of the indolence of the fellows; of their disposition to quarrel, and petty intrigue; and of their fondness for guzzling ale, and tipping port, and playing whist. Such things were. Nay, since such are the natural consequences of a want of ambition to be useful or distinguished, a want of occupation, and a want of that most practical stimulant, dire necessity, such things doubtless are. The cases, however, are unfrequent. The fellows to whom I had the honour to be introduced, were men of a different stamp. They were gentlemen, in the highest meaning of that high term; and bore about them no traces of that somewhat monastic system. Their conversation smelt a little of the shop—was sometimes a little too mathematical, at least

for me; but was throughout the most purely intellectual that I have ever enjoyed. Their reunions, after a plain but well cooked dinner on the *dais* of their college-hall, either in the common sitting-room, or in the apartments of some individual member, left upon my mind a delightful impression. It was such as literary society should be, composed only of men of real learning; of friends, confiding in the mutual esteem entertained by all, undisturbed by impudent quacks or ambitious pretenders. I have always pitied a man of letters drawn into a house for the purpose of being drawn out for exhibition. Such men are at home only with their equals."

The Star of Columbia College thus speaks of what he saw of the every-day life at Cambridge.

"The dining-halls are, most of them, noble apartments. The fare is plain, but well cooked, and attended by potations of excellent ale. The services in chapel, particularly in the evening, are very imposing, from the long lines of lights and surpliced students. The dresses of the students are beautiful and becoming. Fellow-commoners, that is, those who pay higher, dine at the table with the fellows, wear gowns barred on the sleeves with gold or silver, and caps with gold or silver tassels. The fellow-commoners of Trinity wear blue and silver gowns; the others black and gold. Noblemen wear full sleeves; and have the high privilege of wearing hats instead of caps. There is more in these dresses than at first meets the eye. The obligation to wear them at all times is enforced by very high penalties. The dress acts upon the wearer's *esprit du corps*, inducing him to maintain the respectability of the body to which he belongs, and also keeps before his eyes the fear of detection. The mode of conferring degrees at Cambridge continues the old form of feudal homage. The candidate kneels, and places his hands between those of the vice-chancellor. The ceremony is accompanied by a truly English salutation. If the individual be popular, or admired, the senate-house rings, as he advances, with the acclamations of his companions."

We have sections entitled Stratford upon Avon—Warwick Castle—Beauchamp Castle—Ruins of Kenilworth—Speedwell Mine in Derbyshire—Scenery of Cumberland—all written with animation and picturesque effect. Of Shakspeare he says, with much simplicity, "For my own part I have always considered him, in the union of great and shining qualities, in profoundness of intellect, and lofty creative power, as the most extraordinary person that England or the world has ever produced." At Keswick he visits Mr. Southey, and tells how pleasing were his impressions of that good and great man.

"In the midst of this scene of soothing beauty and abundant fertility on the one hand, and of picturesque grandeur and wild sublimity on the other, lives Mr. Southey; the character of whose genius seems to have been formed after, or itself actually to have given shape to, the material objects by which it is surrounded.

He resides at Greta Hall, beautifully situated upon a rising ground near the river Greta. I found him in the evening, surrounded by his books and family, the most simple and unpretending of men. He is in person above the middle size, but slender, with something of the stoop and listless air of an habitual student. A retiring forehead, shaded in part by thick curled hair, already grey; strongly marked arching eyebrows; uncommonly full, dark eyes, blue, I incline to think; a thin but very prominent nose; a mouth large and eloquent, and a retreating but well defined chin, compose a countenance which, whether animated or contemplative, and it frequently changes its character, is at once impressive and attractive. To give you, perhaps, a more definite idea of his features, they resemble, in form and arrangement, those of Kirk White. Indeed, so striking is the likeness, that the mother of Kirk White was very much affected by it on her first interview with the biographer of her son. He converses very rapidly, both in language and ideas. Indeed, it is somewhat difficult to keep pace with his mind, in its transition from one idea to another, consequent upon, or analogous to it. He asserts with great energy and decision; but this seems to arise, not from a disposition to dogmatize, but from a natural impetuosity and perspicacity of mind. He uses no gesticulation; but his features and person are instinct with animation, and alive with nervous action. He frequently walks up and down the room, as if to expend a superabundant quantity of excitement. Though he has viewed the scenery of the continent with the eye and imagination of a poet, yet he seems fondly attached to the scenes among which he lives, and loves to point out their beauties. Indeed, I should have discovered his favourite haunts without his assistance. Mr. Southey's walks, and Mr. Southey's views, seemed to be almost as well known to my guide as to himself. I was delighted to hear him speak in terms of enthusiastic applause of an American production. He had lately received from the United States a book containing the life and remains of Miss Davidson.* He remarked that he had never read a more melancholy or interesting story; that the young authoress, who died like Kirk White from over-excitement, exhibited in her poems proof of uncommon early talent. I am persuaded that the idea too commonly prevalent in our country, that Mr. Southey is disposed to undervalue American genius, is incorrect. He evinces, it is true, a glowing attachment to his own country; but he also displays in his countenance, manners, and conversation, the liberal views and feelings of a general philanthropist."

We fear that Mr. Griffin's heart never took kindly to England. In his last letter from London he says, "I return a more enlightened, and for that reason a more *partial* American than ever. I love my country better, and see reason to love it better than before I left it." On this sentence Professor M'Vickar thus comments:—

* See in *Museum*, vol. xvi. p. 103, a review of that work by Southey.

"While no American would feel inclined to dissent from this conclusion, there are many who may see in it a tone of excited feeling, not only foreign to the mildness of Mr. Griffin's character, but unfavourable to the acknowledgment by foreigners of its truth. The explanation of this wariness is afforded by his private journal; from which it appears that his feelings, as an American, had been often wounded during his stay in England, by a sneering tone on the subject of his country; he having been so *unfortunate* as to meet with some whose patriotism went beyond their politeness, and it is probable, beyond either their knowledge or judgment. The author says, that in this Mr. G. was *unfortunate*, since, judging from his own experience, such language is as rare in England as it is misapplied. His recollections of a recent visit not furnishing him with a single instance of an educated man, who was not also liberal in his feelings towards America; and though often ignorant of the detail of her institutions, yet appreciating justly their nature and influence; and reciprocating with fraternal frankness those sentiments of respect and amity which unquestionably belong to the better part of the American community. These are sentiments, it may be added, not only just, but mutually becoming: they spring naturally from the sympathy of a common language, literature, and faith, and no feeling or considerate mind would willingly wound them; woe then to that pen or that policy, by which such bonds are severed, and which seeks to sow discord where nature hath planted peace. Treated as a brother, the writer would now fain perform a brother's part, and add his mite towards healing those wounds of petty jealousy, which are as unwise in policy as they are in domestic life, and certainly are unworthy of great and kindred nations.

"But Mr. Griffin's feelings had been evidently greatly hurt, inasmuch as to induce him to address a letter on the subject to the editor of a leading Review in London; which, however, it would seem that second thoughts withheld him from sending."

We cannot but consider this extreme, almost morbid sensitiveness of Mr. Griffin, on the subject of his country's wrongs, as but in part characteristic of his own nature, in part of that of all Americans. In Paris, we presume, people give themselves no trouble in thinking about the "free-born," but look on them merely as human beings, more profuse, it may be, of their expectations (though 'tis not easy to outspit a Frenchman) than of their gesticulations, and conjectured to be aliens but from the unshrugging shoulders they bring with them over the main. In Italy, again, Americans pass from town to town, undistinguished from Europeans; seldom mix much in native society; and, should they sometimes do so, we can well believe that they hear neither praise nor blame of their country, from the mellifluous tongues murmuring round them that sweetest of all speech. In Paris, Mr. Griffin listened to the lectures of *savans*; in Rome, he gazed on pictures and statues; in

Switzerland, he conversed with the cloud-capt mountains; and in Germany, he heard but the flowings of the Rhine. There could not possibly occur any thing there to hurt that *amor patriæ*, which in him, as in every other American, is *amour propre*; but in England, proud, bluff, rude, merry, England, he was looked at in his true light, that of a Yankee, whose face, however mild, and Mr. Griffin's was not merely mild, but we are told beautiful, seems to an English ear or eye—we know not which, so let us say both—to be perpetually playing, as from an invisible *Jews' Harp*, the tune of *Yankee Doodle*. That any coarse or contemptuous words should have dropt from any lips, in his presence, respecting the character or claims of his country or countrymen, we, as polite persons, do very much regret—none such should ever have fallen from our lips in such companionship. But surely on meeting with outspoken sentiments or opinions somewhat derogatory to the dignities of the United States, Mr. Griffin needed not to have been either greatly surprised or distressed; and might have been prepared, from all he had heard of us at home, to suffer such offences without any disturbance of temper.

All Englishmen who have visited America encounter the same sort of treatment every hour; but they simply smile, chuckle, or crow, and are not impatient to take shipping for the chalk cliffs at the first—nor yet the fiftieth insolent sneer—though filthified with the fumes of tobacco. The idea of John Bull's always behaving prettily and minily before Jonathan, cautious not to give offence, as if he were a boarding-school miss mincing matters through a delicate small mouth, is surely absurd; by his very name he is privileged to growl, nay, bellow; and our brethren across the water may be assured that he would not abuse them if he did not regard them, I guess, with pretty considerable respect. They are not Frenchmen, nor Italians, nor—we were going to say Germans—but bone of his bone, and blood of his blood; they have made us haul down our flag more than once, and be — to them; and so have we theirs, (Broke did so in ten minutes;) and therefore, as we said before, we love and hate, and shake hands with and insult them; heap hospitalities upon their heads, well knowing that we shall be repaid in kind another day. On seeing them on board a packet at Liverpool, give them a blessing, and perhaps, as she leaves the mouth of the Mersey, pipe our eye, and in our swollen throats gulp down a religious farewell.

"Boston is a pretty town,
And so is Philadelphia;
You shall have a sugar plum,
And I'll have one—myself—eh?"

The subject is a pretty serious one, it is true, though we have chosen, as is our wont, to treat it somewhat jocularly; and perhaps 'tis the best way of preventing any bad blood between the nations. Let us be men, not children. In that

character we have met in war—and after sinking of ships and burning of towns, and defeats by sea and land given and received, but never on either side with loss of honour, why complain childishly of conversational incivilities in peace, it being well known to all the world that we are both great bears—all three—John, Jonathan, and Sandy—yet three such bears as could, if fighting on the same side, send to the devil in double quick time, mountains of wolves and wildernesses of monkeys. But Mr. Griffin, though a high-spirited youth, was but a youth, and had mingled little with rough-and-ready full-grown men, with hair on their breasts, and fists like shoulders of mutton. Professor M'Vickar had fifteen years more growth and strength of character than his amiable friend, when he paid us a visit; and the impressions he carried back with him to Columbia College, of which he is an ornament, we need not be ashamed of, as they are given above in that manly passage. We should like to see a book from his hands on us and our country; nor would any man or woman of sense in Britain take offence at that freedom of speech with which it would be necessary for him to speak of the Isle Invincible. But though Mr. Griffin's first and last letters from our shore showed that he brought with him a somewhat jealous and suspicious temper of mind towards us, and carried away—sorry are we to say it—no very genial feelings towards the nation, yet, of our distinguished men whom he visited, he speaks with respect and admiration, and he shows throughout, that no annoyance he may have suffered unduly to ruffle his equanimity, damped or disturbed the enthusiasm with which he worshipped genius and virtue.

He seems to have been happier in Edinburgh than in London; and here are pictures—and good ones—of some of our most illustrious Scottish worthies:—

"In the first division of the inner court, you find seated daily, in the capacity of clerk, no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott, unquestionably and by universal suffrage the literary wonder of his age. He is a tall man, of large but not well filled frame. His shoulders are remarkably sloping, giving an appearance of great longitude to his neck. He is very lame, the consequence of an accident which occurred years ago. When he walks, one knee bends under him and turns inward, making his progress very slow and painful to the spectator. His head, bald upon the crown, is considered a wonder by phrenologists. It is certainly the highest above the ears I have ever seen; and if, as many allow who yet scout the science of phrenology, the front part of the cranium indicates the intellectual ability, as the hinder part does the animal tendencies of the individual, then the intellectual abilities of Sir Walter Scott must be marvellous indeed: a fact, however, for proof of which we need not resort to so questionable an authority. But if the head of this great man confirms one of the principles of phrenology, his features utterly contradict all the conclusions of a sister science. True, the forehead is capacious and

formed, as far as you can see through grey locks combed down over it; and overhanging and strongly marked. His eye is small, and generally dim; and his features of the countenance, at least in a state of repose, bear no indications of a mighty spirit that dwells within. In the ordinary appears as if asleep, or so far within himself that no thought or passion disturbs the placidity of the exterior. Twice only, and I have watched his countenance for hours, have I seen it illumined with an expression indicative of his genius. On one occasion, his eye was turned on the spectators, and his countenance in a manner became so quizzically humorous, that I really could not help laughing, and I said to myself that he had recognised the face of his own Saddle-tree. On another occasion, his features were fixed in an attitude of concentrated woe, more eloquent than I have thought them capable of assuming. It seemed to have escaped to the pass of St. Leonard's, or the precincts of the market, or to be wandering far away in the groves of Ravenswood, or dwelling in retirement of Cumnor. Such is an outline of the personal appearance of that extraordinary man, who has created a new era in literature; who has communicated the charm of association to every name and place he has touched; who is the boast of the glory of Great Britain, an honour and ornament of human nature. Such, I rather say, is an outline of his appearance, the reverie and abstraction of his quiet in court. For, in conversation, his countenance brightens with intelligence, and is full of goodness. You forget what he has thought his torpid and unmeaning; you forget yourself and the world; you remember that you are in the presence of a man listening to the accents, of the lips of living men.

Another object of perhaps equal interest in Scottish courts, is Mr. Jeffrey. He is a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and really, too, the head of the Scotch bar. He is a small man, remarkably light and active in all his motions. The most marked feature of his countenance, is a large, dark, and prominent eye, full of activity and fire. His voice there is a charm but rarely met with. Deep, rich, and mellow, its varied tones of themselves communicate pleasure to the ear. Periods of the uterine fall spontaneous from his lips. At effort, his imagination clothes his words in images the most apt, the most illustrious, the most poetical, according to the subject of discussion. His knowledge seems universal.

He has a quickness of mind, and I can illustrate on more than one occasion it flies to a conclusion over the heads of many mortals, and astonishes them, not by the rapidity of its movement, but by the closeness of its course, and the infallibility of its result. I can now imagine, what was before, how he contrives, amid a multiplicity of professional engagements, that would seem to oppress almost any other man, to see as for a long time he has been

known to do, on merely literary subjects. It is no effort to him to write extempore. Since his elevation to the place of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, some six months since, I believe; he has withdrawn from the editorship of the Edinburgh Review, though it is said to have yielded him fifteen hundred pounds a-year. He is a gentleman of the old school, and possesses a cordial courtesy of manners, which puts one at one's ease with him, notwithstanding the consciousness of his eminent talents and distinguished reputation. His conversation is the most delightful that I have ever heard. He resides, in summer, at a charming retreat, called Craigcrook, about three miles from Edinburgh, near the Queensferry road; where, surrounded with books and friends, and the most delightful scenery, he cultivates the muses. No one can visit him there without being vividly reminded of Cicero, and the occupations and inmates of Tusculum.

"I have seen Mrs. Grant of Laggan. That remarkable lady is one of the literary boasts of Edinburgh; familiar with all the men of letters, and universally respected. She was the daughter of a barrack-master in the British army, and was in the United States at the age of thirteen, in company with her father, during the revolutionary war. She afterwards married a clergyman, who became a minister of Laggan, a small place somewhere, I believe, in the Highlands, from which she continues to derive her distinctive appellation. From these small beginnings she has raised herself by her talents and her virtues to high literary eminence, and an intimate and equal intercourse with people of the greatest rank and fortune. She is the author, as you doubtless know, of *Letters from the Highlands*, and *Memoirs of an American Lady*. She has lost nine children, all of whom died after they were grown up, and has but one surviving. She is herself a venerable ruin. She is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches; and even with their assistance, her motions are slow and languid. Still, she is not only resigned, but cheerful; her confidence in Divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, and yet so tranquil; so indicative, at once, both of goodness and of greatness. Her broad and noble forehead above all, relieved by the parted grey hair, exceeds in interest any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteristic; frank, yet far from rude; replete at once with amusement and instruction. She frequently, among friends, claims the privilege of age to speak, with what she calls the truth; what every one indeed must acknowledge to be such, in its wisest and most attractive form.

"One of the most remarkable days of my life, to be marked, as old Horace says, with a white stone, or bean, I really forget which, was the one on which I saw Mackenzie, 'The Man of Feeling.' I found him just returned from a drive, and seated musing in his study; a tall figure, wasted by age, with a venerable countenance, whose mild, beneficent expression, age seems only to have heightened. I never saw a form and face so instinct with goodness

so attractive of affection. The tenderness poured forth in his works, seems diffused around his person; and I defy any man that has a soul, to admire the former more than he shall feel inclined at once to love the latter. He received me with an air almost paternal, and broke at once into an animated conversation: It was then that his eye glowed with a fire which I had not anticipated, but which you may see sometimes exhibited in his portraits. He spoke of the Continent at once with the fond recollection of age, and the ardent animation of youth. I thought of Julia de Roubigne, but did not venture to remind him of the scenes where his own story is laid. Out of compliment to me, he alluded to my own country, saying, that there was a manifest bond between Great-Britain and America, both by nature and self-interest; and that for his own part he had always been an advocate for conciliation and friendship. He admired the elastic and enterprising spirit of my countrymen. I confess. I felt the prouder for his praise; though, in such a case, my pride would reject the praises of most men. I should have been delighted to draw him into a conversation relating to the olden times, to the distinguished companions of his more youthful days; a subject on which, it is said, he loves to expatiate, and sometimes expatiates to the delight of every auditor. Who, indeed, would not expect so much from the friend and companion of Johnson and Goldsmith, the living patriarch of letters? This pleasure, however, I was obliged to forego, as I could neither presume to lead nor to fatigue him. After some further conversation, therefore, on Scottish scenery, and the direction of my tour, I withdrew."

He then gives a brief account of some modes and habits of ours, not without interest to him, because, he says, different from those in his own country:—

"The houses in Edinburgh are much better fitted for the reception of company than our own, though it puzzles me to imagine how sleeping accommodations are found for a large family, where so much room is occupied for other purposes. The drawing-room is always on the second story, and occupies the whole front or depth of the house. Adjoining is a small parlour, closed by a folding door, or left entirely open, and constituting a part of the drawing-room. The dining-room is always below, and the library beside it. The furniture is much plainer than ours, but far more tasteful. No flaring mirrors or gilt pier-tables are to be seen; the most striking objects are an ottoman in middle of the room, and a chandelier above it. As few as possible of those awkward articles, called chairs, are admitted; their place is supplied by sofas, and in some instances by cushioned benches placed along the recesses of the windows. The dining-room is always very plain. The dresses of the ladies are remarkably simple. I have seen the daughter of a baronet dressed in something that looked very much like calico, at a large music party at home. The gentlemen—were one of our exquisites dropped down among them, he would think himself in a clerical conclave, and might

himself be regarded as an ape newly caught, of some unknown species. The finest gentlemen, in fact, in point of dress, are the servants, with their gay liveries, velvet small-clothes, and white silk stockings. The mode of introduction at these parties is peculiarly convenient. A servant receives your name at the door, and transmits it through an ascending file of some half dozen of his fellows, to the entrance of the drawing room; there it is audibly pronounced, attracting at once the attention of the master and the mistress of the house. This proclamation of your name does not, it is true, entitle you to address an individual without a special introduction, yet to a stranger it saves the awkwardness of a long search for his inviters, whom perhaps he may not even personally know. The conversation among both ladies and gentlemen, is of a far more literary cast, I am sorry to say; than with us. Without being downright blue or pedantic, it is sensible and instructive; without marching always upon stilts, it yet manages to get over the mud of scandal, and the dust of frivolity, without soiling a shoe.

"On a pleasant day, the promenades of Edinburgh present an animated and pleasing scene. Yet I have seen a much more brilliant display in our own Broadway. Not that I mean to prefer the latter. The Scotch ladies dress with good sense and good taste, warmly as becomes the season, and plainly and in dark colours, as becomes the place. Many a time, in my own country, I have been compelled to anticipate cold and consumption from the sight of a silk slipper. Many a time have I trembled for the fate of a gauze, jostled by some rude porter. Many a time have I been grieved by seeing garment of the most delicate hues visited, alas too roughly, by the winds of heaven, with a plentiful sprinkling of dust. And all these emotions have been excited by the very course adopted, I suppose, (unless people dress to please themselves,) to fascinate me, and all the world. But if to the Scotch ladies I am obliged to assign the palm of dress, what satisfaction do I find in claiming for my own fair countrywomen the golden prize of beauty? Since, then they stand less in need of the foreign aid of ornament, why will they not submit, in this single instance, to the warning voice of prudence, and the dictates of a juster though severer taste? Health, far more than ornament, is the soul of beauty.

"The weather has been just cold enough to freeze over Duddingston Loch, and make it capable of bearing. Such an occasion is eagerly embraced, not only by the boys and youth, but by men of advanced age and dignified character. Mr. Jeffery* is a distinguished member of the skating club, and Principal Baird has attained a high reputation as a curler. The ladies swarm to witness the exhibition, and the whole scene is more gay and animated than any of which we have an idea, accustomed as we are, to the exercise of skating, and the more frequent opportunities of using it. By the by, it is a marked distinction between the manners of our country and this, that sports, which with us are abandoned on leaving school, or at farthest

* Mr. Cockburn.

on quitting college, are here persisted in with increasing ardour, to the very verge of old age. The active games of golf, skating, curling, &c. have the same attractions for the man of fifty, as they had for the boy of ten.

"Yet cheerful as is the spirit which this circumstance would seem to indicate, the Christmas holidays are not kept here with any show of festivity. Except in the Episcopal chapels, there are no religious services on either Christmas or New Year's day. On both days the shops are all open; and the Scottish tradesman is more occupied in getting in his bills, than in reflecting on the glories of his coming dinner. One singular exception, however, to this general rule, is presented on New Year's eve. On this occasion, the ancient Saturnalia seem to be revived. The streets are filled with groups of persons bearing in triumph a bottle and a glass; or, still more frequently, a kettle of hot punch, who insist on your shaking their greasy palms, and drinking to their future happiness. These worthy personages also claim as matter of prescription transmitted from their ancestors, the right of kissing every female who appears in the streets after twelve o'clock, whether it be a lady in her chair or carriage, unluckily detained beyond the witching hour, or a merry maid-servant who has stolen forth intent upon securing at least her share of frolic and of kisses. Various other pranks do they enact with impunity, to the great disturbance of the public sleep.

"I would with great satisfaction remain at Edinburgh the whole winter, instead of going to London. The Scotch are the kindest, the most hospitable, and most agreeable people in the world. To give you an instance of their hospitality: I think I mentioned to you that I had met, on the summit of Mount Righi, a young Russian nobleman called De Viocline, who urged me very earnestly to go back with him to Russia, whither he was returning in the winter. The other day, whom should I encounter, in a reading-room to which I had gone to look over some American papers, but my young Russian. I had completely forgotten his features, as we had passed only a day or two together, but fortunately recollected him the moment he mentioned Righi. He told me that, after leaving me, he met with some Scotchmen, who diverted him from his intention of returning home, by setting forth the beauties of Edinburgh, and the excellencies of its university. Accordingly, he descended the Rhine in their company, and came to Scotland, passing weeks among their relations in Ayrshire, and among the Western Highlands. He is now residing with one of them at his country seat, about five miles from Edinburgh, and attends the chymical and metaphysical lectures at the University. He is, I trust, a most accomplished person, and a nobleman—facts which may in part account for the extraordinary hospitality shewn him. But Scottish hospitality, in all its kind and welcoming influences, is extended also to the stranger who claims neither high birth nor eminent accomplishments. I shall leave Edinburgh with impressions on my mind and heart which nothing but the cold hand of death can efface.

Mr. Griffin returned to America in April 1830; and within a week of his arrival, was appointed to deliver a course of lectures on literature in Columbia College, in consequence of the illness of his biographer. During the months of May and June, they were prepared, written out, and delivered; and a considerable part of them are published in these volumes. And we agree with Professor M'Vickar, that when it is considered that it was a voluntary service, taken up without premeditation on the very moment of return, carried on without aid, and completed in the midst of all the interruptions incident to such a period of congratulation, it may be said, without exaggeration, that they remain a noble monument of promptitude, diligence, and knowledge, and afford a rich sample of what might have been effected by him had life been spared.

"For the task itself Mr. Griffin was well fitted, both by nature and education: since, to great natural delicacy of taste was added a familiar acquaintance with the best models of both ancient and modern times. His classical education had been thorough, so far as that term may be applied to American scholarship. He was also intimately acquainted with the languages and literature of Italy and France, and deeply read in that of his own tongue. His recent tour had not only extended his knowledge, and still further cultivated his taste, but produced somewhat of its usual influence in raising criticism into a science. The Italian language had been one of his early acquisitions; he was engaged in its study with his lamented sister, when death made him a solitary student. His instructor, (Professor Da Ponte,) speaks of him as having evinced a singular aptitude in its acquisition, and great diligence and judgment in the perusal of its authors. With the French he was equally familiar. According to the statement of one of the most accomplished of our French scholars, (the Rev. A. Verren,) he spoke the language, upon his return from Europe, with such purity, that Mr. Verren looked forward with confidence to his occasional aid in the supply of his pulpit in that tongue. His course embraced Roman and Italian literature, together with that of England, down to the writers of the reign of Charles II."

But the close of his career was at hand. Released from his college labours, Edmund paid a visit to a younger brother in the western part of the state of Massachusetts, one whom he had not seen since his return, whom he had left, two years before, a thoughtless, perhaps worldly youth, but found now a devoted zealous enquirer after Christian truth, abandoning the fair prospects of worldly advancement which had begun to open to him, and retiring to solitude and study, with a view to devote himself to the work of the ministry. With that beloved brother he returned to New York, and with him spent the few remaining days of his life. They were passed in such delightful and improving intercourse, that the survivor loves to look back upon them as a period when brotherly affection was

sanctified by the common bond of deep-felt religion, and made more tender by the feelings of long separation. The news of the happy change on his brother's feelings had reached Edmund in Europe, and the following is an extract from one of his earliest letters after his arrival:—

"One of my most eager longings, on my voyage home, was to have an opportunity of conversing freely with you on the happy change which you have recently experienced; a change which concerns not merely temporal, or transitory interest, but which secures, I trust, your eternal happiness. I have wished to see you accomplished, literary, rich; but God has given you brighter ornaments, a more precious wisdom, and more enduring riches. I purchased for you, at Geneva, a very pretty breastpin. At present I shall not tender it to your acceptance, but shall retain for you a Bible purchased for my own use, and which includes, under the same cover, (no unmeet companion,) the Common Prayer-Book of the Church of England. I shall send it by the first opportunity that occurs, and beg that you will make the Bible, at present, the sole object of religious study. Have nothing to do, as yet, with *theology*. It is enough for the present, that the Bible convinces you of the heinousness of sins committed by yourself, and points out the only remedy, the atoning blood of the Lamb of God; that the Bible assures you of your own inability to turn to God, and to preserve your peace with him, and directs you to the only efficient aid in the assisting and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, to be sought by prayer, meditation, and the attentive perusal of the will of God. It is enough, that as the Bible threatens, so also it promises; as it pierces, so also it heals; that it has brought life and immortality to light, and has assured a participation in those glorious privileges, to all who humbly and perseveringly seek after them. With the explanation of minor difficulties, you have at present no concern; they are but as motes in the sunbeam; they cannot interrupt the passage of the light."

One afternoon, the two brothers crossed the river to Hoboken, in order that, in the retirement of that rural spot, they might wander and talk with greater freedom. On the morning of the same day, Edmund had passed some hours with his friend, the Jay Professor of Languages in the college, planning, among other schemes of literary labour, to devote the leisure of his vacation to German literature. Full of life and health, and all its energy of usefulness and self-improvement, no labour, says his biographer, seemed too great for him, no attainments beyond his grasp; insomuch that one of his friends, upon his departure, gave vent to that mingled feeling of admiration and fear which is so naturally inspired by an over-prosperous good fortune, and which, on this occasion, seemed like a presentiment of evil. So natural, continues Professor M'Vickar, in a fine strain, is this apprehension of the near approach of sudden misfortune in the midst of great prosperity, as to have inspired the ancient

heathen with the jealous of man. (some deity was jealous of man. I have taught us the wiser I added to teach us the vanity of the world.

In the course of their walk, the younger brother was relating to Edmund a death-bed scene which a few weeks before he had witnessed; and he now describes him as riveted to the spot in mute attention, every feature fixed, every faculty of the mind absorbed, and for minutes after the tale was ended, apparently lost in thought, as if some secret voice had whispered to him, "Be thou also ready." Before they reached home, the fatal disease (inflammation) had attacked him. This was on Saturday; and on the Tuesday following (August 31, 1830) he expired. The Rev. Dr. Lyell, who was with him at the last, says:—"that he had seen deaths more triumphant, but never one so calm and tranquil." The details of his sufferings and resignation are given very simply and affectingly; and Professor M'Vickar, who has done himself infinite honour by his part in this publication, among other fine reflections on the death of his friend, says beautifully, that "he trusts this fair portraiture of youth well employed, will lead some of those who are following in the path of life to form themselves upon its model; that by it some will be roused to diligence, from witnessing what diligence can accomplish; some be saved from vice, by beholding the beauty of innocence; some be led to religion, by seeing it united with taste and accomplishments; some be weaned from their prejudices against a church to which such an enquirer was freely led; some child be won to filial obedience; some brother to fraternal love, by the pleasing picture exhibited of domestic attachment; and all who read it be impressed with the wisdom of being prepared for an event against which no sufficient barrier was found in youth, health, knowledge, virtue, or all the fond anticipations which human affection builds upon them."

From the Athenæum.

THE OUDALISK'S SONG.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THEY said that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away—
Within the Sultan's halls of light,
A glittering wretch to stay;
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam—
Nor heared the sighs I heaved for thee,
My own—my childhood's home!

THEY deck my arms with jewels rare
That glitter in the sun,
And braid with pearls my long black hair—
I weep when all is done;
I'd give them all for one bright hour
Free and unwatched to roam:
I'd give them all, for one sweet flower
From thee—my childhood's home.

g my low-toned harp, and bid
the notes prolong—
soul is harshly chid
ars succeed to song
ip can sing no more,
er my spirit come
I heard in these of yere,
—my childhood's home!

he long-lost visions rise
r sinless year—
hide my streaming eyes,
ot cease from tears:
orch where wearily
her sits and weeps—
ouch where roaily
brother sleeps.

owers I loved to tend,
led on the earth;
merry voices blend—
l companions; mirth!
me are gilded halls,
tments, jewels rare?
live in cabin walls,
ath the mountain air.

ot heavy winds are still,
ra unwearied pass:
ie sunshine on the hill—
r upon the grass!
e cool resounding shore,
k blue river's foam!
ick heart ne'er see them more?
r my childhood's home!

from the United Service Journal.

ADVENTURE IN LA VENDEE. By
OFFICER IN THE FRENCH SERVICE.

1st November last (1831), I was appointed a lieutenant in the first grenadier regiment, which was at that time on duty with the forces in La Vendée; armed with buoyant spirits and without care for Chemillé, where the staff of our regiment was quartered. I reached it about three o'clock of the 4th of that month, and not only had I been expected some hours sooner, but it was planned for me to execute a march, which would carry me and two grenadier men, through a wood lying between Chemillé and Chalonnes. I therefore sat down with my two men; and we pursued our march along the high road, between hedges and fields, of which I every instant expected a start up, or at least, looked to be honoured with the flash of his pan; but every thing remained quiet until we had advanced about a mile into the wood. At a corner, where the road took a wind, we came in contact with a party of fifteen armed men. I summoned the men to lay down their arms, and having repeated my summons several times, we opened upon them. My weapon consisted of a double-barrelled gun; and as the first shot, both barrels flashing boot-

lessly in their pans. The Chouans now set up a loud hurrah! gave fire, and all three of us fell. I have since learned, that one of my comrades was shot through the heart: the second appeared to have received a wound in the head: and, as for myself, a bullet grazed my right shoulder, and another passed right through me, between my shoulder and breast. I fell on the ground in a state of insensibility, and, upon opening my eyes, found that I had been completely plundered and was lying with my two grenadiers in a ditch; the gore was streaming from both wounds, I was suffering under a degree of thirst that was almost insupportable, and the loss of blood had reduced me to so weak a state, that I had the greatest difficulty in the world to creep out of my grave, and look out for assistance. I observed a peasant's cabin hard by, and crawled towards it. An old man was standing at the door; I implored his help, and lay before him in so wretched a plight, that although he was himself a Chouan and had a son who had made his escape from the conscription, he took pity upon me, stretched out his hands to assist me, and aided me in mounting an uncouth bed, on which a quantity of hay was piled together; his wife in great haste threw some coverlets over me, for, whilst they were consulting in a whisper upon what should be done with me, several rough voices were heard before the door: she had scarcely laid me under an injunction to keep myself as quiet as possible, when the Chouans, whose fire had brought me down, strode through the door into the only apartment the cabin contained,—which served for kitchen and bed-chamber, as well as lodging for man and beast. These men told my hosts, that they had shot three red-men, but, on their return from a short round, had found but two bodies; adding, that, as to the third, they knew he had made his way into their hut by the traces of blood leading towards it, and they were come to require he should be delivered up to them in order that they might put him effectually out of the way at once. The countryman swore, that he had not seen a soul alive, and would be the first to drive a bullet through a red-man's head as soon as he should fall in with him. The strangers vowed and maintained that I could be nowhere else, loudly charged him with playing the traitor, and swore by Heaven! they would track me wherever I might have found a covert. Upon this they separated, hunted about every crevice in the hut, pulled up the floor, drove their arms into the hay-heap, and I expected every instant to feel them plunging their bayonets into the bed. Whilst this was passing, I was lying almost at death's door, and my blood was running down from my shoulders through the hay, until it collected on the floor, where it caught the nose of a hog that lay beneath the bed, and set instantly upon gulping it down; The creature then began thrusting his snout into every corner of the hay in search of more, and at last got it close to my foot, at which he made a bite; this roused my small remaining stock of energy, and

I drew my foot back, and gave the hog a kick upon the nape of his neck with all my might and main; at this, he set up a long, barking sort of a grunt, and brought the whole nest of Chouans about the bed. A little girl, the poor people's daughter, at this moment entered the cabin; she had watched the transaction from the outset, and made up her mind what plan to follow, without exchanging a word with her parents. "Holla! what are you about there?" the girl inquired. "We are hunting after a red-man, answered the Chouans, "you must have seen him, ay?" "To be sure I did," replied the girl, "I have just seen a couple of grenadiers carrying an officer off, on the road towards Bressieux." "Away, boys, away!" bellowed one of the men, who seemed to act as a leader; "we must bring the red-dog down before he gets out of the wood; and the whole crew instantly scampered off, that they might be in time to intercept my retreat. What with loss of blood, and the utter exhaustion to which this harrowing scene of alarm and anxiety had reduced me, I felt so completely overcome as to sink into a state of insensibility, from which I was not roused until the ensuing morning, when I was delighted to find myself under the protection of a platoon of my own company, aided by the regimental surgeon, who dressed my wounds and had me carried on a litter to Chemilli; my recovery was for a long time doubtful, and the medical attendants were astonished that the breath had not long before departed from my nostrils. But youth, and the fortunate direction which the bullet took, for this once saved me.

From the Monthly Review.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND.

By Barry Cornwall.

Farewell Old England's shores!
Farewell her rugged men!
Now, sailors, strain your oars!
I ne'er will look again.
I've lived—I've sought—I've seen—
Oh, things I love too well,
Upon those shores of green:
So England! long farewell!

Farewell!

I go,—what matter where?
The Exile where he flies,
Thinks not of other air
Dreams not of alien skies:
He seeks but to depart
From the land he loves too well,—
From thoughts that smite his heart:
So England! long farewell!

Farewell!

O'er lands and the lonely main,
A lonelier man, I roam,
To seek some balm for pain,—
Perhaps to find a home:
I go,—but time nor tide,
Nor all that tongue may tell,
Shall e'er from thee divide
My heart,—and so, farewell!
Old England, fare thee well!

From the
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.*

In noticing the numbers of this valuable work which comprised the class of "Reptiles," we paid what we conceived to be a just tribute, not only to Mr. Griffith's admirable accuracy in translating, but also to the additional importance and utility which he has conferred upon Cuvier's labours by his own original observations, and by his felicitous tact in abridging the mere technical details with which the French volumes are overloaded. He has thus rendered the matter of the publication as popular as it was possible to make it; combining, at the same time, with the severe correctness of science, the attractions of entertainment.

The number now before us treats of insects; a class of the creation that more, perhaps, than any other is calculated to excite our attention, from the wonderful varieties which it comprehends, and the astonishing minuteness of anatomical mechanism which it discloses. In both these points it surpasses every other. The number of species which have been already observed, exceeds twenty thousand, and it is not too much to say that, taking the species indigenous to Asia, Africa, and America into consideration, there are at least as many more, of which we have, as yet, no adequate descriptions. Travelers, in those quarters of the globe, have too often contented themselves with collecting only those insects which appeared to them most remarkable for the singularity of their forms, or the beauty of their colours. Hence it happens, that their catalogues are very scanty, and their specimens still more limited; partly for the reason we have mentioned, but partly also, it must be admitted, on account of the great difficulty which attends the preservation and conveyance home of such fragile materials.

To the multitude, insects are uninteresting, because they are generally so small. But to all persons who have a moment for reflection, this very minuteness of conformation is the very features of all others that renders them so attractive. 'Infinity,' observes Mr. Griffith, 'exists in small as well as in great things, and the insignificance of an atom, the imparting to it, under such minute dimensions, so many organs, capable of a variety of sensations, is a greater marvel than the production of those colossal animals on which we look with terror and astonishment.' "Wherefore," asks another writer—one of the most philosophical observers of nature—"should we fear to bestow too much praise on the works of the Supreme Being? A machine is the more admirable, and does the greater honour to its in-

* The animal Kingdom described and arranged, in conformity with its Organization. By the Baron Cuvier. Translated with additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named; of many not before noticed; and other Original Matter. By Edward Griffith, F. L. S., and others. Parts XXVIII. to XXXII. London: Whittaker & Co. 1830.

value, in proportion, as it is simple in relation to its destined object, though complex as to the number and variety of its parts. The union and concurrence of so many different and necessary pieces to the production of one given end, impress us with a high idea of the genius of the mechanist. He who has formed those animated machines which we term *insects*, has assuredly admitted no unnecessary parts into their composition. Notwithstanding their minuteness, they cannot fail to excite our admiration in a much greater degree than larger animals, when we consider that there are many more component parts in their body, than in the enormous living masses of the elephant or the whale. In the production of the butterfly, and of every insect which undergoes a true metamorphosis, *the equivalent at least of two animals is produced.*"

What a theme for meditation is suggested by these few remarks! In every insect that undergoes a complete transformation, there must be, in fact, the germ of one animal contained in the perfect body of another. Thus in the lion-ant we have the four-winged fly, and the beautiful butterfly in the mean-looking, crawling caterpillar. What is the use of all these insects and transformations? we have heard a thousand times asked. What good do they produce? Is it not, we ask in return, a sufficient good if they remind us even for a moment of the power and ever active presence of the Omnipotent? Supposing we were told that this object alone was the only one which the Creator had in view, when He peopled the air, the water, and the earth with insects, would it not be an adequate object for the display of such varied and miraculous power? He has intended us for Himself: but He knew that, placed in a world in which the multitude would have to labour for their maintenance, we might too often give up all our thoughts to the occupations which existence renders necessary, and He has in consequence strown our path every where with objects—like so many fire-flies—which may at every moment of the brilliant day or the winter night, speak to us of Him! No person has ever yet asked the use of an insect, who has paid the slightest attention to its wonderful structure; for besides the unknown, or rather unnoticed part which may be assigned to it in carrying on the necessary operations of nature, it is in itself one of the letters in that divine alphabet which the Deity has framed for his favourite creature man, to enable him to read, if he have but the will to read, the precious volume which is here unfolded for his perusal.

Although it is the opinion of the best natural philosophers, that insects are uniformly governed by instinct, yet it is certain, that their instinct operates occasionally in a manner so like reason, that we find a difficulty in ascertaining to which faculty we are to attribute some of the facts which fall within our observation. Instinct is their natural guide, and it must be admitted that they could have no better, since their existence

is so transitory that they could have but little time to deliberate, or to gather lessons from experience. The bee is born an accomplished geometrician, and if it had not been so, it would soon perish for the want of subsistence. Something of this precious benevolence of nature is occasionally seen also in men, to whom happy dispositions for particular pursuits are given, which enable them, often without being taught, to excel in the mechanical, and even in the elegant arts. The most wonderful character in the instinct of insects is, that they have often displayed a power of accommodating themselves to circumstances, which is seldom to be observed in the conduct of birds, or even in other classes of the higher animals. Honey-combs, for instance, may occasionally be found altogether peculiar, with cells differently shaped, and even differently arranged, in order to meet the difficulties of the situation in which they happen to be placed. But inasmuch as it is known that this power of accommodation to particular circumstances has been displayed by the bees in all ages, and that even in these deviations from the usual routine, there is nothing that can be imputed to the new individuals of the species, it is looked upon, and justly, rather as a variation of instinct, than as the proof of a reasoning faculty.

It is very curious to observe the number of instincts with which insects are endowed, as compared with the higher animals. In the nurses, for instance, among the working bees, thirty different instincts are enumerated. We must confess, that it would appear to us more reasonable to refer these varieties of action to one general instinct, than to say, that each particular duty which they perform is the result of a particular instinct directing it. But the high authority of Spence is quoted for the former doctrine, and, at all events, whether it be well founded or not, it places the insect in an equally wonderful point of view. Thus it matters little, whether we refer to one instinct or to many, the habits which bees have of sending out scouts before they swarm, in search of a proper place of settlement; of following the queen wherever she goes; of cleansing their new abode from dirt; of propping up their combs when too heavy; of embalming in wax any offensive object which they are not able to remove. These and many other operations which the bees go through, are equally worthy of our admiration, whether we ascribe each of them to a separate instinct, or the whole to one presiding impulse.

But is not that impulse something higher than mere instinct? This is a question upon which there will always be two opinions. In fact, we men cannot understand by what kind of faculty, short of reason, it happens, that, although the working bees are sure to destroy the drones every autumn, they abstain from injuring any one of them if the hive has lost its queen. In this case the drones are suffered to live unmolested throughout the winter. Here is an alteration of conduct, an abstinence from the which

course of pe-
the queen,
The Der-
body

of eggs, but also that they were used of communicating information to each other. He placed a pot containing treacle and with ants, these insects found their way to it, and were feasting very heartily when he discovered them. He then shook them out, and suspended the pot by a string from the ceiling. By chance one ant remained, which, after eating its fill, with some difficulty found its way up the string, and thence reaching the ceiling escaped, by the wall to its nest. In less than half an hour, a great company of ants sallied out of their hole; climbed the ceiling, crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued, until the treacle was all consumed, one swarm running up the string, while another passed down. It seems indisputable that one ant had, in this instance, conveyed news of the booty to his comrades, who would not otherwise have at once directed their steps in a body to the only accessible route." Messrs. Kirby and Spence relate another anecdote, from which we must conclude that insects are in possession of an instinct capable of assisting them in many difficulties.

"A German artist, a man of strict veracity, states, that in his journey through Italy, he was an eye-witness to the following occurrence. He observed a species of scarabæus. (*Ateuchus pilularius*?) busily employed in making for the reception of its egg, a pellet of dung, which, when finished, it rolled to the summit of a small hillock, and repeatedly suffered to tumble down its side, apparently for the sake of consolidating it by the earth, which each time adhered to it. During this process, the pellet unluckily fell into an adjoining hole, out of which all the efforts of the beetle to extricate it were in vain. After several ineffectual trials, the insect repaired to an adjoining heap of dung, and soon returned with three of his companions. All four now applied their united strength to the pellet, and at length succeeded in pushing it out; which being done, the three assistant beetles left the spot, and returned to their own quarters." part—xxviii. pp. III, 112.

The summary of the doctrine upon this subject seems to be reducible to this, that the great majority of the actions of insects are directed by a principle of instinct, totally distinct from reason, but that nevertheless they have the faculty, supposed to be a limited one of forming from their immediate perceptions, and reason. It seems undeniable also, that some mode of communicating to other, and that in addition to this endowed with memory.

warm latitudes particularly insects take in the nature. The there are in those

innumerable legions, although they commit depredations upon the works of man, devouring his books and furniture without any distinction, and thus warning him to apply his ingenuity and industry in taking precautions against their inroads, are of the greatest destroying dead organized matter, such as carrion, which might otherwise putrify and fill the atmosphere with pestilence. They are constantly occupied in purging the surface of the soil from matter of this description, and so voracious are these insect vultures, that they have been known to consume the flesh of a colossal quadruped in one day. They in their turn become the food of birds, reptiles, quadrupeds, and thus the equilibrium of animated life is kept up by means of a system, of which at best we see but a part, and even that darkly.

The fecundity of the females among the social insects, and the care which nature has taken in providing the young with nurses, is another wonderful portion of their history.

'Reaumur estimates at twelve millions, the number of eggs laid by the domestic bee in spring, within the space of twenty days. But this fecundity is much inferior to that of the termites of the same sex. At the time of laying, their belly is so distended by the number of eggs with which it is filled, that this part is then, according to Smeathman, five hundred or two thousand times more bulky than the rest of the body. Its volume is twenty or thirty thousand times larger than that of the belly of the neuter. In fine, the number of eggs which the female can lay in the space of one day, amounts to eighty thousand. Now, this exceeding fecundity of insects which live in society, seems to establish the necessity of a third division of individuals, such as the neuters, which shall possess the affections of maternity, without the reproductive faculty.

'All these insects, with the exception of the termites, are of the number of those which undergo complete metamorphoses, and their larvæ, unlike the caterpillars, are quite unable, from feebleness, absence of feet, and the extreme smallness of the mouth to provide for themselves. Besides, they would seek in vain to procure their food, which consists in vegetable or animal matter, which has undergone preparatively a digestive process. In this state of things almost daily assistance is necessary for them. This the mothers, had they been alone, could by no possibility have afforded. They never could have found strength or time to collect magazines of provisions for so numerous a family, nor could the provisions have been preserved in a proper state, up to the time that they were wanted. If the existence of the mothers were prolonged beyond the time of the disclosing of the young, and the bringing up and the education of the latter were entrusted to them, their difficulties would still increase. They could not find every day the quantity of aliments required, especially

in rainy weather, and even supposing that they could procure them, how could they distribute them to each individual larva? How could they watch over, and preserve them from the infinite number of perils by which they are menaced? It is very different with solitary insects. Their family, few in number, isolated, concealed, and occupying but a small space, can easily be withdrawn from the investigations of its enemies. But insects, united in great numbers in the same nest, have more unfavourable risks to run. The careful attention of the ants to their progeny affords an apt illustration of this point.—part xxviii. pp. 115, 116.

These provisions of nature, and others which might be mentioned, afford indisputable proof of a system established from the creation, and ought constantly to lead our thoughts to that Eternal Intelligence by which it was ordained. How justly may we not exclaim with Cowper,

“These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair.”

The parasite order of insects, though highly interesting in a scientific point of view, do not furnish us with many ideas of an agreeable nature. We shall therefore pass them by altogether, suggesting only to the attention of the reader the exhibition of the “wonderful fleas” now open in Regent Street. One of these well-disciplined tiny animals draws up a bucket from a well; another is harnessed to the model of a man of war of 120 guns, with sails, &c., four hundred times its own weight, which it draws after it without any difficulty; while others are engaged in carrying upon their backs effigies of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, and in combatting with swords in regular warfare. Mr. Griffith mentions a flea of middling size that has been seen to draw a silver cannon supported on two little wheels, which was charged with powder and let off, apparently without giving the insect the slightest alarm. Hook has recorded the labours of an English artist, who constructed an ivory coach for six horses, holding four persons, having two lackeys behind and a coachman on the box, with a dog between his legs, which was drawn by a single flea! M. Latreille, remarking on such works of art, asks why such delicacy and fineness of labour should not be devoted to objects of greater utility? We quite coincide in the answer which Mr. Griffith has given to this question. We shall add to it his very sensible observations upon the insects in question.

‘If every work of man was to be measured by its direct utility, some of the noblest productions of art and genius might be undervalued and despised. The exercise of human ingenuity is in itself laudable, and though it be employed on an object of no direct utility, it may and not unfrequently does, lead to the most useful discoveries and inventions. The man employed on such a task as we have de-

scribed, was at all events improving himself in his art, and increasing the delicacy of his tact, and the accuracy of his vision. Better to be so employed than in fabricating engines of destruction, or mingling in scenes of dissipation, vice and folly.

‘In studying so small an animal as the flea, many subjects of admiration present themselves to our mind. What prodigious force of muscle must not that be which enables this insect to raise itself thirty times its height! How singular the structure of that tube with which it sucks our blood! Nature, with her usual wisdom and foresight, has given this animal a compressed form, which enables it to insinuate itself with more facility between the hairs of animals, and conceal itself there. She has encased its body in a sort of armour by enveloping it in a firm and elastic skin, capable of resisting the pressure of our fingers.

‘It is not necessary to enter into any detail here, of all the means which have been prescribed for the destruction of these troublesome insects. Some recommend the placing in apartments plants of a powerful and penetrating odour, such as savoury, wormwood, &c., or acrid plants, such as *persicaria*, or vegetables with glutinous leaves, and branches of the alder. Others have recourse to a mercurial unguent, to boiling water, into which simple mercury has been put, and which is scattered throughout the chamber. Some prescribe the vapour of sulphur. The inhabitants of *Dalcarlia*, place in their habitations a hare’s skin. These insects take refuge there, and are then easily destroyed by fire or water.

We often murmur against Nature, and consider fleas and other vermin as a spot which soils the beautiful picture which she presents to our eyes. But let us be reasonable, and admire the wisdom of her designs, in having chosen the sensation of pain as a sentinel to give us warning of the consequences of our vices, or the irregularity of our habits. We should conform ourselves to her views. Cleanliness without fastidiousness should be observed in our dwellings. If, towards the end of autumn, and the commencement of spring, the different articles of furniture that we use, were exposed to a heat of sufficient strength, the sources of our inconveniences would be speedily destroyed, at all events we should cease to calumniate Nature, even if we had not sufficient gratitude to study and admire her. But a small number of the species of the flea is as yet known; but it is probable that if the fleas of different animals were examined with a little more attention, that several others might be discovered.—part xxviii. pp. 167—169.

It is not difficult, by attending to these directions, to extirpate, or at least to diminish very much, the race of which the author speaks. We say the author, Mr. Griffith, from whose excellent supplementary remarks we have extracted them. His translation of Cuvier’s text will be read with great interest by persons who have made the science of natural history an object of their attention. His supplementary observations are of a more popular character, as they contain the results not only of his own labours but of those of several other philosophers besides the

Baron, drawn up in a style as free from technicality as possible.

Of all the insects of which man is apt to complain, there are none perhaps that give him greater annoyance than those which infest plants and trees of every description. Among these are found a species of flea, which jump by means of their hind legs with considerable elasticity. They feed upon the juice of leaves, which they suck up with their proboscis. The females are furnished with a kind of augur; by this instrument they are enabled to prick the leaves, in which they deposit their eggs, and the incisions thus made often cause the destruction of the leaves, by turning the juice out of its natural channel. Sometimes these incisions cause the leaves to turn up like a hood, and many of them unite together to form a ball, in which the larvæ are found enclosed. These larvæ void a white saccharine matter, soft to the touch, which according to Geoffroy, strongly resembles manna. They leave often long threads of it behind, and

the grains of it are sometimes to be met with in the balls which they have inhabited. The fleas which are attached to the alder tree, live together in little societies composed of about a dozen individuals each. They are covered by a cottony down, which renders them hideous. But in point of destructiveness, these insects bear no comparison to the aphides, which are found assembled in immense quantities, or rather masses, upon almost every species of plant. In noticing Mr. Rennie's work on insects, we went pretty much at large into the very curious natural history of these prolific creatures.* They are dull, and in appearance motionless; but at the very moment that they seem least active, they are busily engaged in extricating the juice from the leaves with their proboscis. Wherever they come, they are always sure to be speedily followed by whole armies of ants. They exude constantly a delicate saccharine fluid, which may be sometimes found upon the leaves of goosberry or currant trees, of which the ants are excessively fond. They have their natural enemies, which devour them in great numbers, otherwise they are so fruitful they would put an end to agriculture altogether. The best way to destroy them is to burn some sulphur or tobacco under the trees, and conduct smoke to the part affected by means of a tube. The following remarks on the larger aphides, from the pen of Mr. Curtis, fully explain the phenomenon usually called "Honey-dew," and are full of curious matter.

"In the quality of the excrements," says Mr. Curtis, in the sixth vol. of the Lin. Trans. "voided by these insects there is something very extraordinary. Were a person accidentally to take up a book in which it was gravely asserted that in some countries there were animals who voided liquid sugar, he would soon lay it down, regarding it as a fabulous tale,

calculated to make the ignorant; and the superior student the most contemptible on this head. On looking steadfastly for a few minutes on a group of these insects, while feeding on the bark of the willow, one perceives a few of them elevate their bodies, and a transparent substance evidently drop from them, which is immediately followed by a similar motion and discharge, like a small shower, from a great number of others. At first, I was not aware that the substance thus dropping from these animals, at such stated intervals, was their excrement, but was convinced of its being so afterwards; for on a more accurate examination, I found it proceed from the extremity of the abdomen, as is usual in other insects. On placing a piece of writing-paper under a mass of these insects, it soon became thickly spotted; holding it a longer time, the spots united from the addition of others, and the whole surface assumed a glossy appearance. I tasted this substance and found it as sweet as sugar. I had the least hesitation in doing this, as I had observed that wasps, flies, ants, and insects without number, devoured it as quickly as it was produced; but were it not for these, it might no doubt be collected in considerable quantities, and if subjected to the processes used with other saccharine juices, might be converted into the choicest sugar, or sugar-candy. It is a fact also, which appears worthy of noticing here, that though wasps are so partial to this food, yet the bees appear totally to disregard it.†

"In the height of summer, when the weather is hot and dry, and aphides are most abundant, the foliage of trees and plants (more especially in some years than others) is found covered with, and rendered glossy by, a sweet clammy substance, known to persons resident in the country by the name of *honey-dew*: they regard it as a sweet substance falling from the atmosphere, as its name implies. The sweetness of this excrementitious substance, the glossy appearance it gave to the leaves which it fell upon, and the swarms of insects which this matter attracted, first led me to imagine that the honey-dew of plants was no other than this secretion, which further observation has since fully confirmed. Others have considered it as an exudation from the plant itself. Of the former opinion we find the Rev. Mr. White, one of the latest writers on natural history that has noticed this subject. But that it neither falls from the atmosphere, nor issues from the plant itself, is easily demonstrated. If it fell from the atmosphere it would cover every thing indiscriminately whereas we never find it but on certain living plants and trees. We also find it on plants, stoves, and green-houses covered with glass. If it exuded from the plant, it would appear on the leaves generally and uniformly; whereas its appearance is extremely irregular, not alike on any two leaves of the same tree and plant, some having none of it, and others being covered with it but partially. But the phenomenon

* See Museum, Vol. xx. p. 247.

† This, however, is contradicted by White in his History of Selborne.

of the honey-dew, with all their variations, are easily accounted for, by considering the aphides as the authors of it. That they are capable of producing an appearance exactly similar to that of the honey-dew, has been already shown. As far as my observation has extended, there never exists any honey-dew but where there are aphides; such, however, often pass unnoticed, being hid on the under side of the leaf. Wherever honey-dew is observable about a leaf, aphides will be found on the under side of the leaf or leaves immediately above it, and under no other circumstances whatever. If by accident any leaf should intervene between the aphides and the leaf next between them, there will be no honey-dew on that leaf. Thus then we flatter ourselves to have incontrovertibly proved that the aphides are the true and only source of the honey-dew."—part xxxii. pp. 270—273.

Of the same order is the cochineal insect, a very small and delicate creature, of whose labours we have contrived to make an important use, while we have altogether neglected to turn the honey-dew of the aphides to advantage. They also are extremely injurious to vegetables. They pass a great portion of their lives attached to the bark of trees, from which, in the course of time, they extract all the sap. The female undergoes a singular change when her young are brought forth; the body then swells prodigiously, assumes the form of a gall, which covers the new progeny, and ceases to be animated. Some species of the cochineal assume a form different from that of the gall. They are covered with a cottony down, which serves as a kind of nest for a lodgement of part of the body. It serves also to receive the young brood. The eggs proceed from the body of the mother through an aperture placed at the extremity of the abdomen, and they pass under her belly to be hatched there. When this process is over, the body of the mother dries up, and becomes a sort of shell or cocoon, in which the eggs are enclosed. These eggs, if bruised on white paper, will leave a red stain upon it. There are but two species of the cocci which are employed in the arts. From their appearance they were at first supposed to be a fruit. Those by which the finest colouring is produced, consisting of all the shades of scarlet and purple, are imported from South America, in the form of small grains, of an irregular figure, generally convex on the one side, and concave on the other. The most valuable are of a slate-grey mingled with reddish, and covered with a white dust. The colour of the cochineal is attributed to the plant upon which it is principally reared, the flower of which is small, and of a blood-red. In Mexico, the cultivation of the plant and of the cochineal, affords an important branch of occupation to the Indians. They plant the shrub called *nopalli*, the natural food of the insect, near their habitations; the largest of these plantations do not contain more than an acre and a half, or two acres, and a single man is sufficient to keep one in a proper state. About the middle of the

month of October, the epoch of the return of the fine season in that climate, the cochineal is sown, if such an unphilosophical expression may be allowed, on the *nopals*. The operation of sowing consists in placing on the plants the females which already have some young ones, and which the Indians had preserved on branches of the cactus in their houses during the rainy months. Eight or ten females are put into a little nest, made with a sort of flax, which is generally taken from the petals of the leaves of the palm tree. The leaves of the cactus are armed with thorns, upon which the nests are placed, and the bottom of the nest is turned towards the rising sun, for the purpose of accelerating the maturity of the little brood. At the proper time, the young cochineals proceed in thousands from the nest, none of them larger than a pin's point; they are all of a red colour, and covered with a white dust. Spreading themselves rapidly over the leaves of the plant, they soon attach themselves there altogether, and remain fixed. There are three crops every year. They are gathered in this way. The Indians use a knife, the edge and point of which are blunted: in order that the plant may not be injured, the blade of the knife is passed between the bark of the *nopal* and the cochineals, which are thus gathered into a vessel: they are then dried either in the sun, or in a hot oven, or on chafing dishes. When dried, they may be kept shut up in boxes for ages without losing a particle of their tinctorial property. The history of the Kermes, which some have confounded with the cochineal, forms one of the most remarkable narratives in this branch of human knowledge.

'The Kermes more resembles a gall, than any of the cochineals, having the body so much distended, that it presents no vestige whatever of an incision. This point excepted, the characters of the two are identified, and we must confess that we see but little reason for the generic separation made between them by Geoffroy and Reaumur.

'In their youth, the females resemble little white wood-lice, which would have but six feet. They run upon the leaves, and afterwards fix upon the stems and branches of trees and shrubs, where they pass many months in succession. It is then that they assume the figure of a gall, or excrescence.

'It is upon such shrubs and plants as survive the winter, that these insects grow. They need a plant which shall nourish them for nearly a year, that being the time fixed for the duration of their existence. Having acquired their growth, some of them resemble little balls attached against a branch, the size of which varies from that of a pepper-corn, to a pea. Others have a spherical form, but truncated or elongated. Some are oblong, and others, by far the greater number; resemble an inverted boat. The colours are diversified.

'Fruit-trees, and peaches more especially, are sometimes so much covered with Kermes, whether of that species like the inverted boat, or the other, like small grains, that their branches appear altogether scabby. These in-

sects do not arrive at the term of their growth until the middle, or, at latest, towards the end of spring. If the peach-trees be observed at this period, we may remark tuberosities on their branches, which are Kermes, some of which are living and immoveable, and others dead from the preceding year. These may be distinguished from each other, in that the first are extremely adherent to the plant, and that the place where their body is attached, is covered with a cottony matter, on which their belly, which is as much inflated as possible, is applied. If these insects are observed a little later, their skin appears nothing but a simple dried shell, containing or covering an infinity of little, reddish, oblong grains, which are eggs. The little ones which come from them, still remain for a few days under the skin of the mother.

It is impossible to observe without admiration, the manner in which the females cover the eggs and the little ones. A great number of insects know how to weave cocoons, in which they enclose their brood, with considerable art. It is with her own body that the female of the Kermes covers her offspring. It answers all the purposes of a very close shell, or cocoon. She does not leave them for a moment exposed to the impressions of the air, places them in perfect shelter, and covers the eggs from the very instant in which they are laid. She is also useful to her young, even after her death, since they remain for many days under her dried-up body.

The females die very shortly after having laid their eggs. Those of some species, according to many authors, lay but two thousand eggs, while those of others produce above four thousand. The little ones proceed from under this skin, through an aperture which exists at the lower part of their body. Scarcely have the young Kermes quitted their cradle, than they begin to run upon the leaves. Their growth is very slow, continuing from the end of spring, or the commencement of summer, the time of their birth, until the spring of the following year, but then they begin to acquire bulk rapidly. If those of the peach-tree are observed at the renewal of the fine season, there will be seen upon their back a number of little tubercles and some hairs or threads, tolerably long, which proceed from different parts of their bodies. These hairs, which are placed in different directions, proceed to attach themselves on the wood, tolerably distant from the insect.

For a long time naturalists were ignorant how these females were fecundated. Some authors believed that they were of both sexes, and could lay eggs without any intercourse with the male. But the observations of Reaumur, who has witnessed the union of the sexes, in the species of the peach-tree, prove that the Kermes, in this respect, do not differ from other animals of the same class.

All the young Kermes resemble one another, and do not assume the form which is peculiar to them, until they have grown. The most celebrated species is that whose figure approaches that of a ball, from which a small segment had been excided. This Kermes lives upon a species of small green oak, which is a mere shrub, that rises to the height of two or

coccifera of Linnaeus in great quantities, in southern parts of the Archipelago.

It is from these shrubs that the peasants proceed to gather the harvest of the Kermes, in the proper season.

The Kermes for a very long time had excited the curiosity of naturalists, before its true nature was discovered. It gave rise to an experiment, which succeeded, and led Marcilly into an error on this subject. Every one is acquainted with the composition of ink; we know that it is by the mixture of nut-galls that the solution of vitriol assumes a black colour. Marcilly tried if he could make ink with the Kermes and vitriol, and succeeded in so doing. From this he concluded that the Kermes, producing an effect similar to that of the galls found upon the large oaks, was a gall of the little oak; but he was deceived respecting the nature of these insects. This experiment discovers to us a curious fact; namely, that vegetable substances proper for the making of ink, preserve this property after having passed into the body of an animal.

The Kermes which has come to its full growth, appears like a little spherical shell, fixed against the shrub. Its colour is a brown-red. It is lightly crowned with an ashen crest. That which is obtained through the medium of commerce, is of a very deep red, and only owes its colour to the vinegar with which it has been treated.

The inhabitants of the countries where the Kermes is gathered, considered this insect under three different states. The first takes place in the commencement of spring. At this period it is of a very fine red, almost entirely enveloped with a sort of cotton, which serves it as a nest. It has then the form of an inverted boat. The second state occurs from the moment in which the insect arrives at its full growth, and that the cotton with which it was covered is spread over its body in the form of a greyish dust. It then appears to be a simple cocoon, filled with a reddish liquor. Finally the Kermes arrives at its third state towards the middle or end of the spring of the following year. It is at this period that there are found under its belly eighteen hundred or two thousand little round grains, which are the eggs. They are as small again as a poppy-seed, and filled with a reddish liquor. In the microscope they appear set with brilliant points, of the colour of gold. Among these eggs, some are whitish, and some red. The first produce little ones of a dirty white, more flattened than the others, and whose brilliant points have an argentine colour. These individuals, according to Reaumur, are less common than the red. They are erroneously considered, in the countries where they are found, as the mothers of the Kermes.

Towards her second state, the female Kermes prepares herself for her laying, by approximating the lower part of her belly to the back. She then resembles a wood-louse half rolled up. The vacancy formed by this contraction is filled by the eggs. The mother having acquitted herself of the duties imposed upon her by nature, very speedily perishes.

dries up. The traits which characterize an insect are obliterated, and near; nothing more is perceptible of gall.

exclude the young; the latter cradle of their birth, spread themselves leaves of the shrub on which it been born; and feed upon their they extract with their proboscis.

at first exhibits the greatest proximity with the female. He fixes in the same manner that she does, be-morphosed into a nymph in his dress then a perfect insect, raises and issues forth from it, the hinder end being foremost.

does he see the light, when exclusive of love, he hastens to fulfil and indeed the only end of his mission soon as this is accomplished, he rests.

rest of Kermes is more or less according as the winter has been mild. There is every expectation of good, when the winter passes or frosts. It has been remarked, that trees, and those which appear orous, and are the least elevated.

loaded with Kermes. The soil tends to their bulk, and to the vivacity of colour. The insect, which comes neighbouring to the sea, is larger, of brilliant colour, than that which inhabits more remote from it.—part I.—291.

es serves very well to dye silk or crimson, but it has not been deemed of importance since the discovery of it is produced in considerable quantities in districts of the south of France, gathered by the women. When the shrubs, the Kermes destined for dyeing, is wetted with vinegar, the grain is then remains are washed in wine, and after the sun are polished by rubbing with alkali, and then mixed up with a quantity of powder which they yield.

is more complete than the method which Mr. Griffith treats every subject in. He follows his illustrious feelings of an enthusiast, and yet traces of a philosopher, through the study of insects which form the subject matter and masterly treatise on the

We have only glanced at those which appeared to us to possess some merit should be doing great injustice to his labours, if we did not add, that occasionally found our attention fixed upon his supplemental observations upon the minute, often dry, and descriptions of Cuvier. It is impossible to do this notice of his great work, and to his memory the tribute of our death has left a void among the

deservedly esteemed names of France, which may not be filled up for another century.

From the Monthly Review.

TIGER HUNTING.*

THE 1st of March will always be a "dies natalis" in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Doab, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favourite haunts of wild beasts,—the banks of the Jumna and Ganges.

Some of the most experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were encamped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, while we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gouzwalas*, or villagers, in waiting, who had some khubber (*news*) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up, and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows, headed by a stout young man, with a good sword by his side, and "bearded like fifteen pards," who announced himself as a jeemadar.—As usual in like cases, all the natives began to speak at once in Veluti-like tone, and with vehement gesticulations. The young jeemadar, however, soon silenced them with a "chirp, teerie!" &c., and then gave us to understand, that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, who had been often seen by the cowherds.

At 4, P. M. (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport,) Lord Combermere, and nine others of our party, mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert, and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp, pointed out as the lurking place of the buffalo-devouring monsters.

Sancho, the jeemadar-hurkarah of the quartermaster general's department, insisted upon leading the cavalcade, mounted on his pony. This strange old character, who obtained his *non de guerre* from the strong similitude he bears to his illustrious prototype, both in the short, round, bandy proportions of his person, and the quaint shrewdness of his remarks—served under Lord Lake in the Mahratta war, and has ever since distinguished himself as the most active and intelligent of the intelligence department. Almost the last act of Lord Combermere, before he left India, was to obtain for the faithful Sancho a snug Barataria, in the shape of a little jaghire, a possession which had long been the object of his ambition.

This noted individual now spurred on before our party, mounted on his piebald palfrey, (or bel-

* Sketches of India, by Capt. Mundy

for the mistake would have called it,) with his trunk raised, and his scimitar flourishing in the air.

The jungle was in no places very high, there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes—every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from the elephants to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred paces of the spot where we were walking.

We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which my mahaut informed me was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere "between the wind and our nobility." The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for tally-ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M—— confirmed the sporting Eureka.—The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant except Lord Combermere's (which was a known staunch one,) turned tail and went of at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain till he quite sunk below the horizon; and for all proof to the contrary, he may be going to this very moment.

The tiger, in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his Lordship's elephant, but being wounded in the loins by Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action, and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock,) he was quite *hors du combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "who! who!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had for some minutes alone sustained the attack of the tiger—a three quarters grown male—the *spolia opima* were duly awarded to him.

Having loaded and reformed line we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle,

as if to see the line rush—two

across. — space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short and turned into the jungle, followed by us at full speed.

At this pace the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots was fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best sport, and when he turned to fight, (which he soon did,) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full grown male and a very fine animal. Near the spot where we found him were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds, called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning; when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail. Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough; his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun, for fear of shooting the unfortunate Coolie; who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head.

We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger; who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail, quite dead.

From the Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON AMERICA.

Nearly every variety of religious belief finds its supporters in Charleston, and the clergy of all denominations are highly and deservedly respected. During the period of my residence there, Dr. England, the Roman Catholic Bishop, was the most distinguished for talent and energy of character. He is one of the best argumentative orators I have ever heard from the pulpit, and his afternoon discourses were always delivered to crowded audiences, composed in part of the wealthiest and best educated Protestants in the city. His regular congregation was extremely

poor, and he was u
a school, to augme
suredly, I never c
representative of the ap
and when the propriety
comes to the dignitaries
insisted upon, in order to
respect and deference of the
of the highly gifted Bishop of Charleston, who
has secured the affection and reverence of his
flock, and the universal esteem of his fellow citi-
zens, by the simple exercise of the Chris-
tians, and the absence of episcopal pomp.

The advocates for a paper currency should
visit Charleston, in order to behold their favourite
theory reduced extensively to practice. There,
bank notes of all sums are in circulation, from a
thousand dollars to 6 1-4 cents. The bills for
the fractional part of a dollar, (square bits of
paper, about twice the size of a turnpike ticket,)
are distinguished, for the benefit of the negroes,
who are unable to read, by engraved figures of
animals, such as sheep, oxen, &c.; and it is very
amusing to hear a negro adding up a sum in this
singular currency. An Englishman, who has
journeyed through the Rhenish provinces from
Holland to Switzerland, may have some idea of
the confusion arising from the constant alteration
of the currency in the different states of North
America. In New England, the dollar is called
6s.; in New York 8s.; in Pennsylvania 7s. 6d.;
in South Carolina 4s. 8d. The 19 1-2 cent
piece in Charleston is called 7d., but the 6-4 coin
is 4d. When the price of any article is 37 1-2
cents, a negro will tell you it is "quottur dollar
an setpence." Efforts have been frequently
made to establish a uniform mode of reckoning
throughout the country. But the old state cur-
rencies, though branded as badges of colonial
servitude, still seem to stand their ground; thus
affording another proof, among a thousand, that
custom is stronger than law,—for the decimal
mode of calculation, so beautiful and convenient,
has long been the only one recognised in the public
offices and courts of justice of the United States.

In Charleston, as in every other city in the
Union, it is usual for people of all ranks to herd
together in large boarding-houses. The great
variety which a stranger is thereby enabled to
see, compensates, in some degree, for the discom-
fort to which the practice necessarily subjects
him. It is proverbial, that an Englishman, out
of his own country, may in vain expect to take
his ease at his inn; but the young, the active,
and the enquiring, have little reason to complain
of any peculiarity in the mode of living, which
opens to their inspection the real character of the
people with whom they may be temporary so-
journers. There is scarcely any difficulty in pro-
curing admission to the palaces of the great.
The lives and conversation of German, Spanish,
and Italian nobles, have been correctly delineated
and reported in the journals of numberless
tourists: but where shall we meet with the
naveiler, more especially the English traveller,

house, you see the Americans in their in-
and unassuming characters; and, notwith-
the repeated assertions of the contr-
ready to maintain, that courtesy and good-
almost invariably mark the cond-
I allude, of course, to the well cul-
If sei-diams ladies and gentlemen visit
coarse and low-bred people, and will frequent
third-rate hotels, they ought at least, in common
decency, to refrain from attempting to pass off
the manners and conversation of their associates
as those of the nation at large.

This mention of American inns, reminds me
of having once dined at the Planter's Hotel,
in Charleston, in rather singular company. Im-
mediately opposite to me sat Mr. Conway, the
actor; next to him, on the right, the then Prince,
now reigning Duke of Saxe Weimng, who
was supported on his left by a "yankee" judge
from Connecticut. This latter personage, to the
duties of a judge united the business of a hat
manufacturer, and kept a shop for the sale of his
goods in Charleston.

The table at these hotels is generally spread
with great abundance. Turtle and terrapin soup,
fish, venison, wild turkeys, and meat of all kinds,
are the common dishes. Very little wine is
drank, and rather too much brandy. The wine
is almost always Madeira, to the perfection of
which the climate is very favourable. The charge
per week is about two guineas.

It has been already mentioned, that the whole
white male population, capable of bearing arms,
is compelled to perform military duty, although
the French are expressly exempted from it by
treaty, and the English, and all other aliens, by
the universally acknowledged law of nations.
Treaties and laws, however, are disregarded in
the southern States, whenever the more effectual
coercion of the slaves is the point to be considered.
Self-preservation is declared to be the paramount
duty. When called out upon fire duty, or to quell
an incipient insurrection, the militia force of South
Carolina is cautious, steady, and resolute. The
service on which they are engaged is amply suffi-
cient to make them so. But upon other occasions,
such as training days and reviews, the disregard
of all discipline is quite laughable. The different
companies choose their officers by ballot, and the
captain, under whose orders I had the honour to
serve for a short time, was a comical old Dutch
man, especially elected because it was impossible
to understand one word he uttered. Shouts of
laughter broke from the ranks whenever he at-
tempted to give the word of command. As we
marched through the streets, to and from the
place of exercise, one file of our warlike company
would amuse themselves and the spectators, by

their right eyes; the next, their
 should shoulder their muskets with
 firmest, or would carry their
 marching from the tops of their
 whole militia system of the Ur
 y in the extreme. The apoc
 cers by the privates is suffici
 all effective discipline. In the cou
 tavern-keepers are generally preferre
 at of the superior facility for meeting
 ed by their business. The uniforms of the
 endent companies are ridiculously expensive
 showy; and the frequent trainings serve
 r to demoralize than to discipline the men. I
 repeatedly on review days seen the greater
 ber too much intoxicated to keep the ranks.
 usual on great occasions, before dismissing
 troops, for the commanding officer to deliver
 suitable, that is to say a complimentary ha
 guage; and I once heard a Connecticut colonel
 led forth in a very exalted strain. He concluded,
 recollect, by thanking the privates for their
 er-like conduct on that great day—meaning,
 suppose, that the men were as drunk as their
 officers.

I have twice attended reviews when whole di
 visions have mutinied and marched off the field,
 because the "right" or post of honour was not
 assigned to them. Court Martials, &c. were
 talked of—but the mutineers of course treated
 the threat with deserved contempt. This dis
 graceful work is the fault of the system, not of
 the people; for the Americans, as we know to
 our cost, under regular discipline, are orderly,
 effective, and most gallant soldiers.

After having thus borne my willing testimony
 to the gallantry of the American soldiers, I trust
 I shall not be suspected of any wish to detract
 from it, when I mention a single instance of pol
 troonery in an officer of the United States' Navy,
 which fell under my own observation.—I once
 sailed from Philadelphia to Charleston, in com
 pany with the individual alluded to, and as we
 neared the shore, our vessel, through the misma
 nagement of the pilot, struck upon the bar, which
 guards the entrance of the harbour. The captain
 of the ship was much alarmed, and gave orders
 to cut the halliards, but the first mate, who was
 an active, determined fellow, insisted upon our
 carrying all sail, and "thumping over," as he
 termed it! The wind was high, and we certainly
 came into rather rough contact with the bar. At
 this time, I saw the United States' officer trem
 bling, pale as death, and clinging to a hen-coop.
 His young and very handsome wife, to whom he
 had only been married the previous week, had
 secured the arm of an Irish gentleman. He was
 endeavouring to comfort her. "Oh my God," she
 exclaimed, "we shall all go to the bottom." "We
 are there already, Madam," said the Irishman,
 and the idea seemed to reassure her a little. At
 length we "thumped" across the bar into deep
 water, and presently afterwards landed. The
 lady of course was profuse in her acknowledg
 ments to her protector; who had behaved, she

It is usual in England to describe Amer
 ican elections as very peaceable and orderly pro
 ceedings. The charm of the ballot is supposed
 to work wonders upon the passions of the trans
 atlantic politicians. But I am sorry to be obliged
 to confess, to the discredit of my favourite
 Charleston, that elections there sometimes re
 minded me very forcibly of what I had often
 witnessed on similar occasions at home. Excess
 party violence, bribery, and intoxication, prevail
 grievously. The Irish portion of the population
 it will easily be credited, is never backward in
 enjoying these opportunities of "kicking up
 row." I once met a party of these fellows
 what Mr. Jefferson would have termed "the fir
 tide of successful experiment," shouting "Gra
 ttan for ever!" and knocking down all who would
 not declare themselves in favour of General Ge
 des, the democratic candidate for Governor, whom
 in the warmth of their Irish recollection, they
 compared to Henry Grattan. A few broken
 heads and extra gallons of rum are, however,
 no great consequence. The most serious part
 the business is to follow, in the shape of duels
 and family quarrels; which almost invariably
 among the higher classes, arise from these el
 ection contests, in the southern states.

While I am upon this subject, it may be
 well to describe the method by which, notwith
 standing the use of the ballot-box, the American
 contrive to scrutinize the votes of those who
 fidelity to their party is suspected. Previous
 the day of election, a most thorough and ex
 canvass is made, and every man's promise is
 corded. Of course in America, as in Eng
 many of the pledges are given under an
 influence, and these are the parties who are
 watched when they come up to vote. The
 box is placed on a stand before the chairm
 an assessor, and when the paper containing the
 of the candidate is laid upon it, he slips
 fully through the orifice, having first ascer
 tained by the pressure of his finger that there
 one, a very necessary precaution, as so
 the number of votes given has greatly
 that of the voters. A double line of
 acute electioneers of each party read
 the chair to the door, and the voter passes
 the middle, having previously received
 ties stationed at the entrance a paper
 right name inscribed upon it. If the
 has been bribed, or is suspected of tre
 is required to carry the paper in such a
 satisfy those appointed to watch him,
 not changed it. Should he neglect or
 so, he is supposed at once to be playi
 is branded as a traitor—and the part
 deceived party is withdrawn.

the plan adopted in Congress, which I examined very closely. I was at Charleston, at the period of Mr. Jefferson's decease. A stranger, or one unacquainted with the state of political feeling in England, might have imagined that no statesman so deeply revered when living, or so much respected when dead, than this gentleman. This is to prevail very generally in England, supported by the writings of the English, who, since his death, have been profuse in expressions of admiration of his actions. The publication of his correspondence, cautiously selected by a friend, has tended to confirm and increase the delusion; for that it is a delusion, facts, not sufficiently known, or not generally known in England, will, I think, prove abundantly:—

After the notoriety sometime previous to Mr. Jefferson's decease, that his private character was in the greatest disorder. It was his ambition to stand well as a philosopher in the opinion of Europeans, and he was received and entertained by him with politeness, hospitality and expense beyond his income, and was greatly disappointed. An attempt was made by his friends to get Congress a grant of public land or to give the necessities of the author of the Declaration of Independence. This effort was fruitless, it was scornfully repelled. It was then made to the legislature of his native state, and over which he had presided the day of his glory, presided as a permission to dispose of his property in a lottery. After a severe struggle, carried by a very small majority. A law was then proposed to be raised for the Union, for the purpose of purchasing the land of this lottery, in other words, for debts. Mr. Jefferson just lived long enough to be aware that this project had utterly failed, and the amount subscribed was paltry in the extreme.

I recollect that when I was called to the Charleston subscription had not reached twenty thousand pounds, and as an Englishman and as a patriot, I must have been one of the last to have had that patriotic purpose. The amount collected for Mr. Jefferson was so trifling, that the committee published it, and returned the money; New York and Philadelphia the attempt was equally abortive.

It is to believe the professions of respect paid to the memory of a man whose relief were treated in this unfeeling manner is to be recollected, that in the preparation of twenty thousand pounds offered by Congress to La Fayette, whose services compared with those of Mr. Jefferson, rather to live in the imagination of the English, than in the pages of their national

history. Sufficient time had also elapsed for the animosity engendered by party politics to have passed away. It was thirty years since that President of the college at New Haven had described Mr. Jefferson as a man of superior talents indeed, but of greater prodigality than Charles the Second; when it was not uncommon for the congregational clergy in New England to beseech the Lord to vouchsafe to the President of the United States a little common honesty, for that he sorely needed it much." But, as I remarked above, these times had passed away. It was natural, therefore, to suppose that one of the foremost men of the revolution, one who had been twice President, would not have been suffered to expire in abject and notorious poverty. The nation, however, was appealed to in vain on his behalf.

I was therefore somewhat at a loss to account for the uniform strain of panegyric on his character and services, which, immediately after his decease, resounded through the country. But not very long afterwards I observed, that much the same style of affectionate respect was used by my loyal compatriots in England, at the public meetings, and in the addresses of condolence sent up to the throne on the death of the late Duke of York; and I then concluded that the maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* was more generally adopted and acted upon than I had previously imagined.

There is a street in Charleston called Vendue Range, where commodities of every description, including negroes, are bought and sold by auction. If it were possible for an Englishman to overcome his feelings of sorrow and disgust at seeing his fellow creatures knocked down to the highest bidder, like so many sheep and oxen, the scenes exhibited in the Vendue Range would not be unproductive of amusement.

The value of a negro in the market does not depend so much upon his personal strength, or skill in any mechanical employment, as upon the good will with which he would probably serve his owner. At a slave auction, therefore, it is highly necessary, previously to making a purchase, to ascertain from the poor fellow himself, whether or not he is willing to become your property. If he has any objection to the proposed transfer, as separating him from his wife and family, or from any other cause, he will probably tell some lie about his health, pretend that he is a bad workman, always getting drunk, &c. Should he perceive, that notwithstanding, you advance on your bidding, he will say at once—"Massa, if you buy me, Massa, my gum, me be dam bad nigger, me no work a bit, nutting but eat; me be drunk ebbery day; an no wort ten dollars." Money is absolutely thrown away in the purchase of a slave in such a temper as this. He will consume twice as much as he earns.

If, on the contrary, the bidder is considered a kind-hearted man, and the slave is desirous of being purchased by him, there is scarcely a quality which a valuable servant ought to possess, which poor Pompey will not claim as his own. His joy at having escaped the clutches of a hard man

ter will know no bounds, and he may be considered a "cheap lot," at a "large sum."

It is not unusual for a master to commission a slave to sell himself. To bring a high price in the market is the great ambition of a negro. He will call upon "de good Buckra men," begging them to purchase him, showing off his best points with the zeal and tact of an experienced auctioneer.

The price of a good negro varies from 400 to 1000 dollars. A mulatto fellow, who was employed as a porter at an auction-room, and was considered trustworthy and sober, brought 1500 dollars (about 350*l.*) when I was in Charleston. This is the largest sum I have ever known to be paid for a slave.

It was my intention to have attempted in this paper, to give some description of the interior of the Southern Atlantic States—the natural scenery—state of society—and peculiar manners of the inhabitants. This, however, must be postponed, for I have lingered in Charleston with the fondness of one, whose memory is stored with a thousand recollections of the place, which he only wishes it were in his power to render as delightful to the reader as they are to himself. But, striking incidents and peculiarities, such as tell in description, are not those which convey the most pleasing impresson of the country where they occurred, or the people to whom they belong. I fear that this is true with respect to the sketches contained in the foregoing pages, which I regret the more, as in a future number, truth will compel me to present a less favourable picture of the inhabitants of the *interior* than can or ought fairly to be drawn of the residents in the Atlantic cities.

The circumstances which attended my final departure from Charleston were rather singular. And I am tempted to relate them here, as independently of any interest they may possess in themselves, they afford a mournful proof of the tendency of slavery to debase the human mind, and produce a dogged indifference to the preservation of life itself.

I had taken my passage for England, in a vessel that lay about four miles from the city, waiting for a favourable wind. Being much hurried, I was unable to proceed to her place of anchorage till late in the evening, and then sailed in the boat which conveyed to her the last supply of fresh water. This boat was manned by two negroes and a mulatto. I soon perceived that it leaked rather alarmingly, and while the mulatto fellow steered, the two blacks were obliged to busy themselves in lading out the water. It was a warm, dull, dark evening, and the atmosphere was very thick and oppressive. Lights gleamed from the casements of the lofty mansions which stretch along the walk called the Battery, and afford an extensive view of the shipping and the bay; on the opposite side of which, the glancing fire-flies illumined the beach of Sullivan's Island. On shore, the silence was only broken by the deep-toned chimes of St. Michael's Church, and

in bidding my final adieu to Charleston, I could truly say—*Vale in pace.*

There was just wind enough to waft us gently along; but a less experienced sailor than my wanderings had made of me, could have surely foretold a coming gale. The negroes, however, worked very lazily, and at length fell asleep. The man at the helm, who alone knew in what direction our vessel lay, was somewhat intoxicated, and mistook the lights on the shore for those of the ship lanterns. While we were roaming about in this manner, the wind began to rise, and the boat to fill rapidly with water. The heat of a close Carolinian night had unnerved me. My thoughts had wandered to far distant shores; and long buried recollections, coming thick upon me, had hitherto prevented my perceiving our perilous condition. Now, however, I endeavoured to awaken the sleepers, and make the helmsman do his duty; but this was beyond my power. They seemed to consider drowning a matter of no moment, and the preservation of life not worth an effort. I tried the effects of kicks, and blows with my fist, in vain. They merely laughed, with their usual "He, he, he, Massa vebby funny." At length I found at the bottom of the boat a piece of board, about two feet long, and rough at the corners; with this I belaboured the "niggers" on their heads and shins, till I awakened them thoroughly, and compelled them to work for my preservation and their own. So at last, after a hazardous sail of four hours we reached the ship. But never shall I forget the deadly sickness which came over me, when, for a time, I despaired of rousing the poor slaves. After an absence of many years, during which labour, anxiety, and some ill-health, had rather worn me, I was within half a mile, probably, of a first-rate vessel, ready to sail for home and England—yet was I doomed, as I feared, to perish disgracefully by the sinking of a dirty water-tank, in company with two "niggers" and a mulatto! Strange as it may seem, this last consideration was, I believe, the one which stimulated me to exertion. Those of my readers who have resided much among this degraded race, will, I think, understand this feeling; though they may not, any more than myself, be able to justify or admire it.

From the Athenæum.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO THE PIANO-FORTE.*

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee:
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

* Intended for a forthcoming work, entitled 'Musical Illustrations of the English Poets,' by Mr. Barnett.

when our full hearts o'erflow
 griefs or joys,
 ble emotions owe
 g voice.
 s to thee—and Love's unrest—
 emory dear—
 w, with his tighten'd breast,
 for a tear.

no joys of human mould
 ait us still,
 as'd be thine, thou gentle fold
 e at will.
 e, no sullenness, no cheat,
 we find:
 est voice is ever sweet,
 answers kind.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MOIRS OF THE DUCHESS OF
 ABRANTES.*

of Napoleon is one, of the delineation
 history and biography will never be
 uch is the variety of incidents which
 s—the splendid and heart-stirring
 ch it records—the immortal characters
 portrays—and the important conse-
 lish have followed from it, that the in-
 in its delineation, so far from diminish-
 rather to increase with the lapse of
 will continue through all succeeding
 the eras of Themistocles, Cesar, and
 des, to form the noblest and most fa-
 bjects of historical description.
 us as have been the Memoirs which
 d from the French press during the
 years, in relation to this eventful era,
 passion for information on it is still
 ed. Every new set of Memoirs which
 into the world with an historical name,
 tensions to authenticity, is eagerly read
 es on the continent. English transla-
 ally appear in due time, but they are,
 l, so extremely ill executed, as to give
 tion whatever of the spirit of the
 and as there is not one reader out of
 ed who can read French with such fa-
 make it a matter of pleasure, the con-
 is, that these delightful works are still
 rfectly known to the British public.
 rson intimately acquainted with their
 on, must have perceived in what an
 unfavourable aspect they appear in
 any translations; and in the utter igno-
 the principals of revolution which per-
 great bulk of the best informed classes
 ountry, compared to what obtains on the
 de of the Channel, is to be found the best
 e, that the great historical works which
 eadly appeared on the events of the last
 ears in France, have had no share what-

ever in the formation of public opinion in this
 country.

The Duchess of Abrantes undertakes the work
 of Memoirs of her own Times with singular and
 almost peculiar advantages. Her mother, Ma-
 dame Permon, a Corsican lady of high rank, was
 extremely intimate with the family of Napoleon.
 She rocked the future emperor on her knee from
 the day of his birth, and the intimacy of the
 families continued till he was removed to the
 command of the army of Italy, in April 1796.
 The authoress herself, though then a child, re-
 counts with admirable esprit, and all the air of
 truth, a number of early anecdotes of Napoleon;
 and after his return from Egypt she was married
 to Junot, then Governor of Paris, and subsequently
 admitted as an habitual guest in the court circle
 of the First Consul. In her Memoirs, we have
 thus a picture of the private and domestic life of
 Napoleon from his cradle to his grave; we trace
 him through all the gradations of the Ecole Mil-
 itaire, the artillery service, the campaigns of Italy,
 the return from Egypt, the Consulate, and the
 Empire, and live with those who have filled the
 world with their renown, as we would do with
 our most intimate acquaintances and friends.

It has always struck us as a singular proof of
 the practical sagacity and just discrimination of
 character in Sir Walter Scott, that though his
 Life of Napoleon was published before the Me-
 moirs of Bourienne, the view which he gives of
 Napoleon's character is substantially the same as
 that drawn by his confidential secretary, his school
 companion, and the depository of his inmost
 thoughts. This is very remarkable. The French
 are never weary of declaiming on the inaccura-
 cies of the Scottish biographer, and declare that
 he wrote history in romance, and romance in
 history; but they have never been able to point
 out any serious or important error in his narra-
 tive. The true reproach against Sir Walter's
 work is of a different kind, and consists in this,
 not that he has incorrectly stated facts, but un-
 justly coloured opinions; that he has not done
 justice to any of the parties whose conflicts deso-
 lated France during the revolution, and has writ-
 ten rather in the spirit of an English observer,
 than one participant in the feelings of the actors
 in those mighty events. There is but one way
 in which this defect can be avoided by a native
 of this country, and that is, by devoting himself
 for years to the study of the memoirs and histo-
 rians of the Revolution, and by acquiring, by in-
 cessant converse with the writings, somewhat
 of the spirit which animates the people of the
 continent. The object to be attained by this, is
 not to imitate their prejudices, or become in-
 fatuated by their errors, but to know and appre-
 ciate their ideas, and do that justice to passions
 directed against this country, which we willingly
 award to those excited in its favour.

The character of Napoleon has been drawn by
 his contemporaries with more graphic power than
 any other conqueror in history; and yet so varied
 and singular is the combination of qualities which

in Museum, vol. XIX. pages 427 and

known—Vol. XXI.

No. 123.—Y

Memoirs of the Duchess of Sironia.

with what excellence, we make around us of the German name of division, to power of the pictures, and the forcible of the language; but we have a total of confidence in the veracity of the narrative. In every page we discover something suppressed or coloured, to magnify the importance of the writer in the estimation of those who study his work; and while we incessantly recur to it for striking political views, or consummate military criticism, we must consult works of far inferior celebrity for the smallest details in which his fame was personally concerned. We may trust him in speculations on the future destiny of nations, the march of revolutions, or the cause of military successes; but we cannot rely on the numbers stated to have been engaged, or the killed and wounded in a single engagement.

The character of Napoleon has mainly rested, since the publication of his work, on Bourienne's Memoirs.* The peculiar opportunities which he had of becoming acquainted with the inmost thoughts of the First Consul, and the ability and graphic powers of his narrative, have justly secured for it an immense reputation. It is probable that the private character and hidden motives of Napoleon will mainly rest with posterity on that celebrated work. Every day brings out something to support its veracity, and the concurring testimony of the most intelligent of the contemporary writers tends to show, that his narrative is, upon the whole, the most faithful that has yet been published. Still it is obvious that there is a secret ranking at the bottom of Bourienne's heart against his old school-fellow. He could hardly be expected to forgive the extraordinary rise and matchless celebrity of one who had so long been his equal. He evinces the highest admiration for the Emperor, and, upon the whole, has probably done him justice; yet, upon particular points, a secret spleen is apparent and though there seems no ground for discrediting any of his facts, yet we must not in every in-

without a thirst for blood, but to it when his interests were without any fixed ideas on religion, of its necessity as a part at; a great general army, a mighty conqueror with a large one; gifted with extraordinary powers of perception, and the clearest insight into every subject connected with mankind; without extensive information derived from study; but the rarest aptitude for making himself master of every subject from actual observation; ardently devoted to glory, and yet incapable of the self-sacrifice which constitutes its highest honours; he exhibited a mixture of great and selfish qualities, such as perhaps never were before combined in any single individual. His greatest defect was the total and systematic disregard of truth which pervaded all his thoughts. He was totally without the *droiture*, or honesty, which forms the best and most dignified feature in the Gothic or German character. The maxim, *Magna est veritas et praevalabit*, never seems to have crossed his mind. His intellect was the perfection of that of the Celt or Greek; without a shadow of the magnanimity and honesty which has ever characterised the Roman and Gothic races of mankind. Devoted as he was to the captivating idol of posthumous fame; deeming as he did, that to live in the recollection and admiration of future ages "constituted the true immortality of the soul," he never seems to have been aware that truth is essential to the purest and most lasting celebrity; and that the veil which artifice or flattery draws over falsehood during the prevalence of power, will be borne away with a merciless hand on its termination.

In the Memoirs of Napoleon and of the Archduke Charles, the opposite character of their minds, and of the races to which they belonged, is singularly portrayed. Those of the latter are written with a probity, an integrity, and an impartiality above all praise; he censures himself for his faults with a severity unknown to Cæsar or Frederick, and touches with a light hand on those glorious successes which justly gained for him the title of Saviour of Germany. Cautious, judicious, and reasonable, his arguments convince the understanding, but neither kindle the imagination nor inspire the fancy. In the Memoirs of Napoleon, on the other hand, dictated to Montholon and Gourgaud, there are to be seen in every page symptoms of the clearest and most forcible intellect; a *coup d'œil* over every subject of matchless vigour and reach; an ardent and impassioned imagination; passions which have ripened under a southern sun, and conceptions which have shared in the luxuriant growth of tropical climates. Yet amid all these varied

excellencies, we of the German name of division, to power of the pictures, and the forcible of the language; but we have a total of confidence in the veracity of the narrative. In every page we discover something suppressed or coloured, to magnify the importance of the writer in the estimation of those who study his work; and while we incessantly recur to it for striking political views, or consummate military criticism, we must consult works of far inferior celebrity for the smallest details in which his fame was personally concerned. We may trust him in speculations on the future destiny of nations, the march of revolutions, or the cause of military successes; but we cannot rely on the numbers stated to have been engaged, or the killed and wounded in a single engagement.

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*[We are unwilling to believe that this opinion can be seriously entertained by well informed persons, even in Great Britain. The misrepresentations of De Bourienne have been exposed by many eminent individuals, whose characters have been calumniated in his Memoirs. He was dismissed from his office of Private Secretary, for peculation, in 1802, but in consideration of past services and early associations, was sent into "honourable and lucrative" banishment at Hamburgh, where he resided till the fall of Napoleon; and therefore could have no personal knowledge of many of the events which he pretends to narrate; and where subsequently there was strong reason to suspect him of plotting against the government of his injured benefactor. Prattling garrulity characterizes every page of his work, with a display of vanity that would be highly amusing, but for the ranking malice which is visible through it.]—Ed. Mus.

in which Napoleon conceived that he is an improper use of the state secrets which came to his knowledge, in his official situation of private secretary; and that to this cause his exile into honourable and lucrative banishment at Hamburgh is to be ascribed. Whether this banishment was justly or unjustly inflicted, is immaterial in considering the credit due to the narrative. If he was hardly dealt with, while our opinion of his individual integrity must rise, the weight of the feelings of exasperation with which he was animated, must receive a proportional augmentation.

The Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes are well qualified to correct the bias, and supply the deficiencies of those of his private secretary. As a woman, she had no personal rivalry with Napoleon, and could not feel herself mortified by his transcendent success. As the wife of one of his favourite and most prosperous generals, she had no secret reasons of animosity against the author of her husband's elevation. Her intimate acquaintance also with Napoleon, from his very infancy, and before flattery of power had aggravated the faults of his character, renders her peculiarly well qualified to portray its original tendency. Many new lights, accordingly, have been thrown upon the eventful period of his reign as well as his real character, by her Memoirs. His disposition appears in a more amiable light—his motives are of a higher kind, than from preceding accounts; and we rise from the perusal of her fascinating volumes with the impression, which the more extensively we study human nature we shall find to be the more correct, that men are generally more amiable at bottom than we should be inclined to imagine from their public conduct; that their faults are fully as much the result of the circumstances in which they are placed, as of any inherent depravity of disposition, and that dealing gently with those who are carried along on the stream of revolution, we should reserve the weight of our indignation for those who put the perilous torrent in motion.

But leaving these general speculations, it is time to lay before our readers a few extracts from those volumes themselves, and to communicate some portion of the pleasure which we have derived from their perusal. In doing so we shall adopt our usual plan of translating the passages ourselves; for it is impossible to convey the least idea of the original in the circumlocutions of the ordinary London versions.

Of the early youth of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire of Paris, with the management of which he was in the highest degree dissatisfied, we have the following interesting account:—

"When we got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had contained himself before his sister, broke out into the most violent invectives against the administration of such places as

a Maison St. Cyr, for young ladies, and the Ecole Militaire for cadets. My uncle, who was extremely quick in his temper, at last got out of all patience at the tone of cutting bitterness which appeared in his language, and told him so without reserve. Napoleon was then silent, for enough of good breeding still remained to make youth respect the voice of those advanced in years. But his heart was so full as to be almost bursting. Shortly after he led back the conversation to the subject, and at last his expressions became so offensive that my father said to him rudely, 'Be silent; it ill becomes you, who are educated at the expense of the King, to speak in that manner.'

"My mother has often since told me, she was afraid Napoleon would be suffocated at these words. In an instant he became pale and inarticulate. When he recovered his voice, he exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, 'I am not an élève of the King, but of the State.'

"A fine distinction truly, replied my uncle. 'Whether you are an élève of the King, or of the State, is of no consequence; besides, is not the King the State? I desire that you will not speak in such terms of your benefactor in my presence.'

"I will do nothing to displease you, M. Comnene," replied the young man. 'Permit me only to add, that if I was the master, and had the power to alter these regulations, they should be very different, and for the good of the whole.'

"I have recounted that scene only to remark these words—'If I was the master.' He has since become so, and all the world knows what he has done for the administration of the Ecole Militaire. I am convinced that he long entertained a painful sense of the humiliation he underwent at that establishment. At our arrival in Paris he had been a year there, and that whole period was one of contradiction and disgust. He was not loved by his companions: Many persons who were acquainted with my father declared to him that Napoleon's character was such that could not be rendered sociable. He was discontented with every thing, and expressed his censure aloud in such decided terms, as to make him pass with these old worthies for a young firebrand. The result of this conduct was, that his removal into a regiment was unanimously demanded by every one at the school, and thus it advanced the period of his promotion. He obtained a sub-lieutenancy, which was stationed at Grenoble. Before his departure, he came to live some time with us: My sister was at a convent, but she came frequently home during the period of her vacation. I recollect that the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as joyous as young men generally are on such an occasion, but his boots gave a singularly ridiculous appearance to his figure: they were of such enormous dimensions, that his little legs quite disappeared within them. Every body knows that nothing has so quick an eye for the ridiculous as childhood, so the moment that my sister and I saw him come into the room with these enormous boots, we burst out into immoderate fits of laughter. Then, as subsequently, he could not endure plebeianry, when

he was its object; my sister, who was considerably older than I, answered, that as he had girded on his sword, he should consider himself as the Chevalier of Dames, and be highly flattered by their joking with him.

"It is easy to see," said Napoleon with a haughty air, "that you are a little miss just let loose from school."

"My sister was then thirteen years old; it may easily be imagined how such an expression hurt her. She was of a very gentle disposition,—but neither she nor any other woman, whatever her age or disposition may be can bear a direct insult to her vanity—that of Cecile was keenly offended at the expression of little miss escaped from school.

"And you," said she, "are nothing but a Puss in Boots."

"Every one burst out a laughing: the stroke had told most effectually. I cannot describe the wrath of Napoleon; he answered nothing, and it was as well he did not. My mother thought the epithet so well applied, that she laughed with all her heart. Napoleon, though little accustomed at that time to the usage of the world, had a mind too fine, too strong an instinctive perception, not to see that it was necessary to be silent when his adversary was a woman, and personalities were dealt in; whatever her age was she was entitled to respect. At least, such was *then* the code of politeness in those who dined at table. *Now* that utility and personal interest alone are the order of the day, the consumption of time in such pieces of politeness is complained of, and every one grudges the sacrifices necessary to carry into the world his little contingent of sociability.

"Bonaparte though grievously piqued at the unfortunate epithet applied to him by my sister, affected to disregard it, and began to laugh like the rest; and to prove that he bore her no ill-will on that account, he bought a little present, on which was engraved a Puss in Boots, running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabus. This present cost him a good deal, which assorted ill with the straitened state of his finances. He added a beautiful edition of "Puss in Boots," for my sister, telling her that it was a *Sourcuis*, which he begged her to keep for his sake.

"The story-book," said my mother, "is too much: if there had only been the engraving, it was all well; but the book for Cecile shews you were piqued against her."

"He gave his word to the contrary. But I still think with my mother, that he was piqued, and bitterly so: the whole story was of no small service to me at a future time, as will appear in the sequel of these memoirs."—1. 52, 53.

Several interesting anecdotes are preserved of the Reign of Terror, singularly characteristic of the horrors of that eventful period. The following picture is evidently drawn from the life:—

"On the following day my brother Albert was obliged to remain a considerable time at home, to put in order the papers which my father had directed to be burnt. He went out at three o'clock to see us: he found on the road

groups of men in a state of horrible and bloody drunkenness. Many were naked down to the waist; their arms, their breasts, bathed in blood. At the end of their pikes, they bore fragments of clothes and bloody remnants: their looks were haggard; their eyes inflamed. As he advanced, these groups became more frequent and hideous. My brother, mortally alarmed as to our fate, and determined at all hazards to rejoin us, pushed on his horse along the Boulevard where he then was, and arrived in front of the Palace Beaumarchais. There he was arrested by an immense crowd, composed of the same naked and bloody men, but with an expression of countenance altogether infernal. They set up hideous cries; they sung, they danced; the Saturnalia of Hell were before him. No sooner did they see the cabriolet of Albert, than they set up still louder cries: an Aristocrat! an Aristocrat! and in a moment the cabriolet was surrounded by a raging multitude, in the midst of which an object was elevated and presented to his view. Troubled as the sight of my brother was, he could distinguish long white hair, clotted with blood, and a face beautiful even in death. The figure is brought nearer, and its lips placed on his. The unhappy wretch set up a frightful cry. He knew the head: it was that of the Princess Lamballe.

"The coachman whipped the horse with all his strength; and the generous animal, with that aversion for blood which characterises its race, rushed from that spectacle of horror with redoubled speed. The frightful trophy was overturned, with the canibals who bore it, by the wheels of the carriage, and a thousand imprecations followed my brother, who lay stretched out insensible in the bottom of the cabriolet.

"Serious consequences resulted to my brother from that scene of horror. He was taken to a physician, where he was soon taken seriously ill of a burning fever. In his delirium, the frightful figure was ever present to his imagination. He never ceased, for days together, to see that livid head and those fair tresses bathed in blood. For years after, he could not recall the recollection of that horrible event without falling into a swoon, nor think of those days of woe without the most vivid emotion.

"A singular circumstance concluded this tale of horror. My brother, in 1802, when Commissary General of Police at Marseilles, received secret instructions to watch, with peculiar care, over a man named Raymonet, but whose real name was different. He lived in a small cottage on the banks of the sea; appeared in comfortable circumstances, but had no relation nor friend; he lived alone in his solitary cabin, and received every morning his provisions from an old woman who brought them to his gate. The secret instructions of the Police revealed the fact, that this person had been one of the principal assassins at the Abbaye and La Force, in September 1792, and was in an especial manner noticed as the most cruel of the assassins of the Princess Lamballe.

"One morning my brother received intelligence that this man was at the point of death; and, gracious God! what a death! For three

... of hell. ... was per- ... had made him ... the most excruciating pains. He was lame in his habitation; he was obliged to drag himself to the nearest surgeon to obtain assistance, but it was too late: an operation was impossible, and would not even have assuaged the pains of the dying wretch. He refused like religious succour and words of consolation. His death-bed was a chair of torture incomparably more agonising than the martyrdom of a Christian. He died with blasphemies in his mouth, like the Reprobate in Dante's *inferno*."—I. 95.

The French, who have gone through the Revolution, frequently complain that there are no descriptions given in any historical works which survey the least idea of the Reign of Terror; so infinitely did the reality of that dreadful period exceed all that description can convey of the terrible. Here might however, we are persuaded, be extracted from the contemporary memoirs (for in no other quarter can the materials be found) a picture of that memorable era, which would exceed all that Shakespeare or Dante had figured of human atrocity, and take its place beside the plague in Thucydides, and the annals of Tacitus, as a lasting lesson to the human race, of the unheard of horrors following in the train of democratic ascendancy.

One of the most curious parts of the Duchess's work is that which relates to the arrest of Napoleon after the fall of Robespierre, in consequence of the suspicions that attached to him, from his mission to Genoa with the brother of that tyrant. It appears, that whatever he may have become afterwards, Napoleon was at that period an ardent republican: not probably because the principles of democracy were suited to his inclinations, but because he found in the favour of that faction, then the ruling power in France, the only means of gratifying his ambition. Salicetti, one of the deputies from Corsica, occasioned his arrest after the fall of Robespierre, and he was actually a few days in custody. Subsequently Salicetti himself was denounced by the Convention, and concealed in the house of Madame Permon, mother to the Duchess of Abrantes. The whole details which follow this event are highly interesting; and as they afford one of the few really generous traits of Napoleon's character, we willingly give them a place.

"The retreat of Salicetti in our house was admirably contrived. His little cabinet was so stuffed with cushions and tapestry, that the smallest sound could not be heard. No one could have imagined where he was concealed.

"On the following morning at eleven o'clock, Napoleon arrived. He was dressed in his usual costume; a gray great-coat, buttoned up to the throat—a black neck-cloth—round hat, which came down over the eyes. To say the truth, at that period no one was elegantly dressed, and the personal appearance of Napoleon did not appear so singular as it now does, upon

looking back to the period. He had in his hand a bouquet of violets, which he presented to my mother. That piece of gallantry was so unusual to him, that we immediately began to laugh. 'It appears,' said he, 'I am not as fast at my new duties of Cavaliere Servente.' Then changing the subject, he added, 'Well! Madame Permon, Salicetti has, in his turn, reaped the bitter fruits of arrest. They must be the more difficult to swallow, that he and his associates have planted the trees on which they grow.' 'What!' said my mother, with an air of surprise, and making a sign to me at the same time to shut the door, 'is Salicetti arrested?' 'Do you not know,' replied Napoleon, 'that his arrest was yesterday decreed at the Assembly? I thought you knew it so well, that he was concealed in your house.' 'In my house!' replied my mother, with a well feigned air of surprise; 'Napoleon, my dear child, you are mad! In my house! That implies that I have one, which unfortunately is not the case. My dear General, I beg you will not repeat such nonsense. What have I done to entitle you thus to sport with me as if I were deranged, for I can call it nothing else?'

"At these words Napoleon rose up; he crossed his arms, advanced immediately opposite to my mother, where he stood for some time without saying a word. My mother bore, without flinching, his piercing look, and did not so much as drop her eyelid under that eagle's eye. 'Madame Permon,' said he at length, 'Salicetti is concealed in your house: Nay, do not interrupt me. I do not know it for certain, but I have no doubt of it, because yesterday at five o'clock he was seen on the Boulevard, coming in this direction, after he had received intelligence of the decree of the Assembly. He has no friend in this quarter who would risk life and liberty to save him but yourself; there can be no doubt, therefore, where he is concealed.'

"This long harangue gave my mother time to regain her assurance. 'What title could Salicetti have to demand an asylum from me? He knows that our sentiments are not the same. I was on the point of setting out, and had it not been for an accidental letter from my husband, I would have been now far advanced on my road to Gascony.'

"'What title had he to seek an asylum in your house?' replied Napoleon, 'that is the justest observation you have yet made, Madame Permon. To take refuge with a lonely woman, who might be compromised for a few hours of concealment to a proscribed culprit, is an act that no one else would be capable of. You are indeed his debtor; are you not, Mademoiselle Loulou?' said he, turning to me, who had hitherto remained silent in the window.

"I feigned to be engaged with flowerpots in a window, where there were several bushes of arbutus, and did not answer him. My mother, who understood my motive, said to me, 'General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear.' I then turned to him; the remains of my trouble might show him what had passed in the mind of a girl of fifteen, who was compelled, in spite of herself, to do an unpolite thing. He took my hand, pressed it between his two, and, turning to my mother, exclaimed, 'I ask

our pardon, I have been in the wrong; your laughter has given me a lesson. 'You give Laurette more merit than she really has,' replied my mother. 'She has not given you a lesson, because she does not know wherefore she should do so; but I will do so immediately, if you persist in believing a thing which has no foundation, but might do me irreparable mischief if it were spread abroad.'

"Bonaparte said, with a voice full of emotion, 'Madame Permon, you are an uncommonly generous woman, and that man is a wicked man. You could not have closed your door upon him, and he knew it; and yet you expose yourself and that child for such a man. Formerly I hated him; now I despise him. He has done me a great deal of harm; yes, he has done me a great deal of harm, and you know it. He has had the malice to take advantage of his momentary ascendancy to strive to sink me below the water. He has accused me of crimes; for what crime can be so great as to be a traitor to your country? Salicetti conducted himself in that affair of cans, and my arrest, like a miserable wretch. I was not going to have killed him, if I had not prevented him. That young man, full of ire and friendship for me, was anxious to have fought him in single combat; he declared that if he would not fight, he would have thrown him over the window. Now he is proscribed; Salicetti, in his turn, can now appreciate the full extent of what it is to have one's destiny shattered, ruined; by an accusation.'

"'Napoleon,' said my mother, stretching out her hand to him, 'Salicetti is not here. I wear he is not. And must I tell you all?' Tell it; tell it,' said he, with extreme impatience. 'Well, Salicetti was here yesterday at six o'clock, but he went out at half-past eight. I convinced him of the impossibility of his remaining concealed in furnished lodgings. He admitted it, and went away.'

"While my mother spoke, the eyes of Napoleon continued fixed upon her with an eagerness of which it is impossible to convey an idea. Immediately after, he moved aside, and walked rapidly through the chamber. 'I was right, then, after all,' he exclaimed. 'He admitted the cowardice to say to a generous woman, Give your life for me. But did he who thus contrived to interest you in his fate, tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Did he wash his hands before he touched yours to implore for mercy?'

"'Napoleon, Napoleon!' exclaimed my mother in Italian, and with great emotion, 'this is too much. Be silent, or I must be gone. If they have murdered this man after he left me, at least it is no fault of mine.' Napoleon at this time was not less moved. He sought out every where like a hound after its prey. He constantly listened to hear him, but could hear nothing. My mother was in despair. Salicetti heard every thing. A single plank separated him from us; and I, in my inexperience, trembled lest he should issue from his retreat and betray us all. At length, after a fruitless search of two hours, he rose and went away. It was full time; my mother was worn out with mortal disquietude. 'A thousand

thanks,' said he, as he gave above all, Madame Permon, if you had ever been by that man! Adieu! —I. 147, 148.

A few days after, Madame Permon set out for Gascony, with Salicetti, disguised as a footman, seated behind the carriage. Hardly had they arrived at the first post, when a man arrived on horseback, with a letter for Madame Permon. They were all in despair, conceiving they were discovered, but upon opening it, their apprehensions were dispelled; it was from Bonaparte, who had received certain intelligence from his servant that Salicetti, his mortal enemy, was in the carriage with her, and had been concealed in her house. He had learned it from his servant, who became acquainted with it from Madame Permon's maid, who, though faithful to misfortune, could not conceal the secret from love. It was in the following terms:—

"I never wished to pass for a hypocrite. I would be so, if I did not declare that for more than twenty days I have known for certain that Salicetti was concealed in your house. Recollect my words on the 1st Prairial: I was then almost sure of it, now I know it beyond a doubt. Salicetti, you see, I could repay you the injury you have done me; in doing so, I should only have requited the evil which you did to me, whilst you gratuitously injured one who had never offended you. Which is the nobler part at this moment—yours or mine? I have it in my power to revenge myself, but I will not do it.—Perhaps you will say that your benefactress serves as your shield, and I own that that consideration is powerful. But though you were alone, unarmed, and proscribed, your head would be safe from my hands. Go—seek in peace an asylum where you may become animated with nobler sentiments towards your country. My mouth is closed on your name, and will never open more on that subject. Repent and appreciate my motives. I deserve it, for they are noble and generous.—Madame Permon—My warmest wishes attend you and your daughter. You are two helpless beings, without defence. May Providence and the prayers of a friend be ever with you! Be prudent, and do not stop in the great towns. Adieu! receive my kindest regards.—N. BONAPARTE."—I. 160.

We regard this letter and the previous transaction to which it refers, if it shall be deemed by those intimately acquainted with the parties as perfectly authentic, as by far the most important trait in the character of Napoleon during his early life which has yet appeared. It demonstrates that at that period at least his heart was accessible to generous sentiments, and that he was capable of performing a noble action. Admitting that he was, in a great degree, swayed in this proceeding by his regard for Madame Permon, who appears to have been a woman of great attractions, and for whom, as we shall presently see, he conceived warmer feelings than those of mere friendship, still it is not an

acter, and still less not an ordinary character, which from such motives rengo the fendish luxury of revenge. therefore, demonstrates that Napoleon's originally was not destitute of general more charitable, and probably just, inference is, that the selfishness sm by which he was afterwards so characterised, arose from that uninterd extraordinary flow of prosperity fell him, and which experience every oves is more fatal to generosity or in- others than any thing else in the course re below.

voyage along the charming banks of me from Bordeaux to Toulouse, our gives the following just and interesting —

mind must be really disquieted or in which does not derive the highest from the voyage by water from Bordeaux. I have seen since the the Arno, those of the Po, the Tagus, Brenta; I have seen the Arno in its g cascade, and in its placid waters; ie fertile plains, and exhibit ravishing view; but none of them recall the llusion of the voyage from Bordeaux use. Marmande, Agen, Langon, La ll those towns whose names are asso- h our most interesting recollections, associated with natural scenery pro- eauty, and illuminated by a resplen- and a pure atmosphere. I can con- ling more beautiful than those en- rinks from Reole to Agen. Groups Gothic towers, old castles, venerable which then, alas! no longer called dies to prayer. Alas! at that time, bells were absent,—they no longer faithful to the house of God. Every sad and deserted around that antique he grass was growing between the the tombs in the nave; and the was afar off, preaching the word of stant lands, while his flock, deprived bread of Life, beheld their infants up around them, without any more instruction than the savages of the -L. 166.

t here mentioned of the total want of instruction in the people of the country is by far the most serious consequence followed the tempests of the Revolution—deprived of religious instruction from childhood, for the first time since the n of Christianity in the western world, n over the whole of France. A whole has not only been born, but educated up to manhood, without any other religion, than what they received from the ons of their parents. Laval alone, during the campaigns of Napoleon, the soldiers never once entered a church, l upon the ceremonies of the Catholics, e way as they would have done on the

superstition of Hindostan or Mexico. So utterly ignorant were they of the elements even of religious knowledge, that when they crossed from Egypt into Syria, they knew not that they were near the places celebrated in Holy Writ; they drank without consciousness at the fountains of Moses, wound without emotion round the foot of Mount Sinai, and quartered at Bethlehem, and on Mount Carmel, ignorant alike of the cradle of Christianity, or of the glorious efforts of their ancestors in those scenes to regain possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

What the ultimate consequences of this universal and unparalleled break in religious instruction must be, it is not difficult to foretell. The restoration of the Christian worship by Napoleon, the efforts of the Bourbons during fifteen years to restore its sway, have proved in a great degree nugatory: Christianity, reappearing in the garb of political power, has lost its original and destined hold of the people; it is regarded by all the ardent and impetuous part of the nation, as a mere collection of antiquated prejudices or nursery tales, adopted by government for political purposes, and fitted only to enslave and fetter the human mind. The consequence has been, an universal emancipation of the nation, in towns at least, from the fetters of religion,—a dissolution of manners pervading the middling and lower orders to a degree unparalleled in modern Europe,—and an universal inclination in the higher to adopt selfish maxims in life, and act upon the principles of individual interest and elevation. This is the great feature of modern society in France,—the distinguishing characteristic which is alike deplored by their writers, and observed by the strangers who visit their country. They are fast descending into the selfishness and egotism which, in ancient times, were the invariable forerunners of political decline. This character has become incapable of sustaining genuine freedom; from the fountains of selfishness its noble streams never yet flowed. The tempests of Democracy will for a time agitate France, because the people will long strive to shake off the restraints of government and religion, in order that no fetters may be imposed on their passions; when they have discovered, as they will soon do, that this leads only to universal suffering, they will sink down quietly and for ever under the shadow of Despotism. And this will be the consequence and the punishment of their abandonment of that which constitutes the sole basis of lasting or general freedom—the Christian religion and private virtue.

One of the convulsions attended with the has not only been born, but educated up to manhood, without any other religion, than what they received from the ons of their parents. Laval alone, during the campaigns of Napoleon, the soldiers never once entered a church, l upon the ceremonies of the Catholics, e way as they would have done on the and the dynasty of the Bourbons. The follow-

ing description, however, conveys a lively picture of what civil war is, even in its least horrible forms.

"During some hours, we flattered ourselves that matters would be arranged between the National Guards and the Convention; but suddenly at half-past four the cannon began to discharge. Hardly was the first report heard, when the reply began on all sides. The effect was immediate and terrible on my poor father; he uttered a piercing cry, and, calling for succour, was soon seized with a violent delirium. In vain we gave him the soothing draughts which had been prescribed by M. Duchesnois. All the terrific scenes of the Revolution passed before his eyes, and every new discharge which was heard pierced him to the heart. What a day! what a night! Our windows were broken in pieces; towards the evening the section retired, and they fought under our eyes; but when they came to the church of St. Roch, and the theatre of the Republic, it seemed as if the house would fall to pieces.

"My father was in agony; he cried, he wept. Never shall I forget the horrors of that dreadful night. Our terrors rose to the highest pitch, when we heard that barricades were erected in the Rue de la Loi. Every hour of that dreadful night was to me like the hour of the damned, of which Father Bridagne speaks, *Toujours jamais*. I loved my father with the sincerest affection, and I adored my mother. I saw the one dying with the discharges of cannon, which resounded in his ears, while the other, stretched at the foot of that bed of death, seemed ready to follow him. There are some recollections which are eternal; never will the remembrance of that dreadful night, and of those two days, be effaced from my memory; they are engraven on my mind with a burning iron."—I. p. 190.

Salicetti fell ill in their house, from anxiety on account of the fate of Ronce and his accomplices, who were brought to trial for a conspiracy to restore the Reign of Terror. The picture she gives of his state of mind when on the bed of sickness, is finely descriptive of the whirl of agony which infidelity and democracy produce.

"We had soon a new torment to undergo; Salicetti fell ill. Nothing can equal the horrors of his situation; he was in a high fever, and delirious; but what he said, what he saw, exceeds any thing that can be conceived. I have read many romances which portrayed a similar situation. Alas! how their description falls short of the truth! Never have I read any thing which approached it—Salicetti had no religion; that added to the horrors of these dreadful scenes. He did not utter complaints; blasphemies were eternally poured forth. The death of Ronce and his friends produced the most terrible effect on his mind; their tragic fate was incessantly present to his thoughts. One, in particular, seemed never to quit his bedside; he spoke to him, he listened, he answered; the dialogues between them, for he answered for his dead friend, were enough to

turn our brains. Sometimes he fastened himself in a chamber red with blood. It caused me more terror than all the rest of the low and modulated tone of his voice, and the delirium; it would appear that he had mastered all his other faculties, even his acutest sufferings. No words can convey an idea of the horror inspired by that pale, emaciated man, uttering, on a bed of blasphemies and anathemas, in a voice so low and subdued by terror. I am at a loss to convey the impression of what I felt, though so vividly engraven on my memory, I know not how to give it a name."—I. p.

It is well sometimes to follow the irrepressible and the Jacobins to their latter end. He who dares to do these men of blood then quail at the prospect of the calamities they have inflicted on others; how terribly does the evil they have committed return on their own heads! infinitely does the scene drawn from the history exceed all that the imagination of Dante could conceive of the terrible!

It is well known what a dreadful famine prevailed in Paris for some time after the suppression of the revolt of the 13th Vendémiaire. The authoress supplies us with several and highly characteristic of the period, and places Bonaparte's character in a very favourable light.

"At that period famine prevailed in France; with more severity than anywhere else. The people were literally suffering under want of bread; the other necessities of life were not less deficient. What an affliction! Great God! the misery was frightful—precipitation of the assignats went on, augmenting with the public suffering—the poor, without work, died in their hovels, or perished in desperation, joined the robber bands that infested all the roads in the country.

"Bonaparte was then of great service. We had white bread for our own consumption; but our servants had only the bread of the Sections, which was unwholesome and hardly eatable. Bonaparte gave every day some rolls of bread, which he took to eat with us with the greatest satisfaction. At that period, I can affirm with confidence, since he associated me in his acts of clemency, that Napoleon saved the lives of an hundred families. He made distributions of bread and wood, which in that situation as military commander enabled him to do. I was entrusted with the distribution of these gifts of wood and bread to the poor, who were dying of famine. The part of them lodged in the Rue St. Nicolas close to our house. That street was inhabited at that time by the poorest class. No one had not ascended one of its crowded stairs, and had no idea of what real misery is.

"One day Bonaparte, coming to dine at my mother's, was stopped in alighting from a carriage by a woman, who bore the death of an infant in her arms. It was the mother of six children. Misery and famine had reduced her to this state. Her little child had just died, and it was not cold. Seeing every day

"I should up
at our house,
in order," as
infants should
the fate of the youngest; and if I
nothing, I will take the whole five, and
will throw ourselves together into the
river.

"This was no vain threat on the part of that
happy woman, for at that period suicides
succeeded each other every day. Nothing
was talked of but the tragic end of some
family. Bonaparte entered the room with the
expression of melancholy, which did not leave
him during the whole of dinner. He had at
the moment given a few assignats to that un-
happy woman; but after we rose from table,
he begged my mother to make some inquiries
concerning her. She did so, and found that
her story was all true, and that she was of
good character. Napoleon paid her the wages
due to her deceased husband by the govern-
ment, and got for her a small pension. She
succeeded in bringing up her children, who
ever after retained the most lively sense of
gratitude towards 'the General,' as they called
their benefactor."—I. 195.

The Duchess gives a striking picture of the
difference in the fashions and habits of living
which has resulted from the Revolution. Being
on a subject where a woman's observations are
more likely to be accurate than those of a man,
we willingly give a place to her observations.

"Transported from Corsica to Paris at the
close of the reign of Louis XV., my mother
had imbibed a second nature in the midst of
the luxuries and excellencies of that period.
We flatter ourselves that we have gained
much by our changes in that particular; but
we are quite wrong. Forty thousand livres a-
year fifty-years ago, would have commanded
more luxury than two hundred thousand now.
The elegancies that at that period surrounded
a woman of fashion cannot be numbered; a
profusion of luxuries were in common use, of
which even the name is now forgotten. The
furniture of her sleeping apartment—the bath
in daily use—the ample folds of silk and velvet
which covered the windows—the perfumes
which filled the room—the rich laces and
dresses which adorned the wardrobe, were
widely different from the ephemeral and insuf-
ficient articles by which they have been re-
placed. My opinion is daily receiving confir-
mation; for every thing belonging to the last
age is daily coming again into fashion, and I
hope soon to see totally expelled all those
fashions of Greece and Rome, which did ad-
mirably well under the climate of Rome or
Messina, but are ill adapted for our *vent du
Nord* and cloudy atmosphere. A piece of mus-
lin suspended on a gilt rod, is really of no
other use but to let a spectator see that he is
behind the curtain. It is the same with the
imitation tapestry—the walls six inches thick,
which neither keep out the heat in summer,
nor the cold in winter. All the other parts of
modern dress and furniture are comprised in
my sentence, and will always continue to
be so.

"It is said that every thing is simplified,

and brought down to the rank of the most
moderate fortunes. That is true in one sense;
that is to say, our confectioner has muslin
curtains and gilt rods at his windows, and his
wife has a silk cloak as well as ourselves, be-
cause it is become so thin that it is indeed ac-
cessible to every one, but it keeps no one
warm. It is the same with all the other stuffs.
We must not deceive ourselves; we have
gained nothing by all these changes. Do not
say, 'So much the better, this is equality.' By
no means; equality is not to be found here,
any more than it is in England, or America,
or anywhere, since it cannot exist. The con-
sequence of attempting it is, that you will have
bad silks, bad satins, bad velvets, and that
is all.

"The throne of fashion has encountered
during the Revolution another throne, and it
has been shattered in consequence. The
French people, amidst their dreams of equality,
have lost their own hands. The large
and soft arm-chairs, the full and ample dra-
peries, the cushions of eider down, all the
other delicacies which we alone understood of
all the European family, led only to the im-
prisonment of their possessors; and if you had
the misfortune to inhabit a spacious hotel,
within a court, to avoid the odious noise and
smells of the street you had your throat cut.
That mode of treating elegant manners put
them out of fashion; they were speedily
abandoned, and the barbarity of their succe-
ssors still so lingers among us, that every day
you see put into the lumber room an elegant
Grecian chair which has broken your arms,
and canopies which smell of the stable, because
they are stuffed with hay.

"I should because I am growing old. If I
saw that the world was going the way it
should, I would say nothing, and would per-
haps adopt the custom of our politicians, which
is, to embrace the last revolution with alacrity,
whatever it may be. See how comfortable
this is, say our young men, who espouse the
cause of the last easy chair which their uphol-
sterer has made for them, as of the last of the
thirteen or fifteen constitutions which have
been manufactured for them during the last
forty years. I will follow their example; I
will applaud every thing, even the new go-
vernment of Louis Philippe; though, it must
be confessed, that to do so requires a strong
disposition to see every thing in the most fa-
vourable colours."—I. 197, 198.

The authoress apologizes frequently for these
and similar passages, containing details on the
manners, habits, and fashions during the period
in which she lived; but no excuse is required
for their insertion. Details of ball dresses,
saloons, operas, and theatres, may appear ex-
tremely trifling to those who have only to cross
the street to witness them; but they become very
different when they are read after the lapse of
centuries, and the accession of a totally different
set of manners. They are the materials from
which alone a graphic and interesting history of
the period can be framed. What would we give
for details of this sort on the era of Cæsar and
Pompey? with what eagerness do we turn to

the *chivalrous* ages, and with what delight do we read the glowing pictures in Ivanhoe and the Crusaders, the *romances* of Durward and Kenilworth, of the manners, customs, and habits of those periods! To all appearance, the world is changing so rapidly under the pressure of the revolutionary tempest, that, before the lapse of many generations, the habits of our times will be as much the object of research to the antiquary, and of interest to the historian, as those of Richard Cœur de Lion or the Black Prince are to our age.

We have mentioned above, that Napoleon's interest in Madame Permon appeared to have been stronger than that of mere friendship. The following passage contains the account of a declaration and refusal, which never probably before was equalled since the beginning of the world:—

"Napoleon came one day to my mother, a considerable time after the death of my father, and proposed a marriage between his sister Pauline and my brother Permon. 'Permon has some fortune,' said he; 'my sister has nothing; but I am in a situation to do much for my connexions, and I could procure an advantageous place for her husband. That alliance would render me happy. You know how beautiful my sister is: My mother is your friend: Come, say yes, and all will be settled.' 'My mother answered, that her son must answer for himself; and that she would make no attempt to influence his choice.

"Bonaparte admitted that my brother was a young man so remarkable, that, though he was only twenty-five years of age, he had judgment and talents adequate to any situation. What Bonaparte proposed was extremely natural. He contemplated a marriage between a girl of sixteen and a young man of twenty-five, who had L.500 a-year, with a handsome exterior; who drew as well as his master, Vernet; played on the harp much better than his master, Krompholtz; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek, as well as a native, and had such talents as had made his official duties in the army of the south a matter of remark. Such was the person whom Napoleon asked for his sister; a ravishing beauty and good daughter, it is true; but that was all.

"To this proposal Napoleon added another; that of a union between myself and Joseph or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than Laurette,' said my mother, laughing. 'In truth, my dear Napoleon, you have become a high-priest to-day; you must needs marry all the world, even children.' Bonaparte laughed also, but with an embarrassed air. He admitted that that morning, in rising, a gale of marriage had blown over him, and to prove it; said he, taking the hand of my mother, and kissing it, 'I am resolved to commence the union of our families by asking you to marry myself, as soon as the forms of society will permit.'

"My mother has frequently told me that extraordinary scene, which I know as if I had

been present at it. She looked at Bonaparte for some seconds with astonishment bordering on stupefaction; she began to laugh so immoderately that we all heard it, though we were in the next room.

"Napoleon was highly offended at the mode in which a proposal, which appeared to him perfectly natural, was received. My mother, who perceived what he felt, hastened to explain herself, and to show that it was at the thoughts of the ridiculous figure which she herself would make in such an event that she was so much amused. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she, when she had done laughing, 'let us speak seriously. You imagine you know my age, but you really do not: I will not tell you, for I have a slight weakness in that respect: I will only say, I am old enough, not only to be your mother, but the mother of Joseph. Let us put an end to this pleasantry; it grieves me when coming from you.'

"Bonaparte told her that he was quite serious; that the age of his wife was to him a matter of no importance, provided she had not the look, like her, of being above thirty years old; that he had deliberately considered what he had just said; and he added these remarkable words:—'I wish to marry. My friends wish me to marry a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, who is charming and agreeable. My old friends are averse to this connexion, and the one I now propose suits me better in many respects. Reflect.' My mother interrupted the conversation by saying, that her mind was made up as to herself; and that as to her son, she would give him an answer in a day or two. She gave him her hand at parting, and said, smiling, that, though she had not entirely given up the idea of conquests, she could not go just so far as to think of subduing a heart of six-and-twenty; and that she hoped their friendship would not be disturbed by this little incident. 'But at all events,' said Napoleon, 'consider it well.'—'Well, I will consider it,' said she, smiling in her sweetest manner, and so they parted.

"After I was married to Junot, and he heard of it, he declared that it appeared less surprising to him than it did to us. Bonaparte, at the epoch of the 13th Vendemiaire, was attached to the war committee; his projects, his plans, all had one object, and that was the East. My mother's name of Commene, with her Grecian descent, had a great interest in his imagination. The name of Calomeros, united with Commene, might have powerfully served his ambition in that quarter. 'The great secret of all these marriages,' said Junot, 'was in that idea.' I believe he was right.—I. pp. 202, 203.

All the proposed marriages came to nothing; the duchess's brother refused Pauline, and she herself Joseph. They little thought, that she was refusing the throne of Charlemagne, the other that of Charles V., and the third, the most beautiful princess in Europe.

The following picture of three of the most celebrated women in the Revolution one of whom recently contributed by her influence to the fall of

shows that the fair authoress is not of the subject more peculiarly born sex.

D arrived late in the ball-room. The room was completely filled. Madame D. was well accustomed to such a scene, when her eyes were arrested by a young and charming person, of fine blue eyes, with a timid air, the most perfect image of a young man in the act of being led to her by the Tremis, which showed that she was a dancer; for he honoured no hand, but those who might receive a belle danseuse. The young lady, bowed blushing to the Vestris of the day, beside a lady who had the air of being her elder sister, and whose elegant dress was attracting the attention of all around her. 'Who are these?' said the Count de Hauleuse, as she was leaning. 'Do you know the Viscountess Beauharnais and her Hortense?' 'No!' said the Count, 'who is that man?' who at that moment entered the room towards whom all eyes were turned. That lady was of a stature ordinary; but the perfect harmony of her proportions prevented you from perceiving that she was above the ordinary size. It was as if you saw the work of Phidias. You saw the perfection in the arms, neck, and feet, the figure animated by an expressive grace, which told at once, that it was but the magic reflection of a soul. Her dress had no share in her beauty; for it was a simple Indian muslin arranged in drapery antique, and held together on the sides by two splendid cameos; a girdle of encircled her figure, was elegantly the same way; a large golden bracelet encircled her arm; her hair, black and was dressed without tresses, a la la; her white and beautiful shoulders were covered by a superb shawl of red cachemire, at period extremely rare, and highly valued. It was thrown round her in the most picturesque manner, forming one of the most ravishing beauties of the age. Madame Tallien, so well known for her beauty at the time of the fall of Robespierre. —I. 222.

The description suggests one observation, that it strikes every one who is at all familiar with the numerous female memoirs which have appeared from the Parisian press within these few years. This is the extraordinary accuracy with which, at any distance of time, they seem to be able of recalling, not only the whole of a ball-room or opera, but even the details by the ladies on these occasions. It has been described took place in 1797. There is no sort of difficulty in re-

counting the whole particulars both of the people and dresses in 1830, three-and-thirty years after. We doubt extremely whether any woman in England could give as accurate an account within a month after the event. Nor does there seem to be any ground for the obvious remark that these descriptions are all got up *ex post facto*, without any foundation in real life; for the variety and accuracy with which they are given evidently demonstrates, that however much the colours may have been subsequently added, the outlines of the sketch were taken from nature. As little is there any ground for the suspicion, that the attention of the French women is exclusively occupied with these matters, to the exclusion of more serious considerations; for these pages are full of able and sometimes profound remarks on politics, events, and characters, such as would have done credit to the clearest head in Britain. We can only suppose that the vanity which amidst many excellencies, is the undoubted characteristic both of the men and women in France, is the cause of this extraordinary power in their female writers, and that the same disposition which induces their statesmen and heroes to record daily the victories of their diplomacy and arms, leads their lively and intelligent ladies to commit to paper all that is particularly remarkable in private life.

Some interesting details are preserved, as to the reception of Napoleon in Paris by the Directory after the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor. The following quotations exhibit the talent of the author, both for the lighter and more serious subjects of narrative in the best light:

"Junot entered at first into the famous battalion of volunteers of the Côte d'or. After the surrender of Longwy they were moved to Toulon; it was the most terrific period of the Revolution. Junot was then sergeant of grenadiers, an honour which he received from the voluntary election of his comrades on the field of battle. Often, in recounting to me the first years of his adventurous life, he has declared that nothing ever gave him such a delirium of joy, as when his comrades, all, he said, as brave as himself, named him sergeant on the field of battle, and he was elevated on a seat formed of crossed bayonets, still reeking with the blood of their enemies."

It was at that time that, being one day, during the siege of Toulon, at his post at the battery of St Celottes, an officer of artillery, who had recently come from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, asked from the officer who commanded the post for a young non-commissioned officer who had at once intelligence and boldness. The officer immediately called for Junot; the officer surveyed him with that eye which already began to take the measure of human capacity.

"You will change your dress," said the commander, "and you will go there to bear this order." He showed him with his hand a spot at a distance on the same side. The young sergeant blushed up to the eyes, his eyes

kindled. "I am not a spy," said he, "to execute their orders; seek another to bear them." "Do you refuse to obey!" said the superior officer; "do you know to what punishment you expose yourself in so doing?" "I am ready to obey," said Junot, "but I will go in my uniform, or not at all." The commander smiled and looked at him attentively. "But if you do, they will kill you." "What does that signify?" said Junot; "you know the little to imagine I would be pained at such an occurrence, and, as for me, it is all one—come, I go as I am; is it not so?" And he set off singing.

"After he was gone, the superior officer asked, 'What is the name of that young man?' 'Junot,' replied the other. The commanding officer then wrote his name in his pocket-book. 'He will make his way,' he replied. This judgment was already of decisive importance to Junot, for the reader must readily have divined that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

"A few days after, being on his rounds at the same battery, Bonaparte asked for some one who could write well. Junot stepped out of the ranks and presented himself. Bonaparte recognised him as the sergeant who had already fixed his attention. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing him, and desired him to place himself so as to write under his dictation. Hardly was the letter done, when a bomb, projected from the English batteries, fell at the distance of ten yards, and, exploding, covered all present with gravel and dust. 'Well,' said Junot, laughing, 'we shall at least not require sand to dry the ink.'

"Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was calm, and had not even quivered at the explosion. That event decided his fortune. He remained attached to the commander of artillery, and returned no more to his corps. At a subsequent time, when the town surrendered, and Bonaparte was appointed General, Junot asked no other recompense for his brave conduct during the siege, but to be named his aid-de-camp. He and Muiron were the first who served him in that capacity."—I. 268.

A singular incident, which is stated as having happened to Junot at the battle of Lonato, in Italy, is recorded in the following curious manner:—

"The evening before the battle of Lonato, Junot having been on horseback all the day, and rode above 20 leagues in carrying the orders of the General-in-Chief, lay down overwhelmed with fatigue, without undressing, and ready to start up at the smallest signal. Hardly was he asleep, when he dreamed he was on a field of battle, surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was a horseman, clad in armour, with whom he was engaged; that cavalier, instead of a lance, was armed with a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, particularly one on the left temple. The combat was long, and at length they seized each other by the middle. In the struggle the vizor, the casque of the horseman, fell off, and Junot perceived that he was fighting with a skeleton; soon the armour fell off, and Death stood before him armed with his scythe. 'I have not been able to take you,' said he, 'but

I will seize one of your friends.—Beware of me!"

"Junot awoke with sweat. The morning was beginning to dawn, and he could not keep from the impression he had received. He felt convinced that one of his brother aides-de-camp, Muiron or Marmont, would be slain in the approaching fight. In effect it was so: Junot received two wounds—one on the left temple, which he bore to his grave, and the other on the breast; but Muiron was shot through the heart."—I. 270.

The two last volumes of this interesting work published a few weeks ago, are hardly equal in point of importance to those which contained the earlier history of Napoleon, but still they abound with interesting and curious details. The following picture of the religion which grew up in France on the ruins of Christianity, is singularly instructive:—

"It is well known, that during the revolutionary troubles of France, not only all the churches were closed, but the Catholic and Protestant worship entirely forbidden; and, after the Constitution of 1795, it was at the hazard of one's life that either the mass was heard, or any religious duty performed. It is evident that Robespierre, who unquestionably had a design which is now generally understood, was desirous, on the day of the fete of the Supreme Being, to bring back public opinion to the worship of the Deity. Eight months before, we had seen the Bishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, appear voluntarily at the bar of the Convention, to abjure the Christian faith and the Catholic religion. But it is not as generally known, that at that period Robespierre was not omnipotent, and could not carry his desires into effect. Numerous factions then disputed with him the supreme authority. It was not till the end of 1793, and the beginning of 1794, that his power was so completely established that he could venture to act up to his intentions.

"Robespierre was then desirous to establish the worship of the Supreme Being, and the belief of the immortality of the soul. He felt that irreligion is the soul of anarchy, and it was not anarchy but despotism which he desired; and yet the very day after that magnificent fete in honour of the Supreme Being, a man of the highest celebrity in science, and as distinguished for virtue and probity as philosophic genius, Lavoisier, was led out to the scaffold. On the day following that, Madame Elizabeth, that Princess whom the executioners could not guillotine, till they had turned aside their eyes from the sight of her angelic visage, stained the same axe with her blood!—And a month after, Robespierre, who wished to restore order for his own purposes—who wished to still the bloody waves which for years had inundated the state, felt that all his efforts would be in vain if the masses who supported his power were not restrained and directed, because without order nothing but ravages and destruction can prevail. To ensure the government of the masses, it was indispensable that morality, religion, and belief should be established—and, to affect the multitude, that religion should be

hed in external forms. 'My friend,' said laire, to the atheist Damilaville, 'after you e supped on well-dressed partridges, drank sparkling champagne, and slept on cushions of down in the arms of your mistress, I e no fear of you, though you do not believe God.—But if you are perishing of hunger, I meet you in the corner of a wood, I would er dispense with your company.' But en Robespierre wished to bring back to ething like discipline the crew of the ves- which was fast driving on the breakers, he ad the thing was not so easy as he imagined. destroy is easy—to rebuild is the difficulty. was omnipotent to do evil; but the day t he gave the first sign of a disposition to urn to order, the hands which he himself stained with blood, marked his forehead h the fatal sign of destruction."—VI. 34, 35.

The "omnipotence to do evil, and the im- pose to do good," is not confined to the French revolutionists. It exists equally on this side of Channel. Powerful to pull down and destroy institutions, the Reforming Administration powerless in arresting the work of devastation. e day that they attempt to coerce the passions y have raised; the moment that they pause in work of demolition, that instant Fate has rked them for her own. After the fall of Robespierre, a feeble attempt s made, under the Directory, to establish a re- cious system founded on pure Deism. To the hful believer in Revelation, it is interesting to ce the rise and fall of the first attempt in the tory of the world to establish such a faith as : basis of national religion.

* Under the Directory, that brief and deplora- government, a new sect established itself in ance. Its system was rather morality than igion; it affected the utmost tolerance, re- gained all religions, and had no other faith in a belief in God. Its votaries were termed Theophilanthropists. It was during the ar 1797 that this sect arose. I was once mpted to go to one of their meetings. Lare- illiere Lepaux, chief grand priest and pro- ctor of the sect, was to deliver a discourse. he first thing that struck me in the place of embly, was a basket filled with the most ugnificant flowers of July, which was then he season, and another loaded with the most plendid fruits. Every one knows the grand ar of the church of St. Nicholas in the Fields, with its rich Corinthian freize. I suspect the Theophilanthropists had chosen that church on that account for the theatre of their exploits, in a spirit of religious coquetry. In truth, their basket of flowers produced an admirable effect on that altar of the finest Grecian form, and mingled in perfect harmony with the figures of angels which adorned the walls. The chief pronounced a discourse, in which he spoke so well, that, in truth, if the Gospel had not said he same things infinitely better, some seven- teen hundred and ninety-seven years before, it ould have been decidedly preferable either to the Popanism of antiquity, or the mythology of Egypt or India.

* Napoleon had the strongest prejudice
—Vol. XXI.

against that sect. 'They are comedians,' said he; and when some one replied that nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of some of their chiefs, that Lareveilliere Lepaux was one of the most virtuous men in Paris; in fine, that their morality consisted in nothing but virtue, good faith, and charity, he replied—

"To what purpose is all that? Every system of morality is admirable. Apart from certain dogmas, more or less absurd, which were necessary to bring them down to the level of the age in which they were produced, what do you see in the morality of the Widham, the Koran, the Old Testament, or Confucius: Every where a pure system of morality, that is to say, you see protection to the weak, respect to the laws, gratitude to God, recommended and enforced. But the evangelists alone exhibit the union of all the principles of morality, detached from every kind of absurdity. There is something admirable, and not your common-place sentiments put into bad verse. Do you wish to see what is sublime, you and your friends the Theophilanthropists? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Your zealots,' added he, addressing a young enthusiast in that system, 'are desirous of the palm of martyrdom, but I will not give it them; nothing shall fall on them but strokes of ridicule, and I little know the French, if they do not prove mortal.' In truth, the result proved how well he had appreciated the French character. It perished after an ephemeral existence of five years, and left not a trace behind, but a few verses, preserved as a relic of that mental age of aberration."—VI. 40—43.

This passage is very remarkable. Here we have the greatest intellect of the age, Napoleon himself, recurring to the Gospel, and to the Lord's Prayer, as the only pure system of religion, and the sublimest effort of human composition; and Robespierre endeavouring, in the close of his bloody career, to cement anew the fabric of society, which he had had so large a share in destroying, by a recurrence to religious impressions: So indispensable is devotion to the human heart: so necessary is it to the construction of the first elements of society, and so well may you distinguish the spirit of anarchy and revolution, by the irreligious tendency which invariably attends it, and prepares the overthrow of every national institution, by sapping the foundation of every private virtue.

The arrest of the British residents over all France, on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, was one of the most cruel and unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's government. The following scene between Junot and the First Consul on this subject, is singularly characteristic of the impetuous fits of passion to which that great man was subject, and which occasionally betrayed him into actions so unworthy of his general character.

"One morning at five o'clock, when day was just beginning to break, an order arrived from the First Consul to repair instantly to Malmaison. He had been labouring till four in the morning, and had but just fallen asleep."

He set off instantly, and did not return till five in the evening. When he entered he was in great agitation; his meeting with him had been stormy, and the conversation long.

"When Junot arrived at the First Consul's, he found his figure in disorder; his features were contracted; and every thing announced one of those terrible agitations which made every one who approached him tremble.

"Junot," said he to his aid-de-camp, "are you still the friend on whom I can rely? Yes or no. No circumlocution."

"Yes, my general."

"Well then, before an hour is over, you must take measures instantly, so that *all the English*, without one single exception, should be instantly arrested. Room enough for them will be found in the Temple, the Force, the Abbaye, and the other prisons of Paris; it is indispensable that they should *all* be arrested. We must teach their government, that entrenched though they are in their isle, they can be reached by an enemy who is under no obligation to treat their subjects with any delicacy.—The wretches," said he, striking his fist violently on the table, "they refuse Malta, and assign as a reason"—Here his anger choked his voice, and he was some time in recovering himself. "They assign as a reason, that Lucien has influenced, by my desire, the determinations of the Court of Spain, in regard to the reform of the clergy; and they refuse to execute the Treaty of Amiens, on pretence that, since it was signed the situation of the contracting parties had changed."

"Junot was overwhelmed; but the cause of his consternation was not the rupture with England. It had been foreseen, and known for several days. But in the letters which were now handed to him, he perceived a motive to authorise the terrible measure which Napoleon had commanded. He would willingly have given him his life, but now he was required to do a thing to the last degree repugnant to the liberal principles in which he had been trained.

"The First Consul waited for some time for an answer, but seeing the attitude of Junot, he proceeded, after a pause of some minutes, as if the answer had already been given.

"That measure must be executed at seven o'clock this evening. I am resolved that, this evening, not the most obscure theatre at Paris, not the most miserable restaurateur shall contain an Englishman within its walls."

"My General," replied Junot, who had now recovered his composure, "you know not only my attachment to your person, but my devotion in every thing which regards yourself. Believe me, then, it is nothing but that devotion which makes me hesitate in obeying you, before entreating you to take a few hours to reflect on the measure which you have commanded me to adopt."

"Napoleon contracted his eye-brows.—'Again!' said he. 'What! is the scene of the other day so soon to be renewed? Lannes and you truly give yourselves extraordinary license. Duroc alone, with his tranquil air, does not think himself entitled to preach sermons to me. You shall find, gentlemen, by

God, that I can square my hat as well as any man; Lannes has already experienced it; and I do not think he will enjoy much his eating of oranges at Lisbon. As for you, Junot do not rely too much on my friendship. The day on which I doubt of yours mine is destroyed."

"My General," replied Junot, profoundly afflicted at being so much misunderstood, "it is not at the moment that I am giving you the strongest proof of my devotion, that you should thus address me. Ask my blood; ask my life; they belong to you, and shall be freely rendered; but to order me to do a thing which will cover us all with —"

"Go on," he interrupted, "go on by all means. What will happen me because I retaliate upon a perfidious government the injuries which it has heaped upon me?"

"It does not belong to me," replied Junot, "to decide upon what line of conduct is suitable to you. Of this, however, I am well assured, that if any thing unworthy of your glory is attempted, it will be from your eyes being fascinated by the men, who only disquiet you by their advice, and incessantly urge you to measures of severity. Believe me, my General, these men do you infinite mischief."

"Who do you mean?" said Napoleon.

"Junot mentioned the names of several, and stated what he knew of them.

"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me," replied he. "One of them said the other day, 'If the First Consul were to desire me to kill my father, I would kill him.'"

"I know not, my General, replied Junot, 'what degree of attachment to you it is, to suppose you capable of giving an order to a son to put to death his own father. But it matters not; when one is so unfortunate as to think in that manner, they seldom make it public."

"Two years afterwards, the First Consul who was then Emperor, spoke to me of the scene, after my return from Portugal, and told me that he was on the point of embracing me not at these words: so much was he struck with these noble expressions addressed to him, his general, his chief, the man on whom alone his destiny depended. 'For in fine,' said the Emperor, smiling, 'I must own I am rather unreasonable when I am angry, and that you know, Madame Junot.'

"As for my husband, the conversation which he had with the First Consul was of the warmest description. He went the length of reminding him, that at the departure of the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, the most solemn assurances had been given him of the safety of all the English at Paris. 'There are,' said he, 'amongst them, women, children, and old men; there are numbers, my General, who might one morning pray to God to prolong your day. They are for the most part persons engaged in trade; for almost all the higher classes of the nation have left Paris. The damage they would sustain from being all imprisoned would be immense. Oh, my General! it is not for whose noble and generous mind so well comprehends whatever is grand in the creation confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet.'—VI. 406—410—

With the utmost difficulty, Junot prevailed

Napoleon to commute the original order, which had been for immediate imprisonment, into one for the confinement of the unfortunate British subjects in particular towns, where it is well known most of them lingered till delivered by the Allies in 1814. But Napoleon never forgave his interference with his wrath; and shortly after, he was removed from the government of Paris, and sent into honourable exile to superintend the formation of a corps of grenadiers at Arras.

The great change which has taken place in the national character of France since the Restoration, has been noticed by all writers on the subject. The Duchess of Abrantes' observations on the subject are highly curious.

"Down to the year 1809, the national character had undergone no material alteration. That character overcame all perils, disregarded all dangers, and even laughed at death itself. It was this calm in the victims of the Revolution which gave the executioners their principal advantage. A friend of my acquaintance, who accidentally found himself surrounded by the crowd who were returning from witnessing the execution of Madame Du Barri, heard two of the women in the street speaking to each other on the subject, and one said to the other, 'How that one cried out! If they all cry out in that manner, I will not return again to the executions.' What a volume of reflections arise from these few words spoken, with all the unconcern of those barbarous days!

"The three years of the Revolution following the 1793, taught us to weep, but did not teach us to cease to laugh. They laughed under the axe yet stained with blood:—they laughed as the victim slept at Venice under the burning irons which were to waken his dreams. Alas! how deep must have been the wounds which have changed this lightsome character! For the joyous Frenchman laughs no more! and if he still has some happy days, the sun of gaiety has set for ever. This change has taken place during the 15 years which have followed the Restoration; while the horrors of the wars of religion, the tyrannical reigns of Louis XI. and XIV., and even the bloody days of the Convention, produced no such effect."—V. 142.

Like all the other writers on the modern state of France, of whatever school or party in politics, Madame Junot is horrified with the deterioration of manners, and increased vulgarity, which has risen from the democratic invasions of later times. Listen to this ardent supporter of the revolutionary order of things, on this subject:

"At that time, (1801,) the habits of good company were not yet extinct in Paris; of the good company of France, and not of what is now termed good company, and which prevailed years ago only among postilions and stable-boys. At that period, men of good birth did not make in the apartments of their wives, because they felt it to be a dirty and disgusting practice; they generally washed their hands; when they went out to dine, or to pass the evening at a house of their acquaintance, they bowed

to the lady at its head in entering and retiring, and did not appear so abstracted in their thoughts as to behave as they would have done in an hotel. They were then careful not to turn their back on those with whom they conversed, so as to show only an ear or the point of a nose to those whom they addressed. They spoke of some thing else, besides those eternal politics on which no two can ever agree, and which give occasion only to the interchange of bitter expressions. There has sprung from these endless disputes, disunion in families, the dissolution of the oldest friendships, and the growth of hatred which will continue till the grave. Experience proves that in these contests no one is ever convinced, and that each goes away more than ever persuaded of the truth of his own opinions.

"The customs of the world now give me nothing but pain. From the bosom of the retirement where I have been secluded for these 15 years, I can judge, without prepossession, of the extraordinary revolution in manners which has lately taken place. Old impressions are replaced, it is said, by new ones; that is all. Are, then, the new ones superior? I cannot believe it. Morality itself is rapidly undergoing dissolution—every character is contaminated, and no one knows from whence the poison is inhaled. Young men now lounge away their evenings in the box of a theatre, or the Boulevards, or carry on elegant conversation with a fair seller of gloves and perfumery, make compliments on her lily and vermilion cheeks, and present her with a cheap ring, accompanied with a gross and indelicate compliment. Society is so disunited, that it is daily becoming more vulgar, in the literal sense of the word. Whence any improvement is to arise, God only knows."—V. 156, 157.

We expect, if the present system of democracy continues long in France, to see the vulgarity of American manners introduced into the French capital; to behold gentlemen sitting with their feet upon the backs of chairs in the saloons of the Faubourg St Germain, and each member of the Chamber of Deputies chewing tobacco, with all its hideous accompaniments, under the splendid roof of the Legislative Body. Fortunately, such evils will lead to their ultimate remedy. The dissolution of morals and manners will overthrow the existing institutions of the country; anarchy and licentiousness, with all its debasing accompaniments, will cease; and if liberty perishes with the grossness to which it has given birth, and ages of despotism are endured, the friends of order will at least have the consolation of reflecting, that all this degradation and ruin have been brought about against their most strenuous exertions, by the insane passions of those who invoked its name to cover their own excesses.

While we are concluding these observations another bloody revolt has occurred at Paris; the three glorious days of June have come to crown the work, and develop the consequences of the three glorious days of July. After a desperate struggle, maintained with much greater resolu-

tion and vigour on the part of the insurgents than the insurrection which proved fatal to Charles X.; after Paris having been the theatre, for three days, of bloodshed and devastation; after 75,000 men had been engaged against the Revolutionists; after the thunder of artillery had broken down the Republican barricades, and showers of grape-shot had thinned the ranks of the citizen-soldiers, the military force triumphed, and peace was restored to the trembling city. What has been the consequence? All the forms of law have been suspended; military commissions established; domiciliary visits become universal; several thousand persons thrown into prison; and before this, the *fusillades* of the new heroes of the Barricades have announced to a suffering country that the punishment of their sins has commenced. The liberty of the press is destroyed, the editors delivered over to military commissions, the printing presses of the Opposition journals thrown into the Seine, and all attempts at insurrection, or words tending to excite it, and all offences of the press tending to excite dissatisfaction or revolt, handed over to military commissions, composed exclusively of officers! This is the freedom which the three glorious days have procured for France!

The soldiers were desperately chagrined and mortified at the result of the three days of July; and well they might be so, as all the subsequent sufferings of their country, and the total extinction of their liberties on the last occasion, were owing to their vacillation in the first revolt. They have now fought with the utmost fury against the people, as they did at Lyons, and French blood has amply stained their bayonets; but it has come too late to wash out the stain of their former treason, or revive the liberties which it lost for their country.

Polignac is now completely justified for all but the incapacity of commencing a change of the constitution with 5000 men, four pieces of cannon, and eight rounds of grape-shot to support it. The ordinances of Charles X., now adopted with increased severity by Louis Philippe, were destined to accomplish, *without bloodshed*, that change which the fury of democracy rendered necessary, and without which it has been found the Throne of the Barricades cannot exist. It is evident that the French do not know what freedom is. They had it under the Bourbons, as our people had it under the old constitution; but it would not content them, because it was not liberty, but power, not freedom, but democracy, not exception from tyranny, but the power of tyrannizing over others, that they desired. They gained their point, they accomplished their wishes,—and the consequence has been, two years of suffering, followed by military despotism. We always predicted the three glorious days would lead to this result; but the termination of the drama has come more rapidly than the history of the first Revolution led us to anticipate.

From the Monthly Magazine.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

THAT grey-haired, venerable old man, whom all who beheld him loved to look on, has turned to common earth, changed into unconscious gases and metals, never again to originate thoughts, such as those of which he has left behind him an ample store, and which will yet do their work in the regeneration of the world! This indeed gives a humbling sensation of the pride of man. That which was Bentham, has lost the power of thinking, and all that was human in the most kindly of earthly beings, is now of no more account than the materiel of the commonest reptile, which has passed away its existence, studying how to inflict the greatest portion of evil on its fellow-creatures, for the gratification of selfish passions. Yet it was a glorious thing to look on him while in life, to behold that nobly moulded head, that most benevolent face, in which almost childlike simplicity contended with godlike intellect, and both blended in universal sympathy, while his loose grey hair streamed over his shoulders, and played in the wind, as he pursued his evening walk of meditation, around the still garden wherein the patriot Milton was erst accustomed to contemplate. How has he been libelled amongst the unthinking herd, owing to their narrow comprehension of the word "utility!" Loving all beauty, and as keenly alive to the perception of it as any Greek of the olden time, it has been held that he thought nothing worth pursuing, save the study of the regulation and supply and demand, for the commonest corporeal and mental wants. That he liked poetry, and was fond of botany, is sufficient answer to such a supposition. He wrote on abstruse matters, because he thought the comprehension of such matters essential to human happiness, but he did not, therefore, dislike the lighter sources of innocent pleasure. We shall not soon look upon his like. Even now, his handwriting of a few week's lapse is before us, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, at the age of eighty-five years; and it is with sorrow that we peruse it.

Others have possessed knowledge without its bringing forth the fruit of wisdom. The knowledge of Bentham was combined with wisdom of the most exalted class, and the most self-sacrificing beneficence. His outset in life was an equity barrister, and the little practice which he attained to, was marked as the evidence of a high order of intellect. We know not his history farther back, but it must contain much matter of curious speculation. The most trifling acts and words of such a man are of importance—to know the source from which so noble an intellect was fed—whence the first rills of knowledge sprang. Happy will be the lot of that man to whom it shall be given to unfold the accurate biography of the most powerful advocate of the true interests of suffering humanity, who ever yet drew breath on English soil.

By the death of his father he attained independence, after, it is said, a somewhat penurious : : young, rich, and highly intellectual, and moreover of comely presence, a wide field of ambition opened to him, with the promise of a fruitful harvest in whatever sphere of public life he chose to pursue. But selfishness was abhorrent to him, and he clung only to sympathy. He abandoned the practice of mischievous laws, and retired wholly from public life in the flower of age, to devote himself in seclusion to the unvaried study of those branches of knowledge which he held it essential to human happiness should be rightly comprehended. Through good report, and through evil report, he steadfastly pursued the object which his reason had analysed, and pronounced desirable. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, either for praise or blame; fear dwelt not in him, and praise could not move him from his purpose; his reflection was that he individually might perish, but that his principles must survive, and though thrillingly alive to the approval of the discriminating amongst his fellow creatures, his integrity could not be stirred from the strict path of duty for the sake of gaining popularity. He gathered a rich harvest of wisdom to distribute in the charity of universal love and benevolence, without one selfish thought, without a prospect of personal gain. He wrought not for a nation, he sought for the human race; he made them calculably his debtors, yet, without heeding the amount, without ever adverting to it, he still continued labouring unceasingly for their benefit. The human race he considered as his children, and wayward as they were, he gave up a mind for their maintenance; a treasury not easily to be exhausted. They are yet young, and they cannot appreciate the wealth he has left them. As they search into it, their surprise will increase. The mere fertility of his writings is itself extraordinary, and a remarkable instance what one man may accomplish: but when we reflect on the variety and profundity of knowledge they display, that each line, each word is pregnant with thought, the strongest mind feels itself give way to the sensation of wonder.

Wisdom has too long been held to be synonymous with austerity—knowledge with supercilious dignity, at least amongst superficial people. The amiable and blameless life of Bentham has withered up that ancient lie. A childlike simplicity of manner, an engaging affectionate disposition, and an unstudied habitual kindness of friendly intercourse, were his most conspicuous traits.* He was a pure concentration of benevolence, seeking his only reward in the rilling consciousness that he was doing uni-

versal good. In common intercourse he respected the feelings of the meanest equally with the highest. He never willingly gave pain, nor shrank from the infliction of it, or the suffering it, when he deemed it essential to the service of humanity. Never lived there a human being, in whom wisdom, knowledge, integrity, and perfect love, were all so intimately blended, and so earnestly devoted to the service of a race, who, so far from thanking him for his labours, scarcely knew that he existed, and when they gleaned the knowledge, they in most cases used it for the purpose of vilifying him. So it must ever be till human intellect shall be more widely expanded than is at present the case. The refined and honest man, who shrinks with disgust from pandering passions of the herd, cannot expect to be their idol, even if his nature would permit him to wish it.

While in life, his spirit had ever been devoted to the service of his fellows, and his last act was to devote his material frame to the same purpose, with the object of removing a mischievous prejudice which had been largely productive of evil to his fellows. We were present at the lecture read by his attached friend over his earthly remains, not to a large audience, but to an audience, marked by all the external signs of a development of intellect, such as is rarely gathered together in one assembly. Whoso looked around upon that audience, must have remarked to his own mind, that the spirit which had animated the clay before him was not all dead. The sympathy was indeed deep. The voice of the lecturer was choked by his emotions.

The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and the heavens wept while the oration was spoken over the mortal remnants of the benefactor of the human race, amidst the silence of his sorrowing friends. The superstition of the ancient days would have believed that his spirit was passing to Heaven on the wings of the storm, and in those days a statue would have been raised to his memory, as to a God. They who knew him in life, know that the influence of his spirit rests around them, and upon them, and that his best sepulchral monument will be the increasing reverence of the human race. The latest joy he experienced in life was in the knowledge that the charter of the freedom of his fellow countrymen was sealed. It would seem as though he had lingered on but to behold the successful achievement of the work to which he had so mainly contributed, ere his spirit left his frame, as though he had apostrophized his country—"Let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" The chords of sympathy have been rudely strained by his loss, though the days he had numbered were many.

* In dining with him if he observed you to pour any especial dish—it was sure to reappear the next time you met him at his table.

From the Athenæum.

SPRING.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

When the wind blows
 In the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows
 On the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows
 All bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not me;
 'Tis not for any *one* here, I trow:
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below!
 O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep?
 To the bed that's poor,
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure;
 That is a fate that none can cure?
 Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow:
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresses her bowers,
 For all below!
 O the Spring, &c.

From the Athenæum.

NOTES ON ILLINOIS.*

WILD ANIMALS OF THE ILLINOIS.

The buffalo has entirely left us. Before the country was settled, our immense prairies afforded pasturage to herds of this animal; and the traces of them are still remaining in the "buffalo paths," which are to be seen in several parts of the state. These are well beaten tracks, leading generally from the prairies in the interior of the state, to the margins of the large rivers, showing the course of their migrations as they changed their pastures periodically, from the low marshy alluvion, to the dry upland plains. In the heat of summer they are driven from the latter by prairie fires; in the autumn they would be expelled from the former by the mosquitoes; in the spring the grass of the plains would afford abundant pasturage, while the herds could enjoy the warmth of the sun, and snuff the breeze that sweeps so freely over them; in the winter the rich cane of the river-banks, which is an ever-green, would furnish food, while the low grounds, thickly covered with brush and forest, would afford protection from the bleak winds. Their paths are narrow, and remarkably direct, showing that the animals travelled in single file

through the woods, and pursued the most direct course to their places of destination.

Deer are more abundant than at the first settlement of the country. They increase, to a certain extent, with the population. The reason of this appears to be, that they find protection in the neighbourhood of man, from the beasts of prey that assail them in the wilderness, and from whose attacks their young particularly can with difficulty escape. They suffer most from the wolves, who hunt in packs, like hounds, and who seldom give up the chase until the deer is taken. We have often sat, on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log cabin on one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of a deer, yelling very near in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain, then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a nearer point, and in another direction—now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, and we could almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer, and again it would be borne away, and lost in distance. We have passed nearly whole nights in listening to such sounds, and once we saw a deer dash through the yard, and immediately passed the door at which we sat, followed by his audacious pursuers, who were but a few yards in his rear.

Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for the hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export.

There are several ways of hunting deer, all of which are equally simple. Most generally the hunter proceeds to the woods on horseback, in the daytime, selecting particularly certain hours, which are thought to be most favourable. It is said, that during the season when the pastures are green, this animal rises from its lair precisely at the rising of the moon, whether in the day or night; and I suppose the fact to be so, because such is the testimony of experienced hunters. If it be true, it is certainly a curious display of animal instinct. This hour, therefore, is always kept in view by the hunter, as he rides slowly through the forest, with his rifle on his shoulder, while his keen eye penetrates the surrounding shades. On beholding a deer, the hunter slides from his horse, and while the deer is observing the latter, creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of pursuit until he gets near enough to fire. An expert woodsman seldom fails to hit his game.

Another mode is, to watch at night, in the neighbourhood of the salt licks. These are spots where the earth is impregnated with saline particles, or where the salt water oozes through the soil. Deer and other grazing animals frequent such places, and remain for hours licking the earth. The hunter secretes himself here, either in the thick top of a tree, or, most generally, in a screen erected for the purpose, and artfully concealed, like a masked battery, with logs or green

* The following article, which originally appeared in the Illinois Magazine, having been reprinted in the Athenæum, we are enabled to transfer it to our pages, without deviating from the plan of the Museum.—Ed. Mus.

boughs. This practice is pursued only in the summer, or early in the autumn, in cloudless nights, when the moon shines brilliantly, and objects may be readily discovered. At the rising of the moon, or shortly after, the deer, having risen from their beds, approach the lick. Such places are generally bare of timber, but surrounded by it, and as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moonlight, he stops, looks cautiously around, and snuffs the air. Then he advances a few steps, and stops again, smells the ground, or raises his expanded nostrils, as if he "snuffed the approach of danger in every tainted breeze." The hunter sits motionless, and almost breathless, waiting until the animal shall get within rifle-shot, and until its position, in relation to the hunter and the light, shall be favourable, when he fires with an unerring aim. A few deer only can be thus taken in one night, and after a few nights these timorous animals are driven from the haunts which are thus disturbed.

The elk has disappeared. A few have been seen in late years, and some taken; but it is not known that any remain at this time, within the limits of the state.

The bear is seldom seen. This animal inhabits those parts of the country that are thickly wooded, and delights particularly in the cane brakes, where it feeds in the winter on the tender shoots of the young cane. The meat is tender and finely flavoured, and is esteemed a great delicacy.

Wolves are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds—the common, or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of these unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family.

The smell of burning assafetida has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown

into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odour, the wolves, if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labour, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot.

Of the few instances of their attacking human beings, of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to the other. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot tracks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had followed him for a considerable distance: he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, which takes its name from its habit of residing entirely upon the open plains. Even when hunted with dogs, it will make circuit after circuit round the prairie, carefully avoiding the forest, or only dashing into it occasionally when hard pressed, and then returning to the plain. In size and appearance this animal is midway between the wolf and the fox, and in colour it resembles the latter, being of a very light red. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, young pigs, calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between it and the common wolf, and they constantly hunt in packs together. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf in company with several prairie wolves. I am well satisfied that the latter is the jackall of Asia.

We have the fox in some places in great numbers, though, generally speaking, I think the animal is scarce. It will undoubtedly increase with the population.

The panther and wild cat are found in our forests. Our open country is not, however, well suited to their shy habits, and they are less frequently seen than in the neighbouring states.

The beaver and otter were once numerous, but are now seldom seen, except on our frontiers.

The gopher is, as we suppose, a nondescript. The name does not occur in books of natural history, nor do we find any animal of a corresponding description. The only account that we have seen of it is in 'Long's Second Expedition.' In a residence in this state of eleven years, we have never seen one, nor have we ever conversed with a person who had seen one,—we mean, who has seen one near enough to examine it, and he

certain that it was not something else. That such an animal exists is doubtless. But they are very shy, and their numbers small: they burrow in the earth, and are supposed to throw up those hillocks which are seen in such vast abundance over our prairies. This is to some extent a mistake, for we know that many of these little mounds are thrown up by the crawfish and by ants.

The polecat is very destructive to our poultry.

The raccoon and opossum are very numerous, and extremely troublesome to the farmer, as they not only attack his poultry, but plunder his corn fields. They are hunted by boys, and large numbers of them destroyed. The skins of the raccoon pay well for the trouble of taking them, as the fur is in demand. Rabbits are very abundant, and in some places extremely destructive to the young orchards and to garden vegetables.

We have the large grey squirrel and the ground squirrel.

There are no rats, except along the large rivers, where they have landed from the boats.

From the Monthly Review.

THE UNITED STATES.*

Numerous as have been the volumes which, under the various titles of Histories of America, Tours and Sketches of the United States, Essays and Letters, have for many years past courted, and sometimes deservedly obtained, the approbation of the public in this country; yet we may say without exaggeration, that until we fairly mastered the information which Mr. Hinton has collected in his work, and added to it, by way of postscript, Mr. Ouseley's clever and liberal production, we could not possibly have formed an adequate idea of the immense resources, of the growing wealth, the hourly increasing importance of the Federal Republic. Most of the writers who have hitherto taken up that mighty theme have been Englishmen, or other foreigners. Accustomed from their birth and education to a train of ideas produced, and necessarily influenced, by the scholastic, political, and religious institutions under which they lived—institutions fundamentally different from those under which the Americans are brought up—those writers have seldom, indeed never, been able to comprehend the real merits of the subject which they undertook to discuss. It would not be too much to assert, that some of the authors, to whom we particularly

allude, were just as competent, from their previous habits and fixed notions, to treat of the actual condition of the United States and their inhabitants, as a blind man is to treat of colours, a deaf man of sounds, or one that was born dumb of languages. It is a matter of extreme difficulty, if not, indeed, practically impossible, for a European visiting the Transatlantic States, to get rid of his aristocratic prejudices. On the contrary, unless he remain in the country, become a settled resident, and identify himself with its interests, he will find those prejudices, generally speaking, rather confirmed than enfeebled. He sees many things to shock his false notions of personal dignity and pride; he recedes from the outer world for the vindication of his excited anger, or wounded self-love, to the recesses of his own heart, and there he seeks for consolation, which there alone he can find. He becomes irritable and discontented; views every event that passes before him, every object presented to his contemplation, with a jaundiced eye, and returns home a greater royalist in politics, and a more intractable prig in manners than when he went out, sighing for the old regime of the French court, and doubly detesting the very name of a republic.

Now all this kind of feeling is, in the present day, supremely silly. It would have passed off very well some five and twenty years ago, but its day has gone by. Nobody gives credence to the caricatures which the Halls and the Trollopes have thought fit to draw of the American republicans and their institutions, because every body sees that those writers really knew nothing of the people whom they attempted to describe. We have, we believe, uniformly, in the course of our labours, refused to countenance by our support or praise, any publication that had the slightest tendency to underrate the virtues of our American brethren, or to expose their character to contempt. We have done so, because we felt that it was impossible in the nature of things, that they should differ so widely from our own people, from whose loins they have sprung, as some authors would wish us to believe. We have always considered the American constitution as nothing more or less than a vigorous offshoot from our own, happily planted in a congenial soil, and warmed into a noble existence by a fostering climate. Accidental circumstances, we perceived, were mistaken for universal characteristics, and the occasional ruffles that take place upon the surface of the stream of American life, have been swelled into undue importance; while the deep under current flows on undisturbed, unperceived, with irresistible force, spreading around it, wherever it reaches, the blessings of a healthy freedom, of an increasing commerce, and of a manly population that knows how to appreciate and to guard the gifts it enjoys.

While Mr. Hinton's work was in course of publication in numbers, we noticed it in such terms of encouragement as from its early promise we conceived to be its due. We have now the two volumes complete before us, and we may con-

* 1. *The History and Topography of the United States*: edited by John Howard Hinton, A. M., assisted by several Literary Gentlemen in America and England. Illustrated with a Series of Views, drawn on the Spot, and engraved on Steel, expressly for this Work. In two volumes, 4to. London: Jennings & Co. Philadelphia: Wardle. 1832.

2. *Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c. to which are added, Statistical Tables, &c.* By William Gore Ouseley, Esq., attached to his Majesty's legation at Washington. 8vo. pp. 203. London: Rodwell. 1832.

scientifically say, that the promise thus held out and received has been amply realized. He admits it to be far the greater part a compilation; it never affected to be otherwise. Its merit is, that it is written with greater care, with a perfect freedom from national partialities, and that it presents almost every topic connected with the rise, progress, and present state of the Union in a concentrated point of view. We have here its early and recent history; the accounts of its various districts are brought together so as to exhibit the entire aspect of the country, its general state of society, its local and federal political institutions, its trading activity, its commercial resources, physical structure, and natural history. This is the first work in which an object of so much importance, and requiring such varied talents, has been attempted, or at least accomplished. Hitherto we have had partial views of separate states; but in these volumes we behold united in one portrait, the colossal features of the most enlightened and powerful republic, that has ever yet held a place among the great nations of the earth.

The first volume is entirely dedicated to the history of the states from the first discovery of North America to the year 1826. Although the editor is one of those who with Chatham rejoiced that the colonies had resisted, and succeeded in establishing their independence, yet we think that he has steered his way with considerable tact through the many difficulties with which the subject was surrounded. We are among those who consider that the only transactions which an Englishman need be ashamed to remember, in connexion with the separation of the American colonies from his country, are the illegal exactions which our government endeavoured to enforce, and the pertinacity with which it opposed the determination of the colonists to assert their freedom. The military events cast no slur upon this nation, as they were all the inevitable result of warfare remote from the necessary resources. These, however, and other such ticklish points in his history, Mr. Hinton has touched in a manner with which no party can find fault.

His second volume is entirely occupied with what, for want of a comprehensive term, he has called the Topography of the United States, giving to the word a wider latitude than in strictness it would be entitled to. Under this general title he embraces the physical geography, or natural features of the territory of the Union, its geology, mineralogy, zoology, and botany. He has also ventured to include under the same general title, details respecting agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, finances and population; to which he has added, observations on the state of society, political institutions and jurisprudence, religion, literature, arts, and manners, and upon the condition of the Indians and Negroes. The whole concludes with the topography, properly so called, containing a brief account of whatever is most prominent in the several divisions of the Union, and in the principal towns and cities which

have risen with such unexampled rapidity in every part of its territory.

In order to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive and important, Mr. Hinton has employed the talents of several gentlemen, both in America and England, whose labours he has reviewed and arranged in harmony with his general design. It is interesting to learn, that in preparing his statistical chapters, he has received every possible assistance from the archives of the American embassy in London; a liberality which deserves to be noted with due praise, as exhibiting so decided a contrast to the narrow-mindedness which pervades most of our own public offices, whenever a literary man applies to them for information.

The history of the United States is in general sufficiently well known; if it be not, the first volume of this work is well calculated to furnish correct knowledge upon a subject with which every educated person ought to be acquainted. The details contained in the second volume, under the general head of Topography, are less familiar to us on this side of the water. The mean length of the United States' territory, from east to west, is 2,500 miles; its mean breadth, from north to south, 830; its line of boundary extends to 9,425 miles, of which 2,525 are sea coast; and its area comprehends 2,257,347 square miles, which is equal to about one-twentieth part of the land of the surface of the earth. This to begin with, is an extent of territory, such as never before was subjected to one uniform system of political government. Washed by the Atlantic on one side, and by the Pacific on the other, the inroads of those mighty oceans are checked on the east by the Appalachian, and on the west by the Chippewyan mountains, which traverse the whole extent of the country, at a distance from the coast, but in a direction nearly parallel to it. The consequence is, that there is an extended slope of land on either side, from the summits of the mountain to the two coasts, while the space between the two mountain chains is thrown into the form of an immense inland valley. Thus we perceive that the territory is naturally divided into three great sections, the slope from the Atlantic to the Appalachian, the slope from the Pacific to the Chippewyan, and the central valley between those mountains. This, however, is but a general description; there are some exceptions to it, as, for instance, the peninsula of Florida, which is flat, and entirely separate from the mountain chains; and the New England States, in which the mountains directly constitute the coast. But inaccurate, strictly speaking, as the general description above given may be, it is sufficiently sustainable to afford a clear and comprehensive idea of the territorial surface and character of the union. We need not enumerate the lakes and rivers, which naturally afford to a territory so disposed as this, means of inland navigation, such as can be found in no comparative degree in any other quarter of the world; manifestly pointing it out with the voice of prophecy, as the future seat, without a rival, of all the arts and manufactures

which afford occupation to the industry of man, and embellishment to his existence. Wherever nature left the lines of communication incomplete, she has taken care to provide facilities for the accomplishment of that object, of which the ingenuity of man can easily avail itself. And thus either by lakes, by navigable rivers, canals, or rail-roads, the traveller already finds, or in a very few years will find, means of cheap and expeditious transport, not only for himself, but for his wares and merchandises, from the higher lakes of Canada to New York, and from New York, without touching the sea, to New Orleans. The map of inland communication alone in the United States, already bespeaks an empire of inexhaustible resources.

Then with respect to climate, the republic touches on its opposite frontiers the extremes of heat and cold; but although in winter it is colder, and in summer warmer than the climate of England, it may nevertheless be said to be alike removed from the perpetual frosts of the pole, and the wasting heats of the torrid zone. It contains, however, a great variety of temperature, and in this respect the central states are more advantageously situated than the others. All have their drawbacks and their compensations. If one be colder than another, it is at the same time more salubrious. If a third be too warm for some constitutions, it has peculiar productions which form its riches. If a fourth be liable to inundations, those very evils leave their good behind them, in an increased fertility given to the soil. In the very cold regions, the idea is popular, that the clearing and cultivation of the country have contributed to render the winters milder. It would be more correct to say that they have rendered the atmosphere of such districts more salubrious, and have thus enabled the inhabitants to sustain the rigors of the season with less difficulty. The same notion prevails among the old settlers in Canada.

The geological history of the United States is treated, so far as it goes, with great clearness and precision in the work under review. It is however, as yet, necessarily in a very incomplete state. The science is one that particularly depends upon a vast accumulation of facts, and the Americans have not had as yet leisure enough to study the natural formation of their country to any considerable degree. Indeed, the progress that has yet been made upon this subject in America, has tended only to subvert systems already supposed to be established, and to involve the whole science in controversy and confusion. The observation and collection of sound materials is, however, we are glad to hear, going on with great rapidity and diligence. To the effectuation of this useful purpose, two or three periodical works are, we believe, exclusively dedicated. Mr. Hinton mentions one or two striking facts with reference to the geological department of his history, which are worthy of notice.

‘We know not where, better than in connexion with these facts, to introduce one still

more remarkable, if not altogether inexplicable. There have been found, it appears, beyond all question, in naked limestone of the elder secondary formation, close on the western margin of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, the prints of human feet. The prints are those of a man standing erect, with his heels drawn in, and his toes turned outward, which is the most natural position. They are not the impressions of feet accustomed to a close shoe, the toes being very much spread, and the foot flattened in the manner that happens to those who have been habituated to go a great length of time without shoes. The prints are strikingly natural, exhibiting every muscular impression, and swell of the heel and toes with great precision and faithfulness to nature. The length of each foot as indicated by the prints, is ten inches and a half, and the width across the spread of the toes four inches, which diminishes to two inches and a half at the swell of the heels, indicating, as it is thought, a stature of the common size. Every appearance seems to warrant the conclusion, that these impressions were made at a time when the rock was soft enough to receive them by pressure, and that the marks of feet are natural and genuine. “Such was the opinion of Governor Cass and myself,” says Mr. Schoolcraft, “formed upon the spot, and there is nothing that I have subsequently seen to alter this view; on the contrary there are some corroborating facts calculated to strengthen and confirm it.” At Herculaneum, in the same neighbourhood, similar marks have been found, as well as on some of the spurs of the Cumberland mountains, always in similar limestone. In the latter case it is stated, that the impressions are elongated, as of persons slipping in ascending a slimy steep. Opinions are much divided as to the origin and import of these impressions. Should similar observations multiply, important inferences may perhaps be drawn from them; at present it seems impossible to speak respecting them decisively or satisfactorily. They may perhaps be connected with the tracks of animals, which have been noticed in Scotland.

‘The following extraordinary facts respecting what may be termed living fossils, appear to be well authenticated:—During the construction of the Erie canal, while the workmen were cutting through a ridge of gravel, they found several hundreds of live molluscous animals. They were chiefly of the *Mya cariosa* and *Mya purpurea*. “I have before me,” says Professor Eaton, “several of the shells, from which the workmen took the animals, fried, and ate them. I have received satisfactory assurances that the animals were taken alive from the depth of forty-two feet.” In addition to this discovery in diluvial deposits, mention is made of a similar one in a much older formation. In laying the foundation of a house at Whitesborough, the workmen had occasion to split a large stone from the millstone girt. “It was perfectly close-grained and compact. On opening it, they discovered a black, or dark brown spherical mass, about three inches in diameter, in a cavity which it filled. On examining it particularly, they found it to be a toad, much larger than the

common species, and of a darker colour. It was perfectly torpid. It was laid upon a stone, and soon began to give signs of life. In a few hours it would hop moderately on being disturbed. They saw it in the yard moving about slowly for several days, but it was not watched by them any longer, and no one observed its farther movements. They laid one half of the stone in the wall, so that the cavity may still be seen. "The millstone girt," says Professor Eaton, who gives this account, "in which this stone was found, is the oldest of the secondary rocks. It must have been formed many centuries before the deluge. Was this toad more than 4000 years old? or was it from an egg introduced through a minute and undiscovered cleavage into this cavity or geode, made precisely to fit the size and form of a toad? I was particular in my inquiry, and learned that the whole stone was perfectly compact, without any open cleavage which would admit an egg. Besides, it is well known that the millstone girt is neither porous nor geodiferous. If this rock stratum was deposited upon the toad, it must have been in aqueous not in igneous solution, and the toad must have been full grown at the time. Toads are often found in compact hard gravelly diluvial deposits, in situations which demonstrate that they must have lived from the time of the deluge. I think I am warranted in saying this without citing authorities, as it is a common occurrence. Then why may they not have lived a few centuries longer, if we admit them a life of at least 3000 years?"—vol. ii. pp. 87—89.

Proceeding to its mineralogy, we find that gold has been found in considerable quantities in North and South Carolina, on the eastern side of the Appalachian mountains. Silver and its ores are not of frequent or extensive occurrence. Mercury has been found native in Kentucky, and plentifully as a sulphuret in Ohio and the Michigan territory. Copper has been discovered in various forms, and the iron ores are particularly abundant, as are also ores of lead. Tin has not yet been discovered in the United States. Coal is known to exist in them in great quantity, though from the yet unexhausted supply of wood, it has not been actively sought after. Salt is also abundant, and mineral waters of various properties are of frequent occurrence. In the state of New York a nitrogen gas is found issuing from the earth. "The gas appears to issue from every part of a low hill, comprising four or five acres of ground; for wherever there is water, it becomes manifest by bubbling through it. It issues abundantly through three springs, from the clean gravelly bottom of each; but it does not combine with the water in either of them. The gas probably accompanies the water from a considerable depth, since the water of the springs is not increased by the greatest spring and fall freshets. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas escapes in large quantity from varieties of argillite and graywacke, containing soft and fine-grained iron pyrites, by the decomposition of which it is produced. It burns along the surface of the water, from which it issues with a

bright red flame by daylight. The most interesting water of this kind is Lake Sodom, in a place nicknamed Satan's Kingdom. The bottom is grass-green feariferous slate; the sides are white shell marl, and the brim is black vegetable mould. The water is perfectly transparent; the whole appears to the eye like a rich porcelain bowl filled with limpid nectar. Crystals of great beauty and even magnificence have been found in the United States. The dimensions of some of these are said to be extraordinary, thus corresponding with the gigantic scale upon which nature has formed almost all her works in those regions.

The botanical productions of the republic are upon a similar scale of grandeur and variety. Her forest trees are larger, taller, and more useful for timber generally than those of Europe. There are, according to Michaux, only thirty-seven species of trees in France, which attain to the height of thirty feet, whereas in America there are as many as one hundred and thirty which exceed that elevation. Fruit trees are numerous and productive; among them are the cane and the vine, though the latter has not been attended to as yet, with a sufficient degree of care to correct its wildness. In creeping plants and grasses, in rushes, wild rice, and various other kinds of vegetation, the republic is pre-eminent.

With respect to zoology, Wilson and Audubon have shown the richness and splendour of its ornithological department. The number of living species of quadrupeds known to exist in the States is one hundred and seven. It is worth remarking, that among these is not to be found the lion, the tiger, the hyena, or the leopard. One of the most curious of the American quadrupeds is the Marmot of which we find the following lively account.

"The marmot is a common animal in all the temperature of the country, and is the cause of great injury, especially to the farmers engaged in the cultivation of clover, as their numbers become very considerable, and the quantity of herbage they consume is very large. They are the more capable of doing mischief from their extreme vigilance and their acute sense of hearing, as well as from the security afforded them by their extensive subterranean dwellings. One species of this animal, under the name of the prairie marmot, or prairie dog, abounds near the Chippewyan mountains. A traveller passing from the Mississippi towards the mountains, after traversing a vast expanse enlivened by numerous herds of browsing animals, which here find a luxurious subsistence, and arriving at the higher and more barren parts of the tract, is startled by a sudden shrill whistle, which he may apprehend to be the signal of some lurking savage; but on advancing into a clearer space, the innocent cause of alarm is found to be a little quadruped, whose dwelling is indicated by a small mound of earth, near which the animal sits erect in an attitude of profound attention. Similar mounds are now seen to be scattered at intervals over

many acres of ground, and one village or community of inhabitants, and gambols awaken some instances these villages or at most occupy to the rocky pass undisturbed, they are for miles. We may find number of these animals when we each burrow contains several occupants that frequently as many as seven or eight seen reposing upon one mound; pleasant weather, they delight to and enjoy the warmth of the sun. At approach of danger, while it is yet too late to be feared, they back defiance, and arish their little tails with great intrepidity; but as soon as it appears to be drawing nigh, the whole troop precipitately retire into their cells, where they securely remain until the peril be past; one by one they then peep forth, and vigilantly scrutinize every sound and object before they renew their wonted actions. While thus near to their retreats, they almost uniformly escape the hunter; and if killed they mostly fall into their burrows, which are too deep to allow their bodies to be obtained. The villages found nearest the mountains have an appearance of greater antiquity than those observed elsewhere; some of the mounds in such situations are several yards in diameter, though of slight elevation, and except about the entrance are overgrown by a scanty herbage, which is characteristic of the vicinity of these villages. This active and industrious community of quadrupeds, like every other society, is infested by various depredators, who subsist by plunder, or are too ignorant or too indolent to labour for themselves; and hence a strange association is frequently observed in their villages for burrowing; owls, rattle-snakes, lizards, and tortoises are seen to take refuge in these habitations. The young of the marmot probably become the prey of the owl; the rattle-snakes also exact their tribute with great certainty, and without exciting alarm, as they can penetrate the inmost recesses of the burrow, and a slight wound inflicted by their fangs is followed by the immediate extinction of life.—vol. ii. pp. 142, 143.

No living animal of the entire order of the elephant is known to exist on the American continent; but fossil traces have been discovered of an animal much allied to it, to which the name of mastodon has been given—an immense creature, of whose size and mighty limbs it is difficult to form an idea. According to the account here given of it, and judging from the remains that have been discovered, among which the tusks are described as seven feet seven inches long, and three feet two inches and a half in diameter at the base, we should suppose that when living it must have stood as high as a moderate sized house! "The emotion," says Goodman, in his natural history, "experienced when, for the first time, we behold the giant relics of this great animal, are those of unmingled awe. We cannot avoid reflecting on the

frame was clothed and moved by apparently mighty heart dashes through vessels of capillary fibre, and the mastodon strode along in dominion over every other tenant of the wilderness. However we examine what we cannot help feeling that this animal we been endowed with a strength as great as that of other quadrupeds, as much as it as them in size; and looking at its ponderous frame armed with teeth peculiarly formed for the effectual crushing of the firmest substance, we are assured that its life could only be saved by the destruction of vast quantities of them. Enormous as were these creatures during the past and endowed with faculties proportioned to the bulk of their frames, the whole race has been extinct for ages. No tradition, no human memory of their existence has been saved; and the accidental preservation of a few comparative bones, we should never have dreamed that the creature of such vast size and strength once existed, nor could we have believed that such a race had been extinguished for ever."

Ruminant animal abound in the United States. Among these are deer in great numbers. The antelope is found upon the Chippewa mountains. Between those mountains and the Mississippi the buffalo and the bison are frequently met with. The latter is particularly valuable to the Indians; they feed upon it to cover their persons and their tents with it, and in many parts of their hunting territories materials for fire are to be found except the dung of this animal.

Under the head of Statistics, there is an excellent chapter on the merits and defects of our agriculture; among its numerous branches we perceive that of the cultivation of the mulberry tree, for the purpose of raising silk-worms, is a pursuit that already engages a good deal of attention in the United States, and promises to become of great national importance. It is not surprised to hear that horticulture has been but very partially thought of in any of our states. Like literature, gardens are the result of ease and refinement.

The chapter on manufactures is one of great interest, not only to Americans, but to Europeans. While the States were yet colonies they were effectually discouraged from manufacturing for themselves the most trifling article. The manufacture of several articles, amongst which were hats, was absolutely prohibited. The first manufactures of America date their origin from the war of independence. The country having been then left to themselves for a period of whatever they wanted, formed several manufactures, which were so much injured by the importations after the peace, that their producers solicited and succeeded in obtaining the enactment of a code of protection, by which artificial machinery of bounties, imposts, and prohibitions. Having once committed these

in this policy, which, though partially advantageous to individuals, was generally detrimental to the nation, the manufacturers have ever contrived to keep up, or rather to increase the advantages which they individually—and they alone—derived from the system. The subject can, however, be thoroughly understood only by reference to the work before us, in which the reader will find a great mass of carefully digested information relative to the commerce and navigation of the republic.

The chapter upon finance, showing the revenue, expenditure, and debt of the United States, exhibits a picture of which they may be justly proud. The revenue is derived chiefly from the duties levied on the importation of foreign commodities, or the sale of public lands. The general direct taxes amount to so little, that even when added to the local taxes of each state, they do not amount actually to one shilling and sixpence per individual! Undoubtedly the persons who immediately consume the articles imported pay the duty, and indirectly pay a higher import, for the foreign merchant takes care that the amount of the customs' duty shall be added to his profit price. But this is a kind of tax which falls only upon those who are willing and able to bear it. Two other sources of revenue in the United States, are the sale of land and the dividends on sales of junk stock. A few of Mr. Hinton's general observations on the principal items of the annual expenditure of the republic, will be sufficient to show the enviable economy with which the machinery of its government is put in motion.

The whole amount of the civil list for the year 1833, including miscellaneous and foreign intercourse, was 3,101,514 dollars; of this sum 1,237,065 only belong properly to this civil list, the remainder belonging to the miscellaneous (1,866,679) and to the diplomatic departments (307,769,) and even then the civil list is charged with disbursements which are not connected with it in other countries, the legislature receiving 467,447, the judiciary 239,447, and the governments of the territories 25,173 dollars, or little more than 100,000*l.* sterling. The first item in the disbursement is the salary of the president, \$25,000, about 5000*l.* sterling. The vice-president has only one-fifth of that sum; the secretaries of state, of the treasury, of war, of the navy, and the post-master general, receive 6,000 dollars annually; the attorney general 3,500; the chief clerk and to each of the secretaries 2,000. In the treasury department the comptroller receives 3,300, and a second comptroller 3,000; five auditors, the treasurer and register, 3,000 each; the solicitor to the treasury 3,500, and the commissioners of the land office 3,000. In the judiciary, the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States receives 5000 annually; and six associate justices 4,500. In the foreign intercourse nearly half the amount of the disbursement is for expenses of treaties and other contingencies. The plenipotentiaries at foreign courts receive only 9,000 dollars per annum, besides 9,000 for an outfit; a

charge d'affaires receives a salary of 4,500, and a secretary of legation 2,000. There are employed six plenipotentiaries, with a secretary of legation attached to them, and ten charge d'affaires.—vol. ii. pp. 285, 286.

The public debt of the United States will probably be altogether extinguished in the March of next year, and within no remote period after that time, the Congress will be called upon to decide a question altogether unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of legislation. We have already stated that their revenue is principally derived from the duties on foreign imposts. As the population increases those duties will become more productive, while the expenditure of the general government will probably remain the same as it is now. Thus a revenue will soon be enjoyed by the republic twice, or perhaps threefold, greater than its expenditure. The duties on foreign imports must therefore be reduced to a level with the expenditure, or a large surplus of revenue will annually arise, which will remain to be disposed of. It is not likely, however, that the duties will be diminished; they have been imposed for the avowed purpose of protecting the home manufactures from the rivalry of foreign skill and capital, and any reduction in their amount would be ruinous to numerous establishments in the northern, western, and central states of the union, which have been created from time to time upon the faith of American laws. The question will then be, what is to be done with the surplus revenue?

In an empire like ours, or like France, or Russia, such a question, if it arose, might be very easily set at rest. But not so in America, where the general government has to respect the individual rights of a great number of states, several of which would have separate, nay even opposed interests, in the appropriation of such a surplus. The subject has even already given rise to much party spirit, which will considerably increase the perplexities attending its adjustment. There are those who apprehend that the question will eventually lead to a dissolution of the union between the agricultural and manufacturing states, as the former will hardly be content to pay high duties on foreign goods, merely for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of the home manufacturers. We have no faith in the predictions, which have now become common-place, with reference to the durability of the Federal union; but we have certainly some apprehensions of the kind here intimated, though we are not without a hope, that the sound thinking minds at the head of public affairs in America, may devise a safe and practical solution of the novel and extraordinary difficulty that awaits them.

Of the rapid increase going on annually in the population of the United States, we have an abundant proof in the fact, that in 1830 the total number reached to nearly thirteen millions, whereas it did not exceed four millions in the year 1790. It is well ascertained that the United States double their population every thirty years.

under constitutions, and each state, of course, possesses a constitution distinct from the others. No subject, perhaps, is more generally misunderstood, even in well-educated European society, than the nature of the general and state governments of the United States, and their relation to each other: the fact cannot be stated too strongly, that the general government is answerable for the exercise of those powers which have been delegated to it by the people of the respective states, and that only to the extent and within the limits prescribed by the terms of the compact. The most correct view of the constitution of the United States appears to us to be, that of a confederation of independent republics, who have thought proper, in addition to the usual character of confederations, to establish a general government, and to delegate to it such powers as render the several states, in their external policy, one nation; while in their internal economy the general government has only certain prescribed and limited powers, the delegation of which was not deemed necessary for the good of every state. It is, therefore, for instance, as unjust to reproach the northern and western states, which repudiate the system of slavery, with being accessory to its existence in the southern states, as it would be to impute the superstitions of Spain to the influence of England; the power to abolish slavery being one, the delegation of which from the separate states to the general government it has not been possible to procure, either at the formation of the original confederation, at the adoption of the present constitution, or any subsequent period. The old colonies, indeed, were integral parts of one nation, composing the British empire, but that connexion being lost in 1776, a new and far less absolute union arose, from the influence of those common interests and ancient feelings which survived the separation of the States from Great Britain.

"The three great principles which now characterize the constitution of the general government, are:—first, 'the people of the United States'—being independent, and equal sources of all its powers;—secondly, the people at large, or the separate states retaining all the powers which they have not conferred on the general government;—thirdly, the special powers thus conferred being set forth in instruments and articles, submitted to state conventions, before being ordained and sanctioned by the direct consent of the people. The constitutions of the separate states are derived even more directly from the people, as the declared source of all authority, limited powers only

only the development of rights and well understood in England, and it is worthy of our careful examination and respect, as being the rights for which patriots have long zealously contended; however, Englishmen claim often by inferences and antiquarian research, in America cleared of all doubt, and in express declarations. But the vigorous healthy character of the branch are rational proofs of the intrinsic virtue of the parent stem, which, in reverence to our fathers, and in justice to our children, we are bound to train up to its true destination.

"The old guarantees are, amongst the general supremacy of law over all;—the right to personal liberty;—of speech, and the kindred right of free assembly;—the right of calling for special amendments of the law when defective; and the right of proposing general amendments in the form of a new constitution when not adapted to the public good;—the right to know the truth of whatever concerns the people assembling together to discuss these matters;—the power of resisting and correcting abuses, by indictment, by impeachment, or by the right of having arms;—of the representatives to consent to taxes when needed;—and the direct responsibility of every man for his own acts, with the inalienability of a superior's instructions being admitted in bar of that responsibility. The main objects common to both the British and the United States' constitutions, are differently guarded in each.

"The new guarantees of the public are peculiar to the United States and more complete than in England: such as a separate legislative, executive, and judicial power; the degree of control possessed by the people, by frequent elections, either directly or indirectly, over all those authorities; public functionaries; rotation in office; prohibition of orders of nobility; the prohibition of a temporary president with powers, for an hereditary king with lineage; the abolition of the right of primogeniture; the absence generally of hereditary privileges; the absence of a national church and tithes; the establishment of the religious freedom of all denominations of Christians; the recognition of its being a public duty to educate the whole community; and the frequent resort to great affairs to the people in conversation. vol. ii. pp. 310—313.

The subject of religion—one that mu

real interest to every well regulated mind created in the work before us with great ability and impartiality. We next come to the literature in the union; the chapter to this topic teems with remarkable facts. From it that there are nearly one thousand newspapers printed in the republic; a considerable number of these are issued daily, every second day, and others weekly. They are entirely political, and the total number published annually, Mr. Hinton estimates at millions! Several of these journals are entirely commercial, and filled entirely with elements; others are literary, and a few are exclusively scientific, and we are surprised to find many which are wholly religious have a large circulation. There are also some newspapers which combine with politics, registers of commerce connected with trade, commerce, internal improvements, and mechanical inventions. The newspapers have also, as is well known, several weekly and monthly reviews and magazines, annual registers, and pictorial annuals, the plan of those which have latterly been published in England. In the art of engraving, they have still much progress to make. They may boast of several artists who have justly earned a distinguished reputation in the drama they have not yet done any thing worth mentioning; they have a pretty number of poets but little poetry. The chapter upon Indians and Negroes, and which directly treat of the topography of the United States, furnish a variety of details, which it becomes every man to make himself thoroughly acquainted, who desires to obtain knowledge concerning the United States. The volumes are illustrated by several maps, upwards of fifty plates, beautifully engraved, giving views of public buildings and pictures of the scenery, which add greatly to the interest of the work. The maps are, without doubt, the best we have yet seen of the different states which compose the union. Although we have contented ourselves with the first edition which we gave of Mr. Hinton's labours, they were in progress, yet when we found them completed, we thought that it was a debt of justice due to their magnitude and sterling value, to give this more extensive account of them to the public of this country. We only add, that we look upon the two as a standard work of reference, and the productions put together that have been printed on the subject of the American Union.

In taking leave of it, we cordially thank the editor for the justice of the general observations which he has made upon the peculiar destiny of the country, which has occupied his attention. 'We cannot,' says he, 'close this volume without avowing, that our researches have led us to the conviction, that the United States have reached a measure of greatness, both individual and national, never dreamed on so extensive a scale. It cannot

be denied that there exist in them a real and substantial equality of civil and political rights:—a general diffusion, not only of the necessities, but of the comforts of life;—a high degree of mental activity animating the mass of society:—not only the facility of acquiring, but the actual attainment, of practical knowledge—and enterprises of internal improvement, which surpass, in extent and importance, those of the richest nations on the globe;—thirteen millions of inhabitants governed, or rather governing themselves, and preserving a state of order and subordination to legal authority, almost without military aid, and, what will surprise some still more, almost without taxes! while empires ruled on despotic principles, whose peculiar boast is the adaptation of their system to promote internal peace and tranquility, are as much exposed to domestic convulsions as they are to foreign war; and finally, a rapidity in the advance of population, and of improvement in all the arts of life and society, alike unprecedented in the past, and baffling all conjecture for the future.'

Mr. Ouseley's work is written in a liberal and honest spirit of friendship towards the great country, with which it is at once our duty and our interest to stand upon the best footing. His object is to correct the many mis-statements which have been made by Captain Hall, the Quarterly Reviewers, and other writers, with reference to the working of the republican constitution. His opening remarks are sensible and judicious.

'The traveller who on first arriving in any foreign country, should unreservedly commit to paper his impressions and opinions of its usages or political institutions, and endeavour to explain and account for its peculiar customs from his own observations and knowledge, and then lay aside his notes during a year's residence in the same place, would probably be surprised on a re-perusal of them, at the mistaken views that he had in many instances taken; at least I have found it so. And if this be true of European countries, having generally many features of resemblance, it is particularly so in the judgments passed by Europeans on the United States. I am speaking now more especially of the political institutions of America, but the same remarks are even more strikingly applicable to the social system of that country. It should be recollected, that many provisions of the constitution of the United States, which to an Englishman appear at first sight fraught with danger, will perhaps on a nearer examination be found well adapted to the *American Union*; for we are prone unconsciously to apply the arguments that would be good in England to a country extremely dissimilar, and thus contemplating with views and ideas united to a very different state of things, particular measures or modes of government, it is not surprising that our judgments and predictions of their consequences should be erroneous. Americans say that we look at their republican institutions through our "monarchical spectacles," and that it requires some apprenticeship to so

different a state of things to see them in their true light.

'Let us look at the converse of this proposition. When an American arrives in England for the first time, he is apt to jump at conclusions, equally unfounded, respecting our country. I know what were the impressions of some individuals from the United States, and men of sagacity and experience, on first witnessing the practical workings of our constitutional monarchy, and the results of our social system; and if most Americans were honestly to confess their real opinions (formed after only a short residence in England) at any period during the last thirty years, I am convinced that there are few who would not avow a conviction of their astonishment at the possibility of our government having continued to work with any success for five years together; but after a residence of greater duration, they perceive the existence of counteracting causes preventing many of the bad effects which they anticipated, and even begin to think that the transition to the form of government like their own would neither be so easy nor so advantageous as they previously believed. Americans are eminently practical men; all their understandings, and generally all their measures, whether of governments or individuals, in that country, are stamped with utility as their object, and dictated by sound practical good sense and prudence. They consequently quickly detect the wildness and absurdity of many of the republican theories of those Europeans, who would seek to adopt forms of government totally unfitted for the circumstances of their country; and soon adapt their views to the peculiarities of the political atmosphere in which they find themselves.

'Englishmen do not, I think, so readily divest themselves of their preconceived ideas, when reflecting on the situation of America, and are apt to continue bigoted in their own hypothesis, notwithstanding the frequent contradictions from facts and practical results, to which they are continually subjected. It would be difficult otherwise to account for the erroneous views that are so often taken of the American republic; and for the condemnation of a system pursued with such remarkable success in one country, because it is not adapted to the circumstances of another.

'As all human institutions carry with them from the first moment of their origin, the seeds of their own decay or dissolution, it would be folly to expect that the American institutions should not share in the general imperfection of our nature. But so far from considering the political system of the United States as peculiarly fraught with danger to its own existence and built upon imprudently slight foundations, I conceive it to be better adapted for the security, good government, and welfare of the American people, than any which could perhaps under their peculiar circumstances have been conceived; indeed, this opinion is supported by the authority of writers by no means friendly to popular governments. The constitution of America was the work of the combined talent and experience of men of sagacity and information, well acquainted with the wants and habits of their own country, and

not ill versed in the theories or practices of others; and they constructed their institutions upon a foundation of experience and practical ability, to suit the peculiar circumstances of their countrymen. Hitherto their system has worked wonderfully for the prosperity of the United States, and it is not one of its least advantages that any necessary change or amelioration is foreseen and provided for, with such careful precautions and restrictions as prospectively secure a remedy for the future wants or changes of circumstance. It appears, I think, likely to last, and adapt itself to the mutations brought on by the lapse of years, with at least as fair a prospect of success as the nature of most human institutions can promise.'—pp. 4—8.

The author then goes on to show, that the real nature of the American republic has hitherto been very little understood at this side of the Atlantic; he describes its leading characteristics, among which he dwells with particular pleasure on the mildness of its penal code, which, in other words, is a system of punishment framed as all such systems should be, not in a spirit of revenge, but with a view to prevent crime, and to reclaim rather than to destroy the criminal. And what is the result of this mildness? Is it an increase of crime? quite the contrary. 'Instead of spoliation or pillage,' says Mr. Ouseley, 'we see no country in which the possession and disposal of property is better protected, or its acquisition by judicious industry better assured.' He vindicates the people of America from the misrepresentations which Mrs. Trollope has given of their domestic manners: he shews in the most convincing manner, that their general prosperity is clearly to be attributed to the free and protecting government which they enjoy, and completely answers the objections which Captain Hall and others have made to the republican system. Those writers, among other points, have endeavoured to demonstrate to their readers, that it was a popular error to suppose the government of America to be much cheaper upon the whole, in proportion to the population, than our own; and in order to accomplish this purpose, they produced a long catalogue of local expenses which are borne separately by the states, and which the writers in question supposed not to have been generally understood in this country, as forming a portion of the charges to which tax and rate-payers in America are liable. The fact, however, turns out to be, that but a very small part of the local expenditure falls upon individuals, as it happens that 'in almost every state a considerable share of that expenditure is covered by the interest of different funds; in many, a large portion of the state budget is appropriated to internal improvements, which become in their turn sources of public revenue.' Mr. Ouseley then adds, that from the best information which he could obtain of the sums paid throughout the union, to the support of the local state expenses, he concluded that the charge per individual would be about one shilling sterling per annum. Of the erroneous notions

which prevail upon this subject in Europe, some idea may be formed from this simple fact, that the *Revue Britannique*, reckoning the state expenditure of New York alone at 10,179,498 francs, assumes the whole of this sum to be a charge upon the inhabitants, whereas they pay not quite two million of francs in the shape of direct contribution. 'The remainder is supplied,' says Mr. Onseley, 'by the interests of the funds belonging to the state, and by the receipts of the Erie and Champlain canals, which latter alone amount to near five millions of francs.' It is not at all improbable, that in the course of ten years several of the states will derive from their canals and other public works a revenue greatly exceeding their expenditure.

We trust that whenever this happens to be the case, a liberal proportion will be voted by each of the opulent states towards the formation of a fund, to be augmented also by grants out of the general surplus revenue, for the purpose of purchasing the freedom of the slaves in those states in which slavery still unhappily exists; and of removing them to the free colony which has already been established upon the coast of Africa by the American Colonization Society. This would be a truly noble use of their abundant riches, and at the same time a worthy tribute of gratitude from a free nation to that *GREAT BRITAIN*, who has showered down upon it so many signal favours.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

"Ardent, enthusiastic, gentle, wild,
Too soon a man, and yet too late a child;
Beloved by some, misunderstood by more,
And rich in talents, though in fortune poor."

This pretty quatrain, which so sweetly trips O,
Was sung by Bob Montgomery *de seipso*—

In this prose, it was written under an engraving of his own countenance, contained in the album of a young lady who requested him to favour her with some verses. The poet complied, and the above couple of distichs were the production of his modest Muse.

The picture on which he wrote this pleasant commentary was, we suppose, that which figures in front of one of his diabolical poems. We here supply him with another: he is fixed in amorous gaze on a representation of his lovely countenance, in which he is depicted as wooing, with upturned eyes and uplifted pen, in quest of the inspiration of the Muse. Over the picture, however, hovers a hidden fiend—Clarkson, perhaps—the face is, we understand, a likeness of that great critic—who tips his pen with the peculiar poetry which is

"Beloved by some, misunderstood by more,
And rich in rubbish, though in talent poor!"—

own the poetry of an.

There is much in the muse of Montgomery that

as a 2

announces the poet. He swings on a chair in the see-saw fashion of his verse, and his throat is uncravated in the anti-neckcloth fashion of Lord Byron. As he is a religious bard, his hands are clasped in adoration of the picture he is worshipping, or, as in that picture itself, directed to his ear, in order to point out to notice that he has one, which the readers of his verse would be inclined to doubt. Hair and whiskers are as tried as becomes so oily a poetaster; and the whom figure speaks the favourite both of Phœbus and himself.

In one of his poems he described Watts (whose Christian name he maintains is Alexander) as a most snivelling wretch; and Watts, as a set-off, informs us that our poet is son of Gomery, the clown of Bath. It is not in our power to decide the controversy between these illustrious writers, as to the propriety of their appellations or the minute passages of their earlier history. The literary career of Satan Montgomery—Robert the Devil, as Tom Hood calls him—is easily told: he wrote Puffiads and other satires of much pungency, though now unheard of, in which Jerdan and various critics of less renown were most scurvily treated. Poets and booksellers were scourged with most elastic finger, and the whole world of type was thrown into consternation. Proud of his success, he went forward in his task. From printers to devils it is but a step; and he libelled Satan himself in a poem now gone to the potentate after whom it was named. Rising, like his hero, from the asphaltic pool, he next attacked Heaven's towers, and fell in the attempt, like Daniel O'Rourke among the geese. He then adventured a middle flight, and sang of Oxford and all its "grands"—ying in verse with the prose of the divine Dillon, chaplain to Lord Venables. He had entered himself in Rhedycina, properly choosing Lincoln as his college, of which he may rival its glorious bell—the mighty Tom—in the volume, sonorousness, and emptiness of its windy music.

Well! after all, he is young yet; and if he minds his books, he may see that what he has hitherto written is sad stuff, and try on a better tack. His principal poems, marked by every possible blemish of bad taste, were yet intended to convey ideas of virtue and religion; and let that cover a multitude of sins. If he ever does better, nobody will be happier to trumpet forth his praises than ourselves. But as he has now got into a place where he can read something worth reading, he may find out, in a recondite work that

"—— Mediocribus esse poetis
Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ."

Which may be thus paraphrased:—

Gods, men, and columns [*magazine columns*]
wreak a vengeance summary
On middling verse, like that of Bob Montgomery!

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF GOETHE.

GOETHE had not the slightest presentment of his death. On the fifteenth he chatted for some time with the Grand Duchess, who regularly came to pay him a visit. After this conversation, which probably fatigued his chest, he drove out, and unfortunately caught cold. Symptoms of catarrh manifested themselves; but still his powerful constitution it was thought would enable him to shake off the disease. The physician was full of hope, and in fact who would not have been deceived by that powerful intellect, that serenity with which he spoke upon all things, and particularly upon his theory of colours, which so powerfully occupied his mind, to the last moment of his existence. On the evening of the twenty-first he explained to his daughter the conditions of the peace of Basle; desired that the children should be taken to the theatre; said that he found himself much better, and that the medicines had taken effect, as he already breathed more easily; he requested Salvandy's *Sixteen Months* to be brought him, although his physician had forbidden all laborious occupation; but the doctor having gone out for a few moments, he ordered lights to be brought, and attempted to read. Not being able to do so, he held the book for some moments before him, and then said,—“Well, let us do at least as the Mandarins:”—he fell asleep, and his slumbers appeared light and refreshing. On the twenty-second he conversed gaily with his daughter, his grandchildren, and some friends. At seven o'clock he desired his daughter to bring him a portfolio, in order to observe upon some drawings, some phenomena of colouring, and he began with his right hand to trace some characters in the air. Towards ten o'clock he ceased almost entirely to speak, held firmly between his own, the hand of his daughter who was by his side, and turned his eyes, already half-closed, towards her with an expression of tenderness: with her other hand she supported his pillowed head until he breathed his last. An aspiration stronger than usual was the only struggle which his powerful nature had to undergo, his dissolution was thus without suffering, his head and his hands remained in the same situation, without the slightest convulsion. His daughter closed the fine eyes of the poet, and summoning her children to behold their great father for the last time, she rushed from the apartment of death, and gave vent to her grief.

The remains of the poet, attended by all that was noble and respectable, were carried to their last abode with the ceremonial used at the funerals of the princes of the reigning family of Weimar, after being exposed for five hours in the hall of the dead house. Before his burial the crowd silently directed their steps thither, to impress upon their memories by one last look the features of that physiognomy so calm and impressive even in the embrace of death.

The preceding grand Duke had erected in the

new cemetery, which is situated in the middle of the city, a chapel, the vaults of which were destined for the remains of the reigning family. The Duke himself and his Duchess Louisa, repose there—there also rest the remains of Schiller,—and within its silent precincts has lately Goethe been united to his friends.

Doctor Rehr, the court preacher, pronounced the funeral oration. The theatre at Weimar remained closed for four days. On the 27th of March they represented one of his pieces, well fitted to recall the time when the Court of Weimar resembled in so many respects that of Ferrara. Two stanzas of the epilogue, composed for the occasion by Chancellor Müller, the intimate friend of Goethe, recalled in the most touching manner his friendship with Schiller; and how, after his premature death, Goethe abandoned poetry to give himself up to science. This last stanza produced upon the audience a profound impression.

“The spot where great men have exercised their genius remains for ever sacred. The waves of time silently efface the hours of life; but not the great works which they have seen produced. What the power of genius has created, is purified like the air of the Heavens—its apparition is fugitive—its works are eternal.”

From the Quarterly Review.

STAGES OF THE REVOLUTION.*

If it were possible for us to indulge any personal feelings in the calamitous situation of the country, it might be some consolation to reflect how wonderfully the events of the last two months have corroborated our reasonings and accomplished our predictions. The march of events has been in the exact line that we traced, though its rapidity towards the revolutionary goal has been rather greater than we had anticipated. *Three weeks* have done what we thought might have required *three months*, and which others hoped it might take *three years* to accomplish. The fictitious popularity of the King has vanished; he has been menaced, insulted, assailed—all respect for monarchical government is gone—the independence of the House of Lords has been annihilated, and that power which calls itself *the People*,—but which is really the combination of illegal clubs and a licentious press—has arrogated and exercises, uncontrolled, all the real authority of the state. There is not one man in the country of any party, or shade of party, (save only the narrow circle of their im-

* 1. A Letter to a Noble Lord who voted for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, on the Amendments which it may be expedient to make in the Committee. London 1832.

2. Prospects of England. June, 1832. 8vo.

3. Addresses to all classes and conditions of Englishmen By the Duke of Newcastle. London, 1832.

...with whom the king's Ministers are not objects of detestation or contempt, or both. And if we are not greatly misinformed, they are themselves 'perplexed in the choice,—terrified at what they see,—appalled at what they foresee,—deboured by remorse for what they have done,—and distracted by the most painful doubts as to what they ought to do. They are in the state of the wretched man, of whose misfortune the newspapers have lately been full, who having incautiously or criminally lighted a fire in the lower parts of his house, saw it spread among the combustible materials with such sudden and ungovernable fury, that his first impulse was to make his own personal escape, leaving his family, his lodgers, and his neighbours to perish in protracted agony and successive tortments, the victims of his rashness of his guilt!

In our number for July, 1831, we endeavoured to "show his Majesty how different was that semblance of popularity with which the radical enemies of the crown mocked the Patron of the Reform Bill, from that sober, but steady, that moderated because rational, affection and reverence with which the people of England regard the *Sovereign Guardian* of their Constitution in church and state." We took the liberty of expressing our more than suspicions of the sincerity of the permanence of that new-born loyalty and affection towards his Majesty which had so suddenly seized all those who had been, during their whole lives, the enemies and the libellers of royalty in every shape and under every name; and we intimated, that popularity of that nature was an object unworthy the solicitude of the first magistrate of the state, because, in general, it was to be purchased only by an abandonment of his duties, and to be maintained only by compliances, to which no man of feeling or of sense could long submit his judgment or his conscience. "When"—we took the liberty of saying—"when the orator of old found himself applauded by the giddy multitude, he exclaimed, 'What folly have I said?' When a king finds himself extravagantly popular, he may well inquire whether he has not committed some folly; and if he finds that the popularity is like all new-born zeal, most violent amongst those who had hitherto been the bitterest opponents and revilers of every thing royal, he may not unwisely suspect that he has unintentionally done something derogatory or injurious to the royal authority."—(*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlv. p. 515.)

Of the truth of these observations we have had recent and lamentable experience. The fatal elections of May, 1831, were perpetrated, as we then showed, under an abuse of the King's name, and is now supposed, a misrepresentation of his personal sentiments. The royal standard was displayed by the same hands which had shortly before carried the tri-coloured flag—brick-bat and bludgeon, protectors of the freedom of election mobbed it to the top of *God save the King*; and there was not one contest in the whole country in which Ministers did not ostentatiously produce

the King as the auxiliary of the most violent of the democratic candidates.

By such arts those elections were carried in favour of the Reformers;—by such arts a flame was excited which survived the elections;—and which, on the first attempt of the King to express his own real opinion, on his first pause in his downward course of compliance,—suddenly, as if by a change of the wind, turned all its violence against both the office and the person of the sovereign, and bids fate to outsume every symbol and vestige of the British monarchy.

It is now stated, by those who are supposed to have access to the King, that all this was an abuse of his name, and a misrepresentation of his sentiments, to which His Majesty was—not only no party, but—ignorant of the extent to which they were carried, and far from friendly to the purposes for which they were employed. It was always presumed by those who considered the nature and duties of the King's office, that in his heart the King must have been, from the first, a very moderate Reformer; and we ourselves endeavoured to show that it was contrary to the essence of the monarchical institution itself, that the highest constituted authority should take the lead in the face of innovation. From the nature of individual man, and from the principles of social order, it seemed a moral impossibility that a king could be a Radical Reformer; but against all such reasonings, the Ministers of His Majesty alleged the fact!—and, as the King,—carrying to its extreme the constitutional doctrine of hearing only by the ear of his Ministers, and speaking only with their voice,—had no means of controverting their assertion,—it passed with the judicious as a mysterious and inexplicable anomaly, and, with the public at large, as a certain though extraordinary truth. The fact, however, is now confidently denied; and the day will perhaps come, when the ministers must answer at the bar of the public for the statements which they have made, and for the measures which those statements enabled them to carry. That time is not yet arrived,—and certainly this is not the place,—nor is it our province to enter into so momentous an inquiry. Thus much only will we venture to say, that when the ministers persuaded or deluded the King into a consent to their proceedings, they were, in our opinion, guilty of giving to His Majesty the most unconstitutional and fatal advice that ever was suggested to a sovereign, except, perhaps, that advice by which Charles I. was induced to send Lord Strafford to the block, or that which prevailed on Louis XVI. to double the number of the representatives of the *Tiers Etat*;^{*} but if it shall appear, that—having failed

* Our readers will recollect that the effect of this double vote of the *Tiers Etat* was instanced by Mr. Croker, in his reply to Mr. Macauley, as the first point of the parallel of the French Revolution to ours,—as the *French Reform Bill*. (*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlvii. p. 263.) This resemblance has been since expanded and

so to persuade the conscience or delude the judgment of the monarch,—they *falsely* attributed to him sentiments that he did not entertain, and instituted, in his name, proceedings which he did not approve, the guilt would assume a still deeper colour, and its authors would be deservedly liable to the most extreme responsibility with which an indignant sovereign and people can visit their prevaricating servants.

But we leave this part of the subject, which, although of the first interest and importance, is, with our present means of information, only matter of conjecture and argument, to proceed to notice the disastrous facts on which their is neither doubt nor dispute, and to lay before our readers a continuation of the history of the events, which, like the successive and increasing billows of a storm, have swelled around the vessel of the state, till the boldest heart and the most experienced heads have abandoned the unhappy ship to a destruction which seems inevitable.

In our last number we endeavoured to show the fatal impolicy of the House of Lords concurring in the principles of the Reform Bill by allowing it to be read a second time. We chiefly addressed ourselves to that class of the Peers, (now commonly called the *Waverers*), who, after having been among the most violent as well as able of the opponents of the former bill, were induced, by motives which we never could clearly understand, to advocate a different course as to the present measure. They professed, indeed, a hope, that by reading the bill a second time they might obtain such an accession of public opinion in their favour, as would enable them to extract in the Committee the more deadly venom of the bill,—to correct its most outrageous injustice, and to remove or mitigate its most fatal violences; and they alleged that certain communications, which, during the recess, they had had with Lord Grey, authorized them to expect his concurrence in some of the most important of these amendments. We endeavoured to persuade them that they were wholly mistaken—that the bill, and every part of it, would receive such additional sanction, and be endowed with such uncontrollable strength, by the adoption of its principle, that, not only would they fail to make any substantial amendment, but that the ministry would not dare to concede one jot, and that the attempt to alter would be attended with fully as much difficulty and danger, as they could anticipate from the more manly, more straightforward, and

elucidated in a very able pamphlet, from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Escott, called "The Second Reading of the Reform Bill," in which the analogy of the conduct of M. Necker and Lord Grey is forcibly exhibited, and the English minister is eloquently and justly threatened with the same retribution of misery and remorse that punished, in the evening of his life, and in an *unhonoured* retirement, the less culpable errors of the vain and shallow Swiss.

more consistent course of rejecting it on the second reading.

We asked,

What hope can any rational man entertain that the ministry, if they accomplish the second reading, will admit *any* modification of the bill? *Could* they if they would? For instance we believe the *Waverers* are most anxious to save the country from Metropolitan boroughs, but can they expect that the ministers will abandon that clause?—that clause is, with a vast body of the supporters of the bill, the keystone of the whole structure—remove it, and a fiercer outcry will follow, than the most violent predict, or the most timid fear, from the refusal of the second reading.—*Quar. Rev.* vol. xlvii. p. 298.

And again,

'Is there more of dissatisfaction to be apprehended from the rejection of the bill, than from any important alterations in its most objectionable details?—*Ibid.* p. 300.

These, and many other similar considerations, were urged upon those noble Lords—but in vain. The Reform Bill was read a second time by a majority of 184 to 175—and by that vote the fate of the constitution was sealed!

We should, we think, be pardoned, if we were unable to abstain from some reproaches against the inconsistency and folly of those who brought about so fatal an event; but in truth, we have towards them no feeling but of sorrow for our common misfortune, not unminged with pity for what *they* must individually suffer, at finding themselves the dupes of the ministers, and the unintentional instruments of their deplorable success. The *Waverers* meant well, though they judged ill; and in this crisis, it would little become us to aggravate, by contentious observations, the mischief of their error. But there are other considerations, also, which tend to mitigate our resentment and even our grief, and as these considerations may probably, when fairly stated, have a similar effect on the country at large, we shall proceed to develop them with uncompromising sincerity.

It is, in our opinion, but justice to the *Waverers* to confess, that their conduct deprived us only of the *chance* of salvation—we believe, that, at worst, they have only to reproach themselves with having accelerated and made certain, that which those who had most closely observed the whole course of the affair, considered as eventually hardly to be avoided. From the day in which Lord John Russell, as the official organ of the King and the Government, propounded a measure of Reform so reckless of all private, personal, and corporate rights—so insulting to every existing institution and authority—so subversive of all the bases, moral and political, on which our constitution was founded—and so utterly destructive of the great principles of *prescription* by which alone human society is held together; from THAT HOUR we anticipated, as nearly inevitable, the consummation at which we are now about to arrive.

to that day, the wild
ed partial alteration—were
alled them—of the at
and others less extensive, but none avow-
destructive of the main body of the temple,
professing a religious respect for its sacra-
tions. Moreover, even those who had
o proposed the most extensive changes
n no condition to excite any grave alarm;
were mere individuals, more or less re-
ble, but still only individuals and obviously
ed by party or personal motives, or indulg-
theoretical fancies:—few of them had any
and none of them had any power, to make
alterations in our system, or to establish
road and general principals of innovation,
uld survive the particular object which
spectively proposed. And these reform-
rationally so little formidable, were still less
en opposed, as they constantly and firmly
by all the constituted authorities of the
, and by the pride, the respect, and rever-
with which (whatever might be felt as to
flaws and local imperfections) the great
f mankind, at home and abroad, in early
recent times, acknowledged and admired
actical excellence of the British constitu-
But the case was frightfully altered when
no longer some factious demagogue—
political partizan—some flighty vision-
r, who proposed, for the gratification of
n vanity or the advancement of his party,
nodicum of Reform; but when THE KING'S
cas,—by their stations the official conse-
of the existing system, and by their rank,
ty, and opinion, supposed to be indissolu-
ached to the institutions from which they
enjoying such eminent advantages—when
we say, the head and the hands of the
g system, proclaimed the whole to be 'a
lous and intolerable abuse'—'a flagitious
tion'—'the cause of all the private misery
ions and all the public calamities of ages,'
evident to our minds that a wound,—
ned wound was inflicted on the Constitution,
hich it was hardly possible it should recover.
s honestly premising how very hopeless
nsidered ultimate success to have been
be very outset of the contest, we shall now
rapidly over the successive periods in
there was, in our humble judgement, a
of salvation. The first was on that very
ght! If, on the instant when the announce-
was made, the House of Commons had
ntly, and by a large majority, rejected it
th Lord Althorp has since confessed must
een the result of a division—the extrava-
olence, partiality, and absurdity of the
ould, for a season perhaps, have covered
form Bill and its pro as with ridicule;
ar in that case, we shou xopa have
t d'v'ite—a plan which cal his
the passions and the prej s on the
e, and which had for it- eductive

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ed, and, have
in and sanctioned by
1. authority and manuscript recommendation, it
would probably have been reproduced, 'like a
giant refreshed,' with ultimately as much power
as it has now, by a shorter cut, obtained. That
popular seed sown by a royal hand could never
have been eradicated—it was a solemn promul-
gation of principles, which mankind would have
believed that nothing but the overwhelming
force of truth could ever have extorted from a
king and a government;—and to that solemn
pledge future kings and future governments
would have been held by the same violence and
with more reason than have now forced the com-
pletion of the plan upon the reluctant monarch,
and the repentant ministry who so heedlessly
proposed it.

But although this be our deliberate opinion, we
cannot but wish that the expectation of the mi-
nisters (as avowed by Lord Althorp) had been
fulfilled, and the Bill rejected on the first reading.
Even if nothing but delay had been gained, delay
in all such cases is the best corrective of violence
and injustice. Delay might have operated ben-
eficially on all parties;—there was, as yet, more
of wonder than of approbation in the public
mind,—more of a vague desire that something
might be done than of enthusiasm for any exten-
sive change. The Boroughs, denounced by the
ministerial project, would probably, in their choice
of representatives, have associated to their cause
additional respectability and talents; and, aware
of their danger, would have endeavoured to cor-
rect any local abuse, and to have given fuller effi-
ciency to what is substantially advantageous in
the system. There would have been no longer,
in any quarter, a disinclination to transfer the
franchise of delinquent boroughs to populous
places; and the examples of shameful bribery
which had just occurred at Evesham, Dublin, and
Liverpool, would have taught populous places that
they also stood much in need of Reform; and the
indignation against 'close corporations' and 'burg-
age tenures' would have been exceedingly miti-
gated by a contrast of their comparative purity
with the infamous corruption of so many places
in which the constituency was as popular as any
reformer could desire. All these, and innumera-
ble other considerations for which a seasonable
delay would have afforded the opportunity, might
have retarded the rapidity, and have steadied the
course, if they did not altogether suspend the
march, of Reform.

Why Lord John Russell's proposition was not
so met has been long the subject of wonder and
inquiry, but has not, that we are aware, been yet
satisfactorily explained. In justice to the great
Tory party, we are anxious to state what we un-
derstand to have been the cause of this, as it ap-
pears to us, unfortunate error of judgment. The
Tory party, though so generally calumniated as

enemies to any and every degree of Reform, were so far from being universally adverse to *all reform*, that many leading persons thought that there were some improvements which might be safely and beneficially *made*, and some others which it might be expedient to *try*. We happen to know, for instance, a curious fact, that, some years ago, two or three of the gentlemen who have been particularly distinguished in their opposition to the Bill, were more favourable to a moderate reform—enfranchisement of the large towns, for example—than the leaders of that party absurdly called the Liberals, whose revengeful and unconscientious junction with the Whigs has belied the whole course of their public lives, and abjured every principle and predilection, whether political or private, which they had ever felt or pretended to feel. When, to such a predisposition in the minds of the leading Tories to correct certain points in the general system, there came to be added the weight of the *Royal authority*, which, in the speech from the throne, and in the exercise of its constitutional prerogative, recommended the consideration of the subject,—it is not surprising that the Tory party—ignorant indeed of the extent to which the ministers might go, but dreading nothing like an entire subversion of the constitution—resolved, in deference at once to the opinions of many of their own members, and to that of the Sovereign, not to oppose the introduction of a bill so recommended, and for so plausible a purpose.

So far they were right; but when a proposition was opened of such unexpected extent and such incredible insanity, it seems to us that the previous resolution of the Tories should have gone for nothing; it had been formed in a complete misconception of the nature of the proposition, and should have fallen to the ground with the hypothesis on which it was built. This we know was felt by many at the moment; but, on the other hand, we must, in fairness, consider the danger of changing one's opinion in the face of the enemy, and at the very moment of attack—the impossibility of consulting the various persons who had concurred in the original resolution—the uncertainty as to how far individuals might sanction by their votes such a change of tactics; and, above all, the belief that a plan, which was received with astonishment, not to say dismay, by the supporters of ministers, and with shouts of laughter by their opponents, would be the more completely extinguished by further exposure and a more critical discussion. All these reasons (and perhaps others, with which we are not acquainted) appear to have influenced the leaders of the Tories on that night to abide by their first resolution; and afford, we confess, if not an entire justification, at least a very rational and sufficient apology.

But neither the ministers nor their opponents could have foreseen the effect which, by a strange combination of accidental circumstances, was produced on the minds of the people. It is the nature of man to be excited and delighted by

a surprise; the point of an epigram, the trope of a play, the issue of a secret, operate on the feelings and imagination in proportion as they are unexpected suddenness and surprise with which this *Niagara* of Reform burst upon us, at least as much share in the effect produced by the intrinsic character of the proposition itself, as the wonder and consequent excitement above all, increased by the influence of the name, and the unprecedented and almost unexampled sight of the king's Ministers placing themselves at the head of the old and inveterate enemies of all royal authority, and promulgating measures which had hitherto been heard only from the mouths of crats and demagogues.

"Yet still the phrenzy did not reach its height at once; and another occasion soon occurred, on which the plague might perhaps have been stayed. We mean just before the dissolution. That was the most fatal step of the process, exceeding, and that upon which it is the most sensible for the Ministers to allege any thing as an excuse for their conduct, which, besides the moral folly and wickedness, had here the addition of fraud and falsehood. The existing House of Commons was the same which had brought them into power,—that is, the House which had read their bill, with all its monstrous andagrant offences and defects, a *second* time, and thus sanctioned the principle. The existing House of Commons, in the eyes of the people, was only the passing a resolution—ministers themselves subsequently adduced, not diminishing the numbers of the House. It is now known, as was always suspected, that the King could not have been prevailed upon to dissolve his House of Commons for such a purpose as this; but a pretext was easily found. His Majesty was deluded by a statement that the House of Commons had '*stopped the supplies*' and must therefore be dissolved! How was he persuaded, in so high a matter, to give credit to such an assertion we cannot guess—to repeat, that the statement was *false*—undeniably, nay, we may now add, *very* false. The only pretext for it was that it took place one evening in voting the Ordinance Estimates—which delay was so little like the *supplies*, that the ministers themselves solved the parliament without voting the speech from the throne, which dissolved the parliament, 'thanked the faithful Commons for the liberality and readiness with which *the supplies had been granted*?' And we have to observe, that these blunderers, as if for more lasting record the falsehood of the statement, have, in this very year, so postponed the passing of the Ordinance Estimates, that they are not yet passed (30th June) passed; and the delay of which in 1831 was represented as a *stoppage of the supplies*, has been, in 1832, *protracted* by the ministers *three months* before the date of the dissolution.

Infamous as such a misrepresentation

it as its immediate effect, have been, it is another, more distant, less obvious, but less fatal, operation:—the 'stopping the supply,' which sound and rashness had thus suggested to the public mind, as an expedient to control the crown, became a familiar stopping the supplies, which had never came of since the revolution of 1688, was the highest authority promulgated, not as a theoretical possibility, but as an occurrence; and men, who had never heard that combination of words, could never affix any practical meaning to the expression if they had ever heard it; surprised and delighted to be thus introduced with a new and most formidable instrument of popular power: and accordingly, in April, 1832, the monarch showed some notion of having an opinion of his own, the great device of the year before was brought into operation, and 'stop the supplies' was adopted by which the revolutionary party were enabled to collect and consolidate their power on the King and the Peerage. From this deduced a corollary, also recommended by authority, that not only ought parliament to stop the supplies, but that individuals were justified in refusing to pay the taxes imposed by these monstrous propositions, have had no effect, but we are much mistaken if we do not hereafter rank amongst the fore-ichiefs created by these madmen. The King, by being familiarised to the public with much of the alarm and terror which it is to create; and the idea of stopping the supply, first broached by the Lord High Chancellor the individual right of refusing to pay asserted first by the brother and mere creature the Lord High Chancellor, and then by a prominent person, the noble colleague and friend of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of being the *ultima ratio populi*, the ordinary and common mode of expressing public dissent from the policy of the government! We need not waste time in proving that such principles can lead to but anarchy; not merely to the overthrow of the existing constitution and the monarchy—but believe the Reform Bill has done—but to a state of uncontrollable anarchy. . . . however this may be, we return to the King who was thus deluded into the dissolution of his parliament, under circumstances personally committed the sovereign, and taken out from all power of pause, deliberation, modification, while they excited the King to a degree of frenzy and of folly, of which no example in our history. The dissolution of the House of Commons favourable to the principle of Reform, because it claimed a right to fix the extent to which reform should go, the mode in which it should be effected, the course, the signal for the election of a parliament which should not dare to claim any such judging, and which was to pass, without

inquiry, hesitation, or restriction, any thing and every thing which the desperate faction which rough-rides the ministry should be pleased, in the insolence of its ignorance and temerity, to propose. It has always appeared to us, that if at this crisis His Majesty could have been informed of the real state of the case, and had refused, on the fraudulent suggestions of his ministers, to dissolve a parliament, whose worst fault was their having created those ministers, there was still perhaps a chance for the salvation of the constitution. For if, after such a refusal, the ministers had stayed in, they would probably have been forced to a more moderate measure of reform, or if they chose to retire, successors would, no doubt, have been found, who, with the favour of the king, the approbation of the Lords, and the support of the House of Commons, and of the real people, might have proposed some plan which would have satisfied the wishes of the public, without endangering the existence of all our institutions. Truth, however, had not yet reached the royal ear, and that chance was also lost!

The next stage, which afforded any thing like a resting-place, was the rejection of the second bill by the House of Lords, in October, 1831, and, although the chances of escape were now awfully diminished, yet still some persons believe, that, even then, all was not utterly lost. If His Majesty had, even thus late, been enabled to follow what is now supposed to have been his real sentiments;—if, when his first minister had pronounced against the bishops the anathema of the prophet against him who was doomed to immediate death;—if, when another minister—contemptible in every other respect, but of importance, as having led the Reform Bill in the House of Commons—was rash enough, in a letter of thanks to a radical mob, to call the majority of the House of Lords 'a faction,' and weak enough to deny in his place in parliament, that he had meant what he said;—if, when Nottingham Castle was burned, and Colwich Hall plundered;—if, when Bristol was for two days a prey to a reforming mob, and was saved from utter destruction, not by the energy of government, but by the lassitude and ebriety of the populace;—if, when all these things occurred, His Majesty had publicly avowed his disapprobation of the inflammatory language of his ministers, and his royal indignation at the scenes by which that language had been followed—the country would, we are convinced, have rallied round the King. We now know that His Majesty was alive to the imminent peril in which property and liberty were placed by these excesses, and that he insisted that his Ministers should take immediate and effective measures to repress them and their causes—the Political Unions. The country owes to the King its warmest gratitude for his gracious intentions at that crisis, but the Ministers, who should have executed those intentions, defeated them. The King's wisdom and firmness insisted that a

proclamation should be issued against these disturbers of the public peace. The Ministers durst not absolutely disobey their royal master, but having another and a less indulgent master, of whose displeasure they were still more afraid, they so contrived their proclamation as to render it of no effect whatever, unless indeed to lull the apprehensions of the Sovereign and to preserve his confidence by the semblance of obeying his commands. They gave a deprecatory notice of it to those against whom it was directed; and further to conciliate them and to purchase a shadow of submission, it was accompanied by a counter proclamation, dictated by the Unions, for the immediate meeting of parliament. Like the 'juggling fiends' in *Macbeth*,

'They paltered with him in a double sense,
They kept the word of promise to the ear
And broke it to the hope'—

and thus was lost—and again by deception and fraud—another chance of arresting the revolution.

A new bill was now introduced, after a prorogation which was—in obedience to the mob, and in opposition to the avowed and decided wishes of the ministers themselves—the *shortest ever known*. We will not repeat all the circumstances of insult to the King and even to the ministers—to common decency and to common sense—with which the populace and the Press drove on the reproduction and rapid progress of this third bill. We have already observed upon them—we will only say, that the mask was now dropped by all the parties in the political masquerade—every moderating influence in the king—every option in his ministers, every control over the mobs, was avowedly abandoned. The House of Commons—though the eyes of individuals were opened, and though their sentiments were essentially altered—the House of Commons still bore the same general aspect, and—although a noble contest, which, if reason and eloquence could have decided the question, must have been victorious, was maintained—it was obvious that there was no ultimate hope for the salvation of the country, but in the wisdom and firmness of the House of Lords.

This brings us to the second reading of the third bill, in April 1832. The readers of our last Number, and, indeed, every reading man in the country, is aware of the state of affairs at that crisis. The House of Lords was in the same opinion as to the danger and iniquity of the bill, (how could it be otherwise?) that it had been in the preceding October, but a small yet influential body of peers, who had in October been most zealous, we had almost said rash, in their opposition, were now resolved to vote for the second reading of the bill, in the hope of being able, by so great a sacrifice, to acquire such influence in the public mind as would enable them to amend the bill in what they thought its most objectionable points. We denounced that expectation as a miserable delusion, and that course as a most

fatal surrender of the whole question. How lamentably has our prediction been verified! We and we believe every unprejudiced mind in the country, saw that if by the second reading in the House of Peers the principle of the bill should be invested with the sanction, even though only nominal, of King, Lords, and Commons, all further resistance must be not only unavailing, but in the last degree perilous to the aristocracy and the monarchy. Had we then had as much reason as we now have to suspect that the ministers had abused the royal confidence, misrepresented the royal opinion, and overborne the royal conscience, we might have stated our reasoning still higher; but the facts known to all mankind were sufficiently strong (without lifting the curtain of the royal closet) to have satisfied reasonable men that the King *could* not have been, as he was represented, a zealot for revolution, and that even if he had been so over-persuaded by evil counsellors, it was the duty, the peculiar duty of the hereditary advisers of the crown to interpose once more the salutary delay which the constitution had (and especially for such an occasion) vested in their hands. If they had done so,—if that party which turned the scale had not been led away by the silliest will-o'-the-wisp that ever entangled wanderers or waverers,—the king might have been emancipated, and the constitution have been, for a season preserved. The ministers would have resigned—we doubt it; but they would have been turned out, and an administration might have been formed under the auspices of the moderating influence of the sovereign, which might have found some means of conciliating the reforming spirit of the Commons with the reluctance of the House of Lords to lend itself to unlimited innovation. Of the three Estates of the Legislature, one only would, in that case, have been committed to the bill, and of that one it is well known that a considerable and the most respectable portion would not have been averse to a conciliatory medium. Another of the three Estates had pronounced with equal force against the principle of the bill, but a considerable and respectable portion of it, also were willing to adopt a conciliatory medium: while the third and highest, partaking of both opinions, anxious to do something, but adverse to conceding every thing, would have been in his true character of a sovereign mediator and would also have gladly concurred in a conciliatory medium. But that opportunity was again lost!—and by the strange delusion and fatal miscalculation on the part of the Waverers, which we have already alluded to the principle of the bill received, by its second reading in the upper house, the irrevocable and irresistible sanction of the King, Lords, and Commons.

The drama was closed, and the curtain might perhaps as well have dropped—but the brave, and wise, and honest men, who had opposed every step of this revolution, did not conceive themselves to be at liberty to abdicate their duty, and to abandon their country. They still felt that the

round, however hopelessly, to maintain the bill to the last, and to fight in the committee. I have been so nobly, and, in argument, so victoriously done in the Commons) all the absurd and quibbling provisions of the Bill.

Now the Waverers came prominently upon me, and assuming the second reading to be decided on the principle of the bill, were to—*we believe, honestly and sincerely*—to make the best of a bad bargain, and render the bill less immediately destructive by amendments in its details.

It appears from a highly curious pamphlet, the title stands at the head of this article, that these noble persons applied to a friend,* who is supposed to have bestowed much study on details of the Bill, for his opinion as to the manner in which the future conduct of the bill should be directed, and by amendments, taking matters as they then stood, could be rendered less dangerous; that to that question was given in a letter, which has since been printed and published, and before us. The writer foresaw how little could be done, but was induced not to refuse his advice by reasons which he states in the open letter, and to the force of which we most readers will assent.

Ask me to put myself in the position of a moderate Reformer who has voted for the second reading of the Reform Bill, and to consider what amendments we may have the chance of mitigating its injustice to individuals and communities, and of diminishing its danger to the constitution and the monarchy. To me a hard and a hopeless task; for I see no prospect—nay, not a possibility, of doing at any safe, satisfactory, or final adjustment of the innumerable difficulties with which this fatal measure has encompassed us. I shall endeavour to obey your commands and sincerely, and I will add zealously; though I could never have brought myself to vote for any stage of the bill, I think the opinion of the House of Lords in the principle of *some* reform, by giving this bill a second reading, has materially altered the case; and as I see the ship sinking, I shall not, being originally advised the steering another way, refuse to help to construct a raft on which the crew may take the chances of a protracted existence.—p. 1.

Then proceeds to say—

I believe that those who opposed the bill, and those who wish for very important alterations, are, if they unite, masters of the situation; but you tell me that you will not be induced by that consideration to propose amendments essentially destructive of the bill, which the ministers, as men of honour, are bound to offer uncompromisingly resist. Though I cannot enter into these feelings, I will defer to them; but, of course, I

cannot know what the Ministers may or may not consider themselves at liberty to concede. We must, therefore, begin by seeking some guide on that point; and the only one I can find is, their own bill,—their first bill,—THE BILL on which they appealed to the country. The provisions of that bill—monstrous as they at first appeared, and as, to me, they still appear—are, in my opinion, considerably less dangerous, as to immediate effect, than that accumulated mass of partiality, injustice, inconsistency, ignorance, and temerity, which is now before your Lordships. Compared with this, the first bill loses some of its terror, and still more of its absurdity. I shall, therefore, take that first bill as the basis of the propositions which I shall submit to you, and shall assume that any thing which that bill contained might, with perfect consistency on the part of ministers, be adopted in the present: in those instances in which we may think it *indispensable* to depart from the provisions of the first bill, we shall be able, I think, to show, that we ask no dereliction of a principle, but only the modification of a detail.—pp. 2, 3.

The author, in pursuance of this just and, we must be allowed to say, candid, if not over-candid, view of the task imposed upon him, proceeds to suggest what he thinks the best arrangement of the details;—of which the most important is, that whereas the first bill unnecessarily and wantonly reduced the number of members by about sixty, while it totally disfranchised sixty boroughs, those sixty members should be restored, *one* to each of the sixty boroughs; so that, in fact, there would have been no Schedule A at all, but that Schedule B would have contained eighty-five names, eighty-five members being all that were required for *enfranchisement*, which might thus have been operated without the entire extinction of *any one existing right*.

'This seems to me,' says the letter-writer, 'so happy a coincidence, that I own it affords me some hope that the House of Lords may see in it a mode the most simple and convenient, as well as the least unjust and violent, of arranging the difficult and complex question now before them; and I humbly, but most earnestly, press this most important consideration on the attention of yourself and your friends. It would at once go far to assuage all personal feelings, to conciliate all corporate interest, and to satisfy all public hopes, wishes, and expectations,—except, indeed, of that party who look to *reform* only as a step to *revolution*.

'But it may be said, would you have no disfranchisement at all—not even of "Gatton, Old Sarum, or Midhurst," originally denounced by Lord John Russell, as examples of "intolerable and scandalous abuse?" I reply, first, that the subtraction of one member each from eighty-five boroughs is of itself an enormous disfranchisement. Mr. Pitt, in his early plan, and Lord John Russell himself, in 1832, proposed only the partial disfranchisement of 100. Nor would I (under present circumstances and in your position) object even to 100, if that number were required for any rational scheme of *enfranchisement*. But surely there can be

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* Earl of Haddington, we are informed, is Croker.

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selves!

'Of 141 old boroughs preserved by the present bill, 112 are, by the Boundary Bill, enlarged (generally very considerably), and only 29 remain unchanged. For our *present view* it is enough—but very important—to remark that this great number of enlarged boroughs, and the vast increase which some of them receive (one is increased *tenfold*, and above thirty appear to be *doubled*), afford abundant examples and precedents for enlarging to an adequate size any boroughs which you may be able to rescue from schedule A.

'I am very far from approving this general dislocation, and am rather inclined to join in the scriptural combination against him "who removes his neighbour's land-mark;" still more do I object to the irregular and, I fear, partial mode in which these additions have been made. But *whatever* principle may be applied to the 112 preserved but altered boroughs, may surely be as well applied to schedule A.—pp. 45, 46, 47.

This proposition is illustrated by the examples of *Midhurst, Wilton, Old Sarum, Wareham, Westbury*, &c. each of which he shows to have had neither more nor less claim to be preserved than all the other boroughs in schedule A. We shall extract, as an instance,—not the grossest but the shortest—the case of *Westbury*:—*Westbury* was supposed to be a tory borough—one at least of its members was a staunch anti-reformer—and *Westbury* was in schedule A of the first bill. On the dissolution of parliament this anti-reform member was replaced by a zealous reformer, and *Westbury* in the second bill, escaped from both schedules and preserved its entire franchise, although the old borough, upon which all the calculations professed to be founded, turned out, on the local examination of the commissioner, to contain

We were particularly struck by the mass-velopment of the series of tricks by which *MIDHURST*, 'the intolerable and scandalous,' preserved, and of the series of frauds and hoodums by which *APPLEBY*, the shire town borough of *Westmoreland*, has been disfranchised. These cases are now only matter of indignation; but there is another subject—metropolitan boroughs—which is of such importance, and is handled with so much felicity, and truth, that although the passage long to be extracted here, we earnestly request our readers to procure the pamphlet at those observations; which, so far from being of date, are, by the passing of the Bill, become most urgent practical interest.

After a long train of facts and reasoning through which it is now unnecessary to pass, the letter-writer thus sums up his

'I have now, my dear Lord, obeyed the best of my judgment, but with great hesitation, consequent imperfection,—you will find many demands. Without changing, or seeing the slightest reason to change, the opinion I have, all along, held on this subject, I am more and more alarmed at the result, which the *principles*, now let loose, may ultimately carry us, I yet have framed modifications, on the supposition,—which I think others seem to entertain,—that the bill is so essentially improved as to ensure collective safety,—or, at least, a pause,—a check to the giddy whirl of revolution.

'Would to God that those who have held that comfortable opinion should be able to carry it out. Would to God that your Lordships, were it in your power to make such improvements, may be *FIRM* and *UNANIMOUS* in your resolution to carry them. You must not move on points, nor differ on curious trifles, nor

as of being, if not private, at least local

—Carry *disfranchisement* no further than required for enfranchisement; and in doing disturb as little as possible existing if you want *forty* Members, rather take it from *forty* boroughs, than wholly annihilate *twenty*.

—Adhere to the *first* bill in rejecting the ember for the seven middle-sized counties is not only right on *its own account*, reverts the disfranchisement of seven

18.
—As to the 10l. franchise, adopt the *ess* of the second bill (clause 21), which *Ministers' own deliberate and well-advised management and proposition*;—providing, *r*, that the *assessment or rate*, (which, if be adopted,) shall act as a *registration*.

—Enact that all persons shall vote for natives in that place where the property right of which they vote, is situated. You can carry these *five* points, all of which (except the second) have been, in *principle* adopted in the *FIRST* or *SECOND* BILLS, which, therefore, ministers cannot say are *entirely incompatible* with their original of reform—If, I say, you will,—for if I, you can,—accomplish these five objects you will have, in my humble judgment, satisfaction of having done the best that the agony of our constitution—can be, save it from immediate destruction, afford it a chance of ultimate recovery.

seems to us to have been, under the circumstances, sound and judicious advice. Indeed it seems to have chalked out the *only* course at this period of the affair, could have re-asserted the personal pledges of the monarch with a decision of the Upper House, and with conditions under which the majority of the House consented to the second reading. It is enough of what is called Reform to offend any man who was not in his heart a *Revolution*, and it preserved more of the system than any anti-reformer could, at least, hope by any other measure to obtain, and the honour of the ministers by adopting a portion of their first bill—and it contains the acquiescence of their opponents by leaving a considerable portion of the existing law, and by removing some of the most striking anomalies and injustice of the proposed one. Indeed, in short, a *mezzotermine*,—a rational surable medium, in which all men who, we just said, wished for a Reform short of *one*, or who saw Revolution in the ministerial reform, might have concurred, and by its occurrence, and the weight of such a compromise of opinion might have, to use the own expression, produced 'at least a check in the giddy whirl of revolution.

indeed, such a scheme could have been very successful, the writer himself, we see, is doubtful. He seems to think, and we think him, that the great accession of power to the moderate branch (already proved by the

passing events to be too strong for the other two estates) must *eventually*, and at no distant period, have worked out the *whole* of Lord John Russell's original proposition, and *much more*. But still this plan, if it had been adopted, would have afforded some chance of arresting the Revolution.

We now proceed with an historical statement of the events which rendered unavailing this and every other plan for the diminution of our danger.

The first step in the Committee of the Lords was a proposition of Lord Lyndhurst's to *postpone* disfranchisement or enfranchisement; which was carried against the ministers by the union of the Weavers and Conservatives—151 to 116. As proxies do not vote in committees, this majority of 35 was more than equivalent to the majority of 41 on the second reading last year, and proved that there was no essential change of sentiment in the House. On this event Lord Grey and Lord Brougham waited on his Majesty, and proposed a large creation of peers, or offered, as an alternative, their resignation. The precise nature of their communication with the King we cannot pretend to know. It is, however, stated on good authority that the ministers insisted on an *indefinite* power of creation to any extent which might be necessary to pass the measure; and—on being pressed as to what number they contemplated as likely to be required—modestly mentioned about *sixty or seventy!!!* Such an overwhelming invasion of the House of Lords his Majesty, of course, could not sanction, though we have heard that—with that excess of a feeling in itself amiable to which throughout this whole matter he had often submitted his own better opinions—he was prepared to have made a considerable concession even on this point. Be that as it may, the ministers resigned. This was a step at once artful and audacious, and placed, as we shall soon see, the king and the country at their mercy; for the second reading having been passed and the principle thus irrevocably established, they calculated that no administration could be formed which, on the one hand, could resist the principle so solemnly sanctioned by King, Lords, and Commons, or which, on the other, would consent to complete the perilous task which they left in so forward a state—in any case they saw that the position to which they had reduced the King, and to which the *Waverers* had reduced the *question*, rendered the triumphant passing of the bill, in all its essential points, inevitable, and they were not at all sorry to have the chance of sharing, with any man or men, the deep responsibility with which even they began to feel their own quasi-consciences oppressed.

There could be no *honest* motive for their resignation. The House of Lords, and particularly the Waverers, had been induced to support the second reading by Lord Grey's public pledges 'that the committee should be at liberty to discuss the bill freely; and although he was not

passed into the second reading.

'But,' says Lord Grey, 'I saw in that majority the power of beating me on the principle, and I therefore was bound in honour to resign.' But we beg leave to ask him why he did not feel the same obligation to resign the year before, when he was really beaten on the principle—and with what face he could make such a statement when the principle had been triumphantly carried, and mainly the speeches and votes of some of those who now, *trusting in his solemn assurances, both public and private*, had imagined that they were at liberty to deal with the details? We ask him, as a man of honour, whether he did not, in his private communications with the Waverers, admit of *much more important* changes than this? whether he believes he could have carried the second reading if, instead of professing a hypocritical deference to the future judgment of the committee, he had told their lordships, that, if he was outnumbered on any detail, he should consider *that* as a defeat on the principle, and throw up the administration at the exact moment when it would be impossible to form another? We have readily admitted that Lord Lyndhurst's motion was not a mere matter of Form; but what *principle* did it involve? None at all!—What detail even did it vary? Only this, that whereas the ministerial bill had partially, and, if not corruptly, at least arbitrarily, inflicted disfranchisement and conferred enfranchisement, Lord Lyndhurst proposed, that before the positive number and actual names of the boroughs condemned or created were voted, their lordships should consider how many deserved to be so condemned, and how many were entitled to be so created. No very unreasonable request under any circumstances, but certainly a most natural one in this case, when the ministers themselves

in the principle of the Bill—nay, were prepared to adopt schedule A, and the whole proposed length of total disfranchisement. This statement, which filled throughout the kingdom with surprise, defeated by anticipation all chance of forming a conservative government, took away from Lord Grey even the slightest pretence for saying the principle of his Bill, or even the leading detail of disfranchisement, had been repugned: but candour is not the fit way of dealing with such men. Lord Grey foresaw, from the avowal which Lord Lyndhurst had been authorized to make, the probability of forming a conservative government; he resolved to resign, convinced that he could do so not only with safety but with profit; and sure it would require some effrontery to make such a declaration, that the disfranchisement clauses were in danger—but no matter how much of Lord Ellenborough's conduct was stultified his purpose; and when he had convinced himself of the almost insuperable difficulty of forming a new administration, which would maintain the principle of disfranchisement, he boldly declared that the principle of disfranchisement was *rejected*; and he desired his Majesty to look out for a successor could be found.

We believe that if all the intrigues then vulgarly attributed to kings and courts were brought to open day, nothing more tortuous, false in pretence, or more meanly calculated for personal advantage, can be produced. Bubb Doddingtons of Lord Grey's cabinet are one or two of them, *the wit* keep diaries, how the publication will dis-

, in which the sole object was to win by putting the king in check-mate, Lord Ellenborough's tactics might be censured; a question so entirely transcending the interest of party, in which it might have been said, *toto certatur de corpore regni*, in which the conservative party professed and bet the honour of the King and the existence of the monarchy were at stake, all paltry personal considerations would have been unworthy any honest man, and worthless to the honest object. We lament (nobody more) once which the Waverers had over the argument of an influential portion of the lives in effecting this kind of compromise when the resolution had been taken, unyielding, and honest, and becoming those who had to contrast themselves with Lord Ellenborough, to speak frankly, and to stand on an open and straight forward ground. If Lord Ellenborough had not avowed the position of his party, Lord Grey would not have resigned; he would, probably, have made some other turn, and made some shift; but the result probably have been the same, and no possible, and no practical shift, could have been more graceful to his own character and that of the nation, than the one which he—

that low cunning which in fools supplies, only too, the place of being wise—

was led to adopt.

Therefore are not disposed to complain, of the difficulties of the case, either of the adoption of Lord Ellenborough and his friends of a liberal Reform, nor of his avowal of it—once of the Waverers we suppose necessary—but we must doubt the policy of so great length as he announced. They have been so circumvented and deluded, that they cannot obtain and pledge to an extensive Reform; and it must therefore be admitted that there was no chance of relieving the country and conscience from the thralldom they were held, but by some endeavour to fulfil his Majesty's promises, and the decision of the House of Lords on the second reading of that party, which however in favour of Reform generally, were anxious to save as was possible out of the fire, and to do the evil as far as mitigation could now be done. The second reading of the Bill had, however, the effect of the 'Letter to a Noble Lord' essentially altered the case; and although Lord Grey never could have expected a satisfaction from our difficulties after the proposal had reached the stage in which the committee had found them, yet we should not be blaming those, who, taking things as they were, endeavoured to make a capitulation to a notorious enemy in the hope of saving the country and the country which it protected, and the destruction. We should have

B.B.2:

acquiesced—reluctantly indeed, but as the less dangerous alternative—in the plan suggested in the 'Letter to the Noble Lord,' or any thing like it; but we never could have concurred in the whole of Lord Ellenborough's proposition—we never could have consented to adopt the whole principle of utter disfranchisement, because we think that when that was conceded there was, in truth, little left worth fighting for, and when that mass of iniquity, *schedule A*, was adopted, all the rest must have as inevitably followed as night succeeds day. The sequel of the transaction will illustrate our meaning and establish our argument.

The ministers resigned, and the king was left alone and unadvised, to deal with questions more vital and perplexing than any monarch since the last revolution had had, with all the assistance of ministers and statesmen, to manage. We emphatically say, 'the King was left alone,' in spite of the sneer of Lord Grey at the use of that expression by the Duke of Wellington, because no king had ever before been so artfully and effectually isolated by his ministers from all influence but their own, and so completely entangled and restricted as to his future course. His Majesty's personal position was indeed most difficult and painful; he had been led by rash, if not deceitful guides into what they told him was a practicable course; and, when, on approaching the centre of the stream he found himself unable to stem the torrent, his guides suddenly abandoned him, and left him to make his way backward or forward as he best might. We have heard, that when his Majesty, on taking leave of his Whig servants, consulted two or three of those whom he thought the most moderate and candid as to the first step which, when thus abandoned, it would be proper for him personally to take, they doggedly refused him all advice or sympathy. Thus unexpectedly and cruelly left alone, his Majesty's conduct was strictly constitutional and eminently prudent. The chancellors of England are the legal acknowledged keepers, as it is phrased, of his Majesty's conscience—that is, his first constitutional advisers, in cases of constitutional difficulty. His actual chancellor, who had been one of the foremost to lead him into the embarrassment, had been one of the first to disclaim all further responsibility, and to throw up the seals. What then could his Majesty do? He naturally thought of the only other person who had ever filled the office of his chancellor, and to him—recommended by that circumstance, as well as by his now filling a judicial office, which removed him in a certain degree from the personal interests of party—he had recourse. He sent for Lord Lyndhurst, not to form a government, but—to advise with him, as a privy counsellor lately highest in his service, what course should, in such an unparalleled emergency, be taken. As far as the public can know, his lordship's proceedings were every way worthy of the confidence reposed in him. In such an extremity he did not abandon his duty, he forfeit his oaths, or forget his sovereign's former gracious favour. Seeking nothing for himself

and repudiating all personal interest while he was ready to undertake all personal responsibility, he gave his Majesty the only advice which we think a man of honour and common sense could have given—namely, that his Majesty should have recourse to the advice of some of those political characters whose station in parliament and the country afforded the best hope of their being able to serve the king. To this was limited, as it appears, the interference of Lord Lyndhurst: by his advice his Majesty sent for the Duke of Wellington—and strangely perverted must be that mind which does not think it natural and wise that the king should have sought the advice of that great man whose services to the throne, the state, and the country, had been more various and eminent than those of any individual recorded in our history. His Majesty might have been naturally expected to have sent *at once* for his Grace; but we think it was a proof of personal deficiency and constitutional discretion in the King, to consult in the first place with a person in the position of Lord Lyndhurst.

It appears from the parliamentary explanations, that the conduct of the King and of the Duke, in this trying conjuncture, was worthy of their stations and character.

The King felt that his assent to an *extensive Reform*—no matter by what delusion or misrepresentation it had been obtained—was given, and from that sacred engagement his royal dignity and his personal honour would not allow him to depart.

The duke appears to have met his Majesty's declaration with equal frankness:—to a Reform, of the nature to which his Majesty appeared to be pledged, he had, and continued to have, the most conscientious objections; but the state of affairs no longer left it as a question, whether Reform was in itself desirable;—the question was, whether, by the immediate and evident degradation and annihilation of the House of Peers, Reform was at one leap to become Revolution, or whether by preserving the independence of the peerage, Reform, dangerous as it was, might be kept within some bounds, and the forms, at least, of the Constitution maintained inviolate for better times.

The second reading of the bill had left his Grace no prospect of being able to oppose it altogether; an immense majority of the Commons—a majority of the Lords—had decided on some Reform, and the only question then existing was between—on the one hand conceding some Reform, and maintaining the, at least apparent independence of the Crown and the Lords, and—on the other, the passing the whole measure, with the additional misfortune of *openly* degrading the Crown and *summarily* annihilating the House of Lords. His Grace decided, and we own we think justly, and, at least, considering his own personal sacrifice, generously, that the former was the lesser of the alternative evils, and he accepted—*not any office*—but the mission of endeavouring to assist his Majesty in the formation of an administration to be composed of such men as could with

honour enter into his Majesty's views of a *tenacious Reform*, and thus avert any violation of the independence of the second branch of legislature. Some such men were to be found who though adverse to the insane and subversive project of the late ministry, had always professed themselves favourable to a moderate reform; the question had struck too deep in the hearts of the country, and had been too long in discussion to have left many gentlemen in that intermediate position which alone could have suited his Majesty's purpose; Lord Ellenborough's declaration announced the terms on which the new measure must be taken, and to those terms the most honourable and efficient of the Conservatives could not in honour or in conscience subscribe. A contention which incidentally occurred in the House of Commons proved that even those who *could* accept office were reluctant to do so, and there was a pretty general concurrence of opinion that if the bill must pass, it was better that it should be carried by those who were originally responsible for it; and after some deliberation, in inquiry the Duke of Wellington found himself obliged to acquaint his Majesty that there did appear to exist in the country a number of men unfettered by pledges and opinions sufficient to enable the king to form a government on principles which his Majesty had laid down as the basis of his own conduct. There remained no alternative—the old ministry must be recalled, and the Reform Bill with all its difficulties must be passed; but from one degradation the king and the lords might be saved: though the bill must be passed, there was still an expedient by which it might be passed without affording returning ministers an excuse for the immediate destruction of the House of Lords by the extinction of sixty or a hundred peers; namely, by the *secession* of the great body of conservative peers from debates in which their presence could no longer do any good, and would be only a pretext for perpetrating an irremediable mischief. If secession took place, and has been persevered in, not only on all Reform questions, but on any other topic. There have been factitious debates and sham divisions, but it is notorious that the majority of the peers are adverse to the ministry, and permit them to enjoy the shadow of authority in the House only, lest any check, however trivial or unimportant, might be seized upon as an excuse for that creation of peers which the ruin of the adherents in the Lower House are pressing as their *promised reward*. We have not time to examine, at present, whether the course adopted by the House of Lords be the most dignified or the most prudent. We incline to think it the most prudent, and the least dignified; we must postpone that consideration, and attend to the circumstances more immediately connected with the recall of the Whigs.

The hopes of the country—of all those who from station, intelligence, and property, have hitherto considered the true organs of public opinion,—had been raised so high by the announcement of the king's real sentiments,

diminist (as it was called) of the revolutionary ministers, that great and natural disappointment followed the failure of his Majesty's attempt to form a new administration; and the feelings of men, under so entire a prostration of such exalted hopes, were painfully though diversely excited.—The general opinion at first was, that on the principle of *choosing the less of the two evils*, the former opponents of Reform ought to have consented to carry into effect his Majesty's pledges, and by submitting to be the instruments of an extensive Reform, to have postponed at least the wild and interminable project of Lord Grey.—Persons who took this view argued, as was quite true, that the country was equally wearied with, and alarmed at the ministerial plan—that, for the sake of getting rid of the *firebrand administration*, it would have zealously supported the King and a Cabinet which should propose any less destructive measure; they thought that when a pause had been thus effected, the natural good sense of the people at large would have resumed its influence, and that Reform might have been stopped at the limits assigned by the king, and the Revolution possibly indefinitely postponed.

There is much force in these arguments; but to have given this scheme full and fair operation, the business should have been placed in the hands of those who could, with the least inconsistency or sacrifice of opinion, have conducted it. It would have been idle to think of inviting Sir Robert Peel or Mr Croker, Mr. Goulburn or Sir Charles Wetherell, to the confirmation of Schedule A. Lord Harrowby should have been placed at the head of the new ministry. We are aware that his Lordship's health and domestic habits would have disinclined him from undertaking the task, but as the difficulty was chiefly of his own making, he would have been bound, as a man of honour to have met it, in defiance of all personal considerations.

We are not aware whether any overture was made to Lord Harrowby; it was so natural to have looked to him and those who acted with him, to disentangle what they had complicated, that we can hardly suppose that they were not applied to; and yet, on the other hand, we cannot guess on what honourable excuse they could, if applied to, have resisted the appeal. In an administration formed of men, who, like them, were at once attached to the ancient constitution, yet willing to admit extensive alteration, was the last hope of saving the country. With them might have combined the moderate reformers from every side of both houses, and of every shade of opinion. Supported and assisted by the Conservatives under the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, they would have had better majorities than a government of Tories could, even in the opinion of the most sanguine, have expected. Such a project seemed to us, from the outset of the negotiation, to have been the only one which offered any possibility of success; but we must add, that even if it had succeeded, we do not see what advantage, except delay, it would have afforded; because the points which the Waverers considered as so im-

portant were, in fact, mere details, which even if carried, would have left the *principle* of the Bill in full and irresistible force. Nay, more—we are not sure that the country has not a better chance of a temporary respite or repose by the entire and unimpaired success of the whole ministerial project, than if any of the various plans of amendment had been substituted. The present bill is the unutilized idol of the Reformers—they cannot, with any decency, quarrel with it for a season or two; but if it had been altered by either Tories or Waverers, all its intrinsic absurdities and mischiefs would have been charged upon the amendments, and we should have had forced upon us, within three months, a re-amended bill, more, if possible, subversive and revolutionary than the original proposition.

On reviewing, then, the course of this struggle, we console ourselves with thinking, that, however the conduct of the conservative party may be criticised on individual points, and as to particular occasions, the ultimate issue of the contest must have been nearly the same. To a revolution, the dissolution of April, 1831, irrevocably doomed us. It might, by a bolder opposition, have been, perhaps, delayed; but, on the other hand, it might also, by a rash step or a false move, have been *accelerated*; and, on the whole (with the single exception of the *extent* to which Lord Ellenborough was induced by the Waverers to carry his concessions,) we do not know that there is any part of the battle, since the first reading of the first bill, which, if it were to be fought over again, we should much care to see differently managed.

And now, what is to be the result of all? We must answer—as we did in the very outset—Revolution! And we have made great progress towards that goal even since the bill has been passed;—the quieting medicine, the anodyne potion, has been mixed and swallowed, but the disease is so much more urgent than ever, that even the quacks themselves, who compounded it, begin to think that they have by mistake poisoned their patient. How has the celebrated promise of the King's speech on the 21st June, 1831, been fulfilled? Where is now '*the security for the prerogatives of the Crown, and the authority of both houses of Parliament*?' Gone—vanished—and the words remain on the journals, a solemn mockery—a sarcastic antithesis—which belie themselves and deride the unhappy dupes whom they have deceived, insulted, and undone. We spare ourselves and our readers the pain of recapitulating all the atrocious insults offered, not merely to the royal authority, but to the very persons of their Majesties. We say nothing of the attempts to incite a cowardly mob to inflict the fate of *De Witte* upon the glory of England, the saviour of Europe. We will not dwell on the bewildered incapacity of the ministry, nor taunt them with the *failure* of their proclamations against the Unions, or the *success* of their denunciations against order and property—their strength to do mischief and their impotence to do any thing else; the fatal cata-

logue of their follies and faults is, we fear, incomplete; the awful account is still current, and we, as yet, see only the first items of the series of misfortune and crime with which they are chargeable. We know not whether the day of retribution will come, but the day of reckoning assuredly will, and a repentant people, looking back with horror and remorse at the maniacal follies and atrocities which they may have committed, will, like the Santon in the story, curse the tempter who administered the intoxicating draught which produced at once their frenzy and their crimes.

And yet—is there no hope? Far be it from us to venture to say so:—hope from mere human efforts we have little, but we cannot believe that Providence, to whom we owe so long a series of happiness and glory, can have doomed this great country to entire and irretrievable desolation. We are disposed, even now—like the Duke of Newcastle, whose touching ‘Address to all classes and conditions of Englishmen’ lies before us, and with the sad but not despairing author of ‘Prospects of England’—to cling still to the hope of better things. That we have merited a severe chastisement, no one, who has observed our moral and religious condition, with Christian eyes, can doubt; and though the extent to which that just chastisement may be carried be inscrutable to human eyes, we cannot but feel so much confidence in the mercy of the great Disposer of events, as to believe that redemption is yet possible if it be sought with that spirit of contrition and humiliation towards heaven, and that moral firmness and Christian courage towards men, which the instincts of religion and nature alike suggest as the last refuge and best auxiliaries, ‘in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us.’ In the midst of our deep apprehensions, we hail some auspicious appearances. We would fain persuade ourselves, that we see ‘some spots of azure in the cloud sky.’ The King is undeceived—the House of Lords has been saved from utter contamination and degradation—those classes of society, on whose good sense all society must be founded, seem to be resuming their authority over public opinion—the demagogues are not quite satisfied with their prospects, and begin to suspect that fraud and frenzy will be found, in the long run, no match for common honesty and common sense. France, so long our salutary lesson, and so lately our delusive guide, is resuming her *monitory* aspect; and the *despotic* revolution of June, 1832, has already weakened the dangerous precedent of the *democratic* revolution of July, 1830. The sceptre of the citizen king is become the sword of an autocrat. By employing more than ten times the force which defended the legitimate throne, and by a slaughter twice greater than that of the *Three Great Days*, Louis Philippe still painfully and perilously balances himself on the tight rope, from which Charles X., with less nerve and more humanity, was willing to fall. The license of the press, which the legitimate

monarch endeavoured to restrain by *ordonnances*, the republican king has silenced by cannon and scaffolds. Paris—the glorious example of revolutionary moderation and good order—is in a *state of siege*: the prisons are fuller from one day of *liberty*, than they had been for fifteen years of what was called *oppression*: and the tribunals—the legal guardians of persons and property—vanished, at the *word of command* from Marshal Soult, before the liberal and constitutional authority of *courts martial*!* The example of *July* had but too much effect upon us—let us hope that the lesson of *June* may not be thrown away.

Desperate as our condition may seem, there are these and many other consolatory considerations; and it is the duty of every honest man—of all who have hearts to feel, heads to understand, and hands to execute the duties of brave and high-minded Britons—to do all that may belong to each man in his individual station to endeavour to arrest the progress of the enemy, and by courage and, if necessary, self-devotion, to retrieve the day, or at least to secure such a position as may enable them to resume the contest with better hope to-morrow. The Romans after a great calamity did not waste their energies in complaints nor bury them in gloomy torpor; and they surrounded with public honours the man who, whatever were his errors, had the redeeming quality of not despairing, even in the last emergency, of the fortunes of his country. That heroic spirit saved the state in many emergencies, which a faint-hearted people would have considered as desperate. Rome recovered herself after Italy had been overrun by Hannibal—after the Gothic invaders had profaned the cerule chairs of her Senate and burned the Capitol—after plebeian seditions and even a servile war had devastated the very heart of the empire and extinguished all but the undying courage of patriot hope. Our posterity will honour those brave and illustrious men who have hitherto so nobly fought an unequal battle; but it will still more, and more deservedly, honour the bolder and still more illustrious men, who, after our Constitution has passed through the Caudine forks of the Reform Bill, shall be still found not to have despaired of the salvation of England.

Let us recollect, as an incentive to hope, though it has been disregarded as a lesson of prudence, that we have *once before* had a revolution—a reformed parliament, a suppression of close boroughs—a subjugation of the House of Lords—and a substitution of cheap republican forms for the costly trappings of the monarchy. We have had all that; and we shall have it again; and again,

* We learn, as this sheet is passing through the press, that the Tribunals have obtained an advantage over Marshal Soult, and that his *paper siege* (imitated from Bonaparte's *paper blockades*) is raised: but this does not alter our view; it is but a complication of the difficulties of the Citizen King, and the prelude to a fresh struggle.

trust, with the same result. Those theories of government, which captivate and delude for a moment, cannot stand the test of time. They never possess the reverence which antiquity has, nor gratify the hope which their novelty excites: all parties—the adherents of the aspirants of the new—are equally dissatisfied: turbulence, tumults, anarchies ensue: and all kinds, even those who were foremost in the commotions, are, by and by, glad to revert to the security of persons and stability of property to the sober experience of better days. The side Reform of 1649 ended in a royal trial, and Charles II. rode, crowned with the wreaths of popular joys, over the very spot on which had stood, ten years before, his father's scaffold. As certainly, we, or our children, see the revolution of 1832, with all its consequences, never fatal or extensive they may be, terminate its execrated career in another more joyful triumphant Restoration. Let us watch then with courageous hope and pious confidence for the day; and let us husband our strength and cherish our spirit, to enable us to take advantage of such means as Heaven may employ to bring us, in due season, that happy consummation!

Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious and Noble Characters.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BIOGRAPHY, like painting, derives a main interest from the contrast of strong lights and deep shadows. The glowing serenity of Italian skies, the constant verdure of our own plains, derive their beauty in nature, but on the canvass we look at, the impetuous clouds, and rocky precipices, to give the uniformity of milder beauties; and, however necessary it may be that the judgment should be assured of the truth of representation, yet, at all events, the fancy must be gratified.

So it is with the reality and the picture of a life. The virtues which adorned the great man are faint ornaments on his posthumous story, without the usual opposition of instances of infirmity and extravagance. Whether an envy of perfection, a hasty prejudice may have induced us to suppose that it does not exist in the human character, or a just sense of its extreme rarity, that renders the ideal displeasing, unnatural, or at best, insipid; whether, under the influence of the secret principle of selfishness, virtue in losing its power of conferring benefits, may not seem to have lost of its beauty, are questions not to be solved; but, however, is incontrovertible.

Under the pressure of these reflections, and of a nearly as discouraging, I sit down to write an account of the life of Sir Philip Sidney, whose character displays almost unvaried excellence; whose splendour of talents, and purity of life, were, if possible, exceeded by the simpli-

city and the kindness of his heart; whose short, but matchless, career was closed by a death in which the highest military glory was even more than rivalled, not by those degrees of consolation usually derived from religion and patience, but by the piety of a saint, and the constancy of a stoic: a life too which has so frequently been the theme of the biographer; of which all public facts are probably already recorded, and on which all terms of panegyric seem to have been exhausted.

Sir Philip Sidney was born on the twenty-ninth of November, 1554. His family was of high antiquity, Sir William Sidney, his lineal ancestor, a native of Anjou, having accompanied Henry the Second from thence, and afterwards waited on that Prince as one of his chamberlains. From this courtly origin the Sidneys retired suddenly into privacy, and settled themselves in Surrey and Sussex, where they remained for nearly four hundred years in the character of country gentlemen, till Nicholas Sidney, who was twelfth in descent from Sir William, married Anne, daughter of Sir William Brandon, and aunt and co-heir to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, a match which gave him a sort of family connection to Henry the Eighth, and probably drew him to the court. William, his only son, became successively an esquire of the body, a chamberlain, steward, and gentleman of the privy chamber, to that Prince, whom he afterwards repeatedly served with distinguished credit, both in his fleets and armies, and from whom he received the honour of knighthood. To this Sir William, who is thus especially spoken of, because he may be esteemed the principal founder of the subsequent splendour of his family, Henry granted, in 1547, several manors and lands which had lately fallen to the crown by the attainder of Sir Ralph Vane, particularly the honour and park of Penshurst, in Kent. He too left an only son, Sir Henry Sidney, the dear friend of King Edward the Sixth, who died in his arms, one of Elizabeth's well chosen knights of the garter, the celebrated governor of Ireland, and President of Wales; a wise statesman, a true patriot, and a most honourable and beneficent gentleman. Of his three sons, by Mary, eldest daughter of the great and miserable John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the first was our Sir Philip Sidney.

With such zeal has every scattered fragment relative to this admirable person been preserved, that the circumstances of his very infancy would form a collection more extensive than the whole history of many a long and eminent life. "Of his youth," says Sir Fulke Greville, one of his school-fellows, and his first biographer, "I will report no other than this; that though I lived with him, and knew him from a child yet I never knew him other than a man; with such a steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years; his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught."

In order that he might be near his family, which resided at Ludlow Castle during Sir Henry's presidency of Wales, he was placed at a school in the town of Shrewsbury, and seems to have been at no other; yet we find him, at the age of twelve years, writing to his father not only in Latin, but in French, and doubtless with correctness at least, since no censure is uttered on his epistles by his father, from whom we have the fact. It is communicated in a letter to him from Sir Henry, so excellent in every point of consideration, and more particularly as it should seem to have been the very mould in which the son's future character was cast, that I cannot help regretting that its great length, not to mention that it has lately been published by Dr. Zouch, should render it unfit to form a part of the present sketch.

He was removed to Christchurch in the University of Oxford, in 1569, and placed under the care of Dr. Thomas Thornton, (who became through his means a Canon of that house), assisted by Robert Dorsett, afterwards Dean of Chester. Dr. Thornton was the gratuitous preceptor of Camden, and introduced him to Sidney, who became afterwards one of his most earnest patrons; and that faithful historian, who so well and so early knew him, has told us that "he was born into the world to show unto his age a sample of ancient virtues." Sidney studied also for some time at Cambridge, and there confirmed that fast friendship with Greville which had commenced at their school, and which the latter, with a warmth which the lapse of more than forty surviving years had not impaired, so emphatically commemorates on his own tomb, in the collegiate church of Warwick, by this inscription—"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

He concluded his academical studies at seventeen years of age, and on the twenty-sixth of May, 1572, departed for France with Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and admiral, then appointed by Elizabeth her ambassador extraordinary. His uncle Leicester, who probably cared little for talents in which cunning had no place, gave him on that occasion a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, then resident minister at Paris, in which he says "he is young and rawe, and no doubt shall find those countries, and the demeanours of the people somewhat straunge to him, in which respect your good advice and counsell shall greatlie behove him," &c. He was received with great distinction. Charles the Ninth appointed him a gentleman of his bedchamber, and he became familiarly known to Henry, King of Navarre, and is said to have been highly esteemed by that great and amiable Prince. Charles's favour to him, it is true, had been considered but as a feature of the plan of that evil hour to lull the protestants into a false security during the preparations for the diabolical massacre of St. Bartholomew, which burst forth on the twenty-second of August, within a fortnight after he had been admitted into his office. Sidney, on that

dreadful occasion, sheltered himself in the house of Walsingham, and quitted Paris as soon as the storm had subsided.

After a circuitous journey through Lorraine, by Strasburgh, and Heidelburgh, he rested for a time at Frankfort, where he became acquainted with the celebrated Hubert Languet, then resident minister there for the Elector of Saxony; a man who to the profoundest erudition joined the most intimate knowledge of the history, the laws, the political systems, and the manners of modern Europe; and whose eminent qualifications received their last polish from an upright heart, and a benign temper. At an age when men usually retire to the society of the friends of their youth, and the flatterers of their opinions, this sage selected the youthful Sidney, not only as his pupil, but as the companion of his leisure, and the depository of his confidence. "That day on which I first beheld him with my eyes," says Languet, "shone propitious to me." They passed together most part of the three years which Sidney devoted to his travels, and, when absent from each other, corresponded incessantly by letters. Languet's epistles have been more than once published, and amply prove the truth of these remarks; nor are Sidney's testimonials of gratitude and affection to him unrecorded.

Having halted long at Vienna, he travelled through Hungary, and passed into Italy, where he resided chiefly at Venice and Padua, and, without visiting Rome, which, it is said, no doubt truly, that he afterwards much regretted, he returned to England about May, 1575, and immediately after, then little more than twenty-one years of age, was appointed ambassador to the emperor Rodolph. The professed object of the mission was mere condolence on the death of that Prince's father; but Sidney had secret instructions to negotiate a union of the protestant states against the Pope and Philip of Spain; and the subsequent success of the measure has been ascribed to his arguments and address. While transacting these affairs he became acquainted with William the first Prince of Orange, and with Don John of Austria; and these heroes, perhaps in every other instance uniformly opposed to each other, united, not only in their tribute of applause, but in an actual friendship with him. William, in particular, held a constant correspondence with him on the public affairs of Europe, and designated him as "one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of state of that day in Europe."

Sidney returned from his embassy in 1577, and passed the eight succeeding years undistinguished by any public appointment. His spirit was too high for the court, and his integrity too stubborn for the cabinet. Elizabeth, who always expected implicit submission, could not long have endured such a servant; yet he occasionally advised her with the utmost freedom, and she received his counsel with gentleness. Of this we have a remarkable instance in his letter to her, written at great length, in 1579, against the proposed match with the Duke of Alencon, after of

Ange, which may be found in the Cabala, and in Collins's Sidney papers, and which Hume has pronounced to be written "with an unusual elegance of expression, as well as force of reasoning." Sir Fulke Greville calls him "an exact image of quiet and action, happily united in him, and seldom well divided in others;" activity, however, was the ruling feature in the mechanism of his nature, while the keenest sensibility reigned in his heart. Perhaps, too, if we may venture to suppose that Sidney had a fault, those mixed dispositions produced in him their usual effect, an impatience and petulance of temper, which the general grandeur of his mind was calculated rather to aggravate than to soften. Hence, in this his time of leisure, he fell into some excesses, which in an ordinary person, so much is human judgment swayed by the character of its subject, might perhaps rather have challenged credit than censure. Such were his quarrels with the Earls of Ormond and Oxford, the one too worthy, the other too contemptible, to be the object of such a man's resentment. Ormond had been suspected by Sidney of having endeavoured to prejudice the Queen against his father, and had therefore been purposely affronted by him; but the Earl nobly said (as appears by a letter in Collins's papers to Sir Henry Sidney), that he would accept no quarrel from a gentleman who was bound by nature to defend his father's cause, and who was otherwise furnished with so many virtues as he knew Mr. Philip to be. We are not told, however, that Sidney was satisfied. Oxford was a brute and a madman; insulted him at a tennis-court, without a cause, and with the utmost vulgarity of manners and language: yet, so angry was Sidney, that the privy council, finding their endeavours to prevent a duel would be ineffectual, were obliged to solicit Elizabeth to interpose her authority. Her argument on this occasion, for with him she condescended to argue, is too curious to be omitted. "She laid before him," says Sir Fulke Greville, "the difference in degree between lords and gentlemen; the respect inferiors owed to their superiors; and the necessity in princes to maintain their own creations, as degrees descending between the people's licentiousness and the annotated sovereignty of crowns; and how the gentleman's neglect of the nobility taught the peasant to insult upon both." Sidney combatted this royal reasoning with freedom and firmness, but submitted. He retired, however, for many months, much disgusted into the country; and, in that season of quiet, thus forced upon him, is supposed to have composed his *Arcadia*. These things happened in 1580; but the strongest and most blameable instance of his intemperance is to be found in a letter from him, of the 31st of May, 1578, to Mr. Edward Molineux, a gentleman of ancient family, and secretary to his father, whom he nastily, and it seems unjustly, suspected on a breach of confidence. Let it speak for itself, and, saving us the pain of remarking further on it, allow us to take leave of one imperfection of Sidney's character.

"MR. MOLINEUX,

"Few woordes are beste. My lettres to my father have come to the eys of some; neither can I condemne any but you for it. If it so, yow have plaide the very knave with me, and so I will make yow know, if I have good prooffe of it: but that for so muche as is past; for that which is to come, I assure yow before God, that if ever I knowe you do so muche as reede any lettre I wryte to my father, without his commandement, or my consente, I will thruste my dagger into yow; and truste to it, for I speake it in earnest. In the meane time farewell. By me, PHILIPPE SIDNEY."

About this time he represented the county of Kent in Parliament, where he frequently was actively engaged in the public business. He sat in 1581 on a most select committee for the devising new laws against the Pope, and his adherents. In the same year the proposals for the French marriage were earnestly renewed; the Duke of Anjou visited Elizabeth; and, after three months ineffectual suit, was, through her wisdom or folly, finally, but pompously dismissed. Sidney was appointed one of the splendid train which attended him to Antwerp, and we find him soon after his return, soliciting for employment. "The Queen," says he, in a letter to Lord Burghley, of the twenty-seventh of January, 1582, "at my L. of Warwick's request, hath bene moved to join me in this office of ordinance; and, as I learn, her Majestic yields gratious heering unto it. My suit is your L. will favour and furdre it, which I truly affirme unto your L. I much more desyre for the being busied in a thing of some serviceable eyperience than for any other comoditie, which is but small, that can arise from it." His request was unsuccessful, and it was perhaps owing to this disappointment that he devoted the whole of the next year to literary leisure, one result of which is said to have been his "Defence of Poesy." In 1583 he married Frances, the only surviving daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, by whom two years afterwards, he had an only child, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland; and on the thirteenth of January in that year was knighted at Windsor, as a qualification for his serving as proxy for John, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, at an installation of the order of the Garter.

It is strange that almost immediately after his disinterested marriage to a young woman of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, he should have laid a plan to accompany Drake, in his second voyage, all the great objects of which it was agreed should be committed to his management. The whole had been devised and matured with the utmost secrecy, and it should seem that he was actually on board when a peremptory mandate arrived from the Queen to stay him. A speculation, the extravagance of which was perhaps equal to its honour, awaited his return. He was invited to enrol himself among the candidates for the crown of Poland, vacant in 1585 by the death of Stephen Bathori, and this historical fact affords a stronger general proof of the fame of his

scope for action. Sidney was sworn of the Privy Council, and, on the seventh of November in the same year appointed governor of Flushing, one of the most important of the towns then pledged to Elizabeth for the payment and support of her auxiliary troops, and General of the Horse, under his uncle Leicester, who was Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in the Low Countries. On the eighteenth of that month he arrived at Flushing, and, as it were by an act of mere volition, instantly assumed, together with his command, all the qualifications which it required. His original letters, preserved in our great national repository, abundantly prove that he was the ablest general in the field, and the wisest military counsellor in that service: of his bravery it is unnecessary to speak. I insert one of them addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham, and hitherto unpublished; not with the particular view of making that proof, but to give perhaps the strongest possible instance of the wonderful variety, as well as of the power of his rich mind: to exhibit the same Sidney whose pen had so lately been dedicated to the soft and sweet relaxation of poesy and pastoral romance, now writing from his tent, amid the din of war, with the stern simplicity, and short-breathed impatience, of an old soldier. The letter, indeed, is in many other respects of singular curiosity. The view which it imperfectly gives us of his earnest zeal for the Protestant cause, of Elizabeth's feelings towards him, and of the wretched provision made at home for the campaign, are all highly interesting.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

"I receave dyvers letters from you, full of the discomfort which I see, and am sorry to see, y^e yow daily meet with at home; and I think, such is y^e goodwil it pleaseth you to bear me, y^e my part of y^e trouble is something y^e troubles yow; but I beseech yow let it not. I had before cast my count of danger, want, and disgrace; and, before God, Sir, it is trew in my hart, the love of y^e caws doth so far over balance them all, y^e, with God's grace, thei shall never make me weery of my resolution. If her Ma^{ty} wear the fountain, I wold fear, considering what I daily fynd, y^e we shold wax dry; but she is but a means whom God useth, and I know not whether I am deceived, but I am faithfully persuaded, y^e if she shold withdraw herself, other springes wold ryse to help this action: for methinkes I see y^e great work in-

my troubles, for I have seen the worn judgement, beforehand, and worn then not bee."

"If the Queene pai not her souldik must loos her garrisons; ther is no doo of; but no man living shall be habile to fault is in me. What releefe I can do will. I will spare no danger, if occasion I am sure no creature shall be habile to justice to my charge; and, for furdre truly I stand not upon them. I have by Adams to the council plainli, and lett them determin. It hath been a c ginning unto me this war, by reason I thing proportioned unto it; my serva experienced, and myself every way un ed; but heerafter, if the war continew pas much better thorow with it. For up Zome, I delighted in it, I confess, it was neer the enemy; but especially a very fair hows in it, and an excelle destenied it for my wyfe; but, fyndi yow deal there, and y^e ill paiment in sence thens might bring forth som n and considering how apt the Queen is pret every thing to my disadvantage resigned it to my Lord Willoughby, frend, and indeed a vaillant and frank man, and fit for y^e place; therefore I p know that so much of my regality is f

"I understand I am called very a and pround at home, but certainly if th my hart thei wold not altogether so j I wrote to yow a letter by Will, my Lester's jesting plaier, enclosed in a my wyfe, and I never had answer thei contained something to my Lord of Le council y^e som wai might be taken to lady there. I since, dyvers tymes ha to know whether you had receaved tl yow never answered me y^e point. I si y^e the knave deliver'd the letters to n of Lester, but whether she sent them no I know not, but earnestly desyre to caws I dout there is more interpreted Mr. Erington is with me at Flushi therefore I think myself at the more r ing a man of his reputation; but I asst Sir, in good earnest, I fynd Burlas manner of man than he is taken for, pected. I would to God, Burne had his suit. He is earnest, but somewhat posed with consideration of his estate. is good for nothing, and worst for y^e s y^e hackbutes. We shall have a sore wa us this sommer, wherein if appointm

him kept, and these disgraces forborn, we have greatly weakened us, we had been victors. I can say no more at this tyme, but pray for you long and happy lyfe. At Utrecht, this 24th of March, 1586.

Your humble son,

PH. SIDNEY.

"I know not what to say to my wyve's coming till you resolve better; for if yow run a strange course, I may take such a one heer as will not be fitt for anye of the feminin gender. I pray yow make much of Nichol. Gery. I have been vyldly deceived for armures for hennemen; if yow could speedily spare me any out of your armury, I will send them yow back as soon as my own be finished. There was never so good a father find a more troublesom son. Send Sir William Pelham, good Sir, and let him have Clerke's place, for we need no clerkes, and it is most necessary to have such a one in the councill."

On the fifth of May, following the date of this letter, he lost his father, and on the ninth of August, his mother. Providence thus mercifully spared them the dreadful trial which was fast approaching. Sir Philip, having highly distinguished himself in many actions of various fortune, commanding on the twenty-fourth of September a detachment of the army, met accidentally a convoy of the enemy, on its way to Zutphen, a strong town of Guelderland, which they were then besieging. He attacked it with a very inferior force, and an engagement of uncommon fury ensued, in which having had one horse shot under him, and being remounted, he received a musket shot a little above the left knee, which shattered the bone, and passed upwards towards the body. As they were bearing him from the field of battle toward the camp, (for the anecdote, though already so often told, cannot be too often repeated,) he became faint and thirsty from excess of bleeding, and asked for water, which he was about to drink, when observing the eye of a dying soldier fixed on the glass, he resigned it to him, saying "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." He was carried to Arnheim, and variously tortured by a multitude of surgeons and physicians for three weeks. Amputation, or the extraction of the ball, would have saved his inestimable life, but they were unwilling to practice the one, and did not know how to perform the other. In the short respite which he spared during his confinement from severe exercises of piety he wrote upon his wound, and made his will at uncommon length, and with the most scrupulous attention. Of that instrument, which is inserted, with some mistakes, in Collins's Sidney Papers, Fulke Greville most justly says, "This will, which will ever remain for a witness to the world of those sweet and large, even dying affections of him, could no more be contracted with the narrowness of pain, grief, or sickness, than any sparkle of our immortality can be privately buried in the shadow of death." It is dated the last day of September 1586, and on the seventh of October 1586, a codicil, with many

tokens of regard to intimate friends. A small but interesting fact disclosed by that codicil, has hitherto escaped the notice of his biographers. It ends with these words; "I give to my good friends, Sir George Digby, and Sir Henry Goodier, each a ring of . . . His dictation was interrupted by death.

Thus ended a life, doubtless of great designs, but of few incidents. The jealousy and timidity of Elizabeth denied to Sir Philip Sidney any share in her state confidence; excluded him from a cabinet which he would have enlightened by his counsels, and purified by the example of his honour and integrity; and devoted him to an honourable banishment, and a premature death. Such a man should have had such a master as Henry the Fourth of France, and a concord of all that was wise, and virtuous, and amiable, might have gone far towards gaining the empire of Europe, by winning the hearts of its people. But he was consigned to almost private life, and a strict observer of his mind and heart would have been his best biographer. Most of the inestimable story which such a one might have preserved for our delight and our instruction is lost for ever. Sir Fulke Greville, who however, entirely loved him, wanted the talent, or the feeling, or both, which might have excited and enabled him to record innumerable effusions of goodness, and wisdom, and genius, imbibed by himself, even at the fountain head; but his book, which has been the chief ground work for subsequent writers, contains little but meagre facts, and rapid eulogium. Those who would study then with precision the detail of Sidney's character must seek it in his writings, and I regret that the proposed limits of the present publication are too confined to allow of disquisition to that effect. I shall conclude, however, by enumerating them, adding a very few remarks.

We do not find that any of his works were published while he lived. The *Arcadia*, which has been translated into most of the living tongues and so frequently reprinted, first appeared in 1591; as did "*Astrophel and Stella*," a long series of Sonnets and Songs, intended, it is said, to express his passion for the fair Lady Rich. "*The Defence of Poesy*," a critical rhapsody, full of classical intelligence, and acute observation, was first printed in 1595; these only of his works were published singly. Other of his Sonnets, a poem called "*A Remedy for Love*," and "*The Lady of May*," a masque, have been subjoined to different editions of the *Arcadia*. In the volume published in 1600, and now lately reprinted, with the title of "*England's Helicon*, or a Collection of Songs," are many from his pen. His answer to that furious volume of vengeance against his uncle, well known by the title of "*Leicester's Commonwealth*," remained manuscript so late as 1746, when Collins inserted it in his fine publication of the Sidney Papers. There are a few other pieces, both in verse and prose, which, having been perhaps falsely ascribed to him, I forbear to mention.

Notwithstanding all that we have heard of Sir Philip Sidney's early fondness for literature, I am inclined to think that, had he been placed in his proper sphere, we might never have known him as an author. The character of his talents, the form of his education, the habits of his early society, and his own earnest inclination, combined to qualify him for a statesman of the first order. Disappointed in his favourite views, his activity probably sought relief in literary exercise, and hence we find more of the mind than of the heart, more judgment than fancy, in the productions of his pen. He fled to the muse, perhaps, rather for refuge than enjoyment, and courted her more in the spirit of a friend than of a lover; but the warmth of the attachment was sufficient to produce a flame which was always bright and pure, and which, if it did not dazzle, at least never failed to enlighten. His works in general may be characterized as the choicest fruits of universal study, and unbounded recollection, selected by a mind which while it possessed equal measures of the most powerful vigour, and the most refined delicacy, was ruled by the highest sentiments of religious, moral, and social duty. He was deficient in originality, but the splendour of his virtues and of his talents awed criticism to silence, or charmed it into unqualified approbation; till a writer, confessedly at the head of his own most agreeable class, stood boldly forward, not to start that objection, but to deny nearly all which the united suffrages of Europe had for two centuries implicitly agreed to grant. Lord Orford, in his sketch of the life of Sir Fulke Greville, calls Sir Philip Sidney "an astonishing object of temporary admiration;" discovers his *Arcadia* to be "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance;" and insults the sublimity of his exit by ascribing it to "the rashness of a volunteer." But the noble writer delighted in biographical paradoxes, and perhaps in controverting received opinions, and high authorities. It was natural enough for the champion of Richard the Third to turn his weapons against Sir Philip Sidney, as well as to endeavour to pull down the character of Lord Falkland, from the height on which it had been placed by the glowing pen of the immortal Clarendon. But a truce with such specks of criticism. Let them who are able and willing to judge for themselves, turn to the Defence of Poesy for the prodigious extent and variety of Sidney's studies, and for his judicious application of the results of them; let them contemplate, even in the very first pages of the *Arcadia*, the readiness and playfulness of his wit, and in the whole innumerable scattered proofs of his speculative and practical wisdom; let them compare his style, both in verse and prose, with those of contemporary authors; and they will turn, with a sentiment almost amounting to anger, from a solitary judgment founded in caprice, and uttered at least with indiscretion.

However imprudent it may be to place in the same view with my own observations a passage so finely conceived, and so exquisitely expressed,

I cannot conclude without citing, in justification of some of the opinions which I have presumed here to give, the words of an admirable living critic. "Sidney," says he, in comparing his poetical talents with those of Lord Buckhurst, "displays more of the artifices, and less of the inspiration of Poetry. His command of language, and the variety of his ideas are conspicuous. His mind exhibits an astonishing fund of acquired wealth; but images themselves never seem to overcome him with all the power of actual presence. The ingenuity of his faculties supplies him with a lively substitute; but it is not vivid, like the reality."

From the Westminster Review.

PROSPECTS OF REFORM.*

ONE of the touchstones of a good commander, is always to move forward after a success. A driveller dawdles, and does not know what to do next; and so the precious time passes, and the enemy has time to set himself upon his legs again. In fact, beat any set of men, and give them three weeks without following up, and they will be as ready to try to beat you again as ever they were. It is in the nature of human affairs, that in all cases of recent contest, each party must either go forward or backward; a state of rest may be arrived at by slow degrees, but it is not a thing to be had by wishing for, nor by any man's running his head under the bed-clothes and fancying it peace.

The English people and the honest part of the aristocracy, have just beaten the dishonest part of the latter *à plate couture*; which means that the opponent has been fairly forced out of the field. It is true that it has been done without fighting; but then there were none to fight withal. It would have been useless to recall this fact, if the bad portion of the aristocracy and their organs had not been the first to talk of military array; but as it is, it is one of the data for estimating their position. Men who would have fought and could not,—who were restrained from shedding blood by no motive of humanity or love of country, but who, on the contrary, chuckle over the idea of settling the manufacturing towns 'in blood,'—such men, if properly looked to, are not dangerous after a great defeat such as they

* *The Extraordinary Black Book; an Exposition of Abuses in Church and State, Courts of Law, Representation, Municipal and Corporate bodies; with a View of the House of Commons, past, present, and to come.* A new Edition, greatly enlarged, and corrected to the present time. By the Original Editor. London. Effingham Wilson. 1832. 8vo. pp. 683.

2. *The Rights of Nations: A Treatise on Representative Government, Despotism and Reform.* By the Author of 'The Reformer's Catechism' and 'The People's Charter.'—London: J. Crooks. 1832. 12mo. pp. 454.

3. *Parliamentary Candidate's proposed Declaration of Principles: or say, A test proposed for Parliamentary Candidates.*—London. Published at the Office of the Westminster Review, 5, Wellington street, Strand; and sold by the Agents of the Westminster Review in all Parts of the Kingdom. 1831. pp. 18.

have just met with. Only they must not be played the fool with; and decent care must be taken, being down, to keep them down. They must not be invited to resurrection by simplicity; no man scotches a viper and then says, 'Go your way, till I meet you another time.' The object is to act wisely and resolutely now.

The first element for settling the people's position and their duty, is to see clearly by whom the contest has been won. It has been won by the combination of two great classes,—the representatives of the aristocracy that made the Revolution of 1688 and their retainers,—and the masses of intelligent individuals in the working and middle ranks, that have grown up since the intermission of war in 1815. There is no need to distinguish them by symbols x and y , though it could be done almost as briefly; for titles, like comparisons, are sometimes odious. There was a good deal of distrust on both sides, before these two classes could be made to draw together; but at last, draw they did, in spite of all the efforts of open and hidden enemies, and the result has been to demonstrate, that as long as they will draw together, the field is before them. They have no enemy so long as they can combine; though armed men would rise out of the ground to demolish both, the moment any symptom was given of separation. It is the common question, of whether parties having great interests in union, can make such small sacrifices as shall continue their co-operation; or whether they will lose the ninety per cent. by quarrelling and separating for the ten. The family receipt on these occasions is, that a good deal must be given up on both sides; and what is sense for a family, is sense for a parish or a nation.

The first inference therefore upon view is, that the two parties,—the honest aristocracy and the intelligent people,—must hold together at all hazards. And the next is, that to accomplish this, they must each yield something to the other, and neither be inclined to strain compliments upon either other, than to be picked and precise as to what shall be mutually demanded. The aristocratic side have had a cheap bargain, in being carried on the shoulders of the people to an elevation that gives them the prospect of such real greatness, fame, and useful power, as have never been surpassed in the world's history. They would not be ungrateful, they would be fools and incapable too low to be accountable for their actions, if they were to think of quarrelling with the stand that carries them. And the people, on the other hand, have done through the junction of the aristocracy, what they would not have done without; and will do, through the continuance of the alliance, what they could not do, or all events could not do so easily and so well. The union is a good union, if the parties can only be made to hold one another in the mutual respect that shall continue it. The point to be settled therefore is, what each ought to give up to the other. And here the people have already agreed to give up —not only all questions of

major changes in the form of government, though many of them had imbibed from history and experience strong leanings in that direction,—but also any attempt to carry further the alterations in the subordinate forms and channels of legislation, except so far as the necessity shall be evinced by future experience. There is no disguise or concealment, of what it is the people have fixed their minds upon. They have set their hearts upon being as well governed as their cousins in the United States;—and they mean to have it. They have no notion why New York should be governed well, and Old York ill; and they have agreed to try whether the present change will produce the effect desired, and if not, they will try another. This is their bargain; and what they have bargained, they will stand to. But then this is of itself an enormous *quid*, and implies a *pro quo* of proportionate dimensions. The fear is not that the upright aristocracy should give too much, but that after exerting all their talents they should give too little. They stand in the situation of officers, who by the firmness and vigour of the array of common men behind them, have just been carried to the pinnacle of present success against a stubborn enemy, who is known to be rallying again behind the next ridge, to try his fortune in at all events cutting off as much as possible of the fruits of victory. In such circumstances, if any man were to ask what would be, not the wisest, but the maddest thing such officers could do,—if he were to be curious in ascertaining what imaginable proceeding would lead most directly to the conclusion that it had pleased God to visit them with a privation of the degree of reason which makes men competent to the actions of common life,—it would be if it should from any source be suggested to their minds, to hint about disbanding the array that had led to victory. If any body chooses to suppose such a case,—which is perhaps hardly civil,—the rest would clearly be, that the epaulettes who conducted themselves, would be invited to go over to the enemy's side to prevent confusion, and somebody else would quietly step forward and take their places. There would be a general cry through the ranks, that we had not come here for the pleasure of marching up a given hill, or looking down upon a range of country from a given point, but of attaining certain public objects, and till these were practically and substantially secured, the man was a traitor who should so much as whisper to pile arms. There are degrees of folly no man thinks of; and this is one of them. But if by some gambol of imagination the case is supposed to occur, the answer that would fly from rank to rank would necessarily be, 'Neither for you nor any man!' We stand here in the plenitude of conscious and experimented strength; we should be sorry to suppose that either A or B should think of making themselves our enemies, but if A and B are given over to an insane mind, A and B must only try.

At the same time it is evident, that no

men want to stand in heavy marching order for ever, and that they will be as willing as any body else to turn into quiet quarters, the moment the people on the staff will bring things into a reasonable state for doing so. What, then, is that reasonable state?

The first essential towards it, is manifestly that our aristocracy or men of epaulettes shall have removed from us all those marks and badges of servitude, the imposition of which *they themselves protested against when they were a minority*. This is a criterion which any body must be a barefaced rogue and deceiver to object to. The various chains and gags and collars, inflicted since 1791 in the shape of restrictions or impediments on the press, on the right of popular meeting and communication on political subjects, the Six Acts, and the Foreign Enlistment Act, must come down and be trampled under foot before any man with the spirit of a leader or the honesty of a private sentinel, can counsel or hear of any counsel of abating the least of the array that has won the victory. We have won it by means of the array; and we are not so simple as to be told, that because we have won it, the reasonable inference is that we should submit ourselves tied and bound to the enemy. If they love us, they will not dream of asking us any such thing; for if they did, they know the answer. We all of us are well aware, that the frame and constitution, the mechanism and carefully contrived organization of our government is, that substantial and efficacious portions of it shall be born and bred, and christened and married and buried, under the full influence and operation of every thing which an ingenious theorist could point out as hostile to the interests of us the people, and that these constitute the antagonist powers, by the action of which the vessel of the public happiness is to be kept with the keel downwards and the masts uppermost. We know that it is ruled and regulated,—not as any temporary phenomenon, but as what is to be systematically repeated and renewed from generation to generation,—that one virtually if not ostensibly operative portion of the government, is to be an offset from a foreign power;—that the absolute powers of the Continent are always to have a representative and a vote, and all the final results of government in England are to be dashed and tempered by the introduction of this element;—and we know that this is as it ought to be, and in fact an invention *pené divina* for our happiness and well-being. But then we know too, that we are the other antagonist power, and that what we have, like the Yorkshireman in the fable, we mean to keep;—that those who wish to take any thing from us, or hinder us from recovering our own by a very brief and blunt application of what we have got already,—are welcome to try, but had better think twice if they feel any interest in not being our enemies. There is a regiment on the other side of the steam-bridge, that manœuvres ‘uncommon’ comfortably, and never a commission by purchase or by fathership among them; and if it was

forced upon us, if there was absolutely no escape, the only refuge would be to try something of the same kind here. But the great object of the guides and counsellors of the masses at the present moment, is to prevent and keep down the necessity for any such result. They have been sadly baffled and counteracted by the conduct of those who might have been supposed to have had an interest in concert; and they never had an idea, till they beheld it, of the quantity of downright sheer republicanism which existed in this country, in a state for being disengaged by such impolicy as has been displayed. If they had had the honour of being consulted, the last thing they would have asked the Lords to do, would have been to make such a rampant display of ill-will, followed by such exhibition of inability to resist. In short, they would have begged the Lords, to let themselves down gently; and this merely because their actual conduct produced an excitation on the popular side, which it was not easy to direct into conformity with the purpose in hand. But this was not the fault of the people or their leaders; on the contrary, it was a difficulty thrown in the way by their opponents. The people, however, still adhere to their desire to preserve the old formula of King, Lords, and Commons. The two first have made but a poor show on the present occasion; but the people mean to prop them up. And thereon comes the *how*? And this, too, is one of the things the people intend to see settled, before they abate one jot of the active exertions which have placed them in the situation of men able to take care both of themselves and other persons.

The people, therefore, do not intend to abate a tittle of their present attitude, till they see the form of government by King, Lords, and Commons, put out of danger;—and most especially out of the greatest danger of all, that of being brought into continual collision with the safety and interests of the community. And the way to do this, is neither doubtful nor obscure;—*Clear the way for the present leaders to go on*. If any body should come forward and say, ‘Good people, you have just had a great victory; whereupon our desire and request is, that you will let your leaders be taken from your head, and the commanders of the enemy be settled in their places’—if any body should be gross and foolish enough to say this, it is plain, that unless it had pleased heaven in the interval to visit the people with mental alienation, it would be equivalent to crying ‘To your tents, O Israel,’ and to forcing the people to take all the measures *now*, the initiation and demonstration of which were so effectual *before*. It would in fact be asking them to allow their throats to be cut to-day, by the men they hindered from doing it yesterday. Any attempt of this nature would be an act of open hostility; the consequences of which will be visible enough when they come. But it is not enough that this should be impracticable for the moment; the people are not going to stand for ever on a cold hill side, when by the mere display

of the legal and irresistible power which is in their hands, they can obtain security for the future and retire to bed. They know that the difficulty lies in the House of Lords. They know that for the last fifty years, men have been poured into that House for the express purpose of supporting the rotten boroughs as long as they could, and in case they should fail on that point, resisting the improvement of the condition of the people afterwards. For example, is it or is it not, matter of notoriety, that five rotten boroughs were the market price of a peerage;—that is to say, that it was at one time understood and acted on, that any man who could nominate five Members in the Commons House, might be made a Peer for asking? And in this state of things, it is to be made a question with the people, whether when they and the part of the aristocracy which are their friends are uppermost, the House of Lords is to be adjusted by the introduction of new Members in the ordinary and constitutional way. It in fact makes part and portion of the question, whether the people's officers are to be taken from their head, and those of the enemy substituted in their room. For any minister who should dream of holding office, and surrendering the right of advising and determining the making of Peers to coteries of court ladies or bedchamber lords—would evidently hold his popularity and his power of carrying on the government about as long, as if he were to concede that the employment of our regiments in making war, should depend on the appetites and propensities of the juvenile princes who present themselves from time to time in human dresses to the admiring legionaries. If the formula of Kings, Lords, and Commons is to continue, the operation of making peers is the operation, in which all the others may be said to be bound up. If the people's minister is not to have it, say no—and the question is then reduced to whether the people of Great Britain, standing in their present attitude of legal activity and constitutional organization, have or have not the power to prevent their interests from being at the mercy of a ministry of their enemies.

The case in short reduces itself to this. The enemies of the people have been only half beaten; and the question is, whether they shall be whole beaten, or the people shall lay down their arms before them as they are. And the officers, to say the truth, are not to be thought too much of; they are many of them only a half-and-half set, who come to our side because they think it will be the strongest in the end. There are those among them who would take service with the enemy to-morrow, if in the mean time they could ruin us neatly, and without a chance of resurrection. As a proof of it, they are hand and glove with the leaders of the enemy; and when they have a man to send upon a foreign mission, it is just in the enemy's ranks they think of looking for him. They must think us strange idiots if we are taken in by this—or if it does not breed a steady, cool determination, that for every act of this kind they try to commit, there must be common prudence

be a step more taken, to advance the power of the democracy at home. If we are to be served by enemies abroad, it is doubly necessary they should be directed by none at home. There must be a purgation—a purgation. A squad of the worst must turn out, and better take their places. Do they expect the English will be cheated like the French in July? There is clear treachery already; our worst enemies are applied to, to do our business abroad. There must be an end of this; and the sooner the better. Either the people have beaten or they have not; and if they have not, it is time they should try. But no frauds of the *juste milieu* here. The example is providential; the same men in France, whom the people in their folly and their stupidity allowed to take the reins when it was in their power to decide, are seen committing every enormity of the preceding government with increased energy and waiting for another day of popular union to consign them to destruction. The people of England will take warning, and keep free while they are free. Their enemies object only to one thing—that they should be free. The people may do what they please, provided they keep clear of this one unreasonableness—exercising the influence on the government, that shall enable them to take care of themselves. They may have representatives—since it cannot be helped;—but nothing can be so unconstitutional and inconsistent with all good government, as their combining in any union which shall make their representatives of use. The secret is simply this, that the government is not to be good. The understood bargain is, that the people shall not be free; and all that goes to make them so, is held up as a breach of social order, and to be resisted accordingly.

There is no arguing with opponents of this kind; it is a mere question whether the people have power to hold their own or not. If they have not, they will be squeezed dry as hay; and if they are not so squeezed already, it is only because they have the power of preventing it. Luckily they have the power, as has been proved, of preventing it without coming to actual blows; and this very power, the modest request is, that they should consent to lay aside.

Three things then, the people have a naked right to demand, before they will agree to lay down an atom of the state of preparation for constitutional resistance, which, thanks to the giver of all good, no body can make them lay down without consent. And these are, first, that there shall be no chance of their being insulted by the proposal for a ministry of their enemies;—secondly, that the way shall be opened for carrying on the government under the present form of King, Lords, and Commons, by either turning out the rotten-borough Lords, or, since no machinery has been provided for such an operation, neutralizing them by the machinery which has been provided, the introduction of honest blood to dilute the baseness of the other;—and thirdly, that our own side of the aristocracy should show their honesty, by immediately taking off from us

the fetters and badges of slavery laid upon us by our enemies, and that the criterion shall be, their own resistance to the measures at the time they were imposed. But this is but dry bread after all; it wants a condiment, an unction, to make it slip down the general throat, and give it some savour of festive triumph. Besides, men have wives and children, who do not go far into abstract political questions, though they abide the consequences; and for these, there should be something to make a holiday, some trophy gained that they can feel and thoroughly enjoy. For instance, is there no biting, insulting wrong—no household shame and intruding fireside degradation—that makes its way to the table where an honest man breaks his fast, and causes him to lay his hands upon his daughters' heads and whisper inwardly, 'My dears, you all pay daily for keeping up a great bad house beyond the sea?' Would it not be a glorious thing, a matter for men to think of on their death-beds with delight, a deed splendid and brilliant in the eyes of foreign nations and which would go down to history as of that class of glowing national acts for which the opportunity was thought confined to the earlier ages of the world—if the British people, standing on the summit of their success and on the very ground where their cause was won, should put aside all meaner wrongs, and say, 'Rid us of one disgrace—liberate us from one infamy—let us go home to our wives and daughters clean men, and not with a conscious dirtiness of soul as payers for our own dishonour. We demand to be freed from it, not because it is impolitic, but because it is felony. We are honest men, and should not pay for Burking our fellow-citizens. We stand here as we are, till we see an end of slavery in the Colonies.' Consider how creditable this would be; reflect how fitting for decent people. Remember how gone-by governments have deceived you with an intended fraud and falsehood in their mouths; how they have stamped and determined the baseness of the act, and then kept you under the avowed baseness for seven years, for the sake of seven years' profits of the wrong. Recollect how certain and indisputable it is, that you have in no instance got any thing but what you could command; that if the white slaves are not as ill off as the black, it is owing to one feeling—fear. Just turn in your minds, how simply, how speedily, how effectually, the whole question might be settled, and we and our children walk without an inward blast of degradation in our souls—if the Political Unions would but agree to demand the abatement of the West Indian nuisance? What strange people those religious are! Here will they make a point of not paying taxes for an ecclesiastical establishment they dislike, except after the exercise of such resistance as is within the law, to mark their hatred—and yet not one of them ever moves the question, whether it is consistent with a conscientious man's duty, to pay for the support of known crime without being subjected to the same degree of force. They can protest in the one case, because it concerns their party; they can-

not in the other, because it only concerns their souls. A pretty reckoning it will be at the last day, when they are asked, 'How came you to refuse church-dues unless your goods were taken, and had not the spirit to refuse in the same way to pay a tax for supporting the flogging of women in the West Indies?' They will say perhaps, that Peter caught a haddock. But it was not set before him in its nakedness, 'Friend Peter, now knowest, that what thou fishest for, is to keep a brothel in a Roman colony. And Peter's too, was the act of a man submitting to foreign conquest to avoid blood-shed, and not of a free citizen giving the approbation of his consent. If the only consequence of refusing the Roman tax-gatherer, would have been the taking of a cup or platter out of that house that like a good man he nursed his wife's mother in, it may be very doubtful whether Peter would have gone to fish. Or some will say, You may use the dearer sugar. But why are our consciences to allow of paying for the infamy without resistance, in this way more than in the other? But these things go by fancy. It is very odd, nevertheless, that any man should fancy paying for such disgrace, while there is a way of vindicating, not his pocket, but his honour—not his interest, but his conscience of not having submitted cowardly, without a protest, to degradation. Such things, however, require concert. Every thing must have a beginning. Come forward one man, and there shall be two; which is a considerable progress geometric, whatever it may be arithmetically. It would be splendid energy, that what men would not do in their own cause, they should do in the cause of others. Suppose we were taxed to pay to keep Burkers. Would it not be the duty of a well-bred Christian to refuse? Put it on this ground, if preferred; say that as gentlemen you cannot think of it. There is one set of men, however, who must be treated gently when the time comes; and those are the hereditary owners. A man cannot help the place he is born in. There are good people every where; but they must show themselves. One of the most humane and amiable men the writer of this ever knew, was born the hereditary master of a slave factory on the coast of Africa. But for the men who join for filthy lucre, we have neither pity nor remorse. They have had time enough for warning; and any loss to them will be only part of their speculation. They entered on it, knowing they were entering on a condemned business; and set their gains accordingly. If an insurer chooses to insure for a high premium on an act of desperate piracy, is that any reason the piracy should be spared?

Suppose again, that after seven years' promise to abate the Burking nuisance, a committee was sitting to report on the state of the wells and premises. Would not the first question be, 'Have they examined, do they mean to examine, is there any chance that they will examine, will they allow any body to bring to be examined, any single individual of the class on whom the Burking falls?' Consider what would be thought of an operation, whose manifest end and object

was, to bring up the Burkers and invite them to give evidence for themselves. You are played with; you are made fools of; go to the Political Unions and make men of yourselves, and then hold up your heads before your wives and families. Be well prepared too with the bowels of the question. If any man tells you to look at the magnitude of the trade, tell him that all trade supported by a tax, is paid for twice, once by the payer of the tax, and once by the people from whom the honest trade is taken. Ask him why a trade in honest sugar should not be as good as in sugar you are disgraced to pay for. If he says there are slaves in the East Indies too,—first deny it,—secondly, ask him why, villainy against villainy, there is to be that particular villainy that you must pay for. If any body points to the revenue and to shipping, tell him the same might be derived from an honest trade, and more; and that the boast of revenue and shipping from a trade that cannot keep itself, is a simple cheat for the benefit of the concerned. If any man tells you he has been credibly informed the slaves are happy, ask him if he would believe his informants if they told him the fish in a frying-pan were happy. Can a slave marry, can a slave prevent his children from being sold to other lands, can a slave give evidence of the rape of his daughter or the murder of his wife, though he saw it with his eyes? Oh, a man who can do none of these, must be wondrous happy;—what a 'cake,' what a piece of unleavened dough, must he be that can be persuaded of it. An Englishman may lack fresh beef; but what would he think of a law, which made it criminal to have fresh beef in his possession? Would this come home to him, and persuade him slaves were comfortable? All this is done, and you, you, pay for it; and for no other end to yourselves, than that men shall come into your legislature to vote against your happiness. Is it true or not, that the West-Indian interest has always been in the head and front of the opposition to your own freedom? And how could it be otherwise; would it not have been a disgrace to have had any interest it could have in common? Things may be endured to a certain length; but there are lengths that men who have lived where bulls have 'knoll'd to church,' respectable, well-educated men, decent men, men who have the habits of good society, cannot endure—there is a better word, *will not*. Don't endure it;—you may put it down in to months if you like. You have gained greater things than this;—gain this. If the government should put forward any plea of difficulty, tell them it is the first time the people of England have been advised to fear an enemy, kept up by a vote of the House. Hear no pleas on the probability of insurrection. Tell the 'Burkers,' the sooner the 'Italian boys' can rise upon them, the better for you; and that after having had seven years to a chance, they must be their own insurers in the press of England has taken up the point; * and

has boldly declared, that insurrection is what the slaves must look to for relief. The people of England is with them heart and soul. How does an officer or soldier expect to be received, who comes back after performing the part of Jack Ketch for our enemies? Once more to the Political Unions,—don't endure it; but hold together like burrs, till you see this foul, indecent, unmanly shame wiped off from you and your posterity.

Do all this, and there will be something done for the 'Prospects of Reform.' Afterwards, the means will be of a more ordinary kind. The choice of good men to be representatives, is the great end to be pursued. For this purpose, the Political Unions are a ready organized set of committees. Choose no man, that will not be your delegate, or resign when your opinions clash. It would be an improvement still, if he could be paid as in the olden time, and as in America at this day. It would be a pleasant thing to hear a member say, 'My constituents, whose money I take, and whom of course I cannot go against.' This is the true footing. If men have interests, they pay the lawyer they think can serve them. If lawyers offered to serve at their own expense, what would be the inference, but that they paid themselves out of the property that came before them? As to what should be demanded of such delegates, it would be useless to attempt a digest here; the work last cited in the head of the Article, is the legacy of the great man who is just gone to the Power that made him. The other books cited in the same place, afford copious illustrations of what there is to oppose and what to amend; and though perhaps not invariably right, they in the main give a formidable opinion of the judgment as well as talent of those who mean to set about the operation. One word of advice may be not unseasonable. Take care not to be deceived by the stratagems of the enemy. Let no man, for instance, unless he has a tail or some other asinine appendage, be taken in by such a raw jest as the Factory Bill. A Tory club have cut us off from our trade,—made laws that we shall not sell the labour of our hands,—reduced us and ours to the bare possibility of keeping soul and body together by labour the most excessive, and toil the most extravagant;—and these very men shall come forward and tell us, *that if we will send them to parliament to support all this abuse,—to maintain the Corn Laws, and keep down all chance of being allowed to sell our goods abroad,—they will do, what?—pass a bill to prevent us from working our own children more than ten hours a day.* This is kind; this is benevolent; this is worth a man's going on his knees in the mud to thank them for. Get liberty to buy and sell, ye Isaacars, ye asses couching between two burdens; and then your children may live by your labour, without leave from those who starve you. If negro slaves did any thing so absurd, the world would say, how debasing the effects of slavery! Feel every man for a tail who talks of

such a thing. Time was, a Yorkshireman might walk abroad, with some consciousness of being supposed as knowing as his neighbours. If fooleries of this kind go on, Gotham will be put in Schedule A, and the representation of unreason transferred into the West Riding.

From Fraser's Magazine.

We are indebted to Mr. Galt for this very curious paper. It was obtained by him from Mrs. Bawden, the daughter of General Monckton, who was second in command in the enterprise.

SECRET INSTRUCTIONS TO GENERAL WOLFE FOR THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

GEORGE R.—*Secret instructions for our trusty and well-beloved James Wolfe Esq. Brigadier-General of our Forces in North America, and Major-General and Commander-in-chief of a body of our Land Forces, to be employed in an expedition against Quebec, by the way of the River St. Lawrence. Given at our Court at St. James's, the 5th day of February, 1759, in the twenty-second year of our reign.*

Whereas we have, by our commission, bearing date the 12th day of January last, appointed you to be major-general and commander-in-chief of a considerable body of land forces, directed to assemble at Louisbourg, in our island of Cape Breton, in order to proceed, by the way of the river St. Lawrence, as early as the season of the year will admit of operations, by sea and land, in those parts, to attack and reduce Quebec; and whereas we have appointed Rear-Admiral Saunders to be commander-in-chief of a squadron of our ships, to act in conjunction and co-operate with our land forces in the execution of the above most important service, we have thought fit to give you the following instructions for your conduct; and that you may be fully informed of the number of our forces destined for this expedition against Quebec, and of the several preparations directed to be made for that service, we have ordered to be delivered to you herewith extracts or copies of three letters wrote by one of our principal secretaries of state to Major-General Amherst, dated the 29th of December, and the 12th and 13th of January last past, together with a list of the said troops, and of the additional artillery and stores ordered to be sent to Louisbourg; also copies of those letters to Rear-Admiral Saunders, dated the 9th, 12th, and 20th of January last; and of one to Rear-Admiral Durell, dated the 29th of December last.

1st. You are immediately, upon the receipt of these our instructions, to repair to Portsmouth, and there embark on board one of our ships of war, and proceed without loss of time to Louisbourg, in the island of Cape Breton, where you are to take under your command the troops we have ordered to rendezvous at that place, on or about the 20th of April, if the season shall hap-

pen to permit; and you are, on your arrival at Louisbourg, to use all possible diligence and expedition, in concert with Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander in chief of our ships, in embarking the troops, artillery, stores and all other requisites for the expedition against Quebec, and to proceed therewith at or about the 7th of May, or as soon as the season of the year shall permit, up the river St. Lawrence, and attack and endeavour to reduce Quebec; and it is our will and pleasure that you do carry into execution the said important operation with the utmost application and vigour.

2d. In case, on your arrival at Louisbourg, you shall find that the troops which we have ordered Major-General Amherst to send with all expedition to that place, together with the artillery, stores, and all other requisites for the operation directed, shall, contrary to our expectation, and by any unfavourable accidents, not be yet arrived at Louisbourg, you are, without loss of a moment's time, and by the most expeditious and sure means, to make the most pressing instances to Major-General Amherst, or the commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, and to Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander-in-chief of our ships in North America, in order to quicken and expedite, with the utmost diligence and despatch, all possible measures for most speedily assembling and collecting the said troops at Louisbourg, as well as the artillery, stores, and all requisites for the expedition against Quebec.

3d. In case, by the blessing of God upon our arms, you shall make yourself master of Quebec, our will and pleasure is that you do keep possession of the said place; for which purpose you are to appoint out of the troops under your command, a sufficient and ample garrison, under the command of such careful and able officer as you shall judge best qualified for so important a trust, effectually to defend and secure said place; and you will immediately make, in the best manner practicable, such repairs to the works as you shall find necessary for the defence thereof, until you shall receive farther orders from us; and you are forthwith to transmit an exact account, to be laid before us, of the state and condition of the said place.

4th. As it cannot be foreseen by what time the attempt against Quebec may have its issue, or what the number and state of our troops and ships may be when that service shall be over; and also considering, in case, by the blessing of God upon our arms, you should make yourself master of that place, the necessary garrison that must be left for the defence thereof, we judge it expedient to leave it to you and Rear-Admiral Saunders, or the commander-in-chief of our ships, to consider the state and circumstances of things, as they shall then be found, and thereupon to determine what ulterior operations, higher up the St. Lawrence, (in case the navigation of that river shall be found safe for such vessels as shall be best suited to the service,) may be practicable and expedient for making still further and effectual

impressions on the enemy; and in case any such ulterior operations as above, in consequence of the reduction of Quebec, shall be judged by you and Rear-Admiral Saunders expedient to be undertaken, our will and pleasure is that you do carry the same into execution in the manner which you shall think most conducive to the good of the service; and you will not fail, as expeditiously as may be, to inform thereof Major-General Amherst, commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, and as far as may be, to concert the same with our said general, in order that the operations in different parts may coincide, and mutually facilitate and strengthen each other.

5th. With regard to such of our forces, under your command, as shall be remaining after the above services are over, (and having first, in case of success, left a strong garrison at Quebec, as well as provided for the defence of any other posts which you shall find necessary to be maintained,) you are to cause the same to be disposed of in such manner as Major-General Amherst, or the commander-in-chief of our forces in North America, shall direct (for which you will take all timely opportunities of corresponding with Major-General Amherst); but if, from the distant operations in which the said major-general, or commander-in-chief, may happen to be engaged, prejudice may arise to our service by waiting for such orders, you are to use your best discretion in disposing of our troops in the manner the most conducive to our service; and our will and pleasure is, that you do then put yourself under the command of Major-General Amherst, as brigadier-general in North America.

6th. Whereas the success of this expedition will very much depend upon an entire good understanding between our land and sea officers, we do hereby strictly enjoin and require you, on your part, to maintain and cultivate such a good understanding and agreement, and to order that the soldiers under your command shall man the ships when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the land service; as the commander-in-chief of our squadron is instructed, on his part, to entertain and cultivate the same good understanding and agreement, and to order the sailors and marines under his command to assist our land forces, and to man the batteries, when there shall be occasion for them, and when they can be spared from the sea service; and, in order to establish the strictest union that may be between you and the commander-in-chief of our ships, you are hereby required to communicate these instructions to him, as he is directed to communicate those he shall receive from us to you.

7th. You are to send constant and particular accounts of all your proceedings, by letter, to one of our principal secretaries of state, and you are to obey and follow all such orders as you shall receive from us, as royal sign manual, or countersignatures of state.

G. R.

From the Metropolitan.

VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Written May, 1832.

ALL, as he left it!—even the pen,
So lately at that mind's wizard's hall,
Carelessly laying, as if then
Just fallen from his gisted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have past,
Since Life and Inspiration's power
Around that relic breath'd their last.

Ah, powerless now—like talisman,
Found in some vanish'd wizard's hall,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone
Around that pen's exploring track,
Be, now, with its great master, gone,
Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
Rest on th' enchanter's broken wand,
Each miracle it work'd arise
Before him, in succession grand?—

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er all;
Th' unshrinking Truth, that lets her light
Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
O'er scenes which angels weep to see—
Where Truth herself half veils the wrong,
In pity of the misery.

True bard!—and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are,
When, stooping from their starry place,
They're children, near, though gods afar.

How freshly doth my mind recal,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory;

When he, the poet, doubly grac'd,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o'er all hold mastery:—

Friend of long years! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event;
In doubts, my judge—in taste, my guide,—
In all, my stay and ornament!

* Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of that gentleman did Mr. Moore the honour of presenting to him the Inkstand, pencil, &c. which their distinguished father had been long in the habit of using.

† The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party, consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.

He, too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land;

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems sounding still—immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host; and though, since then,
Slight clouds have ris'n twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away?

Bright was our board that day—though one
Unworthy brother there had place;
As, 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race

Yet, next to Genius is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies;
And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
Brightly, indeed—but mournfully!

From the Monthly Magazine.

PASKEVITCH AND THE POLES.

[From the Journal of a recent Traveller.]

NEARLY three years have elapsed since I first visited, on my return from St. Petersburg, the ancient capital of Poland. Late events had prepared me for a great change, but the extent to which it has been effected perfectly astounded me. All traces of the national features are nearly extinguished, and this once splendid capital now resembles more an Asiatic camp, than a gay and polished European city. The streets are nearly deserted. Nothing breaks on the ear through their solemn silence, save the measured tramp of the Russian patrols, and lumbering roll of their heavy guns; or the peculiar cry of the Tarter coachmen, as they urge their horses at a furious pace through the narrow streets.

In the places which, but a short time since, echoed the triumphant songs of gallant freemen, now we beheld the wild Cossacks of the Don, the Circassian in his chair armour, that leads back the mind to the days of Mithridates; in juxta position with the tall grenadier, or the gorgeously attired Hulan or hussar of the guard. Russian generals, Russian aides-de-camp, their breasts covered with stars, are seen galloping in every direction, their flat Tartar countenances animated to an expression of haughty triumph. But when we reflect for what purpose these warriors have been drawn from their distant homes, we vent a curse upon the head of the

ruthless tyrant who is blotting out from the tablets of civilization a whole nation.

If we may judge from the immense system of fortification erecting by the Russians, we should infer they still apprehend that the untameable spirit of the gallant Poles will again carve out some hot work for them. They are at present, fortifying Warsaw after the manner that the Prussians have done Posen and Coblenz, by a system of forts. 1st, the Fort of Sfoła has been considerably augmented; near to it a citadel will be constructed, and another that will command the city and the vicinity of the Belvidero Bridge; a third will be built upon an elevation called Jolibord, and another upon the hill of the Barracks of the Guards, that will contain 6,000 men; the expense of these fortifications is estimated at twenty millions of florins, to be defrayed by the ill-fated city they are intended to subject. In the meantime, the Russians neglect no precautions to ensure their safety. The Circassians are encamped in the Royal Gardens. The chateau is converted into a military hospital and its beautiful facade marked by the wooden barracks occupied by the line. At Praga, they have thrown up a chain of batteries that mount some guns of an immense calibre; these are pointed against the city, and sufficiently proclaim the feeling of insecurity that prevails. The garrison is now solely composed of the line, and the irregular troops. All the regiments of the guards have left; they were magnificent troops; but the line are short dark men, very much resembling our Indian sepoy, or the Peruvian Indians—the utmost discipline prevails—it is rather of the officers, than the untutored soldiery that, the Poles have to complain. The officers of the guards carried off some hundred ladies of very equivocal reputation, whom they married; they also purchased, with singular avidity, all the political works that had been published during the revolution.

The morning after our arrival, we saw Paskévitch on the parade. He is a tall, fine, handsome man, with a distinguished military air. At St. Petersburg he was famed for his gallantry; by birth a Lithuanian, his military talents are of the highest order. It was Paskévitch who defended the famous redoubt in the centre of the Russian position at the bloody affair of the Borodino, and who afterwards led his corps from Riga to the Rhine, by one of the most rapid marches in the annals of modern warfare. The Persian campaigns of this officer are justly celebrated. His brilliant victories at Kainly and Milli duzé, both gained by a profound strategical movement in twenty-four hours, would have done honour to the greatest captain.

It is melancholy to think that he has since tarnished his brilliant military reputation by his conduct towards the heroic Poles. Paskévitch executes, *à la lettre*, the cold blooded tyranny, the relentless cruelty of his ruthless and "miscreant master." The indignities which he has inflicted

upon this gallant people would fill volumes, and ruin him in the eyes of posterity.

To our great astonishment, we saw announced for representation at the national theatre, "*La Muette de Portici*;" during Constantine's time, this piece was strictly prohibited. The house was crowded with Russian military, in fact, exclusively so.

The Polish campaign, like the fabulous story of *Dejanira*, is already spreading its venom through their ranks; the guards have already returned to Russia, tainted with liberalism—and the applause showered down during the popular movement in the market scene, may be taken as an augury for the future. In fact, what country presents such ready elements for a Massaniello in Russia?

VARIETIES.

Brevities.—A man of genius, by too much dividing his attention, becomes diamond-dust instead of remaining a diamond.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the pettest fellows are generally the most barren.

Verse is to poetry, what music is to dancing.

Governments are generally about twenty years behind the intellect of their time. In legislation, they are like parents quarrelling what kind of frock the boy shall wear, who, in the meantime, grows up to manhood, and won't wear any frock at all.

There is one special reason why we should endeavour to make children as happy as possible, which is, that their early youth forms a pleasant or unpleasant back-ground to all their after-life, and is consequently of more importance to them than any other equal portion of time.

To say that principles of exclusion applied to particular classes, are a necessary part of a free constitution, at all times and under all circumstances, is equivalent to maintaining that the bandage which supports a man's wounded arm is a part of his nature. The bandage may have been wisely applied originally, but it is always a fair question whether it may not be safely removed; and the removal is not giving the arm a privilege, but restoring one.

Progress of Civilization in Egypt.—In Egypt an experiment has been made, which will probably have very important effects on the civilization of Egypt and Arabia. Two labouring men, who, we believe, had been employed near London in boring for water, were taken to Egypt by Mr. Briggs, who was at one time consul at Cairo. They were employed under the patronage of the Pacha, to bore for water in the desert. At about thirty feet below the surface they found a stratum of sandstone; when they got through that, an abundant supply of water rose. The water usually obtained from the surface is of an inferior quality, and for many purposes is unfit for use; that which has been obtained by bo-

lieve that the experiment has succeeded at every place where it has been made. Already in the Desert of Suez, a tank, capable of holding 2000 cubic feet of water, had been made, and it is probable that by this time several others have been formed. By this discovery, one great impediment to the fertilizing of that country will be removed.

American Seamen.—The fourth annual report of the Board of Directors of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society states, that the number of seamen belonging to the United States, estimated with as much accuracy as possible, is 102,000, of whom there are in the foreign trade 50,000; in the coasting-trade, in vessels of nearly or over 100 tons burthen, 25,000; in coasting-vessels of less than fifty tons burthen, 5000; in the cod fishery, 5000; in the steam-vessels, 1000; and in the United States' Navy 6000.

The Blessings of a Weak Government.—The Saxon army, one of the bravest and most patriotic in Germany, was compelled to change sides five or six times in the space of eight years—viz. In 1806, it fought for Prussia against France; in 1807, for France against Prussia; in 1809, for France against Austria; in 1812, with Austria against Russia; in 1813, for France against Austria, Russia, and Prussia; and in 1814 and 1815, with these three powers against France.

Calamities of Authors.—Our industrious friend, D'Israeli, should make the subsequent mournful addenda to his next edition:—"Among the individuals, whom chance threw into my way in Paris, was Llorente (the enlightened, talented, and persecuted historiographer of the inquisition). I frequently paid him a visit, and found him to be an extremely well-read scholar. On one occasion I met him in the street, early in the morning; upon asking him where he was coming from, he replied, "I hired myself last night to watch a dead man's body. How little did I dream, when a cannon at Toledo, and a privy-counsellor in Madrid, that I should ever be forced to earn my daily bread by mounting guard over a defunct Parisian."—Soon after this occurrence, Peyronnet ordered him instantly to quit France; such was the will and pleasure of the Jesuits about the court; poor Llorente was compelled to obey the unfeeling mandate, and had scarcely regained his native soil, when he fell a prey to wretchedness and destitution.—*Depping's Reminiscences of a German's Life in Paris.*

Present State of Brazil.—We have been favoured by a friend with the sight of a private letter from Rio Janeiro, dated the 20th of April, from which we extract the following:—

"This country is in a most unsettled state, since the departure of Don Pedro, an event which it was supposed at the time would have been the means of restoring tranquility, has had quite the contrary effect.

"The want of a head (bad as it was) has been severely felt, and the Government, through fear, have disbanded all the regulars.

and garrisoned the city with citizen soldiers. The consequence has been, that the disbanded troops have formed themselves into guerilla parties all round the town, and it is now more like Algiers than an imperial city. The day we arrived, His Majesty's ship Warspite was clear for fight, one of the principal forts in the harbour having been seized by a party of these brigands, and threatened destruction to all around; but when they came to the *scratch*, and saw the broadside of a British line-of-battle-ship, they surrendered, and I saw them marched off to jail. But a few nights ago, we had a terrible skirmish near to our house, which put us all into a mortal fright, particularly myself, for I could neither fight or run. A party of artillery and cavalry came near the city, and made a rebellious proclamation, expecting most of the folks would join them, instead of which, they were attacked, and a hot action ensued, which ended in the total defeat of the rebels, with the capture of two guns. I say with Mercutio, "a plague on both your houses." I came here for peace and quiet, and get half-scared out of my wits, and as a consoling sight for a nervous and sick man next morning, the mangled dead were paraded through the streets. By the by, not a bad hint; if those bloody-minded folks, so fond of war, (at a distance,) saw one of the cart-loads I did, it would be a sickener to his valour: it made my bones ache. We are in hourly expectation of another attack, but, thank God, the walls of our house are cannon-ball proof."

Standard of the Prophet.

The standards which the Turks have been of old accustomed to make use of, are of various colours; but the great standard, or what is more commonly denominated "the Standard of the Prophet," (the *Ssandshak Sherif*;) is not green, as some have asserted, but black; and it must necessarily be of this colour, inasmuch as it was instituted in imitation of, and in direct contra-distinction to, the great *white* banner of the Korashites, as well as from the appellation "*Okub*," (black eagle,) which the Prophet bestowed upon it. Mahomet's earliest standard was the white cloth forming the turban which he captured from Boreide; but he adopted for his subsequent ensign, at least for his distinguishing banner, the sable curtain which hung before the chamber of Ajesha, his wife. This sacred standard it is, which, as being the most venerable of relics among Mussulmen warriors, is kept wrapped up in two and forty folds in time of peace, and preserved in a valuable box within a species of chapel in the Seraglio. It descended first to the followers of Omar, at Damascus, and thence to the Abbassides at Bagdad and Cairo, from whom it fell to the share of the bloodhound, Selim the First, and subsequently found its way into Europe under Amurath the Third. It is never unfolded but at the last extremity of some disastrous campaign or intestine convulsion; and on these occasions, warning is publicly given three days beforehand to all infidels that they avoid looking upon it, on pain of death. After all, it may reasonably be doubted, whether it be possible, that the wasting hand of twelve centuries and

more can have left the smallest fra-
this relic of a "curtained chamber" i

My last Cigar.

LATE on the eve of the memorable Waterloo, the regiment to which I took up its position on that hard-fou in front of Hougoumont, or more speaking the Château de Goumont, farm-house, and the key-stone of th line. The sun set red, ominously fi stormy weather, and about dark the cended in torrents. Our situation, easily be conceived, was none of the viable, being totally destitute of tent *matériel*; we bivouacked in line, and there might be seen through the mur of night, men huddled together, tryt ain that animal heat so necessary to tence, to say nothing of our comfort. of half a dozen of us gathered round half-ignited logs of wood, trying I means ingenuity could invent to nur flame, and prevent the rain utterly i its genial influence. We were sitting ingly wet, and talking over our prob in the morrow's fight, when by sor countable influence, I put my hand side pocket of my grey great coat; something—I withdrew my hand, mingled feeling of joy and fear—joy ed by the unlooked-for discovery; fe dread of being disappointed if I prose search without ultimate success; w ing essayed again, to my great delig the envy of my companions, I pull cigar—my last cigar—I seized the ha stick and applied it to the weed,—smoke rewarded my efforts; I cursed for so carelessly exposing it in my p wetted it, I rolled it, and unrolled it I tried all the arts that smokers have to doctor a bad cigar, when after half-patient endeavour, I elicited a blu cloud from my last cigar. Happy Though years have intervened, nev forgotten that most ecstatic speck ir hours of terrestrial happiness I have r

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

"A Highland Tale," by Mr. Fraser, auth Persian Adventurer," is in the press.

Mr. Morier, author of "Haji Baba," is ab duce an Oriental Romance, to be entitled "Ze

A series of Stories of different countries and t Arnold, Jun. son of the proprietor of the Eag house, will soon appear.

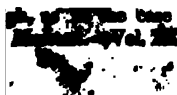
Mr. Roscoe, having already given to the w mens of the German and Italian Novelists, is o of producing "Specimens of the Spanish Nove "Lights and Shadows of American Life," Transatlantic stories and sketches, edited by M may be shortly expected.

A new edition, comprising additional person of "Cavendish, or the Patrician at Sea," is ju "Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Baird," will appear in the course of the month.

"The Anniversary Calendar, Nat Book, and Mirror."

"Lectures Latines; or Lessons in Latin Li Prose and Verse, from the Writings of Celeb Authors, with Translations." By J. Rowboth

"A General, Historical, and Practical Tr Flemental Locomotion." By Alexander Go Civil Engineer.



illustrious func-|throughout the world, and by this party we mean
No. 124.—D d



from my book
T. de Muelagloria

THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXQUISITES"

Pub by E. Littell.

It may be doubted, whether it be possible, to waste the hand of twelve centuries and
 "A General, Historical, and Practical Treatise on Elemental Locomotion." By Alexander Gordon, Civil Engineer.



MUSEUM

OF

REIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

OCTOBER, 1832.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COZIO.

Don, to tune of gay quadrille,
ats double, Don and shadow.

have Trueba, dancing, and as usual, turning his spectacled eyes from his all other persons whatever, upon the ely shadow of himself. He is dress-anmer of one of his own Exquisites; the favourite expression in that illus-ly, is displaying himself as a bore of rable dimensions.

oro de Trueba y Cozio, thus presented we have little to say. Leigh Hunt, his sere and yellow leaf, pursues all isms of his youth, fresh and verdant t they flourished, in all the pride of red silk inexpressibles, over "the half-gion of Hampstead," said in his *Tut*. of the *Exquisites*, that it was uncom-shing to meet a real Spanish Don; arried the mind back to Gil Blas and Torames, and other heroic characters stamp. Had Hunt extended his re-

ar as Somers Town, he would have of all sorts and degrees, walking about as majesty of independence, without ideas into the regions of romance; t as we are of Trueba's Spanish his-

only take him up in England, where ad him so wonderful a specimen as friends would wish to pass him off low strange, tips a lady critic, that a uld write such good English. How rogues forth a gentleman of the press, er should have so complete an insight aners. Sweet lady! kind Milesian! ro de Trueba y Cozio was educated e Roman Catholic College. Here he youth—here he is spending his man-ah is his vernacular tongue—and he write Spanish than Lord Palmerston ing. He is no more in education or Spaniard than the Lord Mayor, e

tionary, people generally prefix the Don to his name.

We have always, however, considered this a matter of little consequence. Trueba, be he Spaniard or Briton by education, writes passable novels in irreproachable English. His name is an injury to him, in the very reverse manner to what might be expected. Conscious that it is a strange thing for a gentleman so Hispanically cognominated, to write English at all, the reading public, with its usual wisdom, has taught him to look upon himself as a wonder on that one account. As in the case of the learned pig, we care not what the credite animal reads, so that he *does* but read—so, in the case of Trueba, it seems to be settled that so as he *does* write in English, it is a matter of secondary consideration what he writes. This, we are sorry to say, has acted sadly upon the permanent fame of our Castilian. A man who consents to be shown as a lion, runs the risk of being at last metamorphosed into an ass. Let him, therefore, shake off, most lustily, whatever advantage he may fancy he obtains by being a curiosity, and, as he is in some sort a clever fellow, he may get on in time. As long as he is the astonishing Spaniard "wot writes English," so long will he not do any thing worth a farthing.

His *Exquisites* have, we understand, been condemned to that house from whence no comody returns—his novels are not quite equal to the workmanship of his countryman, Cervantes. Many a man, says old Rabelais, wears the dress of a Spaniard, who cannot show the pluck of a Spanish soldier. He has some talent, nevertheless, and if he will really work, something may be got out of him; but, to borrow an illustration from the picture opposite, let him not mistake the shadow, singularity, for the substance, fame!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

GENIE DE CHRISTIANISME.

It is the glory of the Conservative Party
oughout the world, and by this party we mean.
No. 124—D d

all who are desirous in every country to uphold the religion, the institutions, and the liberties of their fathers, that the two greatest writers of the age have devoted their talents to the support of their principles—Sir Walter Scott and Chateaubriand are beyond all question, and by the consent of both nations, at the head of the literature of France and England since the revolution; and they will both leave names at which the latest posterity will feel proud, when the multitudes who have sought to rival them on the revolutionary side are buried in the waves of forgotten time. It is no small triumph to the cause of order in these trying days, that these mighty spirits, destined to instruct and bless mankind through every succeeding age, should have proved so true to the principles of virtue; and the patriot may well rejoice that generations yet unborn, while they approach their immortal shrines, or share in the enjoyments derived from the legacies they have bequeathed to mankind, will inhale only a holy spirit, and derive from the pleasures of imagination nothing but additional inducements to the performance of duty.

Both these great men are now under an eclipse too likely in one at least, to terminate in earthly extinction. The first lies on the bed, if not of material, at least, it is to be feared, of intellectual death; and the second, arrested by the military despotism which he so long strove to avert from his country, has lately awaited in the solitude of a prison the fate destined for him by revolutionary violence. But

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
These for a hermitage."

It is in such moments of gloom and depression when the fortune of the world seems most adverse, when the ties of mortality are about to be dissolved, or the career of virtue is on the point of being terminated, that the immortal superiority of genius and virtue most strongly appear. In vain was the Scottish bard extended on the bed of sickness, or the French patriot confined to the gloom of a dungeon; their works remain to perpetuate their lasting sway over the minds of men; and while their mortal frames are sinking beneath the sufferings of the world, their immortal souls rise into the region of spirits, to witness a triumph more glorious, an ascendancy more enduring, than ever attended the arms of Cæsar or Alexander.

Though pursuing the same pure and ennobling career; though gifted with the same ardent imagination, and steeped in the same fountains of ancient lore, no two writers were ever more different than Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott. The great characteristic of the French author, is the impassioned and enthusiastic turn of his mind. Master of immense information, thoroughly imbued at once with the learning of classical and of catholic times; gifted with a re-

tentive memory, a poetical fancy, and a powerful eye, he brings to bear upon every subject the force of erudition, the images of poetry, the force of varied scenery, and the eloquence of impassioned feeling. Hence his writings display reach and variety of imagery, a depth of thought and shadow, a vigour of thought, and an abundance of illustration, to which there is nothing comparable in any other writer, ancient or modern, with whom we are acquainted. All that is seen, or read, or heard, seem present to his mind whatever he does, or wherever he is. He illustrates the genius of Christianity by the beauty of classical learning, inhales the spirit of a prophecy on the shores of the Jordan, dreams of the banks of the Eurotas of the solitude and gloom of the American forests; visits the Sepulchre with a mind alternately devoted to the devotion of a pilgrim, the curiosity of an antiquary, and the enthusiasm of a crusader, and combines in his romances, with the tender feelings of chivalrous love, the heroism of Roman history, and the sublimity of Christian martyrdom. His writings are less a faithful portrait of an individual age or country, than an assemblage of that is grand, and generous and elevated in its nature. He drinks deep of inspiration in the fountains where it has ever been poured forth for mankind, and delights us less by the accuracy of any particular picture, than the traits of which he has combined from every quarter where its footsteps have trod. "His style," said Voltaire, "is not that of Racine, it is that of Phœbus;" and, in truth, it seems formed on the strains of Isaiah, or the beautiful images of the Book of Job, more than all the classical or modern literature with which his mind is so amply stored. He is admitted by all Frenchmen, of whatever party, to be the most perfect living master of their language, and to have gained for it by its unknown to the age of Bossuet and Fénelon. Less polished in his periods, less sonorous in his diction, less melodious in his rhythm, than the illustrious writers, he is incomparably more varied, rapid, and energetic; his ideas flow with quicker succession, his words follow in striking antithesis; the past, the present, and the future rise up at once before us; and we see strongly the streams of genius, instead of being down the smooth current of ordinary life, broken and agitated by the cataract of revolution.

With far less classical learning, fewer ideas derived from travelling, inferior information on many historical subjects, and a mind of a less passionate and energetic cast, our own Sir Walter is far more deeply read in that book which is ever the same—the human heart. This unequalled excellence—there he stands, in the days of Shakspeare, without a rival. It is because that his astonishing success has been due to the fact that he has represented the real life which is represented. Ever that is said, especially in the Scotch No-

nance itself. Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated to the substratum of character, which, however disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is at bottom every where the same; and thence they have found a responsible echo in every human heart. Every man who reads these admirable works, from the North Cape to Cape Horn, feels that what the characters they contain are made to say, is just what would have occurred to themselves, or what they have heard said by others as long as they lived. Nor is it only in the delineation of character, and the knowledge of human nature, that the Scottish Novelist is without a rival. Powerful in the pathetic, admirable in dialogue, unmatched in description, his writings captivate the mind as much by the varied excellencies which they exhibit, as the powerful interest which they maintain. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination and sensibility into the walks of actual life. We feel interested in his characters, not because they are ideal beings with whom we have become acquainted for the first time when we began the book, but because they are the very persons we have lived with from our infancy. His descriptions of scenery are not luxuriant and glowing pictures of imaginary beauty, like those of Mrs. Radcliffe, having no resemblance to actual nature, but faithful and graphic portraits of real scenes, drawn with the eye of a poet, but the fidelity of a consummate draughtsman. He has combined historical accuracy and romantic adventure with the interest of tragic events; we believe with the heroes, and princes, and paladins of former times, as with our own contemporaries; and acquire from the splendid colouring of his pencil such a vivid conception of the manners and pomp of the feudal ages, that we confound them, in our recollection, with the scenes which we ourselves have witnessed. The splendour of their tournaments, the magnificence of their dress, the glancing of their arms; their haughty manners, daring courage, and knightly courtesy; the shock of their battle- steeds, the splintering of their lances, the conflagration of their castles, are brought before our eyes in such vivid colours, that we are at once transported to the age of Richard and Saladin, of Bruce and Marmion, of Charles the Bold and Philip Augustus. Disdaining to flatter the passions, or pander to the ambition of the populace, he has done more than any man alive to elevate their real character; to fill their minds with the noble sentiments which dignify alike the cottage and the palace; to exhibit the triumph of virtue in the humblest stations over all that the world calls great; and without ever indulging a sentiment which might turn them from the scenes of their real usefulness, bring home to every mind the "might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." Above all, he has uniformly, in all his varied and extensive productions, shown himself true to the cause of virtue. Amidst all the innumerable combinations of character, event, and dialogue, which he had formed, he has ever

proved faithful to the polar star of duty; and alone, perhaps, of the romance-writers of the world, has not left a line which on his death-bed he would wish recalled.

Of such men France and England may well be proud; shining as they already do, through the clouds and the passions of a fleeting existence, they are destined soon to illuminate the world with a purer lustre, and ascend to that elevated station in the higher heavens where the fixed stars shed a splendid and imperishable light. The writers whom party has elevated—the genius which vice has seduced, are destined to decline with the interests to which they were devoted, or the passions by which they were misled. The rise of new political struggles will consign to oblivion the vast talent which was engulfed in its contention; the accession of a more virtuous age bury in the dust the fancy which was enlisted in the cause of corruption; while these illustrious men, whose writings have struck root in the inmost recesses of the human heart, and been watered by the streams of imperishable feeling, will for ever continue to elevate and bless a grateful world.

To form a just conception of the importance of Chateaubriand's *Genius of Christianity*, we must recollect the period when it was published, the character of the works it was intended to combat, and the state of society in which it was destined to appear. For half a century before it appeared, the whole genius of France had been incessantly directed to undermine the principles of religion. The days of Pascal and Fenelon, of Saurin and Bourdaloue, of Bossuet and Massillon, had passed away; the splendid talent of the seventeenth century was no longer arrayed in the support of virtue—the supremacy of the church had ceased to be exerted to thunder in the ear of princes the awful truths of judgment to come. Borne away in the torrent of corruption, the church itself had yielded to the increasing vices of the age; its hierarchy had become involved in the passions they were destined to combat, and the cardinal's purple covered the shoulders of an associate in the midnight orgies of the Regent Orleans. Such was the audacity of vice, the recklessness of fashion, and the supineness of religion, that Madame Roland tells us, what astonished her in her youthful days was, that the heaven itself did not open, to rain down upon the guilty metropolis, as on the cities of the Jordan, a tempest of consuming fire.

While such was the profligacy of power and the audacity of crime, philosophic talent lent its aid to overwhelm the remaining safeguards of religious belief. The middling and lower orders could not, indeed, participate in the luxurious vices of their wealthy superiors; but they could well be persuaded that the faith which permitted such enormities, the religion which was stained by such crimes, was a system of hypocrisy and deceit. The passion for innovation, which more than any other feature characterised that period in France, invaded the precincts of religion as

As the bulwarks of the state—the throne and altar; the restraints of this world and the next, as is ever the case, crumbled together. For if a century, all the genius of France had been incessantly directed to overturn the sanctity of christianity; its corruptions were represented as a very essence; its abuses part of its necessary effects. Ridicule, ever more powerful than reason with a frivolous age, lent its aid to overturn the defenceless fabric; and for more than one generation, not one writer of note had appeared to maintain the hopeless cause. Voltaire and Diderot, D'Alembert and Raynal, Laplace and Lagrange, had lent the weight of their illustrious names, or the powers of their versatile minds, to carry on the war. The Encyclopedie was a vast battery of infidelity incessantly directed against Christianity; while the crowd of licentious novelists, with which the age abounded—Louvot, Crebillon, Lacroix, and a host of others—insinuated the poison, mixed up with the strongest allurements to the passions, and the most voluptuous seductions to the senses.

This inundation of infidelity was soon followed by sterner days : to the unrestrained indulgence of passion succeeded the unfettered march of crime. With the destruction of all the bonds which held society together ; with the removal of all the restraints on vice or guilt, the fabric of civilization and religion speedily was dissolved. To the licentious orgies of the Regent Orleans succeeded the infernal furies of the Revolution : from the same Palais Royal from whence had sprung those fountains of courtly corruption, soon issued forth the fiery streams of democracy. Enveloped in this burning torrent, the institutions, the faith, the nobles, the throne, were destroyed : the worst instruments of the supreme justice, the passions and ambition of men, were suffered to work their unresisted way ; and in a few years the religion of eighteen hundred years was abolished, its priests slain or exiled, its Sabbath abolished, its rites proscribed, its faith unknown. Infancy came into the world without a blessing, age left it without a hope ; marriage no longer received a benediction, sickness was left without consolation ; the village bell ceased to call the poor to their weekly day of sanctity and repose ; the village churchyard to witness the weeping train of mourners attending their rude forefathers to their last home. The graves grew in the churches of every parish in France ; the dead without a blessing were thrust into vast charnel-houses ; marriage was contracted before a civil magistrate ; and infancy, untaught to pronounce the name of God, longed only for the period when the passions and indulgencies of life were to commence.

It was in these disastrous days that Chateaubriand arose, and bent the force of his lofty mind to restore the fallen but imperishable faith of his fathers. In early youth, he was at first carried away by the fashionable infidelity of his times; and in his "Essais Historiques," while the principles of virtue and natural religion are

unceasingly maintained, he seems to have doubted whether the Christian religion was mingling with the institutions of society, and related what faith was to be established on it. But misfortune, that great corrector of the world, soon changed these faults. In the days of exile and adversity, when in the waters of Babylon, he sat down and reverted to the faith and the belief of his youth, and inhaled in the school of adversity the maxims of devotion and duty which have since regulated his conduct in life. Unaided though alone, he placed himself on the basis of the Christian faith; renewed, with heroic strength, a contest which the talents and the half a century had to all appearance rendered hopeless; and, speaking to the hearts of his contemporaries, he purified by suffering, and cleansed by an agonizing ordeal of revolution, scattered wide the seeds of a rational and a manly faith. Other writers have followed in the same career: Salvandy and Guizot have traced the beneficial effects of religion upon modern society, and drawn from the last results of revolutionary experience just and sublime conclusions. But the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of modern man; but it is the glory of Chateaubriand alone to have come forth the foremost champion in the fight; to have planted himself on the ruins of the world when it was strewn only with the dead; to have died, and, strong in the consciousness of his powers, stood undismayed against a universe of arms.

To be successful in the contest, it was
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of religion would ultimately resume way: when the waters of bitterness were set, the consolations of devotion would be felt to be indispensable; and the spirit Gospel, banished during the sunshine of prosperity, return to the repentant heart with the tears and the storms of ad-

ceding on these just and sublime principles great author availed himself of every which fancy, experience, or poetry could; to sway the hearts of his readers. He felt that he was addressing an impassioned stilet generation, upon whom reason would be away, if not enforced with eloquence, argument lost, if not clothed in the garb of

To effect his purpose, therefore of reaching the hearts of his readers the all but dried veins of religious feeling, he summoned to his aid all the allies which learning, or logic, or poetry, or fancy, could supply; and he did not to employ his powers as a writer of a, an historian, a descriptive traveller, and to forward this great work of Christianity on. Of his object in doing this he has given the following account.*

There can be no doubt that the Genius of Christianity would have been a work entirely new in the age of Louis XIV.; and the man who observed that Massillon would have published such a book, spoke an old truth. Most certainly the author never had thought of writing such a work there had not existed a host of poems, romances, and books of all sorts, where Christianity was exposed to every species of derision; but since these poems, romances, and tracts, and are in every one's hands, it is indispensable to extricate religion from the sarcasms of impiety; when it has been assailed on all sides that Christianity is *us, ridiculous, the eternal enemy of the of genius*; it is necessary to prove that her barbarous, nor ridiculous, nor the of arts or of genius; and that that made by the pen of ridicule to appear ve, ignoble, in bad taste, without arms or tenderness, may be made to grand, noble, simple, impressive, and in the hands of a man of religious feel-

is not permitted to defend religion on any side by called its *terrestrial side*, if no to be made to prevent ridicule from going to its sublime institutions, there will remain a weak and undefended quarter. If the strokes at it will be aimed; there will be caught without defence; from you will receive your death-wound. Is what has already arrived? Was it not the and pleasantry that Voltaire succeeded in shaking the foundations of faith? Is an attempt to answer by theological syllogisms, or the forms of the syllogism,

licentious novels or irreligious epigrams? Will formal disquisitions ever prevent an infidel generation from being carried away by clever verses, or deterred from the altar by the fear of ridicule? Does not every one know that in the French nation a *happy bon-mot*, impiety clothed in a felicitous expression, a *felix culpa*, produce a greater effect than volumes of reasoning or metaphysics? Persuade young men that an honest man can be a Christian without being a fool; convince him that he is in error when he believes that none but capuchins and old women believe in religion, and your cause is gained; it will be time enough to complete the victory to present yourself armed with theological reasons, but what you must begin with is an inducement to read your book. What is most needed is a popular work on religion; those who have hitherto written on it have been often fallen into the error of the traveller who tries to get his companion at one ascent to the summit of a rugged mountain when he can hardly crawl at its foot—you must show him at every step varied and agreeable objects; allow him to stop to gather the flowers which are scattered along his path, and from one resting-place to another he will at length gain the summit.

"The author has not intended this work merely for scholars, priests, or doctors; what he wrote for was the *men of the world*, and what he aimed at chiefly were the considerations calculated to affect their minds. If you do not keep steadily in view that principle, if you forget for a moment the class of readers for whom the *Genius of Christianity* was intended, you will understand nothing of this work. It was intended to be read by the most incredulous men of letters, the most volatile youth of pleasure, with the same facility as the first turns over a work of impiety, or the second devours a corrupting novel. Do you intend then, to exclaim the well-meaning advocates for Christianity, to render religion a matter of fashion? Would to God, I reply, that that divine religion was really in fashion, in the sense that what is fashionable indicates the prevailing opinion of the world! Individual hypocrisy, indeed, might be increased by such a change, but public morality would unquestionably be a gainer. The rich would no longer make it a point of vanity to corrupt the poor, the master to pervert the mind of his domestic, the fathers of families to pour lessons of atheism into their children; the practice of piety would lead to a belief in its truths, and with the devotion we would see revive the manners and the virtues of the best ages of the world.

"Voltaire, when he attacked Christianity, knew mankind well enough not to seek to avail himself of what is called the *opinion of the world*, and with that view he employed his talents to bring impiety into fashion. He succeeded by rendering religion ridiculous in the eyes of a frivolous generation. It is this ridicule which the author of the *Genius of Christianity* has, beyond every thing, sought to efface; that was the object of his work. He may have failed in the execution, but the object surely was highly important. To consider Christianity in its relation with human society;

the passages are translated by our- There is an English version, we believe we have never seen it.

to trace the changes which it has effected in the reason and the passions of man; to show how it has modified the genius of arts and of letters, moulded the spirit of modern nations; in a word, to unfold all the marvels which religion has wrought in the regions of poetry, morality, politics, history, and public charity, must always be esteemed a noble undertaking. As to its execution, he abandons himself, with submission, to the criticisms of those who appreciate the spirit of the design.

"Take, for example, a picture, professedly of an impious tendency, and place beside it another picture on the same subject from the Genius of Christianity, and I will venture to affirm that the latter picture, however feebly executed, will weaken the impression of the first, so powerful is the effect of simple truth when compared to the most brilliant sophisms. Voltaire has frequently turned the religious orders into ridicule; well, put beside one of his burlesque representations, the chapter on the Missions, that where the order of the Hospitaliers is depicted as succouring the travellers in the desert, or the monks relieving the sick in the hospitals, attending those dying of the plague in the lazarettos, or accompanying the criminal to the scaffold, what irony will not be disarmed—what malicious smile will not be converted into tears!—Answer the reproaches made to the worship of the Christians for their ignorance, by appealing to the immense labours of the ecclesiastics who saved from destruction the manuscripts of antiquity. Reply to the accusations of bad taste and barbarity, by referring to the works of Bossuet and Fenelon. Oppose to the caricatures of saints and angels, the sublime effects of Christianity on the dramatic part of poetry, on eloquence, and the fine arts, and say whether the impression of ridicule will long maintain its ground? Should the author have no other success than that of having displayed before the eyes of an infidel age a long series of religious pictures without exciting disgust, he would deem his labours not useless to the cause of humanity."—III. 263—266.

These observations appear to us as just as they are profound, and they are the reflections not merely of a sincere Christian, but a man practically acquainted with the state of the world. It is of the utmost importance, no doubt, that there should exist works on the Christian faith, in which the arguments of the sceptic should be combated, and to which the Christian disciple might refer with confidence for a refutation of the objections which have been urged against his religion. But great as is the merit of such productions, their beneficial effects are limited in their operation compared with those which are produced by such writings as we are considering. The hardened sceptic will never turn to a work on Divinity for a solution of his paradoxes; and men of the world can never be persuaded to enter on serious arguments even on the most momentous subject of human belief. It is the indifference, not the scepticism of such men, which is chiefly to be dreaded: the danger to be apprehended is not that they will say there is no God,

but that they will live altogether without God in the world. It has happened but too frequently that divines in their zeal for the progress of Christianity among such men, have augmented the very veil they intended to remove. They have addressed themselves in general to them as if they were combatants drawn out in a theological dispute; they have urged a mass of arguments which they were unable to refute, but which were too uninteresting to be even examined, and while they flattered themselves that they had effectually silenced their objections, those whom they addressed have silently passed by on the other side. It is, therefore, of incalculable importance that some writings should exist which should lead men imperceptibly into the ways of truth, which should insinuate themselves into the tastes, and blend themselves with the refinement of ordinary life, and perpetually recur to the cultivated mind with all that it admires, or loves, or venerates, in the world.

Chateaubriand divides his great work into four parts. The first treats of the doctrinal parts of religion: the second and the third, the relations of that religion with poetry, literature, and the arts. The fourth, the ceremonies of public worship, and the services rendered to mankind by the clergy, regular and secular. On the mysteries of faith he commences with these fine observations.

"There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

"If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

"If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connexion with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves, nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument whose origin or destination is known, it excites no attention; but if we meet

on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing out to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveller! Every thing is concealed, every thing is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

"It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare their mysteries to those of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they with the *sacrifice* which everywhere constitute the essence of the worship. God is the great secret of nature, the Deity was veiled in Egypt, and the Sphinx was seated at the entrance of his temples."—1. 13, 14.

On the three great sacraments of the Church, Baptism, Confession, and the Communion, he makes the following beautiful observations:—

"Baptism, the first of the sacraments which religion confers upon man, clothes him, in the words of the Apostle, with Jesus Christ. That sacrament reveals at once the corruption in which we were born, the agonizing pains which attended our birth, and the tribulations which follow us into the world; it tells us that our faults will descend upon our children, and that we are all jointly responsible; a terrible truth, which, if duly considered, would alone suffice to render the reign of virtue universal in the world.

"Behold the infant in the midst of the waters of the Jordan: the man of the wilderness pours the purifying stream on his head: the river of the Patriarchs, the camels on its banks, the temple of Jerusalem, the cedars of Lebanon, seem to regard with interest the mighty spectacle. Behold in mortal life that infant near the sacred fountain; a family filled with thankfulness surround it; renounce in its name the sins of the world; bestow on it with joy the name of its grandfather, which seems thus to become immortal, in its perpetual renovation by the fruits of love, from generation to generation. Even now the father is impatient to take his infant in his arms, to replace it in its mother's bosom, who listens behind the curtains to all the thrilling sounds of the sacred ceremony. The whole family surround the maternal bed; tears of joy, mingled with the transports of religion, fall from every eye; the new name of the infant, the old name of its ancestor, is repeated by every mouth, and every one mingling the recollections of the past with the joys of the present, thinks that he sees the venerable grandfather revive in the

new-born which has taken his name. Such is the domestic spectacle which throughout all the Christian world the sacrament of Baptism presents; but religion, ever mingling lessons of duty with scenes of joy, shows us the son of kings clothed in purple, renouncing the grandeur of the world, at the same fountain where the child of the poor in rags, abjures the pomps by which he will in all probability never be tempted.

"Confession follows baptism; and the Church, with that wisdom which it alone possesses, fixes the era of its commencement at that period when the first idea of crime can enter the infant mind, that is at seven years of age. All men, including the philosophers, how different soever their opinions may be on other subjects, have regarded the sacrament of penitence as one of the strongest barriers against crime, and a *chef d'œuvre* of wisdom. What innumerable restitutions and reparations, says Rousseau, has confession caused to be made in Catholic countries! According to Voltaire, 'Confession is an admirable invention, a bridge to crime, discovered in the most remote antiquity, for confession was recognised in the celebration of all the ancient mysteries. We have adopted and sanctified that wise custom, and its effects have always been found to be admirable in inclining hearts, ulcerated by hatred, to forgiveness.'

"But for that salutary institution, the guilty would give way to despair. In what bosom would he discharge the weight of his heart? In that of a friend—Who can trust the friendships of the world? Shall he take the deserts for a confidant? Alas! the deserts are ever filled to the ear of crime with those trumpets which the parricide Nero heard round the tomb of his mother. When men and nature are unpitiable, it is indeed consolatory to find a Deity inclined to pardon; but it belongs only to the Christian religion to have made twin sisters of Innocence and Repentance.

"In fine, the Communion presents a touching ceremony; it teaches morality, for we must be pure to approach it; it is the offering of the fruits of the earth to the Creator, and it recalls the sublime and touching history of the Son of man. Blended with the recollection of Easter, and of the first covenant of God with man, the origin of the communion is lost in the obscurity of an infant world; it is related to our first ideas of religion and society, and recalls the pristine equality of the human race; in fine, it perpetuates the recollection of our primeval fall, of our redemption, and re-acceptance by God."—1. 30—46.

These and similar passages, not merely in this work, which professes to be of a popular cast, but in others of the highest class of Catholic divinity, suggest an idea, which the more we extend our reading, the more we shall find to be just, viz. that in the greater and purer writers on religion, of whatever church or age, the leading doctrines are nearly the same, and that the differences which divide their followers, and distract the world, are seldom, on any material or important points, to be met with in writers of a superior caste. Chateaubriand is a faithful, and

in some respects, perhaps, a bigoted, Catholic; yet there is hardly a word here, or in any other part of his writings on religion, to which a Christian in any country may not subscribe, and which is not calculated in all ages and places to forward the great work of the purification and improvement of the human heart. Travellers have often observed, that in a certain rank in all countries manners are the same; naturalists know, that at a certain elevation above the sea in all latitudes, we meet with the same vegetable productions; and philosophers have often remarked, that in the highest class of intellects, opinions on almost every subject in all ages and places is the same. The same uniformity may be observed in the principles of the greatest writers of the world on religion: and while the inferior followers of their different tenets branch out into endless divisions, and indulge in sectarian rancour, in the more lofty regions of intellect the principles are substantially the same, and the objects of all identical. So small a proportion do all the disputed points in theology bear to the great objects of religion, love to God, charity to man, and the subjugation of human passion.

On the subject of marriage, and the reasons for its indissolubility, our author presents us with the following beautiful observations:—

“Habit and a long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls; the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or a burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure; we do not love a property which we are in danger of losing.

“We must not give to Hymen the wings of Love, nor make of a sacred reality a fleeting phantom. One thing is alone sufficient to destroy your happiness in such transient unions; you will constantly compare one to the other, the wife you have lost to the one you have gained; and do not deceive yourself, the balance will always incline to the past, for so God has constructed the human heart. This distraction of a sentiment which should be indivisible will empoison all your joys. When you caress your new infant, you will think of the smiles of the one you have lost; when you press your wife to your bosom, your heart will tell you that she is not the first. Every thing in man tends to unity; he is no longer happy when he is divided, and, like God who made him in his image, his soul seeks incessantly to concentrate into one point, the past, the present, and the future.

“The wife of a Christian is not a simple

mortal: she is a mysterious angelic being, flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, nothing but regain part of the substance he has lost. His soul as well as his body is incomplete without his wife: he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy, she sows the fields, but he understands not domestic life; his companion is wanting to prepare his repast and sweeten his exile. He has his crosses, and the partner of his life is there to soften them: his days may be long and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without a wife, man would be rude, gross, and solitary. The wife spreads around him the flowers of tenderness, as the creepers of the forests whiten the trunks of sturdy oaks with the fumed garlands. Finally, the Christians live and die united: together they reap the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie by side; and they are reunited beyond the limits of the tomb.”—I. 78, 79.

The extreme unction of the Catholic Church is described in these touching words:

“Come and behold the most moving spectacle which the world can exhibit—the death of the Faithful. The dying Christian is no longer a man of this world; he belongs farther to his country; all his relations and society have ceased. For him the calendar of time are closed, and the great era of eternity has commenced. A priest seated beside him pours the consolations of religion in his dying ear: the holy minister converses with the expiring penitent on the immortality of the soul, and that sublime scene which antiquity predicted but once in the death of the greatest of philosophers, is renewed every day at the death of the humblest of the Christians excepted.”

“At length the supreme moment arrives: one sacrament has opened the gates of the world, another is about to close them: he is rocked the cradle of existence; its sweet arms and its maternal hand will lull it to sleep in the arms of death. It prepares the baptism of a second existence; but it is no longer water but oil, the emblem of celestial unction. The liberating sacrament dissolves by one, the chords which attach the faithful to this world: his soul, half escaped from earthly prison, is almost visible to the saints in the smile which plays around his lips. Already he hears the music of the seraphim; already he longs to fly to those regions, where hope divine, daughter of virtue and duty, beckons him to approach. At length the angels of peace, descending from the heavens, touch with his golden sceptre his wearied eyes, and closes them in delicious repose to the Father. He dies: and so sweet has been his departure that no one has heard his last sigh; and his friends, long after he is no more, preserve silence round his couch, still thinking that he slept; so like the sleep of infancy is the death of the Just.”—I. 69—71.

It is against pride, as every one knows, that the chief efforts of the Catholic Church have always been directed, because they consider it the source of all other crime. Whether this

just view may be well doubted, to the extent at least that they carry it; but there can be but one opinion as to the eloquence of the apology which Chateaubriand makes for this selection.

"In the virtues preferred by Christianity, we perceive the same knowledge of human nature. Before the coming of Christ, the soul of man was a chaos; but no sooner was the word heard than all the elements arranged themselves in the moral world, as at the same divine inspiration they had produced the marvels of material creation. The virtues ascended like pure fires into the heavens; some, like brilliant suns, attracted the regards by their resplendent light; others, more modest, sought the shade, where nevertheless their lustre could not be concealed. From that moment an admirable balance was established between the forces and the weakness of existence. Religion directed its thunders against pride, the vice which is nourished by the virtues; it discovers it in the inmost recesses of the heart, and follows it out in all its metamorphoses; the sacraments in a holy legion march against it, while humility, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, its eyes downcast and bathed in tears, becomes one of the chief virtues of the faithful."—1. 74.

On the tendency of all the fables concerning creation to remount to one general and eternal truth, our author presents the following reflections:

"After this exposition of the dreams of philosophy, it may seem useless to speak of the fancy of the poets. Who does not know Deucalion and Pyrrha, the age of gold and of iron? What innumerable traditions are scattered through the earth! In India, an elephant sustains the globe; the sun in Peru has brought forth all the marvels of existence; in Canada, the Great Spirit is the father of the world; in Greenland, man has emerged from an egg; in Asia, Scandinavia has beheld the birth of Askur and Emla; Odin has poured in the breath of life, Hœnir reason, and Loedur blood and beauty.

'Askur et Emlam omni conatu destitutos.
Animam nec possidebant, rationem nec habebant,
Nec sanguinem, nec sermonem, nec faciem venustam,
Animam dedit Odinus, rationem dedit Hœnir,
Loedur sanguinem addidit et faciem venustam.'

"In these various traditions we find ourselves placed between the stories of children and the abstractions of philosophers; if we were obliged to choose it were better to take the first.

"But to discover the original of the picture in the midst of so many copies, we must recur to that which by its unity and the perfection of its parts, unfolds the genius of a master. It is that which we find in Genesis, the original of all those pictures which we see reproduced in so many different traditions. What can be at once more natural and more magnificent—more easy to conceive, and more in unison with human reason, than the Creator descending

amidst the night of ages to create light by a word? In an instant, the sun is seen suspended in the heavens, in the midst of an immense azure vault; with invisible bonds he envelopes the planets, and whirls them round his burning axle; the sea and the forests appear on the globe, and their earliest voices arise to announce to the universe that great marriage, of which God is the priest, the earth the nuptial couch, and the human race the posterity."—1. 97, 98.

On the appearance of age on the globe, and its first aspect when fresh from the hands of the Creator, the author presents an hypothesis more in unison with the imagination of a poet than the observations of a philosopher, on the gradual formation of objects destined for a long endurance. He supposes that every thing was at once created as we now see it.

"It is probable that the Author of nature planted at once aged forests and their youthful progeny; that animals arose at the same time, some full of years, others buoyant with the vigour and adorned with the grace of youth. The oaks while they pierced with their roots the fruitful earth, without doubt bore at once the old nests of rooks, and the young progeny of doves. At once grew a chrysalis and a butterfly; the insect bounded on the grass, suspended its golden egg in the forests, or trembled in the undulations of the air. The bee, which had not yet lived a morning, already counted the generations of flowers by its ambrosia—the sheep was not without its lamb, the doe without its fawns. The thickets already contained the nightingale, astonished at the melody of their first airs, as they poured forth the newborn effusion of their infant loves.

"Had the world not arisen at once young and old, the grand, the serious, the impressive, would have disappeared from nature; for all these sentiments depend for their very essence on ancient things. The marvels of existence would have been unknown. The ruined rock would not have hung over the abyss beneath; the woods would not have exhibited that splendid variety of trunks bending under the weight of years, of trees hanging over the bed of streams. The inspired thoughts, the venerated sounds, the magic voices, the sacred horror of the forests, would have vanished with the vaults which serve for their retreats; and the solitudes of earth and heaven would have remained naked and disenchanted in losing the columns of oaks which united them. On the first day when the ocean dashed against the shore, he bathed, he assured, sands bearing all the marks of the action of his waves for ages; cliffs strewn with the eggs of innumerable sea-fowl, and rugged capes which sustained against the waters the crumbling shores of the earth.

"Without that primeval age, there would have been neither pomp nor majesty in the work of the Most High; and, contrary to all our conceptions, nature in the innocence of man would have been less beautiful than it is now in the days of his corruption. An insipid childhood of plants, of animals, of elements, would have covered the earth, without the poetical feelings which now constitute its primeval

pal charm. But God was not so feeble a designer of the grove of Eden as the incredulous would lead us to believe. Man, the sovereign of nature, was born at thirty years of age, in order that his powers should correspond with the full-grown magnificence of his new empire—while his consort, doubtless, had already passed her sixteenth spring, though yet in the slumber of nonentity, that she might be in harmony with the flowers, the birds, the innocence, the love, the beauty of the youthful part of the universe.”—I. 137, 138.

In the rhythm of prose these are the colours of poetry; but still this was not to all appearance the order of creation; and here, as in many other instances, it will be found that the deductions of experience present conclusions more sublime than the most fervid imagination has been able to conceive. Every thing announces that the great works of nature are carried on by slow and insensible gradations; continents, the abode of millions, are formed by the confluence of innumerable rills; vegetation, commencing with the lichen and the moss, rises at length into the riches and magnificence of the forest. Patient analysis, philosophical discovery, have now taught us that it was by the same slow progress that the great work of creation was accomplished. The fossil remains of antediluvian ages have laid open the primeval works of nature; the long period which elapsed before the creation of man, the vegetables which then covered the earth, the animals which sported amidst its watery wastes, the life which first succeeded to chaos, all stand revealed. To the astonishment of mankind, the *order of creation*, unfolded in Genesis, is proved by the contents of the earth beneath every part of its surface to be precisely that which has actually been followed; the *days* of the Creator's workmanship turn out to be the days of the Most High, not of his uncreated subjects, and to correspond to ages of our ephemeral existence; and the great sabbath of the earth took place, not, as we imagined, when the sixth sun had set after the first morning had beamed, but when the sixth period had expired, devoted by Omnipotence to the mighty undertaking. God then rested from his labours, because the great changes of matter, and the successive production and annihilation of different kinds of animated existence, ceased; creation assumed a settled form, and laws came into operation destined for indefinite endurance. Chateaubriand said truly, that to man, when he first opened his eyes on paradise, nature appeared with all the majesty of age as well as all the freshness of youth; but it was not in a week, but during a series of ages, that the magnificent spectacle had been assembled; and for the undying delight of his progeny, in all future years, the powers of nature for countless time had been already exerted.

The fifth book of the *Génie de Christianisme* treats of the proofs of the existence of God, derived from the wonders of material nature—in other words, of the splendid subject of natural theology. On such a subject, the observations of

a mind so stored with knowledge, and gifted with such powers of eloquence, may be expected to be something of extraordinary excellence. The part of his work, accordingly, which treats of this subject, is necessarily circumscribed, the multitude of others with which it is overwhelmed, it is of surpassing beauty, and so in point of description to any thing which has been produced on the same subject by the poets of Britain.

“There is a God! The herbs of the field, the cedars of the mountain, bless him with their insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird proclaims him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, ‘There is no God!’”

“Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose you see at once all the hours of the day, all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on the sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By an unconceivable magic does that aged star, sinking fatigued and burning in the sunset of the evening, re-appear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning. At every instant of the day the globe is at once rising—resplendent at noon, and setting in the west; or rather our eyes deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The splendour is perhaps that which nature presents that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea that the perpetual magnificent resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity.”

The instincts of animals, and their adaptation to the wants of their existence, have long formed one of the most interesting subjects of observation to the naturalist, and of meditation to the observer of creation. Chateaubriand has, with his usual descriptive powers, one of the most familiar of these examples—

“What ingenious springs move the feet of the bird? It is not by a contraction of muscles dependent on his will that he maintains himself firm upon a branch; his foot is constructed in such a way that when it is pressed in the toes close of their own accord, upon the talon which supports it. It results from this mechanism, that the talons of the bird close more firmly upon the object on which they alight, in proportion to the agitation or less violent, which it has received. When we see at the approach of night the crows perched on the scathed summit of an aged oak, we suppose that, watchful and attentive, they maintain their pla-

pain during the rocking of the winds; and yet, heedless of danger, and mocking the tempest, the winds only bring them profounder slumber;—the blasts of the north attach them more firmly to the branch, from whence we every instant expect to see them precipitated; and like the old seaman, whose hammock is suspended to the roof of his vessel, the more he is tossed by the winds, the more profound is his repose.”—I. 147, 148.

“Amidst the different instincts which the sovereign of the universe has implanted in nature, one of the most wonderful is that which every year brings the fish of the pole to our temperate region. They come, without once mistaking their way, through the solitude of the ocean, to reach, on a fixed day, the stream where their hymen is to be celebrated. The spring prepares on our shores their nuptial pomp; it covers the willows with verdure, it spreads beds of moss in the waves to serve for curtains to its crystal couches. Hardly are these preparations completed when the enamelled legions appear; the animated navigators enliven our coasts; some spring aloft from the surface of the waters, other balance themselves on the waves, or diverge from a common centre like innumerable flashes of gold; these dart obliquely their shining bodies athwart the azure fluid, while they sleep in the rays of the sun, which penetrates beneath the dancing surface of the waves. All, sporting in the joys of existence, meander, return, wheel about, dash across, form in squadron, separate and reunite; and the inhabitant of the seas, inspired by a breath of existence, pursues with bounding movements its mate, by the line of fire which is reflected from her in the stream.”—I. 152, 153.

Cateenbriand's mind is full not only of the images but the sounds which attest the reign of animated nature. Equally familiar with those of the desert and of the cultivated plain, he has had his mind alike open in both to the impressions which arise to a pious observer from their contemplation.

“There is a law in nature relative to the cries of animals, which has not been sufficiently observed, and deserves to be so. The different sounds of the inhabitants of the desert are calculated according to the grandeur or the sweetness of the scene where they arise, and the hour of the day when they are heard. The roaring of the lion, loud, rough, and tremendous, is in unison with the desert scenes in which it is heard; while the lowing of the oxen diffuses a pleasing calm through our valleys. The goat has something trembling and savage in its cry, like the rocks and ravines from which it loves to suspend itself. The war-horse imitates the notes of the trumpet that animates him to the charge, and, as if he felt that he was not made for degrading employments, he is silent under the spur of the labourer, and neighs under the rein of the warrior. The night, by turns charming or dreary, is enlivened by the nightingale or saddened by the owl—the one sings for the zephyr, the groves, the moon, the souls of lovers—other for the winds, the forests, the dark-

ness, and the dead. Finally, all the animals which live on others have a peculiar cry by which they may be distinguished by the creatures which are destined to be their prey.”—I. 156.

The making of birds' nests is one of the most common objects of observation. Listen to the reflections of genius and poetry on this beautiful subject.

“The admirable wisdom of Providence is nowhere more conspicuous than in the nests of birds. It is impossible to contemplate, without emotion, the Divine goodness which thus gives industry to the weak, and foresight to the thoughtless.

“No sooner have the trees put forth their leaves, than a thousand little workmen commence their labours. Some bring long pieces of straw into the hole of an old wall; others affix their edifice to the windows of a church; these steal a hair from the mane of a horse; those bear away, with wings trembling beneath its weight, the fragment of wool which a lamb has left entangled in the briars. A thousand palaces at once arise, and every palace is a nest; within every nest is soon to be seen a charming metamorphosis; first, a beautiful egg, then a little one covered with down. The little nestling soon feels his wings begin to grow; his mother teaches him to raise himself on his bed of repose. Soon he takes courage enough to approach the edge of the nest, and casts a first look on the works of nature. Terrified and enchanted at the sight, he precipitates himself amidst his brothers and sisters, who have never as yet seen that spectacle; but recalled a second time from his couch, the young king of the air, who still has the crown of infancy on his head, ventures to contemplate the vast heavens, the waving summit of the pinetrees, and the vast labyrinth of foliage which lies beneath his feet. And, at the moment that the forests are rejoicing at the sight of their new inmate, an aged bird, who feels himself abandoned by his wings, quietly rests beside a stream; there, resigned and solitary, he tranquilly awaits death, on the bank of the same river where he sung his first loves, and whose trees still bear his nest and his melodious offspring.”—I. 158.

The subject of the migration of the feathered tribes, furnishes this attentive observer of nature with many beautiful images. We have room only for the following extract:

“In the first ages of the world, it was by the flowering of plants, the fall of the leaves, the departure and the arrival of birds, that the labourers and the shepherds regulated their labours. Thence has sprung that art of divination among certain people; they imagined that the birds which were sure to precede certain changes of the season or atmosphere, could not but be inspired by the deity. The ancient naturalists, and the poets to whom we are indebted for the few remains of simplicity which still linger amongst us, show us how marvellous was that manner of counting by the changes of nature, and what a charm it spread over the

swans arrive in abundance, it was known that the winter would be snow. Did the redbreast begin to build its nest in January, the shepherds hoped in April for the roses of May. The marriage of a virgin on the margin of a fountain, was represented by the first opening of the bud of the rose; and the death of the aged, who usually drop off in autumn, by the falling of leaves, or the maturity of the harvests. While the philosopher, abridging or elongating the year, extended the winter over the verdure of spring, the peasant felt no alarm that the astronomer, who came to him from heaven, would be wrong in his calculations. He knew that the nightingale would not take the season hoar frost for that of flowers, or make the groves resound at the winter solstice with the songs of summer. Thus, the cares, the joys, the pleasures of the rural life were determined, not by the uncertain calendar of the learned, but the infallible signs of Him who traced his path to the sun. The sovereign regulator wished himself that the rites of his worship should be determined by the epochs fixed by his works; and in those days of innocence, according to the seasons and the labours they required, it was the voice of the zephyr or of the tempest, of the eagle or the dove, which called the worshipper to the temple of his Creator." —I. 171.

Like all other great men who have thought on this subject, Chateaubriand strives to mingle the admiration of natural beauty with gratitude and devotion to its Author. For this purpose, he concludes this part of his subject with two pictures of nature,—one a terrestrial scene, one a maritime, of such surprising beauty, that we cannot resist the gratification of laying them both before our readers.

"It was frequently our custom to rise in the

scattered here and there on the deck; all above, with our faces turned towards the prow of the vessel, which looked to

"The globe of the sun, ready to pluck the waves, appeared between the ro-vessel in the midst of boundless space would have imagined, from the bals the poop, that the glorious luminary at every instant its horizon. A few clouds were scattered without order east, where the moon was slowly as all the rest of the sky was uncloudwards the north, forming a glorious with the stars of day and that of night; a cloud arose from the sea, resplendent with the colours of the prism, like a crystal supporting the vault of heaven.

"He is much to be pitied who cannot witness this scene, without feeling the beauty of God. Tears involuntary flow from my eyes, when my companions, taking off their hats, began to sing, in their hoarsest voice, the simple hymn of Our Lady of succour. The touching was that prayer of men, who on a fragile plank, in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting in the midst of the mother of woes, went to the heart! Consciousness of our littleness in the face of Infinity—our chants prolonged afar off—waves—night approaching with its sable shroud—a whole crew of a vessel filled with devotion and a holy fear—God bending over the abyss, with one hand retaining the shutters of the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and yet lending an ear to the voice of prayer ascending like a speck in the immensity—all combined in an assemblage which cannot be described of which the human heart could hardly bear the weight.

"The scene at land was not less remarkable. One evening I had lost my way in a

the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing in snail's pace, now spread themselves out in transient zones of white satin, now despersed into little bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens into islands of white so dazzling and sweet, that you almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and re-appeared brilliant with the reflections of the moon which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while in the distance, at intervals, the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the silence of the night, expired at length in the drear solitude of the forest.

"The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human language—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of man; but in those savage regions the soul rises to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to range over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself as it were with God."

"Præcensiores conspiciamus Deum,
Fera per juga, clivisque præruptos,
Sociantes inter aquas nemorumque noctem."

Let no one exclaim, what have these descriptions to do with the spirit of Christianity? Gray might otherwise when he wrote the sublime passage from which the above quotation is taken, visiting the Grande Chartreux. Buchanan might otherwise, when, in his exquisite Ode to the West Wind, he supposed the first zephyrs of spring to sweep over the islands of the Just. The work of Chateaubriand, it is to be recollected, is not merely an exposition of the doctrines, spirit, or precepts of Christianity; it is intended expressly to allure, by the charms which it exhibits, the heart of the world, an unbelieving and volatile generation, to the feelings of devotion; it is meant to combine all that is delightful or lovely in the prospects of nature, with all that is sublime or elevating in the revelations of religion. In his closet pages, therefore, we find united the Natural Philosophy of Paley, the Contemplations of Taylor, the Analogy of Butler; and if the theologians look in vain for the weighty arguments by which the English divines have established the truth of their faith, men of ordinary education will find even more to entrance and subdue their minds.

Museum.—Vol. XXI.

Among the proofs of the immortality of the soul, our author, with all others who have thought upon the subject, classes the obvious disproportion between the desires and capacity of the soul, and the limits of its acquisitions and enjoyments in this world. In the following passage this argument is placed in its just colours.

"If it is impossible to deny, that the hope of man continues to the edge of the grave—if it be true, that the advantages of this world, so far from satisfying our wishes, tend only to augment the want which the soul experiences, and dig deeper the abyss which it contains within itself, we must conclude that there is something beyond the limits of time. 'Vincula hujus mundi,' says St. Augustin, 'asperitatem habent veram, jucunditatem falsam, certum dolorem, incertam voluntatem, durum laborem, timidam quietem, rem plenam miseriæ, spem beatitudinis inanem.' Far from lamenting that the desire for felicity has been planted in this world, and its ultimate gratifications only in another, let us discern in that only an additional proof of the goodness of God. Since sooner or later we must quit this world, Providence has placed beyond its limits a charm, which is felt as an attraction to diminish the terrors of the tomb; as a kind mother, who to make her infant cross a barrier, places some agreeable object on the other side."—I. 210.

"Finally, there is another proof of the immortality of the soul, which has not been sufficiently insisted on, and that is the universal veneration of mankind for the tomb. There, by an invincible charm, life is attached to death, there the human race declares itself superior to the rest of creation, and proclaims aloud its lofty destinies. What animal regards its coffin, or disquiets itself about the ashes of its fathers? Which one has any regard for the bones of its father, or even knows it, after the first necessities of infancy are passed? Whence comes then the all-powerful idea which we entertain of death? On a few grains of dust merit so much consideration? No; without doubt we respect the bones of our fathers because an inward voice tells us that all is not lost with them; and that is the voice which has every where consecrated the funeral service throughout the world: all are equally persuaded that the sleep is not eternal, even in the tomb, and that death itself is but a glorious transfiguration."—I. 217.

To the objection, that if the idea of God is innate, it must appear in children without any education, which is not generally the case, Chateaubriand replies,

"God being a spirit, and it being impossible that he should be understood but by a spirit, an infant, in whom the powers of thought are not as yet developed, cannot form a proper conception of the Supreme Being. We must not expect from the heart its noblest function, when the marvellous fabric is as yet in the hands of its Creator.

"Besides, there seems reason to believe that a child has, at least, a sort of instinct of its Creator; witness only its little reveries, its

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disquietudes, its fears in the night, its disposition to raise its eyes to heaven. An infant joins together its little hands, and repeats after its mother a prayer to the good God. Why does that little angel lisp with so much love and purity the name of the Supreme Being, if it has no inward consciousness of its existence in its heart?

"Behold that new-born infant, which the nurse still carries under her arms. What has it done to give so much joy to that old man, to that man in the prime of life, to that woman? Two or three syllables half-formed, which no one rightly understands, and instantly three reasonable creatures are transported with delight, from the grandfather, to whom all that life contains is known, to the young mother, to whom the greater part of it is as yet unrevealed. Who has put that power into the word of man? How does it happen that the sound of a human voice subjugates so instantaneously the human heart? What subjugates you is something allied to a mystery, which depends on causes more elevated than the interests, how strong soever, which you take in that infant: something tells you that these inarticulate words are the first openings of an immortal soul."—I. 224.

There is a subject on which human genius can hardly dare to touch, the future felicity of the just. Our author thus treats this delicate subject.

"The purest of sentiments in this world is admiration; but every earthly admiration is mingled with weakness, either in the object it admires, or in that admiring. Imagine, then, a perfect being, which perceives at once all that is, and has, and will be; suppose that soul exempt from envy and all the weaknesses of life, incorruptible, indefatigable, unalterable; conceive it contemplating without ceasing the Most High, discovering incessantly new perfections; feeling existence only from the renewed sentiment of that admiration; conceive God as the sovereign beauty, the universal principle of love; figure all the attachments of earth blending in that abyss of feeling, without ceasing to love the objects of affection on this earth; imagine, finally, that the inmate of heaven has the conviction that this felicity is never to end, and you will have an idea, feeble and imperfect indeed, of the felicity of the just. They are plunged in this abyss of delight, as in an ocean from which they cannot emerge: they wish nothing; they have every thing, though desiring nothing; an eternal youth, a felicity without end; a glory divine is expressed in their countenances; a sweet, noble, and majestic joy; it is a sublime feeling of truth and virtue which transports them; at every instant they experience the same raptures as a mother who regains a beloved child whom she believed lost; and that exquisite joy, too fleeting on earth, is there prolonged through the ages of eternity."—I. 241.

We intended to have gone through in this paper the whole *Genie de Christianisme*, and we have only concluded the first volume, so prolific of beauty are its pages. In succeeding numbers we

shall continue our commentary on this splendid work. We make no apology for the length of the quotations, which have so much extended the limits of this article; any observations would be inexcusable which should abridge passages of such transcendent beauty.

The splendour of these passages suggest on reflection of a painful kind. We are constantly speaking of the march of intellect, the education of the people, their vast acquisitions, and the unparalleled lights of the age; yet these beautiful extracts, and the immortal work from which they are taken, are almost unknown to the British public. Out of the many hundred thousand educated persons who read this miscellany, we doubt if there are many hundreds who ever read the *Genius of Christianity*. Translations may exist—editions have been printed in this country—but still the work itself, like all the standard productions of French genius during the last thirty years, is almost totally unknown to the British public. You will not meet with one person out of an hundred, even in the most polished circles of either sex, who has read it, either in the original or a translation. Whence is this general neglect of works of such exquisite beauty, breathing so pure a spirit, of such universal usefulness? The cause is to be found in the multitude of new publications which inundate the world—in the vast share which the newspapers occupy of the attention of men, and novels of that of women—in the ephemeral bubbles which glitter on the stream of public opinion, and soon burst and disappear. The time consumed in the perusal of this fleeting literature, throws into obscurity the works of standard excellence. It is well for public taste that Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Tacitus, are forced into the minds of boys at school, before the days of novels and newspapers begin, or they would soon be consigned to the vault of all the Capulets. The prodigious change which is so rapidly going forward, and in which we all in some degree participate, is fraught with the worst effects to literature and morality. It is fast deteriorating and degrading the public taste, and will induce, it is much to be feared, a corruption of national thought, consistent with the decline of our glory, and the extinction of our liberties, under the march of democratic ambition.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE LOST JAGER.

"I AM for the *Gemsjagd* this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bursch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindlewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping moun-

laisy, with such hair—not black—not black—but with a glossy golden bright-breading through it, like—what shall I t to?—like midnight braided with a sun-

And she looked so handsome in her se bonnet with its airy Pyscho-like wings, he tripped so lightly; and I believe, to se truth, she had the only handsome foot ncle in the parish—and such an one!—en she had such a neat, light, elastic, little

Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's liebeken, itz was a passable judge of female beauty, imself the Adonis of Grindewald. And is the sun of the valley, or rather the mild—or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and en so denominated in sundry clumsy Ger-ymnes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, like multiplicity of attributes, was himself race—and Virgil, and Anacreon, and—master of the neighbourhood:—very clever, ry crazy. Darling Netty—many an even-ly, by a sort of accident prepense, I hap-to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered sip away half an hour of bad German, Fritz and his intended, and her dear, ' deaf, old grandmother. I have thought ras a happy man; and perhaps, to say the -perhaps—envied him—a little.—Heaven me!

um for the Gemsjagd this morning," said is he flung his arm round the blushing l. "Old Clausen marked some half dozen up by the Roseulani Gletscher yesterday; hink we shall pull down some of the gal-efore we have done with them. He pro-to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, shadow of the Eiger, it must be close re hour: so come with me luck, and by ow evening at furthest, we shall be back couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that lping around him, in anticipation of the

"Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting naster. Look at him, Netty." Netty did not look. Fritz knew well that she dreaded, on his account, even to he perils of chamois hunting; but he was to it, with an enthusiasm which is so n to those who practice that dreadful n. *Perhaps* this passion did not com-th his love for Netty: perhaps it did. He rer gone, it is true, without her consent; ras as well for both, that the question had been brought to an issue, whether he have gone without it. Not but that he eally loved Netty; but he thought her ry foolish, and laughed at them, as men y apt to do on such occasions. Netty when he mentioned the Gemsjagd, and er head to his breast—perhaps to hide a erhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in at that moment, she seemed to find some-rticularly interesting. Fritz talked on gly, as he thought the best way to dispel agony not to notice them at all: so he

talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I wouldn't like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I *must* go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-cloth of the valley, like our good neighbour Jacob Bieder mann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." "No; but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes."

"I'll try, Fritz!"

"What! with that sigh, and that doleful look?"—No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans." Here Blitz, as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, "Off, boy! to the Adelboden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaisar, shall I?—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to her's. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, "you really must not disappoint Hans; he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my fiaschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of catables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his

portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edge of an ice-reft. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the *debris*, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless reefs, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at

the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitering. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how was it to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours walk, at the foot of the Gault Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carabine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirschwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuh-ried, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were

peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are even open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuh-lid was silent, and almost without being aware, of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance with the scene around him—it was a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amidst the pine-trees. With lips apart and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalked before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense and adding acuteness to its pangs. At last, with a violent effort, he sprang upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at other moments have shrunk.

His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder-cloud had dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless*, and yet not *in despair*, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over fine forest and grey crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's dissolution; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the uni-

verse were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed by the cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goes with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation—Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand, and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, and their solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir—the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ—these, even these, often strike like a spell on the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are these? The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank dullness of the tempest night, seeming, with its grim indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there by the river side one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished, passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, in such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which he could give but lisping and broken

utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavoured to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindlewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Krüger himself—even Herr Krüger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings becoming on his wrinkled brow, and thin grey locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschaum, was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron von —, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gemsbock. The motto, *Wein und Liebe*, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into ecstasies over some

bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low morning which preceded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and discomfiting himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Krüger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carbine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirschwasser.

"What, Hans! is that you? Beym kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to have been at the jagd together!"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised. Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindlewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-math. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven," and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Krüger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness; "A word, Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated, "I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mincing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebhchen—a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester man!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately," hiccupped Hans. "I like you my young Englishman, I like you, and

I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemsbock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She curtsied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is Fritz, Hans?" and unable to wait his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Krüger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Krüger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Madehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, unglücklich! unglücklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone for ever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recall her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidentship of old Krüger: and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindlewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favourite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so good-natured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindlewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and

mence the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now," said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattled, Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavouring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carbine. "There is no use in throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!"

Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and

screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprung out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine-trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! You spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Frauz, and Jacoboher, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprung up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you.

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little krirchwasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening, Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plied her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again.

"Never—never," echoed Fritz.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
SONGS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

OH! SKY-LARK, FOR THY WING!

Oh! sky-lark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing,
At Heaven's empyreal height!
With the heathery hills beneath me,
Whence the streams in glory spring,
And the pearly clouds to wreath me—
Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

Free, free from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear,
Where the low mists cannot rise!
And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart should spring,
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver cords,
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low sweet nest returning,
How soon my love would bring,
There, *there* the dews of morning,
Oh, sky-lark! on thy wing!

II.

LET HER DEPART!

Her home is far, oh! far away!
The clear light in her eyes
Hath naught to do with earthly day,
'Tis kindled from the skies.
Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
Ev'n as some gentle star
Seems gazing down on Grief or Mirth,
How softly, yet how far!
Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—
Oh! could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wing to sigh.
Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,
But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay.
Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Fining for those bright bowers and streams,
Where her beloved is gone.
Let her depart!

III.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!

Where shower and singing-bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet Nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring-rain,
Plays the soft wind;
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind!

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then where wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave,
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young Leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

IV.

SUMMER SONG.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,
In their play.

Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away!

All the air is fill'd with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away!
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling fox-glove bells—
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scent along—
Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worms lamp by night
Sheds a ray,
Dreamy, starry, queenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round,
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer its couch hath made
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

V.

ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG.

ARISE! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast!
Her voice the forest pines hath stirr'd,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm! free hunters, for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes!
'Tis not the bear, or wild wolf's race,
Whose trampling shakes the snows!
Arm, arm! 'tis on a nobler trace
The Northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed;
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles
Above th' invader's head!
Or let the seas that guard our isles,
Give burial to his dead!

VI.

THE STREAM SET FREE.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream, set free!
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee!

The woodland is thy bounty,
Thou art all its own again;
The wild birds are thy kindred race,
That fear no chain!

Flow on, rejoice, make music
Unto the glistening leaves!
Thou, the beloved of balmy winds
And golden eves.

Once more the holy starlight
Sleeps calm upon thy breast,
Whose brightness bears no token more
Of man's unrest.

Flow, and let free-born music
Flow thy wavy line,
While the stock-dove's lingering, loving voice
Comes blent with thine.

And the green reeds quivering o'er thee,
Strings of the forest lyre,
All fill'd with answering spirit-sounds,
In joy respire.

Yet, midst thy song of gladness,
Oh! keep one pitying tone
For gentle hearts, that bear to thee
Their sadness lone.

One sound, of all the deepest,
To bring, like healing dew,
A sense that Nature ne'er forsakes
The meek and true.

There, there roll on, make music,
Thou stream, thou glad and free!
The shadows of all glorious flowers
Be set in thee!

From the Quarterly Review.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.*

In no department of intellectual exertion is propriety of the division of labour more necessary to be kept in remembrance than in that of natural history; and in none is the adherence to a clear and consistent system of arrangement indispensable. A prejudice has no doubt arisen in the minds of many general readers against the systematic compendiums of modern naturalists, on account of the repulsive form in which their lucubrations are too often presented. In like manner, and with equal reason, the systematic student, who seeks for precise and distinct definitions, finds no satisfaction in those vague and misty declamations wherein the *mirage* of lively imagination raises from their proper position, and magnifies into undue dimensions (under the misused name of popular science)—few facts, which are probably of no essential value even when seen under their natural aspect and become worse than useless when gazed through that deceptive medium. As well might a Sicilian mariner, while witnessing the delusive glories of the *fata morgana*, endeavour to seek a local habitation in that world of 'gorgeous cloud-land,' as the student of natural history expect to obtain a knowledge of nature's works from those other equally unsubstantial, though printed pageants. We can easily indeed imagine what conjuration and what mighty magic

* 1. *The Birds of America*, engraved from Drawings made in the United States. By John James Audubon, R. S., &c. Vol. I. Folio. London. 1831.

2. *Ornithological Biography; or an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America interspersed with delineations of American Oenery and Manners*. By the same Author. Vol. I. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1831.

3. *American Ornithology; or the Natural History of Birds of the United States*. By Alexander Wilson, Charles Lucien Bonaparte. Edited by Robert James Esq., F. R. S., &c. 4 vols. Edinburgh. 1831. (Printed Constable's Miscellany.)

4. *Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of Northern Parts of British America*. Part Second.—Birds. By William Swainson, Esq., F. R. S., and J. Richardson, M.D., F. R. S. 4to. London. 1831.

would ensue from a combination of the higher powers of genius with those more exact and discriminating habits of observation which are essential to the naturalist,—and how beautifully the attributes of the poet might be blended with those of the philosopher,—

‘Recompensing well

The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.’

As the appropriate business of poetry, according to Mr. Wordsworth, is to treat of things not as they are, but as they appear to be,—not as they exist in themselves, but as they seem to exist to the senses and the passions of mankind,—there might, no doubt, be some danger of a rather spurious offspring rising upon us, were any science of observation thus ‘married to immortal verse.’ Still, however, we hope to see at least the dawning of that better day, when works of science shall be accurate and popular at one and the same time,—when the rigid observer of facts shall not disdain to dress them,—in a pleasant and even ornamental garb,—when dull detail shall no longer be substituted for graphic description,—and when, instead of the repulsive features of narrow and jealous system-makers, we shall continually behold what Milton has beautifully called ‘the bright countenance of truth shining amid the still air of delightful studies.’

A brief glance at the numerical amount of species, in a few of the great classes of the animal kingdom, will suffice to show what an incomprehensible and unmanageable mass they would present, were not their parts divided and defined in accordance with the rules of system.

There are supposed to be above 20,000 species of insects in Europe alone; and the southern quarters of the globe are proportionally still more prolific; for we find that cold is in general adverse to insect life, and that even temperate countries are in this respect much less productive than tropical and equatorial regions. It is probable, however, that the distribution of many northern insects is still unknown. It was formerly supposed, that in Iceland there were none, and that even in Norway there were very few; and their absence from those countries was attributed to excess of cold. Horrebow contradicted this opinion in regard to Iceland; and Linnaeus, Thunberg, Paykull, Gyllenhal, Schönherr, and others, have shown, that in Lapland, Sweden, and the North of Europe in general, insects are very numerous. Some of the finest of the coleopterous kinds (such as *Procerus tauricus*) occur in Siberia; and Pallas, Marechal de Birberstein, Steven, Seeverguine, Adams, and Fischer, among the northern writers, have made us acquainted with species which rival in size and splendour the most gorgeous products of the torrid zone. During Olafsen and Povlsen’s residence in Iceland, one of these travellers, neither of whom had much knowledge of entomology, collected 200 different species in one small valley; Mr. Scoresby found

two species of butterfly (*Colias palana* and *Melitæa dia*) in great numbers on the east coast of West Greenland, in north latitude 71°; Mr. Kirby has described several insects, captured on Melville Island, which lies in the 75° and 76° of north latitude; while Captain Parry, on the last day of his attempt to reach the Pole over the ice, found a small species of aphid, in latitude 82° 26′ 44″, about one hundred miles from the nearest known land. This may be stated as the extreme northern boundary of insect life.

The amount of collected species in the annulose classes, that is, the crustacea and insects, whether described or otherwise, is estimated by Macleay as exceeding 100,000; and it may safely be asserted, that but a small portion, compared with the entire amount of existing species, has been yet discovered. Our knowledge even of European entomology is, in many respects, imperfect and superficial; and when we consider that all the other quarters of the earth exhibit vast tracts of territory, with the great geographical features of which we are still unacquainted, we cannot marvel that the minutest and less important, though scarcely less interesting, features of insect life should have remained unexplored. The great central deserts, woods, and mountains of Africa, and an extended portion of the south-eastern coast of that continent, the interior of New Holland, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, the central and eastern parts of Asia, the western coasts of North America, and many of the mountain ranges and highly-elevated plateaux of the southern division of the New World, are almost entirely unknown, so far as regards their entomological relations.

Of the various tribes of insects, those of the coleopterous order have been the most assiduously and the most successfully studied. It is somewhere stated in a popular work, that beetles are of two kinds—the black and the brown. Fabricius appears to have been of another opinion; for in his ‘Systema Eleutheratorum,’ he has described 5250 kinds; and although that number presented a great accession to the amount contained in the preceding system of Linnaeus, yet so rapidly has our acquaintance with the coleopterous tribes been extended since the period alluded to, that the collection of M. Dupont, junior, of Paris, contains about 10,000 species, and that of the Baron de Jean a still greater number. The known coleoptera of Great Britain alone amount to nearly 3,300 and every year furnishes additional species. The total amount of known British insects (according to the last census), is 10,012,* which is equal to nearly twice the number of ascertained birds, and to more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds throughout the whole world.†

* Systematic Catalogue of British Insects. By F. J. Stevens, Part II., p. 369.

† In regard to plants, Decandolle (‘Essai Element. de Geograph. Botan.’) intimates their probable number as amounting to some

Although Lacepede did not describe many more than 2,000 fishes, some years have elapsed since it became evident that the observed species of that class amounted to nearly twice the number; and Baron Cuvier has lately remarked, that the amount of known fishes may now be estimated at 6,000.

Buffon was wont to complain of the difficulty of writing an ornithological history, because he was already acquainted with 800 birds, and he supposed that there might actually exist 1,500, or even 2,000 species. Nearly 6,000 of that class have likewise been ascertained, and many new species are in the course of being added every year.

'In the animal kingdom,' says Berkenhout, writing about the year 1789, 'the number of species of the class mammalia hitherto discovered is about 350; of this number 54 only are inhabitants of Britain.' Many foreign quadrupeds have been so obscurely and inaccurately described, that it is by no means easy to ascertain with precision their actual amount; but we doubt not that between 800 and 900 mammiferous species have fallen under the observation of naturalists. The British species, as might be supposed in a limited insular district, have not been greatly increased by recent observation. Dr. Fleming, in his compendium, gives 60 as the amount of this class, including, of course, the cetacea and seals; and his work appears to contain all the species yet known in Britain, with the exception of a few bats. Mammiferous animals, in general, that is to say, quadrupeds and whales, may be located over the earth's surface (approximately) as follows:—There are about 90 species in Europe; 112 in Africa; 30 in Madagascar and the Isle of France; 80 in Southern Asia and Ceylon; betwixt 50 and 60 in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; from 40 to 50 in Northern Asia; above 100 in North America; nearly 190 in South America; and from 30 to 40 in New Holland and Van Diemen's Land. 30 species of seals and cetacea inhabit the northern seas; 14 the southern; and about 28 species of those tribes occur in the intermediate latitudes. There are probably about 60 species which are strictly aquatic:—viz. the cetacea;—20 species, such as the seals and morses, may be called amphibious, in as far as they come frequently on shore, although the saline waters of

where between 110,000 and 120,000. Botanists are already acquainted with 60,000 species; but of the phanerogamous kinds there are not above 1500 indigenous to Britain. We have, therefore, in this country, nearly seven insects to each phanerogamous plant; so that if it were allowable to regard the relative amount of the two classes in Britain, as representing that amount over the entire surface of the globe, and admitting the existence of only 100,000 phanerogamous species, we should come to the conclusion that there were nearly 700,000 different kinds of insects in the world. How truly 'manifold' are the works of Omnipotent Wisdom!

the ocean are their more familiar and accustomed homes; about 100 are able to support themselves in the air with bat-like wings; perhaps a dozen more can skim from a greater to a lesser height as it were, upon an inclined plane, by means of the extended fulness of their lateral skin; 15 may be said to be web footed, and inhabit, for the most part, the waters of lakes and rivers; nearly 200 dwell among trees; 60 are a subterranean people and dwell in the crevices of rocks, or in the holes of the earth; about 120 ruminating and pachydermatous, and more than 150 of the carnivorous and gnawing tribes (glires) wander through the forests without any particular or permanent habitation, and are generally endowed with the power of rapid movement. In relation to their nourishment there are about 330 mammiferous animals of an herbivorous or frugivorous disposition; about 80 whose habits are omnivorous; 150 which are insectivorous, and 240 carnivorous in various degrees. Among living authors the fullest summaries of the class mammalia are given by Desmarest, Griffith, and M. Lesson.

The migratory movements of animals frequently effect an interchange between the zoological productions of one country and those of another. These movements consist of two principal kinds, which may be called the irregular, or intermittent, and the periodical. Of the former kind, quadrupeds, such as the lemming (*Mus lemmus*, Linn.), and insects, such as various species of locust, present the most characteristic examples; whilst the nature of periodical migration is illustrated by the swallow and cuckoo among birds, and by the salmon and herring among fishes. Of the lemmings we have heard less of late years than might have been anticipated from the numerous accounts which last century furnished of their history. They are described as natives of the mountains of Kolen, in Lapland; and once or twice, in a quarter of a century, they appeared in vast numbers, advancing along the ground, and devouring 'every green thing.' Innumerable bands march from the Kolen, through Nordland and Finnmark, to the Western Ocean, which they immediately enter, and, after swimming about for some time, perish. Other bands take their route through Swedish Lapland to the Bothnian Gulph, where they are drowned in the same manner. If they are opposed by the peasants they stand still and bark at them; and they themselves are not only barked at in return, but eaten in great quantities by the lean and hungry dogs of Lapland. The appearance of these vermin is regarded as the omen of a bad harvest. They are followed in their journeys by bears, wolves, and foxes, which prey upon them incessantly, and regard them as the most delicious food. These excursions usually precede a rigorous winter, of which the lemmings seem in some way forewarned. For example the winter of 1742, remarkable for its severity throughout the circle of Umea, was comparatively mild in that of Lula, although situated farther to

the north; the lemmings migrated from the former, but remained stationary in the latter district. Whatever may be the motive of these journeys, they are executed with surprising perseverance, and with the universal accord of the whole nation. The *officini murium* pours forth its entire hordes, and for a time, scarcely a remnant is left in their ancient habitations. The greater proportion, however, perish before they reach the sea, and of course few survive to return to their accustomed homes. They do, however, endeavour to return; for the object of their travel to a far country, whatever it may be, is not to find a multiplied or more extended empire. This, indeed, is evident from the comparatively local restrictions of the species, for the true lemming of the Scandinavian Alps does not appear to occur even in Russian Lapland, and the kind which inhabits the countries in the neighbourhood of the White and Polar seas, as far as the mouths of the Obi, is a species of strongly-marked variety, smaller by at least one-third, and of a different aspect and colour. Their migratory propensities are, however, entirely the same in different countries, for the species which dwells among the northern extremities of the Ural mountains, emigrates sometimes towards Petzora, at other times towards the banks of the Obi, and is followed, as usual, by troops of carnivorous and insatiate fœces. The manners of the species are said to present this discrepancy, that the Norwegian lemmings lay up no provisions, and have only a single chamber in their subterranean dwelling places, whereas the lesser kind excavate numerous apartments, and are provident of the winter season by storing up ample magazines of that species of rein-deer moss, called *lichen rangiferinus*.

The immediate cause of those movements, which we class under the head of irregular migration, seems to be the excessive multiplication of the species, and the consequent want of a sufficient nourishment, which naturally leads them to seek elsewhere for a more abundant supply. Periodical migrations, such as those of many birds and fishes, are more probably produced by the desire which these animals experience of returning to their native haunts for the purpose of producing and rearing their young in the places most fitted for their reception and increase. Fishes always spawn in comparatively shallow waters; from which we may infer, that the influence of light and heat is, to a certain extent necessary for the development of the germ of life; and thus, however far they may wander for a time into the depths of 'the blue profound,' they return again to their native shores before the commencement of the breeding season. The fry not only find their nourishment more abundantly in the bays and along the comparatively shallow skirts of the sea, or among the sedgy banks and gravelly margins of lakes and rivers; but they are also in such situations less exposed to the attacks of their natural fœces, just as the smaller tribes of birds seek protection from hawks among

the branches of trees, or in the denser foliage of the shrubbery.

It is usually about the periods of the equinoxes that the principal migratory movements of birds are performed. At those periods strong winds are apt to prevail, and, no doubt, act their part in transporting these happy aeronauts to their destined homes. In consequence of such movements a regular intercourse is kept up between different countries, and a flux and reflux of feathered life maintained;—the countries situated near the tropics sending their inhabitants, on the approach of summer, into temperate regions, while the latter prepare for their reception by despatching a still greater number towards the polar circles. On the approach of winter again, the hyperborean regions are left nearly desolate by the migration southwards of their winged tribes, while the temperate regions are deprived of many beautiful songsters by a corresponding decrease of temperature, and consequent failure of insect food, by which they are forced once more to venture, without guide or compass, across stormy seas and desert wildernesses. By what unknown and mysterious calendar are they instructed?

'The God of nature is their secret guide.'

White.

Whatever theory of instinct may be finally fixed upon as the most correct and philosophical, it is obvious that we cut rather than untie the gordian knot when we talk of the foresight of the brute creation. We might as well talk of the foresight of a barometer. There can be little doubt that birds, prior to their migratory movements, are influenced by atmospherical changes, or other physical causes, which, however beyond the sphere of our perceptions, are sufficient for their guidance. That they are not possessed of the power of divination may be exemplified by the following instance. The winter of 1822 was so remarkably mild throughout Europe, that primroses came generally into flower by the end of December,—rye was in ear by the middle of March, and vines, in sheltered situations, blossomed about the end of that month—so that an assured and unchecked spring was established at least four or five weeks earlier than usual;—yet neither the cuckoo nor the swallow arrived a single day before their accustomed periods. They are, indeed, beautifully and wisely directed,—'Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming.'

It is evident, that of all natural agents climate is the most powerful in changing and modifying the external characters of the feathered race; and, therefore, to enable us to acquire such knowledge as may render us competent to distinguish between specific difference and accidental variation, we ought to pay particular attention to the effects produced by local position; in other words, we must study the geographical distribution of the species. The influence of climate upon the

departments. Numerous species have been described, and numerous systems of classification (for better or for worse) have been invented; after which ornithologists have too often rested from their labours, mistaking the means for the end, and believing that all was accomplished when only certain necessary steps had been taken, and the way cleared (though but to a limited extent) for the commencement of those more extended and more philosophical inquiries, without which there is little interest, and no dignity, in any science.

Illiger, in his paper on the geography of birds, has indeed treated of the habitation of upwards of 3800 species; but, in the opinion of Humboldt, he has erred in viewing them according to their distribution over the five great divisions of the world—a method, certainly, by no means philosophical, and little fitted for investigating the influence of climate over the development of organized beings; because, as all the continents, with the exception of Europe, extend from the temperate to the equatorial regions, the laws of nature cannot manifest themselves when we group the phenomena according to divisions which are arbitrary, and which depend simply upon the difference of meridians.

A Swiss naturalist, some time ago, endeavoured to illustrate the laws according to which the birds of Europe are distributed over our continent. The country in which a bird produces its young is regarded as its proper one, and all the species which may occasionally occur there, but do not breed, are classed as birds of passage. According to this view, such species as are birds of passage in one country are not so in another, although they equally depart from and return towards it, as the temperature declines or increases. Thus our native species, (in Britain,) in addition to our constant residents, are the swallow, the redstart,

several more birds of passage, and many in number as we advance towards the north of Europe. The amount and nature of the food by which they are sustained. Sp. produces scarcely more than a single species; for there the sea presents almost the only source of nourishment, and all the rocks, cliffs, and icy caverns, the

‘ Earthquake-rifted mountains of brig

are inhabited by aquatic fowls, ravens, & hawks. In the frigid zone a much greater number of marsh birds breed than in any of the warmer countries of Europe. Even in domestic species, each country, according to Schinz, has its peculiar varieties of poultry.

But it is time that we should turn our attention rather more directly to the subject at the head of this article. Although we may be said to have acquired a perfect knowledge of the ornithology of North America, we yet in the beautiful work of Alexander Wilson, in the important publications of several writers, such an accurate and ample knowledge of the birds of the United States, as to give us the belief that no very striking feature of the distribution remains to be discovered, at least in these latitudes. It is otherwise, however, in regard to the coast, and the extended chain of the Rocky Mountains, which, presenting an infinity of hill and dale, ‘dingle and bushy dell,’ the most part well watered, and enjoying, even among its western slopes and valleys, a continuous summer, may be expected to contain not only several species peculiar to the region, but also a characteristic of its own localities, but also a considerable variety of the southern birds of passage, and the more tropical regions of

that many species from Yucatan, and other
ular portions of the Isthmus, will be found
ad through Mexico, and even to extend their
ions northwards as far as the Gulf of
ia, and its neighbouring lakes. Indeed, it
stablished fact, that many birds of Mexico,
y unknown in the Atlantic territories of the
states, are met with in the interior of the
y, and especially along the range of the
Mountains, in latitudes of considerable
on.

re is, indeed, no region out of Europe, of
extent, of which we possess so ample and
an ornithological knowledge as we do of
ited States. Of the three writers, however,
m we owe this debt, we are not sure that
ne was a native of America.* The first,
nder Wilson, an emigrant from Paisley, a
y birth, though a pedlar by profession—one
alizing the peculiar fancy of Wordsworth—

‘plodded on
gh hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
rant merchant bent beneath his load,’

so the author of the most delightful collec-
ornithological biographies with which we
quainted. He described the birds of the
States in a manner which had either been
sly unattempted, or, if attempted, had sig-
ailed of success; and, detailing the history
r haunts and habits with an accuracy and
tion which relieved the subject of its accu-
aridity, he rendered a work of genuine
as interesting to the general student as to
otated naturalist. His book formed, in fact,
era in the history of the feathered tribes;
htening the subject itself of the opprobrious
under which it had long laboured, it placed
oprobrium on the shoulders of those who
to continue their ‘damnable iteration’ of

relation to Audubon, the Reviewer
have had his doubts removed, had he
more carefully the auto-biographical
prefixed to his work. He there states
sly that he was born in America. See
seum, vol. XIX. a very interesting arti-
American Ornithology, from the pen of
sor Wilson. Ed. M.C.S.

merican Ornithology, or the Natural His-
f the Birds of the United States. By
nder Wilson. 9 vols. 4to. Philadelphia.
-14. The descriptive portion of the last
e (the plates of which were prepared
o Wilson’s death in 1813) was written
George Ord. More than one subse-
dition of the entire work has been pub-
ished in America, from the original plates;
e rejoice to see that these pleasant vo-
(combined with Bonaparte’s Supple-
and other valuable matter) have been
ished in ‘Constable’s Miscellany,’ where
role, besides being presented in a cheap
rofitable form, has been methodically
ed, with notes and additional references,
ighly distinguished naturalist, Professor
on.

technical details, to the exclusion of the spirit of
life which pervades the beautiful originals. Wil-
son died as he had lived—in poverty. He appears
to have been a man of strong feelings, and of a
somewhat morbid, if not irascible, disposition;
loving his own pursuits ‘not wisely, but too well,’
and either unable or disinclined to check those
asperities of temper which are apt to arise in the
minds of men whose feelings and opinions are
diametrically opposed to those of the world around
them. The day-star of his life, which under
happier auspices and a more prudent zeal, might
have led to emolument as well as honour, was re-
garded by almost all by whom he was surrounded
as nothing more than a delusive meteor—a sort
of ‘Will o’ the Wisp’ which could never lead to
good. In truth, he came into the world (particu-
larly the new world) at least half a century too
soon. Had he survived to later days, and been
aided, as he assuredly would have been, (like the
Drummonds and Douglasses now exploring the
western wilds,) by the patronage of our public
societies and of our private cultivators of science,
so as to assure him that the result of his researches
would not only be eagerly received and highly
prized by enlightened men in all countries, but
fairly remunerated, even as a commercial specula-
tion—then his dubious path through the unvisi-
ted forest, or over the wide-spread prairie, would
have been cheered and enlightened, and his occa-
sional heart-sinkings consoled by the knowledge
that his labours would not be altogether in vain.
As it was, he lived and died in poverty; and may
now be added as another name, and one of the
brightest, to that melancholy muster-roll which
the ingenious D’Israeli has recorded in his his-
torical catalogue of ‘Unfortunate Naturalists.’ It
is some consolation, to those who may be still
struggling with the ‘res angusta domi,’ to reflect,
that although Linnæus commenced his life, or at
least his manhood, by mending his own shoes, he
died surrounded by honours, and in the enjoy-
ment of competent, if not abundant, wealth; the
companion of princes, and the father of a school
of natural history, which, however various may be
the opinions of methods and systems, or however
great the numerous and undoubted improvements
of modern times, afforded the steadiest and most
continuous light which has ever directly resulted
to zoological science from the labours of a single
individual.

A supplement to the work of Alexander Wil-
son has been published by M. Charles Lucien
Bonaparte, an accurate, assiduous, and intelligent
naturalist:†—

“Peace hath her victories no less renowned
than war;—

and although the most comprehensive circle of
ornithological fame would scarcely have sufficed
to satisfy the dazzling expectations which at

† American Ornithology, or the Natural History of Birds
inhabiting the United States, not given by Wilson: with
Figures drawn, engraved, and coloured from nature. By
Charles Lucien Bonaparte. 3 vols. 4to. Philadelphia.
1825—28. Only the land birds have been yet published.

one period might have been not unreasonably entertained, even by the youngest and least aspiring relative of Napoleon, yet it is well that one who fills the station of a private gentleman in a respectable and unassuming manner, should seek to associate feelings of a milder and more humanizing character with his immortal name. M. Bonaparte's work is carefully, though somewhat too laboriously, engraved. The plates are done by the same artist who executed Wilson's; and although we cannot agree with M. Bonaparte, that Mr. A. Lawson is the 'first ornithological engraver of our age,' we have no special objection to the high and minutely-finished filling up of the plates, except that it must necessarily increase the price without enhancing the value of the publication—at least in a corresponding degree; for the truth of nature in all large subjects, such as the generality of the feathered tribe, is, in fact, given with better effect by a less laboured manner. When every feather is finished off so as to represent, not the aspect of nature as it appears when the subject is looked at as a whole, but rather the appearance which each individual plume presents when examined apart, and in disconnexion from its neighbours, the result is to produce a degree of flatness of surface, and hardness of outline, which are displeasing in art, principally because they are unknown in nature. However, the work is highly creditable to all connected with it, and forms a most valuable addition to our knowledge of ornithology.

But the most signal publication on American birds is that of Mr. Audubon, which, indeed, far exceeds, in size and splendour, all its predecessors in any department of zoology. The dimensions of this work are such as to enable the author not only to represent the largest birds of the United States, of the size and in the attitudes of living nature, but to figure them in family groups so admirably conceived and executed, as really to form historical pictures of the greatest interest, and of the highest utility to the student of ornithology. In these and other respects, neither his predecessors nor his contemporaries can be named as his equals, either in Europe or America; for we know of no one who has at all in the same degree combined accuracy of individual representation with lively and energetic portraiture of general forms. We know that several of the greatest artists that ever lived were much attached to animal painting, and excelled in that department; and although the professed painter has higher objects in view than to pride himself on the accomplishment of a laboriously detailed copy of individual nature, yet the student of science, who combines the minuter observance of natural objects with the love of whatever is picturesque or beautiful, cannot fail to be frequently offended by the discrepancies exhibited in imaginative works of art, where, the greater difficulties having been overcome, it would have been easy, by condescending to a little common-place inquiry and attention, to avoid errors which are only not glaring because of the igno-

rance of those who witness them. If a painter were to represent a greyhound pointing a covey of moor-game on the side of a highland mountain, the mistake would be thought egregious; and as soon as the instinctive habits and acquired powers of the feathered tribes become as generally known as the sporting propensities of the canine race, then Somerset House shall cease to see lords and ladies afield with hawks upon their wrists, which the naturalist detects as pertaining to the smaller short-winged tribes, and which he consequently knows to be incompetent to achieve the purposes which they are represented as about to accomplish.

Nor is it the illustrative portion of Mr. Audubon's work which is alone deserving of the highest commendation. In addition, and as an explanatory accompaniment to his magnificent volume of illustrations, which now consists of one hundred plates, he has just published a volume of letter-press description, which abounds with amusing historical narratives of the habits of the feathered race, from the blood-thirsty eagle,

'Upborne at evening on resplendent wing,'

which the increasing population of the United States is probably, every year, driving westward from its ancient eyries, to the accomplished and delightful mocking-bird, the acknowledged leader of whatever tuneful band may gladden the silence of the American woods.

We bear in melancholy remembrance the fate of such a man as Le Vaillant, who devoted his life, and exhausted his fortunes, in the completion of his ornithological labours, and then died neglected and in poverty, in the midst of those whose admiring love of science might have consoled, in his hours of sorrow, that 'old man eloquent,' who, in the ardour of his youthful years, had added so much of what was beautiful and unknown to their former stock of knowledge; and who, surviving a lengthened sojourn beneath the burning sun of Africa, and returning unscathed by the fangs of wild beasts, and the poisoned arrows of wilder bushmen, little dreamed, that in the centre of European civilization his hopes should reap such a harvest of affliction, that his grey hairs should rue even the lion's mercy which had spared him in his youth:—

'For homeless, near a thousand homes, he stood;
And near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food.'

But, believing that a far different and brighter destiny awaits our American ornithologist, and, delighting to think that our own pages may be, in some measure, subservient to his success, by extending the knowledge of a publication which necessarily labours under disadvantages from its rather unwieldy dimensions, we shall endeavour to increase the interest which we hope the reader already feels in his favour, by here recording a

ch of his history, and that of his great h which, we doubt not, the enthusiastic prepared to sink or swim.

adubon, it appears, is a citizen of the ates, but of French parentage, if not of rth also. For twenty years of his man-life was a succession of vicissitudes. He various branches of commerce, all of oved unsuccessful, chiefly in conse- his mind being pervaded by a single the desire of exploring the wilderness and of endeavouring to express, with l, what he and many other lovers of ast have often felt to be indeed inex-

From his earliest years, the produc-ture, which, in the western world, are with features of singular magnificence, red around him. He was fortunate in a father who deeply felt and revered cur of the works of omnipotent wis- who took delight in directing his youth- o their contemplation.

ake of plants, divine and strange,
ery hour their blossoms change
housand lovely hues!
udding, fading, faded flowers,
and the wonder of the bowers,
morn to evening dews.

of the magnolia spread
a cloud, high overhead!
ypress and her spire,—
ers, that with one scarlet gleam
hundred leagues, and seem
t the hills on fire.

of green Savannahs spake,
my an endless, endless lake,
all its fairy crowds
ids, that together lie,
tly as spots of sky,
ig the evening clouds.'

r, then, that the love of nature and of orks should in after years, have haunt- e a passion.

oon,' says Mr. Audubon, in his in- address, 'became my playmates; my ideas were sufficiently formed ne to estimate the difference between tints of the sky, and the emerald bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy —not consisting of friendship mere- rdering on frenzy—must accompany gh life; and now, more than ever, aded of the power of those early is. They laid such hold upon me, r removed from the woods, the prai- he brooks, or shut up from the view de Atlantic, I experienced none of ures most congenial to my mind. acrial companions suited my fancy. emed so secure to me as that formed se foliage under which the feathered re seen to resort, or the caves and the massy rocks, to which the dark- rmorant and the curlew retired to protect themselves from the the fury pest.

F f 2

'A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed with extacy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay embedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or were exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rocks of our Atlantic shores.'

He next describes his initiation in the myste- ries of the art of painting:—

'I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fer- vently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed; and forever, doubtless, I must have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beau- tiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunt- ed; and although the greatest cares were be- stowed on endeavours to preserve the appear- ance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant atten- tion and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible: then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my child- hood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect before nature had im- parted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.'—Introduction, p. 7.

For many years he felt sorely disappointed when he saw that his own productions were worse than those in the work which his father had exhibited:

'My pencil gave birth to a family of crip- ples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties disappointed and ir- ritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a time, at my re- quest, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-days.'—p. 8.

At a later period of his life, when his drawings had assumed a more perfect character by a nearer approach to the ease and brilliancy of nature, an accident occurred which might well have damped the ardour even of such an enthusiast as Mr. Audubon. Having occasion to leave the villan-

of Henderson in Kentucky, where he had resided for several years, and to proceed to Philadelphia on business, he deposited all his long-cherished drawings in a wooden box, and consigned them to the care of a friend. After an absence of several months, one of his earliest pleasures, on returning home, was to open his box—

‘The box was produced and opened;—but reader feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months before, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for many nights, and my days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before; and when a period, not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.’—p. 13.

With such a zealous and unwearied determination not to be baffled, we can scarcely wonder that his efforts were eventually crowned with the most signal success. During his boyhood he was sent for a time to Europe, and at the age of seventeen he returned from France to America. Meanwhile, David, the great French painter, had guided his hand in tracing objects of a large size:—

‘Eyes and noses belonging to giants, and heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture, were my models. These, although fit subjects for men intent on pursuing the higher branches of the art, were immediately laid aside by me. I returned to the woods of the new world with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of drawings, which I thenceforth continued, and which is now publishing under the title of “The Birds of America.”’

So entire was Mr. Audubon’s devotion to his favourite pursuits, and so much did he love the study of natural history for itself alone, that it was only within these few years, on becoming accidentally acquainted, in Philadelphia, with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, that he began to have any thing in view beyond the simple enjoyment of the sight of nature, and the practice of his art. After visiting Philadelphia and New York, he ascended the Hudson river, and crossing over some of the great lakes, he explored many of the pathless and gloomy forests which border the margins of those magnificent waters.

‘It was in these forests that, for the first time, I communed with myself as to the possible event of my visiting Europe again; and I began to fancy my work under the multiplying efforts of the graver. Happy days, and nights of pleasing dreams! I read over the

catalogue of my collection, and thought how it might be possible for an unconnected and unaided individual like myself to accomplish the grand scheme. Chance, and chance alone, had divided my drawings into three different classes, depending upon the magnitude of the objects which they represented; and although I did not at that time possess all the specimens necessary, I arranged them as well as I could into parcels of five plates, each of which now forms a number of my illustrations. I improved the whole as much as was in my power; and as I daily retired farther from the haunts of man, determined to leave nothing undone, which my labour, my time, or my purse could accomplish.’—p. 11.

The preceding extracts will suffice to show that Mr. Audubon is one of those men who so determinately devote themselves to a single purpose, that life and health being vouchsafed, it is almost impossible for them not to succeed in its attainment. The natural consequence has been, that, from a romantic and unknown woodsman, with as forlorn a hope of European celebrity as could well be imagined, he has now become, and is acknowledged to be, the first ornithological draftsman of his age.

“L’Académie,” says Baron Cuvier, in a recent report to the Royal Academy of Sciences, “m’a chargé de lui rendre un compte verbal de l’ouvrage qui lui a été communiqué dans une de ses précédentes séances par M. Audubon, et qui a pour objet les oiseaux de l’Amérique Septentrionale. On peut le caractériser en peu de mots, en disant que c’est le monument le plus magnifique qui ait encore été élevé à l’ornithologie. L’exécution de ces planches, si remarquable par leur grandeur, nous paraît avoir également bien réussi, sous les rapports du dessin, de la gravure, et du coloris. L’histoire des oiseaux des états-unis de Wilson égalait déjà en élégance nos plus beaux ouvrages d’ornithologie. Si celui de M. Audubon se termine, il faudra convenir que ce sera l’Amérique qui, pour la magnificence de l’exécution, aura surpassé l’ancien monde.”*

Mr. William Swainson, the author of “Zoological Illustrations,”† and the coadjutor of Dr.

*“The Academy,” says Baron Cuvier at a recent meeting of the academy of Sciences, “has commissioned me to make a verbal report upon a work on North American Birds, submitted to it on a former occasion by M. Audubon. It may be described in few words, by saying that it is the most magnificent monument which has hitherto been erected to Ornithology. The execution of the plates, so remarkable for their size, appears to have been equally successful in relation to their design, engraving and colouring. The history of the Birds of the United States by Wilson, had already equalled in elegance our most finished productions on ornithology; when that of Audubon shall have been completed, it must be conceded that in magnificence of execution, America will have surpassed Europe.”

Ed. Mus.]

† First Series, in 3 vols. 8vo., 1820, 1823; Second Series, still in progress.

in the ornithological department of American Zoology, has added his testimony to the surpassing merits of Mr. Audubon's work:—

It depends on the powerful and the whether Britain shall have the honor of such a magnificent undertaking, a lasting monument, not only to the of its author, but to those who employ skill in patronizing genius, and in supporting national credit. If any publication such a distinction, it is surely this, in which it exhibits a perfection in the higher branches of zoological painting never before attained. To represent the passions and of birds, might until now have been deemed chimerical. Rarely, indeed, do their outward forms represented with great like nature. In my estimation, not more than three painters ever lived who could do so. Of these, the lamented Barraband, of France may be justly proud, was the first. He has long passed away; but his work has at length been recovered in the form of an engraving.

His testimony, so freely accorded, is the more valuable to Mr. Audubon, as Mr. Swainson himself, an ornithological draftsman of the greatest eminence, eminently qualified by fine taste and a close acquaintance to appreciate the relative merits of the two naturalists. His own illustrations are equally remarkable for accuracy and elegance, being almost all drawn on stone by which they have the additional advantage over the engravings of copper etchings, that no third party has interposed between the original draftsman and the public.*

I will here enter into a brief investigation of the considerable amount of the species of birds in America. The first list, with any pretension to extent or accuracy, was published by Alexander Wilson (whose neglect of Alexander Wilson have induced us to look for him under the name of Alexander Wilson, a character than that of an ornithologist,) and named the names of only 109 species.†

In the examples of the lithographic art, to ornithological representation, we find the work entitled "A Century from the Himalaya Mountains," by John Gould, of the Zoological Society. We find the absence of explanatory letter-press, a publication of such interest, both from the of its subjects and the beauty of its execution.

We are aware that we are promised a description and historical portion from the pen of Mr. Vigors; but our assurance that in due time it will be most ably performed, only adds to our desire that the corresponding letters should accompany the delivery of the plates of the illustrations.

On Virginia, 1782.—[Mr. Jefferson's work may be accounted for from the date of its publication, referred to, twelve years before Wilson's in the United States, and twice as many years before he became known as a naturalist.—Ed. Mus.]

It was followed by Mr. William Bartram's, which enumerated 215 different kinds;‡ and notices of some additional species are given by Dr. Belknap, § Dr. Barton, || and Dr. Williams. ¶ In the twelfth edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, which Linnæus professed to contain all the birds then known to inhabit the United States (Catesby and Edwards being his principal sources,) Linnæus assigns only 193 to North America:—

'It is true,' says M. Bonaparte, "that he was acquainted with several other North American birds, which also inhabit other countries,—those common to Europe especially; but as many of the 193 are merely nominal, we may allow them to counterbalance those omitted. Of the entire number, 103 are land birds, all of which we have verified either as real or nominal, four excepted, of which *Picus arundinaceus* alone (a real species) may have escaped Wilson and ourselves. Of the three remaining, two, *Lanius Canadensis* and *Loxia Canadensis*, are now well known to be South American birds, given as North American by mistake; and the third, *Sylvia trochilus*, of Europe, may have been reckoned as American, on account of the resemblance between it and the female of some American warbler, probably *Sylvia trichus*.'

Since the time of Linnæus, several real, and a still greater number of apparent, additions have been made to American ornithology. Wilson described 270 species. In the *Index Ornithologicus* of Latham, not fewer than 464 names are enrolled as indicative of birds native to North America; but so greatly surcharged with nominal species is that lengthened list, that notwithstanding the numerous and well established additional species which have since been described by American and other writers, the actual number of clearly ascertained species did not, a few years ago, amount to 400. "Per ora," says C. L. Bonaparte, writing in 1827, "si annoverano 396 specie nell' America Settentrionale;" and we may add, that 382 of these occur in the United States. Now the number of birds in Europe may be stated as not less than 395; but as its ornithology is in a more advanced stage than that of North America, and consequently less remains to be effected in the way of further discovery, there can be little doubt, that when the latter country shall have been more thoroughly explored, its feathered tribes will be found considerably to exceed those of Europe. We may mention a single fact, *en passant*, with a view to illustrate the extraordinary zoological riches of more southern climates. In the Cape of Good Hope district alone there are above one hundred more species of birds than are found throughout the whole of Europe, 500 species having been ascertained to inhabit that colony.

† Travels through North and South Carolina. 1791.

§ History of New Hampshire. 1791.

|| Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania. 1799.

¶ History of Vermont. 1809.

ny. Great Britain and Ireland produce only 277 different kinds of birds, of which 142 are land birds, and 135 are water birds and waders.

The species of Europe and of North America have been classed under 107 genera, of which 64 are common to both countries; 19 (American) are foreign to Europe, and 24 (European) are equally unknown in America. Thus the genera of Europe amount to 88, and those of North America to 83.

The land birds of Europe in general exceed the water ones by about 90 species; those of the United States exceed the water birds by towards 50; while, in Great Britain, (a fact to be expected from our insular position, and consequently extended shores, as well as from the number of our smaller islands,) the land birds prevail over the water ones by not more than 7 species. The birds of the continental kingdoms of Europe exceed those of the British empire by nearly 120, while the common grouse or moor-game is the only species of which we can with certainty boast the exclusive possession.

We come now to the work which is placed last in our list, though it is by no means the least important in our estimation. All classes of readers are well acquainted with Dr. Richardson's claims to respect as surgeon and naturalist to two of the most remarkable expeditions which were ever planned and executed by the enterprise of Britons, and with his high merits as the intrepid leader of one of the exploring parties, and a chief actor and sufferer amid scenes of imminent danger and prolonged distress, which are scarcely paralleled in the annals of geographical discovery. In a preceding volume, (Part I., containing the *Quadrupeds*;) Dr. Richardson has very amply and accurately exhibited the present state of our knowledge respecting the mammiferous land animals of the northern parts of British America; and the beautiful volume now under consideration forms the second or ornithological portion of his very skilful work. He has, we perceive, availed himself of Mr. Swainson's assistance, both as an author and draftsman; and the result of their combined efforts presents a most important addition to our stock of knowledge.*

From the Monthly Magazine.

A MAY-SONG FOR EMILY.

May's red lips are breath'd apart
By the music of her heart
Which ever gently stealeth through,
Like enchanted honey dew,
Falling from some odour tree
In the golden Araby,
And gladness danceth on each stream,
And singing comes in every dream,
Riches flow on bower and lea,
But I am poor in wanting thee,

* A review of Dr. Richardson's work having been already inserted in the present volume, we have omitted any further notice of it here.
Ed. Mus.

Oh! beloved Emily!

Pleasant May, I love thee well,
When within my silent cell,
In the quiet shadow sitting,
Thy mild beaming eye is flitting
O'er the page of poets old,
Touching the pale scroll with gold.

I sit alone in summer eves,
Hiding my head among the leaves
Of some thick-branching laurel tree,
When the air is warm with glee,
Watching the sunlight to and fro
Upon the foliage come and go;
Or bending back, with listening ear,
Amid the glimmering silence near:
The bird along the green boughs springing
Now hushing in the gloom, now singing;
Or, careless of sweet sounds, I fold
The beauty of my dreams about
Some gentle face beloved of old,
From time's dark shadow looking out.
And to that shady harbour green,
Where stranger face is seldom seen,
Sweet May, thy low-toned footstep cometh
While the wild bee faintly hummeth,
In the lily's silver bell,—
Oh, then, sweet May, I love thee well!

Thou dewy-footed creature, sorrow
From thy face a light doth borrow;
The weary pilgrim sinks to sleep,
The mourner's heart forgets to weep!
Then why by thee am I forgot?
And why dost thou regard me not?
Thy love is pour'd on bower and tree,—
Then hear my pray'r and bring with thee,
My beloved Emily!

From the British Critic.

MIRABEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

ALL the world is exclaiming that this is one of the most interesting and instructive volumes which has ever been presented to their notice. Whig and Tory—Conservative and Radical—all join in the general chorus of encomium. Even the revolutionary press has had the candour to invite the public attention to it, although it teaches some lessons that might well cause the Genius of Revolution to cover "like a guilty thing," and to shrink back to its native darkness. It is, however, impossible to be surprised at this unanimity of praise. In the first place, the period to which the volume relates is one of intense and tremendous interest: secondly, the principal figure in the group which it exhibits was among the most extraordinary specimens of human nature which the world has ever looked upon: thirdly, the artist who has executed those vigorous sketches is a person eminent alike for his talents and his virtues; and, lastly, the volume derives an unspeakable charm, even from its unfinished character;

* *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par Etienne Dumont, de Genève. London. Bull. 1832 8vo. pp. 342.

for it rather resembles a collection of masterly fragments than a complete work; and the mind is consequently relieved from the weariness, which is apt to steal over flesh and spirit, in toiling through a formal treatise or a regular and solemn history.

A word or two respecting the author, before we proceed to the book itself. Mr. Dumont was a native of Geneva. His original profession was the church, and when very young he succeeded in fixing his reputation as a powerful preacher. In 1783 he visited Petersburg, where certain individuals of his family were then established; and, during a residence of eighteen months, acquired the regard of all who knew him, by the activity of his mind and the elevation of his principles. In 1785, he left Petersburg for London, where he became attached to Lord Shelburne, then prime minister. His first connexion with that nobleman was in the character of tutor to his son; and in that office, he speedily entitled himself to the confidence and friendship of his patron. It was at this period that he became acquainted with Fox, and Sheridan, and Lord Holland, and many other of the most illustrious men in England; of whom Sir S. Romilly seems to have stood foremost in his esteem and admiration.

It was in 1788 that he first became personally known to Mirabeau, during a short residence at Paris with Sir S. Romilly, already his intimate friend. On his return from that excursion, he formed an intimacy with the renowned Jeremy Bentham, with whose speculations he was so deeply captivated, that he devoted the greater portion of his life to the labour of interpreting to mankind the somewhat oracular utterances of that Lycophron of Jurisprudence.

In 1789, Mr. Dumont was tempted back to Paris, by the return of Mr. Necker to the administration; an event which held out some prospect of the restoration of her lost independence to the Republic of Geneva. When once he was in the French capital, he found that events were in progress there, of such stupendous interest, that he was unable to deny himself the pleasure of hovering near their line of march. He speedily renewed his connection with Mirabeau, and became his secret and confidential auxiliary, both in the composition of his writings and the advancement of his projects. But the office of *door* (*faiseur*) to that turbulent politician, threatened at last to force him into a painful and rather inglorious notoriety; and, for this reason, he returned, after some time, to England; and plunged once more into the enchanting labyrinth of Mr. Bentham's meditations.

In 1814, the restoration of Geneva recalled him to his country, which, from that time to the hour of his death, he never quitted for any considerable interval. He there merited the gratitude of his countrymen by the dedication of his talents to their interests; and won the attachment of all to whom he was known by the goodness of his heart, the energy of his benevolence, and the superiority of his attainments and abilities. His

death took place in 1829, during an excursion of pleasure in the north of Italy.

Previously to the appearance of this work, Mr. Dumont had been principally known as the apostle of Mr. Bentham. It so happens, however, that the missionary has departed this world before the prophet;* but it appears that he has left behind him various writings in manuscript, dictated, not by a love of literary renown, but chiefly by his zealous desire to put the world in complete possession of the discoveries and revelations of his venerated master. Of these compositions, no part is, at present, (according to the judgment of the editor, Mr. Duval,) in a condition to be presented to the public. It has therefore been thought advisable to select from his posthumous works the present volume, for immediate publication; both, because it was less in need of revision than the rest, and because it exhibits the powers of the deceased as an original writer. Mr. Dumont appears before us now—not as the interpreter of Jeremy Bentham—but as the sagacious and philosophic observer of great events, and over-ruling characters. In his other writings, his own labours are so mixed up with those which it was his purpose to illustrate, that it would be impossible to separate his fame, as a *Publicist*, from that of his great original. But here, he steps forward in a character which raises our regret that a larger portion of his time was not devoted to some more independent walk of literature.

We now hasten to the volume before us. It consists entirely of Reminiscences. The author is incessantly regretting that he omitted while he was on the spot, to detain and perpetuate a multitude of fleeting facts and circumstances, highly interesting in themselves, but, apparently, of slight importance, as they were hurrying onward in the tumultuous procession of mighty events. Had he but preserved minute and written notices of every thing that was passing before his eyes, he might have enriched the world with a representation of those fearful times, which would have united all the charms both of picturesque and philosophical interest. As it is—he complains—he has little to offer but a collection of confused remembrances. He sat down to his work at the importunity of his friends; and soon found himself engaged in the task of recalling the lineaments of a fierce and vexatious dream, which had long passed away—but which, fortunately, had left traces too deep to be ever obliterated from his memory. His narrative begins with the year 1789, the period at which he visited Paris together with his friend Duroverai, ancient Procurator-General of Geneva, for the purpose of deriving advantage to his country from Mr. Necker's re-establishment in the ministry: but before his plunge into the midst of affairs, he introduces a few brief notices respecting the previous life and habits of Mirabeau. It ap-

* Mr. Bentham died since the above was written.—Ed.

pears that this strange man had been in London in 1784, and had there become intimate with Romilly. At that time his only trade was literature; his pen was the only instrument he had, whereby to work his way in the world, or even to win his daily bread. But never was adventurer more indefatigable, more enterprising, or less fastidious. Nothing came amiss to him. No matter whether he knew any thing of his subject or not; to work he went. To study a thing, and to write upon it, were, with him, one and the same process; and nothing could be more surprising than the dimensions to which all literary projects would suddenly swell, the moment he laid his hand upon them. He got acquainted with a geographer—and, immediately, the outline of a Universal Geography was spread out before his mental vision. If any one had proposed to him the elements of a Chinese Grammar, the design would instantly have expanded into a comprehensive treatise on that language. A sufficient *honorarium* would easily have engaged him in the compilation of an Encyclopædia; and if he did but little of what he undertook, by his own personal labour, he had a wonderful, and almost magic facility, in appropriating the labours of other men. Though his patience of mere drudgery was small, his activity was immense. He was incessant in his inquiries among people who could furnish him with information. He was wonderfully sagacious in unearthing hidden talents. Where he did not work himself, he contrived to make other people work with a vengeance. He could surround himself with under-labourers, whom he brought into subservience by the arts of flattery, by professions of personal friendship, and by an appeal to all the motives of public spirit. The men thus employed were the carpenters, the hod-bearers, and the masons; but Mirabeau alone was the architect. His conversation was a perfect whetstone, which gave the keenest edge to the tools he employed. Nothing was ever lost by him. Anecdotes—conversations—thoughts—all were carefully laid up in his capacious repository. He made the reading and the studies of his friends completely his own; and he managed so to use his most recent acquisitions, as to give the impression that he had never been without them. And by these means it was that any work which he undertook advanced, under his hands, with astonishing rapidity towards its completion. It was as if one could see a tree growing visibly, day by day, and almost hour by hour, to its full dimensions. By these accomplishments and fascinations he secured the services of Mr. Dumont. No sooner did he find that this gentleman might be made useful to him, than he began to say all manner of handsome things of his friends, and, above all, to talk to him about Geneva. "This," says Mr. Dumont, "was a sort of *Ranz des Vaches* to me!—and thus it was that I was first mollified, and then subjugated."

In 1788, when Dumont and Romilly arrived in Paris, the personal character of Count Mira-

beau was at the lowest possible discount. His litigations with his own family—his familiarity with the inside of prisons—his licentious manners—his abductions of women—all these were too much even for the accommodating morals of the good city of Paris. His name was pronounced with scorn in all respectable families. Romilly began to be ashamed of him, and had resolved to have nothing to do with him. But Mirabeau was not to be shaken off. He was not a man of punctilio. He found out their lodging! and one day a carriage was heard rolling to the door. Romilly retired to his chamber; and, immediately after, Count Mirabeau was announced. He immediately began to converse with Dumont about Geneva—the mother of so many distinguished men!—and to protest that he never should be happy until he could be instrumental to the restoration of her liberties. There was no resisting this. Two hours glided away like a single moment; and, in the eyes of Dumont, every thing interesting in Paris was concentrated in the person of Count Mirabeau! "With whom, in the name of wonder," said Romilly, issuing from his imprisonment, when the visitor was gone—"with whom is it that you have been conversing this tedious length of time?"—"It is one you are well acquainted with, and, surely, you must have overheard an Eloge, of which you were the subject, and which might make a superb funeral oration."—"What Mirabeau!"—"Even Mirabeau—and I am this day going to dine with him!" The Count himself soon returned, and carried of the pliant Genevan and the saturnine Englishman in triumph. All prejudice vanished. The triumvirate were perpetually together; the *belle saison* was diversified with parties of pleasure; they dined together at the Bois de Boulogne—at St. Cloud—at Vincennes; at which last place, a part of the entertainment of the day was a visit to the dungeon in which the Count once had the honour to be incarcerated for three years!

The colloquial fascinations of this extraordinary man, appear to have been of the very highest order. He broke down all the conventional impediments by which men are kept at a convenient distance from each other. He came, at once, into contact with his companions. And yet, under the disguise of an abrupt and blunt familiarity, he would conceal the most consummate artifices of flattery and politeness. Nothing could be more animating than the transition, from the flat and smooth surface of commonplace society, to the sharpness and roughness of the coin, fresh from the mintage of Mirabeau. He was then, too, full of curious anecdotes, gathered in his residence at Berlin, where he had resided a short time; and had signalized his return by the publication of a work on the Prussian Monarchy in eight volumes, in which every thing was collected which related to the administration of the kingdom. The ministers of Prussia must have been thunderstruck to see themselves furnished with more ample materials than

would find in the Bureaux of their own respective departments; and this, too, by a man who was only a few months among them, and who did nothing, to all appearance, but show himself in society. But, as usual, Mirabeau was the architect. The joinery and masonry executed by Major Mauvillon, an officer serviceable, but unknown talents, the Count had honoured with his confidence, and, together, with all the drudgery of the compila-

reputation of Mirabeau as a writer was at the time rapidly advancing. There was scarcely a set of much popular interest which he did not turn into fame and profit. Romilly had addressed a letter to a friend on the horrors of the Bastille and Bicêtre. Mirabeau soon got hold of it. To translate and publish it was the affair of a single day; and that it might form a little more, he joined with it the version of an anonymous pamphlet on the administration of penal England. The whole was announced as a translation from the English by Count M., but Mirabeau insisted on giving him full credit for original authorship. The sale was accordingly rapid, and the profit covered his expenses for the whole month! He published on banking—on stock-jobbing—on the order of Cincinnatus, &c. He published—but if all the writers shared their share, there would have been for Mirabeau little, but the skilful combination of the bold touches—the biting epigrams—the occasional flashes of masculine eloquence, different from that of the French Academy! At the same time the underlings began to rebel. But all in vain. The Count's reputation was so firmly established to be assailed by the efforts of the operatives. Besides, they had, like him, but little reason to complain. But for the rental offices, their obscure labours would have been seen the sun; or, if they had, they probably, have perished almost as soon as they want of the principle of life and vigour as he alone could impart to them.

During these two months Dumont lived more, during whole years of the rest of his life. Before his departure, Mirabeau put into his list of literary articles, with which he expected his friend to furnish him soon after his arrival in England. Their number was more than eighteen! This was an instance of the stable avarice of materials for future recreation. He would have desired no better—than Dumont—than to be the *Bureau d'adresse* of the whole universe. So much for his mere intellectual powers, as hitherto developed and displayed.

His moral peculiarities were scarcely perplexing and anomalous. If we may trust the report of these memoirs, he was the votary of the idolater of virtue. He was one of the profligate men of his age; but, nevertheless, he had a decided predilection for men of principles, and of manners directly opposite to his own. Whether this is to be ascribed to a love of contrast—to a relish for *antithesis*,

extended even to morals—or whether it was the effect of a certain elevation of mind, it may not be very easy to decide. His friend is disposed to ascribe it to the more noble cause. He fancied that he could discern in Mirabeau, through the disguise of his vices, a vigour and dignity of character, which plainly distinguished him from all those featureless persons—those mere shadows and apparitions—which then flitted about in Parisian society: in short, that his virtues were his own, and his defects borrowed or adopted from other men. At the same time he confesses, that the exalted feelings of honour, which were so active within him, were impulses rather than principles; and that there was nothing in him uniform or sustained. His movements, (if we may venture to supply an illustration,) were like those of the kangaroo. It seemed as if his mind was incapable of the ordinary paces of mortal men, and could only go forward by prodigious leaps and bounds. In addition to all this irregularity, his passions were absolutely terrific. He burned with pride. He was devoured by jealousy. His aberrations were so wild and impetuous, that he often lost all knowledge or recollection of himself.

In 1789 Dumont returned to Paris. His recollections of all he saw and heard at that period present him with nothing but a chaos of confused opinions. Necker was the divinity of the moment. Sieyès, at that time little known, was, nevertheless, the prompter of all who were impatient to speak on public affairs. Rabaut de St. Etienne and Target were at least on a level with Sieyès in reputation. La Fayette, with his head full of America, was thought to be ambitious of becoming the Washington of France. The house of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld was the point of union for all the nobility who were favourable to popular measures, and the abandonment of privileges. Those of the noblesse who were desirous of preserving the ancient constitution of the States-General, formed the aristocratic party, and were the objects of outrageous invective. Still, though the noise was loud, the individuals who made it were comparatively few. The great body of the nation, even at Paris, looked forward to the States-General merely as an instrument of the diminution of taxes. The creditors of the states considered them solely as a rampart against bankruptcy: they had often suffered bitterly from the breach of the public faith; the deficit made them tremble; and they were glad of any hopeful expedient for placing the finance of the country on a footing of stability. In other respects, the diversity of views was endless. The Noblesse had, within their own pale, an Aristocracy and a Democracy—so had the Church—and so likewise had the Tiers-Etat. "It is impossible," says Mr. Dumont, "to paint the confusion of ideas—the derangement of imaginations—the downright right burlesques of popular notion—the fears—the hopes—the passions of all parties." Any one would have imagined, (as the Count de Laraignes observed,) that the was looking on the world,

the day after the creation; that hostile and divided colonies were adjusting their allotments, just as if nothing had ever existed before them; and that the past was to go for nothing in making arrangements for the future!

The *French* names introduced above will remind the reader that this picture represents the state of things at the commencement of the *French* revolution. If those names had been omitted, he might have been in danger of fancying that he was reading a description of certain matters much more recent, and much nearer home!

When the States General were opened, the first thing they did was to quarrel about the verification of their powers. The *Tiers-Etat* insisted that it should be done in common; the two Orders that it should be done separately. The question was trifling in appearance; but, in its tendency, of immense importance. The *Tiers-Etat* was resolved, that they and the two orders should form one general Assembly, in which their own preponderance was certain, and the influence of all other parties would be inevitably swamped. Upon this object, therefore, they fixed from the very outset. This was a prey which nothing could rend from their jaws; and the nobility and clergy incurred contempt as well as hatred by their powerless efforts to take it from them.

Mr. Dumont very justly remarks, that the omission to settle this question, before the actual assembling of the States, was one of the most fatal blunders of the ministry. If the King had decided for the union of the Orders, he would have secured the *Tiers-Etat*; had he pronounced for the separation of the chambers, he would have lost the *Tiers-Etat* indeed, but he would have gained the Nobles and the Church. But whatever might have been his decision, it would have been obeyed; for no one would have thought of commencing the session of the States by an act of resistance to the King, who was then regarded as the provisional legislator. He left the question undecided, and thus threw open the lists to the combatants, with the certain issue that the royal authority would become the spoil of the conqueror. The interval of inaction occasioned by this controversy, was, beyond measure, pernicious. The flames of party spirit grew fiercer every moment. The third Estate advanced daily from strength to strength; and at last felt themselves powerful enough to send a peremptory summons to the two Orders, and, on their refusal, to constitute themselves a National Assembly. The germs of confusion were prodigally scattered, and rapidly took root, during this miserable *interregnum*. The epoch, says Mr. Dumont, is one which is worthy of the deepest attention of the *historian*. Alas! for the ignorance or inadvertence of the man! Had he not learned, or had he forgotten, that history is of no more value than Moore's Almanac, and that the annals of past times are fit only to repose with the reveries of Albumazar or Messalahah?

Before we proceed to Count Mirabeau, it may

be as well to introduce here some description of his personal appearance. He was of a large, robust figure. His features were strongly and coarsely marked, and his face actually riddled with the small pox. But he was proud of his very deformity. He imagined that there was something irresistibly commanding in it. "People do not know," he would say, "the power of my ugliness." His toilet was, evermore, an affair of the gravest importance. His head of hair was enormous, and was always most scientifically arranged, so as formidably to augment the volume of head; and, when thus prepared and fitted out, Olympian Pericles was not worthy to be compared to him. "Whenever I shake my terrific locks," he said, "there lives not the mortal that would dare to interrupt me." He would studiously place himself before a large mirror while he was speaking, in order that he might have the satisfaction of contemplating the majestic dignity of his own demeanour—throwing back his head, and squaring his shoulders in the attitude of defiance. He seemed to derive an additional inspiration from the sight of his own image. Nay, he was elevated and enchanted with the very sound of his own name, and would often frame imaginary dialogues, in which he himself was always introduced, as a speaker, with these words: "Le Comte de Mirabeau vous repondra," &c. &c.

Such was the curious mortal who was soon to appear as the mightiest orator of France. His first appearance in the great national club was any thing but gratifying. When the *appel nominal* was made, his name was, positively, received with yells and hootings. The explosion of insult and contempt was such as would have destroyed any man but Mirabeau. Such was his infamous celebrity, that, in the Assembly, they spoke openly of quashing his election, when they came to the verification of their powers. He attempted to speak on three occasions, but the murmurs were so loud and general that even he was silenced. However, if he could not get a hearing *there*, he knew that he was sure of one elsewhere; and so he, incontinently, published a journal, under the title of the *States-General*, in which he mercilessly caricatured the whole Assembly—compared the deputies to a pack of schoolboys, gibbeted Necker, the Necker, the idol of the nation—and overwhelmed the government and the legislators with a volley of epigrams. The anonymous sheets were soon suppressed by authority; but this only made matters worse. Mirabeau was rather animated than dejected by this arbitrary proceeding, and, instantly, came forth, in person, with a letter to his constituents. He thus placed himself in a position perfectly unsailable; for who would dare to question the right of a representative to render an account to the people of the public proceedings of *their* Assembly?

His exasperation, at this period, was absolutely furious. He protested that he was the victim of a sort of *ostracism* against talents!—but

he vowed that he would throw a weight into the balance which should make his persecutors feel how light they were. Dumont spared no pains to lower these inflammatory symptoms. He had influence enough to persuade him to re-cast entirely the draft he had prepared of the letter to his constituents, and to give it a tone of greater moderation; and he wrung from him a promise that he would abstain from forcing himself upon the Assembly—that he would suffer all the half-accents and half-reputations to find their level—and would wait for some occasion of speaking, which might be worthy of his powers. Soon after this, he was introduced to Necker, with a view to his admission to office. From this conference he came forth with no feelings of idolatry. He said that it would be doing great wrong to the minister to suspect him either of malice of heart, or depth of understanding. The interview, however, was not wholly fruitless. It opened to him the glimpse of an embassy to Constantinople. He was delighted with the proposal at the time. It not only gratified his self-importance, but it awakened, in a moment, his passion for gigantic literary adventure. The very thought of the "turbaned Turks" raised up in his mind the project of an—*Ottoman Encyclopedia*! But the subsequent turn of affairs, and the vast ascendancy of Mirabeau, soon raised him far above an embassy, and placed him in a condition to dictate stipulations rather than to receive them.

It should be noticed, that his first triumph in the Assembly had taken place previously to this conference. The following was the occasion of it. A note, written with a pencil, had been handed over to Mirabeau from Duroverai, who was seated in the hall, as a stranger, during a debate. This attracted the notice of a Mr. M. . . ., then one of the most terrible fulminators in the Assembly. He immediately denounced the insolence of the exile—the refugee—the pensionary of England—who had dared to intrude himself into their deliberations. The cry was instantly heard,—"Where is he? who is he? he must be made known!" Fifty voices were clamouring at the same moment. But the voice of Mirabeau was more powerful and penetrating than all. It might be said, with prosaic truth, that he, *τίσσι 'αυδύσασσι' 'όσοι 'αλλὰ σιωποῦσιν*.^{*} He declared that he rose for the purpose of pointing out to them the stranger they were looking for, and denouncing him to the Assembly. And then, after a few preliminary sentences, he pointed to Duroverai, and proceeded—

^{*} This stranger, this proscribed exile, this refugee, this pensionary of the king of England, is one of the most estimable citizens now living upon earth. Never had liberty a defender more enlightened, more laborious, or more nobly disinterested. Well has he merited the hatred of aristocrats!—and, at this moment,

he is involved in the proscription which aristocrats have caused to issue forth from the destroyers of the liberty of his country. And then, his pension from England!—what is it but a sort of civic crown, placed on his brows by the hand of a generous people, who seem to have been smitten with the sacred love of freedom by the tutelary genius of the human race? This is the stranger—this the exile—whom I have heard denounced by the voice of Frenchmen! The time has been, when the unfortunate could embrace the altar, and find there an inviolable refuge from the fury of the wicked and the merciless. This very hall has been consecrated to liberty in the name of the French people. Will you then endure that the martyr of liberty should receive an outrage, or an insult, within its walls?†

The effect of this glorious burst was perfectly electrical. The hall echoed with acclamations of applause. Nothing of similar elevation and dignity had been heard in "the tumultuous prelusions of the commons." It was a new sensation. It was the triumph of that eloquence whose magic pervades all great assemblies. In a moment after, Duroverai was surrounded and thronged by deputies impatient to atone for the affront he had endured. Poor Dumont, who was present, and had been frozen with terror when he saw his countryman threatened with exposure, was now almost beside himself with transport. He saw in the occurrence a pledge of the restoration of his country. He hailed the establishment of Mirabeau's ascendancy, which—as he hoped (good easy man!)—would be beyond measure beneficial to the cause of rational liberty. "And if," he exclaims, "if Mirabeau *had* always served the public in the same spirit in which he now served his friend—if he had always put forth the same noble courage, and the same generous zeal to silence the calumnies which perpetually disgraced the tribune—he might have been the saviour of France!"

It is impossible, here, to resist the temptation to introduce a circumstance which occurred about this period, and which beautifully indicated the genuine humanity and patriotism that impelled the choice spirits of that tempestuous time. The Bishop of Aix was deputed by the Clergy to the Commons to propose a conference. He appeared, accordingly; and having made a pathetic representation of the miseries of the rural population, he seconded his eloquence by the production of a fraction of course black bread, "that beasts would cough at," and which, nevertheless, was the sole diet to which the poor were now reduced. He then besought the Commons to send some of their deputies to confer with those of the Clergy and Nobles, on the means of assuaging these calamities. The Commons, however, were inflexibly resolved to decline any proceeding which should seem to recognise, for a moment, the existence of the two Orders as a separate assembly; and yet they were

The passage is given at greater length by Dumont; but the above are the points

† Could vociferate as loud as fifty others. Iliad. Lib. V. 786.—Ed. Mus.

unwilling to compromise themselves, in the eyes of the people, by the direct repulse of so charitable a proposal. To manage this matter, required some address. But it was accomplished with signal success by a deputy who, after expressing his sympathy with the distresses of the indigent, spoke as follows:

"Go," said he to the Prelate, "go back to your colleagues; and if they are impatient to relieve the sufferings of the people, return with them to join the friends of the people, in this hall. Tell them not to retard our operations with their studied artifices of delay: or rather, ye ministers of religion,—worthy imitators of your Master—renounce the luxury that surrounds you; resume the modesty of your origin; dismiss the insolent lacqueys that attend you; sell your superb equipages; and convert these worthless superfluities into sustenance for the poor."

This was admirably adapted to the passions of the moment; and the speaker was rewarded, not with loud applause, but with a deep and awful murmur, still more animating. And who—(does the reader imagine)—was this friend of his suffering species—this apostle of humanity, that cried out, "*To what purpose is this waste?*"—It was one who was well worthy to rank with the original author of that exclamation—it was one who, in three short years, was to deluge Paris with blood, and whose name was to make all France tremble from one end of it to the other—it was the execrable and fiend-like Robespierre. Surely we may venture to exclaim, *He that hath ears to hear let him hear!*

But the instruction that rushes upon us, in these pages, is bewildering by its abundance. We have, here, a short but interesting notice of Sieyes—reserved, abstracted, and inflexible; one whom it was scarcely possible to bring within the precincts of familiarity; who spoke his thought once, and when he had dropped his word, appeared careless whether any one was minded to pick it up. If objection was made, he answered not; and scarcely any thing could provoke him to discussion. As a writer, his reputation was great. He was the oracle of the *Tiers-Etat*—the most formidable enemy of privileges—and the bitterest scorner of the actual order of society.

"I had believed," says Dumont, with singular naïveté, "that this friend of liberty must love the English. Here, at least, I thought myself on sure ground with him. But to my surprise I found, that the whole constitution of England appeared to him no better than a mere quackery, contrived for the purpose of imposing upon the people. I spoke to him of the modifications peculiar to this system—of its reciprocal compromises—its disguised restraints—the mutual dependence, concealed indeed, but not less real, of the three branches which constitute the legislature. I could easily perceive that he listened to all this with sentiments of piety; and that all influence of the Crown was, in his judgment, just so much venality—all opposition to it, merely a farcical intrigue

of the antechamber (*manège d'antichambre*.) The only thing he admired in England, was the trial by jury; and even this he egregiously misunderstood; and, like all other Frenchmen, formed the most false conceptions of it. In a word, it was clear that he regarded the English as mere children in the art of government and constitution-making; and he believed that he, himself, was able to provide France with a much superior scheme."

Politics, indeed, formed a science which he was persuaded that he had completely mastered; the surest sign, says Dumont, of his profound ignorance. But where is the spirit of Sieyes now? Is it in the paradise of folly?—in the region of "transitory things—abortive, monstrous, and unkindly mixed?" Alas! Alas! it would seem as if it were wandering over Europe with a fresh commission of mischief; and had recently visited the land of political "*childhood*," for the benevolent purpose of teaching it the art of making constitutions.

And here, too, we have the Bishop of Chartres, a very different character from his Grand-Vicar Sieyes; an amiable, benevolent, unsuspecting, Christian man. He was honestly persuaded that the *Tiers-Etat* could have no other earthly object but to reform abuses, and to do good. Pure in his intentions, a total stranger to intrigue, he followed only his conscience, and acted in strict conformity to his sense of duty. His religion, like his politics, was sincere but tolerant, and he rejoiced to see the Protestants relieved from all restraint. He foresaw that great sacrifices would be exacted of the Clergy, but he never dreamed that they would be the victims of the revolution. Shortly after, the goods of the Church were declared the property of the nation. At that period, Dumont found him one day in tears, dismissing his domestics, reducing his hospitable establishment, and selling his more precious effects for the payment of his debts. His regrets were not for himself personally. But his self-accusation was bitter for suffering himself to be deceived, and for having embraced the interests of the *Tiers-Etat*, which had violated, in the season of its strength, all the engagements it had taken in the day of its weakness. Melancholy, indeed, it was, for such a man to have contributed to the success of a party so iniquitous! But never did there live a human being with less cause for self-reproach.

But we must return to Mirabeau. A month had now passed, and the two orders still refused to assemble in the same hall with the *Tiers-Etat*. Their firmness obtained for them the name of *aristocrats*. The word was soon found to exert a magical power to their disadvantage; and Dumont bitterly regrets that they did not counterwork the spell, by coining a good nick-name for the opposite party; which, in the absence of any such symbol of disparagement, became gradually identified with the whole French nation: so that the people saw nothing but the *aristocrats* on one side, and the *nation* on the other. The effect of

the contrast was tremendous: and the good people of Paris, so *flaccid* (flaque) in their ordinary state, was rapidly filled out, like a balloon, with inflammable gas. While the public mind was in this fiery condition, the charm was wound up by the mighty enchantment of two more words. The *Tiers-Etat* declared itself the *National Assembly*; and thus, virtually, proclaimed, that the King, the Nobility, and the Clergy, were to be nothing!

The part played by Mirabeau during the discussions which preceded the adoption of this title, threatened to shake his popularity to pieces. Dumont, and the other confidential friends of the Count, had constantly before their eyes the English constitution, from which they had learned, that a legislative body in two branches was far preferable to a single assembly without regulation or control. They succeeded in possessing the great orator with the same conviction; and he accordingly proposed that the Commons should organize themselves under the title of Deputies of the French People. He was listened to without impatience: but when the proposition was supported by Malouet, who was known for a ministerial man, the storm began to howl. Dumont was in the gallery: and being provoked by the absurdities which he heard vented in such profusion, employed himself, on the spot, in hastily writing his thoughts on the subject, in the shape of an address to those friends of liberty who thought themselves degraded by the title proposed by Mirabeau. That same day he dined with the Count, and exhibited to him his sketch of an address. To Mirabeau it appeared so triumphant, that in spite of all remonstrances, he was determined, as he said, to launch the red-hot bolt at their heads at the very next meeting. A speech was immediately got up, with Dumont's address, by way of peroration. The only difficulty was, now, to get a hearing for it. But Mirabeau was so powerful in the galleries, that the Assembly did not dare to silence him. The exordium, and the argumentative part, met with only a doubtful reception. Then came the peroration, which was uttered by Mirabeau with his most appalling thunders. But it only brought down a still more terrific tempest. The Hall echoed with sounds of fury, till the commotion became universal. In the midst of the uproar, Mirabeau stood erect and immovable; while Dumont was in the gallery, ready to sink into the earth, in his dismay at the horrid failure of the experiment. When the tumult began to subside, the orator resumed, with a grave and solemn voice; and said, "Mr. President, I consign to your desk this paper, which has raised such murmurs, and has been so ill-understood. I am willing to be judged, as to its merits, by the friends of liberty." Having uttered these words, he left the Assembly in the midst of the most outrageous menaces and imprecations. Dumont was almost afraid to go near him. But his apprehensions were entirely groundless. Mirabeau was perfectly satisfied with what he had done; and, about an hour afterwards, his friend found him triumphantly reading his discourse to

a knot of Marseillais, who had collected round him, and who were all but falling into fits with admiration of it!—His courage, however, as Dumont remarks, was only the courage of the moment. The motion for adopting the title of National Assembly, was carried by a majority of almost 500 to 80; and among those 80 Mirabeau was not found. He kept away, and did not vote upon the question; and he thus escaped appearing on the list of "traitors sold to the aristocracy." In spite of all this, however, his popularity at the Palais Royal did not wane, while the name of Malouet, Mounier, and others, was pronounced with execrations.

The audacity of this usurpation both confounded and enraged the nobility. The time, they said, was now come for the King to place himself at the head of his troops, to arrest the leaders of the sedition, and to disperse the Assembly. It was in the state of parties, at this moment, that Mr. Dumont thinks we are to seek for the germ and principle of the events that soon followed in rapid succession. The vigour of the Court evaporated in the pompous imbecility of the Royal Session or Bed of Justice, which annulled the offensive decree of the Commons, but did not ordain the reunion of the Orders. For the three or four days previous to this solemnity, the Deputies were excluded from the hall,—a measure which only drove them first to the Tennis Court, (where they pronounced the famous oath, that they would never separate until the Constitution was complete)—and the next day, to the Church of St. Louis, where they were joined by a rather doubtful majority of the Clergy, who came to unite themselves to the Tiers-Etat. This union took place in the midst of embraces, and tears, and plaudits, and transports—all very much in the French manner. The *dévouement* of the clergy was extolled to the skies:—in the course of a short time not an ecclesiastic could show himself in public without being brutally insulted!

On the day of the *Séance Royale* Dumont was at the palace, and saw the magnificent procession defile. His description of it is short, but singularly impressive. The ministers of the King made their appearance. They wore an air of studied composure; but their emotion pierced through the disguise. The bearing of the Comte d'Artois was full of pride. The King appeared sorrowful and pensive. The multitude was immense, and the stillness profound. When the King entered his carriage there was the roll of drums, and the flourish of trumpets—but not a note of applause—no *vive le roi*. Fear alone restrained the murmurings of the crowd. *Non tumultus, non quies; sed quale magni metus, aut magnæ iræ silentium erat.* The vast procession then began to move: all the royal household, the guards, the officers, the cavalry. They approached the hall, where the three Orders together were waiting in mute indignation, and distrust of each other. Never were passions more violent, or more conflicting, shut up within the same walls.

closure. The whole ceremonial was similar to that of the States General. But the one was a national festivity; the other was as gloomy as a gorgeous funeral.

When the *Stance* was over, the king retired, together with the nobility and the clergy. The *Tiers-Etat* were then left alone to ruminate upon the effects of the decree which they had passed so lightly. They found themselves placed under the necessity of trampling upon the crown, or retracing their own steps. In the midst of their silent consternation, a messenger arrived from the king, and summoned them to retire. And then it was that Mirabeau pronounced the words which have formed an epoch in the Revolution. "Go," said he "and tell your master that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing but the bayonet shall drive us from our post." These memorable words rallied, in an instant, the drooping courage of the Assembly; and before the king had well reached his palace, the Royal Session was a nullity!

It may appear as strange, as it was lamentable, that Mirabeau should have thus thrown his torch into the combustible heap, which otherwise, perhaps, might not have burst into such fatal explosion. Mr. Dumont accounts for it in this manner. The Royal Session was concerted at the suggestion of Duroverai, purely in order to save appearances. The plan was, that the king should reverse the decree of the Assembly, but at the same time should order the reunion of the Three Estates, which was now become inevitable. This measure would thus be the act of the king, and not the result of a decree of the *Tiers-Etat*; the nobility would be saved from humiliation, and the nation possibly from civil war. The Count of Artois, however, succeeded in defeating that part of the plan, which, in the view of Necker, was its very essence. It was resolved to reverse the decree, but not to order the reunion. All this, together with the exclusion of the deputies from their hall for several days, produced a general belief that the States were to be dissolved; and Mirabeau who, unfortunately had not been apprized of the original design, was the dupe of the general delusion. At the crisis, therefore, he threw himself, with his whole weight, headlong into the popular scale, and let loose the elements of confusion, beyond the possibility of recall. When he afterwards learned the real origin of the *Stance Royale*, he fell into a paroxysm of rage. "So"—said he—"Duroverai did not think me worthy of being consulted! I know he considers me merely as a madman with certain lucid intervals. But I could have told him beforehand the consequence of his precious measure. It is not upon an elastic people like the French that these stupid forms can be played off. And this M. Necker!—what a man to be trusted with measures such as these. One might as well apply a cautery to a wooden leg as to give advice to him, which he is in no condition to follow." Then, heating himself with the prospect of all the perils which must ensue from this rash expedient,

he added, in a prophetic spirit, "This is the way that kings are brought to the scaffold."

It is the firm persuasion of Dumont that, up to this time, the deputies acted with very little of concerted design. The utmost that can be said, is, that there might be the beginnings of something like organization among the Bretons. The "*Club Breton*" was certainly formidable by its union, and was probably practised upon by the minority of the *noblesse*: "but never," says Dumont, "shall we have a complete history of the Revolution, until some one of that party shall have given his faithful memoirs of it to the world." Sieyes himself revolted against the desperate character of their proceedings. On his return from one of their secret meetings he said to Dumont, "I will have nothing more to do with the people. Their politics are those of a den of conspirators. They propose the most desperate enterprizes as if they were common expedients." With characters of this description it is certain that Mirabeau had no connection. His wild, irregular, intractable temper made him very unfit to be the member of a confederacy. He had no sufficient steadiness and coherency of mind to win the confidence of his companions, and therefore was disqualified for becoming their leader: and he had too much pride, and too much force of character, for any inferior post. He, therefore, remained totally independent of all parties, wrapped up solely in his own personal ambition, envious to excess of all rising credit in the assembly—"epigrammatic in general, but flatterer in detail,"—separated from his colleagues by his disdain of some, and his jealousy of others. Dumont saw him frequently; and is satisfied that Mirabeau had not the slightest concern in the movements of the capital. He further expresses his distinct conviction, that it is a great error to ascribe the Revolution to the machinations of secret agitators. It is ridiculous, he says, to attribute to conspiracy an impulse so sudden and so vast. The whole mass of society was, somehow or other, in a state of morbid and feverish irritation. A cry in the Palais Royal—an accidental movement—a mere nothing—was sufficient to cause a general commotion. In this condition one tumult produced another tumult. The symptoms of one day were aggravated to fierce exasperation by the next. One deep call to another, till the stormy deluge burst over the whole face of the kingdom. In a word, the people of France were in a state which resembles that described in the Caliph Vathek. The foot ball was thrown down. A few began to kick it. The by-standers were driven, by some strange but irresistible impulse, to join in sport. The pursuers of the game swelled rapidly to an enormous multitude. On they swept together, till they found themselves upon the edge of a precipice: and the whole herd rushed violently down into destruction.

It is one very curious feature of the time, as described by Dumont, that the creditors of the state were, of all others, the most ardent part

ans of the States-General. They foresaw that bankruptcy, and, with it, their own ruin, must be the inevitable consequence of the dissolution of that body. They were in decided opposition to the court, because they were persuaded that, if once relieved from the domination of the Assembly, the king would have nothing to do but to pass a sponge over the debt, in order to extricate himself from the deficit, and secure a considerable surplus revenue. This would, of course, enable him to mitigate the imposts, and, so, to propitiate the whole nation; who, thenceforth, would think nothing more of the States, the constitution, and the sovereignty of the people, and, least of all, of the distresses of the creditors. In the midst of all these agitations, appeared Mirabeau's celebrated Address to the King for the dismissal of the troops. By this time, perhaps, the reader will hardly be surprised to learn that Mirabeau's address was, substantially, the composition of M. Dumont! The author was full of the subject, and, as he honestly confesses, animated by the flatteries and caresses of his principal—(who was drunk with the glory of his own recent triumphs)—and completed his task with extraordinary rapidity. The count was as fondly attached to this production as if every syllable of it had been his own. He was, more especially, lavish in his praise of its happy combination of temperance and vigour. "My own style," said he, "easily assumes the tone of strength. I can readily find words that burn. But the moment I attempt 'the club and oily art,' I am sure to become tame and insipid: and the rapidness of my own compound gives me a pain in the stomach." He would not listen to a word of criticism upon this, or on any other performance, on which his own name had been stamped. His self-love embraced his adopted children with so much cordiality, that his bowels yearned towards them with truly parental emotion. "Whenever I worked for Mirabeau," says M. Dumont, "I felt something like the satisfaction of an obscure individual, whose children had been changed at nurse, and introduced into a great family; although conscious that he was their father, he would be compelled to treat them with profound respect. This was my case. When once my progeny was adopted by Mirabeau, he would defend them even against their parent: nay, he would even allow me to praise them, and would consider my admiration as a mark of esteem and friendship for himself." At length, however, Dumont's satisfaction with this obscure and unambitious agency, gradually subsided. It began to be whispered that he and Duroverai were the operatives of Mirabeau. The Count himself led a life of perpetual agitation and discussion. His occupation in the Assembly and its committee was almost incessant: and yet his appetite for pleasure never seemed to desert him, and he always appeared to have time to throw away upon his indulgencies. The world refused to believe that a man, thus distracted between public business and personal gratification, could be the author of all the writings that were perpe-

tually coming forth in his name; and they were perfectly right. In fact, there was a multitude of workmen in constant employ to build up the fabric of his reputation; and when once Dumont found that he was numbered among the gang, by all the pamphleteers of the day, he ceased to feel any pleasure in his occupation: and it was this circumstance which eventually determined him to quit France and to return to England.

Soon after this, Dumont engaged with Mirabeau and Duroverai in conducting a Journal by the title of the *Courier de Provence*. There was something rather low and sordid in this affair,—from which the parties promised themselves "mountains of gold." But the history of it is, altogether, sufficiently laughable. Mirabeau, of course, intrigued with the wife of the publisher, who was a vixen and a cheat. He was irritated and disgusted with her scandalous dishonesty, and said to her one day, "Madame le Jay, if there were no such thing as probity in the world, it really would be necessary to invent it, if it were only to make our fortune by it." But Madame le Jay had another system of ethics. She contrived to swallow up all the profits, and to set *messieurs les auteurs* at defiance. Mirabeau, who was her paramour, was in no condition to use very high language with her; and, besides, he was absolutely confounded by her effrontery and her cunning. He vowed that it was more easy to manage the whole National Assembly than one woman when she had made up her mind upon any thing: and, as for proceeding at law, the whole bar would turn pale in her presence before they would convict her: for he defied the most tortuous attorney to approach her in subtlety of invention. It was even as he said. The lady was too many for them all. She pocketed the money, and they were obliged to pocket the vexation, and to contrive some better arrangements for the future conduct of their Journal.

The freedom of this publication was extreme. Sieyes complained bitterly of the license of its criticism on his own productions: and Mirabeau was obliged to beg that there might be a mitigation of hostilities. "I conjure you," he said, "not to embroil me with that man; his vanity is implacable." The assembly were not quite so sensible as the Reverend *Graná Vicar*. On reverting, since, to some of the articles, Dumont was astonished at the hardihood with which the proceedings of that body were canvassed. But their haughty omnipotence disdained to notice these liberties, although the censures were extended to every department of their labours. The want of connection and order in the operations of finance; the practice of laying down general principles, without considering questions of detail; insidious anticipation of important decisions; the total overthrow of the ancient executive power, without first providing any other institutions to fill their place; the conversion of the assembly into a bureau for receiving accusations; its absorption of all the functions of the executive ministry; the wretched defects of its interior police;

—all these were exposed to the public with a boldness which might well surprise the authors themselves, when reviewing it in calmer times: and it exhibited, in truth, a glorious picture of incoherence, disorder, and wild precipitation. After all, however, Dumont confesses that the work was generally very middling, and often miserably bad. The rapidity of the whirlwind which carried the assembly forward, allowed observers no time for study or meditation. To represent their proceedings must have been like attempting to exhibit on canvass the progress of a deluge, which is every instant changing the face of the country, and before which all traces of ancient fabrics, and all signs of human habitation, are constantly disappearing.

The Assembly was at last complete. The majority of the *noblesse* and the minority of the clergy had united themselves with the commons. But still the winds which had been let loose, were sweeping onward in their career of ruin through the country. In this emergency, Dumont, who was then the Great Address-maker, set to work, and produced an address from the National Assembly to the people. It had immense applause, and no success. It is not, he remarks, with phrases that insurrections are to be arrested; and the Assembly was in no condition to employ any stronger instrument. *They were so fearful of offending the people, that they regarded as a snare, all motions tending to the suppression of disorder, or the censure of popular excesses. By the people they had triumphed; it was therefore impossible for them to be severe against the people. They protested, indeed, that they were filled with affliction and displeasure by the atrocities of the brigands, who had insulted the nobles, and burned down their chateaux: but, in secret, they rejoiced at a reign of terror which they considered as necessary. They, accordingly, dispensed compliments to authority, and encouragement to license.* The language of respect for the executive power was still conceived in the most approved and established forms; but they could scarcely disguise the satisfaction with which they saw the ministers revealing their own feebleness and *nothingness*. "If you were strong enough to make yourselves respected, you would likewise be strong enough to make us tremble." This was the sentiment which pervaded at least the whole of the *Côté Gauche*; and it made the hands which held the reins of government powerless as the grasp of infancy. Of truth, there is nothing new under the sun, or ever will be! It has sometimes been said that individuals seldom grow wiser by experience. It is greatly to be feared that nations seldom grow wiser either by experience, or by example. But, however this may be, we apprehend that the above representation must, at the present day, stir up some fearful *searchings of heart* in the bosoms of men who have not utterly lost all aspirations after wisdom. They, who now can contemplate such pictures without emotion, must surely be duller

"than the fat weed
That rots itself, at ease, on Lethe's wharf."

About this period Burke's celebrated work on the French Revolution came out. Its effect in England was prodigious. Germany was more sluggish. It had suffered more severely under feudal oppressions; and therefore still fixed its admiring regards on the labours of the French Assembly, as the beau-ideal of legislation. Nevertheless, Dumont allows it to be possible, that the illustrious author of this work, by awakening governments and proprietors to the danger of the *New Political Religion*, may have been the Saviour of Europe. In France, of course, it was, at the time, very much like *the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal*; for the faculties of the whole nation were then absorbed by the Assembly's famous declaration of the *Rights of Man*.

The idea of such a declaration was purely American. The time devoted to the preparation of it is remembered by Dumont as a period of *mortal ennui*. Empty verbal disputes—metaphysical jargon—insolent swaggering—the Assembly transformed into a sort of political Sorbonne—the apprentices in legislation trying their hand on all manner of wretched puerilities. After casting aside a number of models, a committee of five was appointed;—Mirabeau was one; and with his usual generosity he first took the whole labour upon himself, and then—distributed it among his friends. So to work they went,—Dumont, Duroverai, Clavier—digesting, disputing, adding one word, and blotting out four, and producing, at least, their beautiful piece of veneration, their precious mosaic, of the Rights of Man, *which never had any existence*.

Dumont, as he went on, became every hour sorely alive to the ridiculous nature of the task. Every step he took presented him with a mere comprehensive and distinct apocalypse of this Limbo of Nonsense. It is quite amusing to see the caustic, and almost testy, humour, with which he, here *shows up* its absurdities. Only think—says he—of rights existing previous to laws or constitutions! And then—the gibberish of, "men are born free and equal!" Free!—they are not born free: they are born in a state of abject feebleness and dependence. Equal!—when were they equal?—where?—how?—How can they ever be equal? The whole world is a congeries of inequalities. The whole scheme of the rights of man is a manifest and monstrous lie. It would require volumes to give any reasonable or intelligible import to this equality which is here to be declared broadly, and without qualification or exception. Dumont succeeded in impressing the other four sages with his own misgivings. Mirabeau had even the courage to produce this heresy in the assembly when he presented the *projet*. "I plainly tell you"—he said—"that any declaration of rights anterior to a constitution will always be as worthless as the last year's almanack. But having thus shot his bolt, he did no more. He had launched his happy phrase and was content. He had not the faculty of diving into a subject. No one so quick in seizing its striking points. But he developed nothing. He was totally deficient in one great de-

partment of his vocation, the art, or at least the practice, of refutation. He was a great orator, but no debater. However, he had said quite enough to excite astonishment and rage. "Who is this?"—it was asked—"who dares to abuse his ascendant, by cramming down our throats the *pour* and the *contre* at his pleasure? Are we to be the sport of his eternal contradictions?" He might have blown the murmurers to atoms, if he had chosen; but there was no keeping him steady to his gun.—And so, the work of transcendental philosophy went on. The modern rivals of Prometheus continued their natural mysteries; and the shapeless, but terrific monster, the Rights of Man, started into life, to make night and day hideous, and to fill the world with prodigies of massacre and pillage.

But if much time was lost in this portentous preparation, ample redemption was made in the nocturnal session of the 4th of August. Never, since the structure of Pandemonium, was so much work done in so short time. One would imagine, indeed, that a race of "drudging goblins" had been employed upon the task; for no mortal power seemed equal to it. What would have taken ordinary men a whole year to meditate and arrange, was proposed, argued, voted, and resolved by acclamation. It is difficult to say how many decrees were made in that one stupendous night: the abolition of feudal rights—the abolition of tithes—the abolition of provincial privileges,—three things which alone involved a whole system of jurisprudence and policy,—together with ten or a dozen other enormous matters—all were despatched in less time than is devoted to the first reading of a single bill of any importance, by the slow-paced, thick-winded legislators of England. Nay—roads, railways, bridges, and gas-lights, have been treated with infinitely more ceremony in the British Parliament as hitherto constituted than the rights, usages, and institutions of a thousand years were treated by this new-born giant of the revolution. Dumont was witness of these incredible operations. It seemed to him as if some inscrutable infatuation had seized upon the Assembly. They were smitten with a sudden passion for ruining themselves and all the rest of the world. Every one had some new sacrifice to offer—some fresh oblation to take place upon the altar of their country—some costly spoil wherewithal to decorate their temple of liberty. All invidious privileges—all burdens onerous to the people—were early renounced. The men were drunk with the new wine of patriotic fanaticism. The austere Genius of legislation assumed the frantic demeanor of a bacchanal. All were dizzy with the swiftness of the general movement: and some actually wept for joy at the glorious spectacle of concession outstripping the pace of demand. It is true that this fever of magnanimity was not quite universal. There were some who would vastly have preferred not to be ruined! But finding that they were ruined by the generosity of their col-

leagues, they were resolved to suffer in good company; and, therefore, they swelled the glories of the night by other noble sacrifices, which could cost them nothing.—And what was the object of all this superb immolation? In what was this paroxysm of insane prodigality to end?—"In reducing to a political unity a monarchy which was formed, successively, of an aggregate of many states, of which each had preserved certain ancient rights, certain peculiar privileges, thus exhibiting a constitution of anomalies;—and all this was to be dashed in pieces, at a blow, in order that it might be moulded anew into a fabric of rectilinear symmetry and uniformity!"

The morning which followed this revolutionary debauch, brought with it sobriety, and qualmishness, and heart-sickness, and miserable languor. Mirabeau and Sieyes, indeed, were not present at the scene of intemperance. But they were filled with utter disgust at the result. "*Voilà bien nos Français*"—said Mirabeau—"they take a month to dispute about syllables, and only a single night to overthrow the ancient order of the monarchy." The Reverend Grand Vicar was more especially indignant at the abolition of tithes, and was resolved to tell the Assembly his mind. At the next session he accordingly made them a speech full of force, and admirable reasoning, in order to show that to abolish tithes without an indemnity, would be to pillage the clergy of their property, only to enrich the proprietors of the land: and he finished with the memorable words—"They desire to be free, but they know not how to be just." But it was all to no purpose. Neither argument nor antithesis would do. They saw in the speaker only a priest who was unable to strip himself of his personal interest, and they almost refused him a hearing. Yes—the very Sieyes to whom, a month or two before, the whole assembly rose, as one man, when he entered the hall—that very Sieyes now had a narrow escape from being positively hissed and hooted down! Dumont saw him the next day. He was boiling with wrath at the iniquity and brutish stupidity of the Assembly. He never forgave it: and one day, was pouring out his "splendid bile" in conversation with Mirabeau; the orator replied—"my dear Abbé, *You have unchained the bull, and now you gravely complain that he makes use of his horn.*"—They were both, however, agreed on one thing; namely, that a single assembly must be without check and regulator; and that the session of the 4th of August demonstrated to what extremities of madness such an assembly might be whirled, by the eloquence of fear, and the contagious enthusiasm of the moment.

And, after all, did the decrees of the 4th of August put an end to outrage and brigandage? On the contrary, they did literally nothing but show the people their strength, and convince them that their worst excesses against the noblesse would certainly remain unpunished, and perhaps might be rewarded. Always be it remembered says Dumont, "that *what is done through fear*

never answers its purpose. *They, whom you think to disarm by your concessions, only redouble their confidence and audacity.*"

The first great constitutional question which he debated in the assembly was that of the Absolute Veto. We say *debated*, because we presume that none can be misled by the phrase. Every one knows pretty well that a *debate* in France is, in general, the most wearisome of all sublunary things; and this, precisely in proportion to the difficulty and importance of the subject. It is, in fact, the reading of a succession of pamphlets, totally unconnected with each other; of discourses prepared in the study, which refute objections that have *not* been made, and which leave unrefuted objections which *have* been made. The effect of this system is, that the discussion always remains stationary. There is abundance of movement, but none of it progressive. There is no *getting on*. Nothing—as Dumont observes—but a *passionate* interest in the subject, could hold out against the murderous *ennui* of such a method of *debating*. But to come to Mirabeau. It so happened in the *debate* on the Veto, he got himself into a scrape, inexpressibly ridiculous. In an evil hour, he ventured to go without the aid of his tried and faithful friends and advisers. He had fallen into the hands of the Marquis de Casseaux—a man whose brain seemed to be made of wool—a most tedious, mystical, and unintelligible personage—but, who contrived, nevertheless, to fascinate, and, what was worse, to indoctrinate Mirabeau. He said not a syllable to Dumont and the others, of his new Apocalyptic Mentor; but only told them that he had thoroughly prepared himself. His appearance in the Tribune was like life from the dead to his auditory, who were nearly destroyed by a long succession of most execrable speeches. But who shall describe his condition, when he began to give utterance to the composition before him? He had scarcely, be it observed, cast a glance over the material which his *familiar* had provided for him—so that, to his utter dismay, he suddenly found himself in a labyrinth of involved reasoning, long periods, embarrassed constructions, all rendered more perplexing by a collection of the oddest words imaginable; and, this, too, without the power of extricating himself; for in the plenitude of his reliance upon his provider, he had omitted to prepare himself by meditation or research. Dumont was present, and detected the hand of the Marquis, before Mirabeau had uttered three sentences. Of the rest of the audience, the more intelligent contrived to find out that he was *for* the Veto; which alone was sufficient to raise loud murmurs against him. All could feel that he was doing out the most intolerable fastian, and this made the tumult nearly uncontrollable. In vain did he endeavour to burst from his trammels, and be himself. In vain did he sally out into all sorts of digressions, and *let off* a multitude of brilliant and crackling common-places against despotism. He was compelled to come

down again into the wilderness of his manuscript; and this was always a signal for the renewal of the uproar. In spite of his courage and self-possession, which, on such occasions, never wholly deserted him, he was scarcely able to finish his discourse; and when he came down, he confessed that, as he advanced with this reading in the tribune, he felt himself covered all over with a cold sweat, and that he should certainly have thrown his manuscript away, but that he had unfortunately left himself so "heinously unprovided" with other matter, that he could not venture to do without it! But neither good nor evil ever come unmixed. He lost the good will of those who could understand him, by supporting the Absolute Veto; and, by them his obscurity was supposed to be designed, with a view to secure himself a safe retreat into the opposite opinion, should he find it expedient to change: but, fortunately, he was quite unintelligible in the galleries; and so, they very indulgently took it for granted that he must be one of the most inflexible antagonists of the obnoxious prerogative.—And this was the way in which great constitutional questions were disposed of in this august assembly!—As for the *veto*,—the people were in a state of frantic terror about it. They knew as much of what it meant, as the Irish peasantry ever knew of what is meant by *emancipation*. Their ignorance invested it with unspeakable horrors. They seemed to think it was a monster ready to devour every thing. They once surrounded Mirabeau's carriage, with loud supplications that he would deliver them from the *veto*: and such was their importunity that he was compelled to dismiss them with "a somewhat patrician politeness." However, he finally, left the *veto* to its own fate. He voted neither for nor against it. He, once more, kept out of the way; and thus, a second time, escaped appearing on the list of traitors: and he affected to mask this cowardice under the disguise of contempt for the assembly!

It has been a matter of dispute whether, or not, Mirabeau was implicated in the atrocious events of the 5th and 6th of October; and Dumont is unable to clear up the doubt. All he can say is, that, if Mirabeau had any connexion with the Duke of Orleans (to whom this insurrection has been imputed)—he never entrusted Dumont with the secret. He certainly was, at this time, a good deal with two very suspicious characters, both of whom were supposed to be agents of the Duke. The one was Camille Desmolin the procureur General de la Lanterne—who afterwards affirmed that Dumont was an emissary of Pitt, and placed about Mirabeau to lead him astray. The other was La Clos, of whom Mirabeau himself said that in point of morals no blame ought to be imputed to the man, for that he really had lost all *taste* for morality, and was no longer sensible of the difference between good and evil! Another suspicious circumstance was, that Mirabeau had cooked up a volume against Royalty, out of the writings of Milton, in whose works, it

is true, might easily be found some of the very best ingredients for a drastic compound of Republicanism. This work accidentally fell into the hands of Dumont, who burned the whole impression, and thus, perhaps, saved his friend either from destruction or from public infamy. What was the Count's object in this compilation, Dumont is unable to conjecture, with any approach to certainty. He conceives it possible, however, that he might choose to have such a battery, in readiness to open on any great and critical occasion—such, for instance, as the flight of the King: in which case he might discharge his grape-shot at the rear of fugitive royalty—propose the Duke of Orleans for Lieutenant General of the kingdom—and become his prime minister. But all this is merely surmise: and Dumont intimates that Lafayette is one of the very few persons now living who are completely in possession of the secret of these occurrences. Indeed the whole conduct of the orator at this time is sufficiently inexplicable: or explicable only on the supposition that he was on the watch for some occasion that might minister to the honour and glory of Count Mirabeau: in a word, that he resembled the sea-gull that rides undisturbed on the boiling ocean,

"And trims his feathers, and looks round for sprats!"

Most assuredly, there was no principle of high-minded and disinterested generosity at the bottom of his proceedings: for, in the stormy session of the assembly which followed the *fête* given to the military at Versailles, Mirabeau threw himself into the midst of the tumult, and thundered out, that he was prepared to denounce by name the principal actors in those sacrilegious orgies, provided that a decree should first be passed, that the person of the King alone was sacred and inviolable. This single sentence appeared to point directly at the Queen. It made the *côté droite* tremble: nay, the very democrats themselves turned pale at it, fearing that it might hurry them into violent and perilous extremities.

On one great occasion, indeed, he gave his full support to the ministry, and this very occasion it was that elevated him to the summit of his renown, and established him as the greatest orator, or rather as the only orator, in France. Necker was at this time almost at his wits' end. To use the language of M. Dumont, he had to keep a vast and complicated machine in motion, with a mere thread of water, which was, every moment, on the point of drying up. He was, therefore, compelled to resort to a loan, as the only expedient to save the wheels of government from stoppage: and Mirabeau engaged to be the advocate of this project. The political butchers were for modifying the plan, in order to save the honour of the Assembly, whose dignity, they said, would be compromised by the unqualified adoption of any ministerial measure. No one knew better than Mirabeau that this august body was always sure to spoil and mangle every thing on which it

laid its hand. He, therefore, put forth all his powers, to persuade the Assembly to receive the project, just as it was, without one tittle of alteration. Nothing could be more splendid and magnificent than his success. He told them to their face, that the failure of the former loan was solely their work: that they had so mutilated and disfigured the plan as to render its success impossible. He described to them the national revenue as on the very point of exhaustion, and the public credit as tottering to its ruin. He then painted to them the endless calamities which must rush in through the breach of the public faith, and showed them the gulf of bankruptcy yawning before their feet. The picture he presented to them was executed with amazing power and sublimity. It was, indeed, as Dumont observes, what might be called one of the common places of eloquence: but it was a common place, which, in his hands, expanded itself into all the grandeur of the most original conception, as it might have done in those of Cicero or Bossuet. The audience fancied they saw the frightful abyss before them; and heard the groans of the victims it was devouring.

"The triumph," says Dumont, "was as complete as it was possible for it to be. Not a syllable—not a breath—was heard in reply. The Assembly was subjugated by that irresistible power which seizes on a multitude as if it were one man; and the ministerial project was received, untouched and unchanged, with the most entire confidence. From that moment Mirabeau stood alone; he had no rival; others were good speakers, he only was eloquent; and the effect was the more overpowering, because this speech was a sudden reply: it could not possibly have been prepared, it was the produce of the moment, and it proved that he was in possession of resources incomparably superior to any thing which had ever been supplied to him by his confidential auxiliaries.

A specimen of this celebrated burst of oratory is given us in a note. We will endeavour to convey some faint notion of it to the English reader.

"Our respect for the public faith, our horror for that word of infamy, a bankrupt nation—is already guaranteed by solemn pledges and declarations. If it were not so, I then would drag to light, without shrinking, those secret motives, (motives alas! concealed, perhaps, even from ourselves,) which now are tempting us madly to recoil from a great act of self-devotion—an act, which, however, must be wholly worthless, unless it be executed without hesitation or reserve. There may be men among us, who are seduced by the fear of sacrifices, and the terror of imposts, into familiarity with the notion of a breach of the public engagements. To such men I would say,—what, then, is national bankruptcy itself? Is it not, of all imposts the most inhuman, the most iniquitous, the most disastrous?"

Listen, my friends, I implore you, to one word—one single word. Two ages of robbery and pillage have dug out the gulf, in which the realm of France is now on the point of be-

ing swallowed. It is ours to fill up this frightful abyss. Well then—look upon this list of the proprietors of France. Fix upon the most opulent of their number, and thus, mercifully reduce the multitude of sacrifices. Only make your choice: for surely, it needs must be, that some should suffer rather than the people should perish. Behold—here are two thousand of our Notables: the possessions of these men are, alone, sufficient to fill the chasm which is yawning before your feet. Why, then, a moment's hesitation? Seize, this instant, on your victims; smite them down without mercy, and plunge them into the abyss. It is done—and the gulf is about to close its jaws again. What! do ye start back with horror? Irresolute and faint-hearted men! do ye recoil and shudder at this needful and righteous immolation?"

This, it must be confessed, is a strain of awful and tremendous irony. Whether it would exactly do for the British parliament may, perhaps, be questioned. But we can imagine nothing better adapted to agitate and to command a Parisian Assembly.

It happened that Molé, the first actor of the théâtre François, was present at the delivery of this speech. He was deeply struck with the astounding force of Mirabeau—with the sublimity of his voice—with his power of dramatic painting: and it occurred to him that the man who could make that speech, was even worthy to be the greatest of actors? He accordingly said to Mirabeau, in a pathetic accent, "Oh, Monsieur le Comte, what an incomparable discourse; and how admirable the tone in which it was pronounced. O heaven! how false have you been to your true vocation!" The man himself could not help smiling at the turn of this eulogium. But Mirabeau was not only satisfied with it—he was highly flattered. And what more intoxicating compliment could be paid by an idolater of his profession?

A few days after this, it was resolved that there should be an address from the Assembly to the French people, in order to forward the measures of the ministry; and the mighty orator was employed to draw it up. As usual, he turned the matter over—not to the Marquis of Caseaux—but to the faithful and indefatigable Dumont, who completed it in the three days. It was extremely well received; but its effect, he says, was very similar to that of a sermon,—it was applauded, and forgotten.

The next measure in which the Count ranged himself on the side of the crown, was the proposal for proclaiming *Martial Law*. The popular license was then becoming intolerable. A handful of mutineers was sufficient to make the governor of a citadel tremble. *Every act of personal defence was a capital crime; and the clamours of the populace were much more formidable than the battery of an enemy.* Mirabeau had long said that this dictatorship of the rabble ought to be sternly put down; and Dumont thinks that he was the very first to propose martial law.

The suggestion, of course, was vehemently opposed. But it is a very remarkable, and unaccountable thing, that his resistance to insolence on this occasion did not lose him shade of his popularity. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more signal proof of the ascendancy which his great powers had established over the public mind. It is a curious circumstance, that two of our own countrymen applied to for their advice in the preparative measure. During the discussions, the model was often appealed to, and always most egregiously misconceived of it were, however, then two English advocates at Versailles, with whom Dumont was acquainted, and he was solicited to obtain from them an exposition of martial law in England. The gentlemen very wisely declined the offer; the fact is mentioned by Dumont to illustrate the contrast between the national reserve and of the English character, and that reticence to come forward and to meddle, so universally characteristic of the French. It is a subject on which he has expressed more largely in another place (c. viii.), and sums up his judgement by affirming that if he were to stop any hundred persons at random in the streets of London, and as the streets of Paris, and were to propose to take upon themselves the government of the country, ninety-nine out of the Parisians would accept it, and ninety-nine out of the English would refuse it.

It is unquestionable that Mirabeau was approximating more and more closely to court. Our limits will not allow us to mark out the exact trajectory in which he was then moving. It must be sufficient to say that he had a project, on which he sounded for the removal of the king from his present captivity, to Metz, or to some other place in which he could exert a perfect free and perhaps overawe the democratic France. The scheme however was abandoned principally in consequence of the sluggish and irresolution of the King, who allowed into apathy the moment the assaults of the assembly were intermitted. The Count was disposed to comparatively moderate with respect to the Clergy, who now seemed to be placed almost beyond the pale of the nation. He embraced the views of the late Abbot Autun,* that the Clergy ought not to be allowed to utter destitution, but that their property should be sold for the redemption of the nation, a fixed salary substituted in its place. The subject Dumont had little communicated to him, and therefore had no opportunity of stating his own views, which were always with reference to England, where, he held, is one sacred principle of all reforms: *never should be made at the smallest expense to living persons:* for what sort of reform

* Talleyrand.

claims, are those, who know no other expedient but that of immolating some in order to better the condition of the rest?

The connexion of Mirabeau with the court, was now pretty clearly indicated by the change in his mode of living. He migrated to the *Chausée d'Antio*; he furnished his house in a style of ostentatious luxury; he exhibited, in short, the suspicious spectacle of a "Tribune of the people emulating the splendour of Lucullus." The truth is, that he was receiving 20,000 francs a month from the Count d'Artois, under the pretence of assistance towards the liquidation of his debts. The debts, nevertheless, were left unpaid,—all, at least, except the most pressing ones,—and Mirabeau became the centre of a brilliant assemblage both of rank and talent. This pension was however soon discontinued: for the Count was a very untractable counsellor, and complained that they wanted to make him useless, by insisting on the sacrifice of his popularity, which was the grand instrument of his success. Still his costly establishment was kept up, and eventually enlarged; so that his connexion with the wealthy and the powerful could not be doubtful. In the month of March following Dumont quitted Paris. His more intimate knowledge of the Count did not augment his esteem for him. He was satisfied, indeed, that Mirabeau was attached to the King, and willing to defend the monarchy against the jacobins. But there was too great a mixture in his motives to be endured by the simple integrity of the Genevan, who was disgusted with his ostentatious mode of life, and by the indelicate and unscrupulous means by which it was supported. Besides, the name of Dumont was beginning to be openly associated with that of Mirabeau, as one of his numerous under-labourers. There was a manifest disposition in many quarters to strip the gorgeous creature of his borrowed plumage; an operation which, of course, brought forward the claims of the original owners: and Dumont did not choose to appear in the character of agent or compiler to a man whose personal character was so immeasurably below his public renown.

Before he quitted Paris, he saw his friend in a situation entirely new, that of President of the Assembly, and never was the chair so admirably filled. It called forth powers which no one ever dreamed of his possessing. He introduced an order and a precision into the proceedings, of which, till then, people had no conception. With a word he cleared the question of every thing unessential; with a word he appeased tumult and confusion. He showed the most judicious respect to the whole body,—he managed the parties in it with incomparable skill,—his answers to the various deputations which appeared at the bar, whether prepared or extemporaneous, were always remarkable for their gracefulness and dignity, and were satisfactory even when they conveyed a refusal:—in a word, his activity, his impartiality, his presence of mind were such, as wonderfully to exalt his reputation in a post

which had been a fatal quicksand to most of his predecessors. He had the singular address to make himself appear the first man in the Assembly, although he could no longer ascend the tribune, and might therefore be thought to have lost his most brilliant prerogative. His enemies joined in the choice, in hopes of his extinction; instead of which, he blazed out with more splendour than ever.

But the career of this extraordinary being was now drawing to a close. His health was sinking under the joint operation of various causes—a life of incessant hurry and agitation, which left him no interval of repose from seven in the morning till 10 or 11 at night—the fierce and burning corrosion of violent passions—the more chronic fever of an impatient and irritable spirit;—and, lastly, the artificial heat supplied by frequent imprudencies of a luxurious table. He said, that if he were a believer in slow poisons, he should fancy that some pernicious drug had been given him. At last, the inflammation of his system produced ophthalmia; and when he was President of the Assembly he was compelled to apply leeches to his neck in the interval between the morning and the evening sittings. When Dumont took leave of him, his emotion was greater than he had ever seen him betray. He said, that probably they should never meet again; and then, he added, in a prophetic tone, (which savoured, nevertheless, of his usual egotism)—

"When I am gone my value will be perceived. The evils which I have laboured to arrest, will then rush over the whole of France. That faction which trembled before me, will then be left without control. I have nothing before my eyes but visions of evil. Ah, my friend, how truly did we judge when we wished to hinder the commons from declaring themselves the National Assembly? Here is the origin of all the mischief. Ever since they succeeded in this, they have shown themselves unworthy of their victory. *They have chosen to govern the King, instead of governing by the King. But very soon it will be neither he nor they that will govern. A vile faction will tyrannize over all, and cover the whole kingdom with horrors.*"

At the time when these terrible presentiments were uttered, Dumont believed that they were chiefly prompted by his hatred for certain individuals whose influence was then almost predominant. The honest man of Geneva could not imagine that the leaders of the jacobinical gang had wickedness enough to accomplish such dire vaticinations. But France and Europe soon felt that the dying man was indeed a prophet. In three months after delivering this dismal burden, Mirabeau was no more.

In the remainder of this work will be found many interesting traits of the character and private life of this individual. They are such as tempt us, most powerfully, to an extension of this article. We have done our best to resist the seduction; but we are not wholly proof against it,

and are unable to forbear soliciting the patient attention of our readers to some farther particulars. There never was, perhaps, a more curious compound of greatness and littleness than was exhibited in the life of this strange mortal. He was gifted with powers to control the destinies of an empire, and yet he was capable of things which would disgrace a swindler or a fortune hunter. He was master of expedients which might have excited the mortal envy of Ferdinand Count Fathom. For instance: he addressed a young lady with a view to matrimony. The parents of the damsel discouraged his attentions, and a rival appeared, dangerous enough to stimulate his vanity and to awaken his ingenuity. In this emergency, nothing could be more masterly than the result of his deliberations. One evening, a carriage was seen to convey the Count to a spot near to the door of the lady, and there it remained for several hours. This phenomenon, of course, raised the curiosity of the neighbourhood; and the spies of the rival reported that the Count Mirabeau had been seen to enter the house of his mistress, and that he had remained there all night. The success of this contrivance was quite as complete as any of the subsequent political triumphs of the orator. The lady, from that moment, was out of the market; the rival incontinently sounded a retreat; and the parents were but too happy to hush the matter up by a speedy marriage! But the fates are sometimes grievously blind to the most transcendent merit! In this instance they were not propitiated even by the powers displayed by Mirabeau. The match turned out miserably unpropitious. It was soon broken by mutual infidelities; and a final separation was the consequence.

His disposition to fatten upon literary pillage, displayed itself even at this period of his life. He would begin an address to the idol of his heart with the following words—"Listen, my beloved friend; I am about to pour my own soul into yours." And this *transfusion* of his soul turned out to be nothing more than the *transcription* of an article from the *Mercure de France*, or from the last new romance. Again—before his public life commenced he had many an hour of weary solitude, in which "his imagination devoured itself." And what did he do to allay these unnatural cravings, but compose an amatory work (*un ouvrage erotique*) which was neither more or less than a compound of all that was impure, in all the authors of antiquity!

It was astonishing (says Dumont) to see a man like Mirabeau emerge from all this mire of obscenity. Astonishing, in truth, it was: so astonishing, that there is only one thing more wonderful; and that is, that having emerged into a region where his energies might have been the salvation of a kingdom, he should think, without loathing, upon scenes of his original degradation; and still more, that he should endure to act them over again. But human nature is, in the beginning, the middle, and the end of it, an

enigma. We have only to think of poor Sheridan—and there, alas! is an end of speculation on the matter. If the heart is corrupt and unclean, what are the most commanding powers of intellect or imagination but the whitening of the sepulchre? It must be allowed, however, that Mirabeau was deeply sensible that his loss of character was to him a tremendous and irreparable damage. Dumont has seen him weep burning tears of regret for it. "Most cruelly," he exclaimed, "do I expiate the error of my youth." But these tears did not flow from the pure source of awakened moral sensibility; but from the bitter fountain of disappointed ambition. He felt conscious that if his reputation for virtue had been equal to his renown for talent all France might have been at his feet. The wonder is, that when he became known, he made no magnanimous efforts for his own redemption. What can be said of a man who, while he was wielding "the fierce democratic" of France, could condescend to intrigue with the scold and cheating wife of an obscure bookseller?

But let us turn away from his moral character to his merely mental faculties. With all his powers, we can scarcely conceive it probable that such as he actually was, he could even have made much deep or permanent impression in the British Parliament. Occasional bursts of powerful rhetoric do not answer there. They do nothing for a man but fix the eyes of the public upon him in expectation of greater and more useful things; and if he disappoints that expectation, there is the end of him. Now Mirabeau would, infallibly have disappointed this expectation. It has been stated above that he was no debater. He was only a great political electrician. This did very well in France, where people are fond of electrical shocks. But Englishmen have no notion of being galvanised, and made to kick and sprawl to no purpose. They have no objection to occasional excitement, but they do not, like Frenchmen, live upon excitement. That Mirabeau had mental talents, which might have qualified him for debater, may be very possible; but it is extremely questionable whether his temperament would ever have endured the necessary training.

He had great *activity*, but very little *industry*. He could, whenever he chose it, *get up* the information necessary for a great occasion with surprising quickness; but he had nothing like sustained and habitual diligence. He never knew what was to be constantly accumulating a capital of valuable intelligence and accomplishment.

He was never in a condition to endure a *run up* his mind; and without this substantial fund man is at any moment liable to stop payment, at least to be reduced to the humiliating necessity of a reliance upon the help and credit of neighbours. Mirabeau was perpetually on the brink of this sort of insolvency; and, occasionally he fell into it. In his own country this did ruin him; but it would very soon have done him here. With us, it rarely happens that the fate of a great measure turns upon a fine speech.

The gift of utterance is only one of many faculties by which the public man has to win his way to the confidence of his hearers. If Mirabeau had been in England, only the same sort of person that he was in France, we should never have heard of him as the *unique* and only orator, the solitary example of supreme eloquence in his generation. His admirer, Dumont, confesses that he was decidedly inferior to the *athletes* of the Parliament of England. Nay, Mirabeau himself was aware of his own defect, for he said on one occasion, when he had failed to make an impression, "I perceive that, in order to speak extemporaneously on a subject with any effect, it is necessary to begin by knowing it." Obvious as this may appear to us, it is, we believe, a discovery yet to be made with our volatile neighbours.

But though so thoroughly French himself, he had, nevertheless, a mighty contempt for some of the peculiarities of Frenchmen. He utterly disdained that "false heat" which he described as "the thunder and tempest of the opera." He never lost the senatorial gravity and composure. Even his dignity, however, had something about it which we should deem almost laughable;—the air of pretension—the attitude of pompous grandeur—the head thrown back—the chest dilated—the shoulders squared!—All this on the floor of St. Stephens would only make people stare; and, perhaps, inquire who was the honourable member's dancing master? On the other hand, he had some redeeming qualities which might have partly overpowered the bad effect of his ostentatious bearing. His self-possession was marvellous. We have already seen that it was sufficient to bear him up in the midst of the bewilderment in which he was entangled by the absurdities of the Marquis of Caseaux. It sometimes displayed itself in a manner still more extraordinary. In the very midst of his most animated harangues, he could receive and peruse a succession of scraps in pencil, handed to him by his friends; and whenever they were worth using, he could introduce their contents with surprising effect into his speech; so that Garat used to compare him to a mountebank, who could tear a piece of paper into twenty pieces, swallow the fragments, and then reproduce them whole.

Mirabeau died insolvent. He had been the pensionary of Monsieur and the King, and may possibly have received the wages of other employments. But the accounts of his venality were probably much exaggerated. "I know not how it is," he would say, "that I am such a beggar, having all the Kings, and all their treasures, at my command." It does not appear that his mercenary habits brought with them any sense of degradation. "Pride," as Dumont observes, "was, to him, in the place of integrity." The price paid for him only elated his self-importance. "A man like me," said he, "may accept a hundred thousand crowns; but a hundred thousand crowns cannot purchase a man like me." He refused to consider the money he received purely as an instrument, without which he could not do

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his work: and it must be admitted that he never appears to have entertained the thought of raising a fortune out of his pay. The splendour and luxury of his style were, doubtless, very much to his taste; but it is also true that, in a certain measure, they were necessary for the establishment and extension of his influence. He considered himself, in short, not as the pensionary, but merely as the banker and agent of the King.

It is the opinion of Dumont that, if he had lived, he would have curbed, and even have crushed the Jacobins, and given to France a constitution fit for rational beings. To us this appears extremely doubtful. He might have accomplished this, if steadiness, high principle, and self-devotion, could, by miracle, have been infused into his nature. There would then have been "a combination and a form indeed—to give the world assurance of a statesman." But alas! this must, surely, have been as impossible as to erase the ravages of the small pox from his countenance. His death, however, was, beyond all doubt, a deplorable loss to France. It was the extinction of all hope or chance of salvation. It was the signal which let slip the hell-hounds of massacre and confusion. His decease was as the breath of life to the Jacobinical faction. Robespierre, Pétion, and a multitude of other obscene birds, who hid themselves from the lightnings of his eye, then took wing; and the whole land was covered with their hideous *ravin*.

His greatest quality, in the judgment of Dumont was political sagacity. In this he appears to have left all immeasurably behind him. In 1782 he spoke of the assembling of the States General as a thing that must infallibly come to pass, and foretold that he himself should be a deputy, although, at that time, he was but a needy adventurer in literature. No one penetrated, as he did, into all the consequences of the *Seance Royale*, or saw through all the motions and designs of the popular party. On the breach between them and the Crown, he exclaimed, "You will now have nothing but massacre and butchery—you will not even have the execrable honour of a civil war." And when his death was approaching, he said to Talleyrand, "I carry with me the last shreds of the monarchy."

He was so incessantly tossed about by the waves of political life—and brought into perpetual contact with such a multitude of various characters and interests—that, in a comparatively short time, his experience became immense; and the effect was, that language failed him, in his attempt, to describe the many-coloured results of his observation. He was obliged to coin a phraseology for himself, to exhibit the shades and gradations of talent and quality, vice and virtue, which were constantly present to his mental perception. Nothing like *pretension* could escape the search of his penetrating discernment: but he had also an eye for every thing that was truly great and good. "There was in him"—to use the exact words of Dumont—"an enthusiasm for what was fair and noble, which his personal

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VICES never could degrade. The mirror might be soiled and tarnished for a time, but it always resumed its lustre. If his actions and his words were at variance with each other, it was not from falsehood or hypocrisy, but from mere inconsistency (*inconséquence*). His reason enabled him to soar; his passions made his flight devious and unsteady." He was, in a word, a Colossus, made up of gold, and clay, and materials of every sort. "There was in him much good, much evil, much of every thing. It was impossible to know him, without being forcibly taken with him. He was a man whose energy qualified him to fill a vast sphere." It was greatly to be lamented that the elements with which "he filled his sphere" were of such a miscellaneous and conflicting nature; or that he was removed before he had an opportunity of establishing the final predominance of the salutary principals.

One chapter of this most interesting volume is devoted to anecdotes, bon mots, and traits of private character. We could transcribe them with delight; but this must not be. One of his sayings, however, we cannot forbear to record. He was of opinion that the world had, hitherto, been governed by illusions, but that these were now passed away. "Mankind"—he said—"had long been looking through a magic lantern; but now the glass is broken." The justness of this image: we cannot stop to examine: but one would imagine that, whether right or wrong, these words of Mirabeau had become the oracle of our own time and country. We seem to be heartily tired of *our* toy! and Heaven only knows how long it may be, before its glittering fragments are at our feet. We are "putting away childish things." It remains to be seen whether the pursuits and achievements of our manhood are a whit more rational, or more useful, than those of our infancy.

Like Lord Byron, Mirabeau, with all his faults, had the power of strongly attaching all who were in his service. He had a valet by the name of Teutch, whose office, of course, it was, to assist at the decoration of his person. With Mirabeau, the mysteries of the toilet were often exceedingly solemn and protracted; and he occasionally relieved their tediousness by bestowing kicks and cuffs on his faithful lacquey. These little attentions, at last, became quite a necessary of life to Teutch; but it once happened that, for some considerable time, they were intermitted, in consequence of his master's absorption in public cares; and poor Teutch was in despair. Mirabeau observed his dejection, and inquired the cause. "Of late *Monsieur* has entirely neglected me," was the reply: and *Monsieur* was, positively, obliged to knock the man down, in order to satisfy him that he still retained his place in his master's confidence and good will. This renewal of kindness reconciled Teutch to life; and he lay sprawling on the floor in transports of delight and convulsions of laughter. The *real* despair of this poor fellow, when his master died, is not to be described!

The agonies endured by Mirabeau, in his last illness, were dreadful. The fatal malady was an inflammation in the bowels. To the last, he appears to have preserved a sense of his own high importance. His *exit* was that of a great actor on the national theatre. Talleyrand said that he *dramatised his death*. It is further most remarkable that one ruling peculiarity was strong in him to his last hour. After a paroxysm of torment, he called for his papers, and selected from them one which contained a discourse on *Testaments*. This he put into the hands of Talleyrand, and said—"There—these are the last thoughts which the world will have of mine. I make you the depositary of them. You will read them when I am no more. This is my legacy to the Assembly." Will it be believed?—these last words and thoughts of *Mirabeau*, were—to Dumont's certain knowledge—no other than a treatise composed wholly by Mr. *Reybaz*, drawn up with the greatest care, but in a style and manner to which that of Mirabeau had not the slightest resemblance. The pangs of dissolution could not extinguish the itch of literary approbation, in one, whose affluence of personal renown exceeded the collective wealth of all the men whom he had ever laid under contribution!

To revert, for one moment only, to his political views and designs. It is stated confidently; by Dumont, that his connexion with the court, in the last six months of his life, had no other object than his advancement of the administration. His success in this point was necessary to enable him to reverse the most pernicious decrees of the Assembly. Some have attributed to him, at this period, the project of a counter-revolution; but Mr. Dumont professes his ignorance of any such design, though his hatred and contempt for the Assembly, indeed, render it probable enough.

"I am persuaded"—he adds—"that he wished to establish the royal authority; but, I am also persuaded, that he was anxious for a constitution similar to that of England; and that he never would have entered into any plan, which had not a national representation for its basis. *A nobility, however, was, in his estimation, indispensable, because he regarded it as essential to the monarchy*; and he, assuredly, would have revoked the decree by which it had been abolished. His personal ambition was, to efface, by his administration, the glory of all former ministers. He felt himself strong enough to attract to himself men of the most distinguished capacity. It was his desire, as he said, to surround himself with a *glory of talents*—(*une auréole de talents*)—the brightness of which should dazzle all Europe.

We cannot take leave of this most interesting volume without noticing one opinion entertained by Dumont, which, though it may not be altogether peculiar to himself, he has stated with greater confidence than, perhaps, any writer on these events;—and that is, that, although some change might have been inevitable, the Revolution might have been averted or arrested by a monarch of a

different character. People have debated—he says—interminably, on the causes of the revolution; whereas, in his apprehension of the matter, there was only one efficient and overruling cause, viz. the character of the King. Place a king of a character firm and decided in the situation of Louis XVI., and the Revolution would never have taken place. His whole reign did nothing but bring it on. In Dumont's opinion, there was not a period during the whole of the first Assembly in which, if he could but have changed his character, he might not have re-established his authority, and formed a mixed constitution more firm than the parliamentary and aristocratic monarchy of France. He ruined all by his weakness, his indecision, his half-measures, his half-counsels, and his want of foresight. All the subordinate causes did but assist in developing this grand and primary cause. When the prince is feeble, the courtiers become intriguers, the factious insolent, the people audacious, honest men timid; the most faithful servants are discouraged, men of capacity are then repelled, and the best designs have no result. A monarch distinguished by energy and dignity, would have drawn round him all those who were, actually, against him. The Lafayette, the Lameths, the Mirabeaus, the Sieyès, would never have dreamed of the game they played against the King; and, in working on a different plan, would have appeared to be different men. Again—speaking of the dreadful 10th of August, 1792—Dumont adverts to it as one of those emergencies, in which, if Louis could suddenly have been inspired with firmness and vigour, he might have reconquered his throne, and destroyed anarchy. The whole mass of the French people were then weary of the excesses of the Jacobins; and the attempt of the 10th of June had excited general indignation. If the King had acted with vigour—if he had repulsed force by force—if he had seized the first moment of certain victory, to treat the Jacobins and Girondins as enemies, who, having a hundred times violated the constitution, could never have appealed to the constitution in their defence—if he had shut up the clubs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, dissolved the Assembly, and seized the factious,—that very day would have restored his authority. But this weak prince—continues Dumont—never reflected that the safety of his kingdom depended on his own safety; and he preferred exposing himself to certain death, to giving orders for his own defence!

We state this opinion to the reader simply as we find it. It will, of course, be received with the same qualification which must be applied to all human judgments on probabilities and contingencies. Its value, however, must be considerable, delivered as it is by a man who had such facilities of watching the progress of events, and of ascertaining the state of public feeling and opinion.

At any rate, it is one additional and useful testimony to the soundness of the general maxim, that, on great and critical occasions, *every thing may be gained by energy and courage—while every*

thing may be, and probably will be, lost by feebleness and vacillation. But the worst of it is, that this, like many other inestimable truths, is too often laid up among the treasures of wisdom, to be approved—admired—and neglected!

In presenting to our readers the above selections from the work of Mr. Dumont, we must protest against the supposition that it has been our design to offer them a substitute for the volume itself. We have been able to present to them, in this paper, but a *small portion* indeed of the instruction and entertainment afforded us by Mr. Dumont: and our object has been, not to extinguish, but to stimulate their curiosity, which nothing *ought* to satisfy but the possession of his work. It is of no small importance, in days like these, to be made acquainted with the sentiments of one who has long been known as the devoted and intelligent friend of the human race, the worshipper of rational freedom, and the strenuous champion of *truly* liberal institutions, but, at the same time, as the decided adversary to all destructive empiricism. Let it be remembered that this virtuous and able man was a close spectator of what he here describes: nay—it may truly be said that he was more than a spectator; he was sometimes an actor; he wrought with his own hand, in the midst of the fire. After an interval of many years, he sits down to record the mature result of his experience and his reflections; and, surely, the most *liberal* may receive, without suspicion, the testimony of one who was a decided admirer of the grand principles of the French Revolution, though he scorned its follies and detested its excesses. Without presuming to pledge ourselves for the exact value of every opinion or sentiment he has uttered, we may, at least, venture to pronounce thus much—that none among us can rise from the perusal of this little work, without a more ardent attachment to the institutions which our forefathers have left us; none—that is—except those who are in the very gall of revolutionary bitterness, and the very bond of radical iniquity; none, except those who are fondly bent upon destroying the noble work, or, we might rather say, the sacred *growth* of centuries. The sound of the tempest causes the child to cling more closely to the bosom of its parent; and it is to be hoped that even a picture of its terrors may produce a similar effect on all Englishmen who yet preserve any remnant of a truly filial heart.

We have felt very strongly impelled to extend this article by a selection of passages, from the work before us, which might almost be produced as predictions, or as commentaries, applicable to events which have recently passed, or are actually passing, before our eyes—passages which, if they had been written by Dumont within these two years, might, in some quarters, be bitterly resented, as disguised censures of the hardihood of our experiments on the British Constitution. But we have been withheld by the recollection of our limited space, and by our unwillingness to tax unreasonably the patience of our readers. And, after all, it is perhaps quite as well that we should

forbear. They who will consult the book for themselves will easily perceive that our aid would be quite superfluous. It would be a downright insult upon their sagacity and common sense, to suppose that the assistance of a monitor or an expounder could be needful. The application of many parts of this work to the occurrences of the present day is quite obvious enough to force itself on the attention of all, who read with any higher view than merely to fill up the tedious vacancy of unoccupied hours. We, therefore, are disposed to content ourselves with, once more, urgently soliciting of our readers to enrich their libraries with this volume. Abundant as it is in wisdom and information, its dimensions are extremely moderate. It does not number 350 pages. It consequently has nothing in it to overpower the patience, or alarm the frugality, of those who may desire to possess it. And, if any further recommendation could be wanting, it will be found in the sketches which the work exhibits of various other distinguished actors in the terrible drama of the Revolution, in addition to its finished portrait of Mirabeau.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LANDERS' VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES ON THE NIGER.*

THESE volumes record perhaps the most important geographical discovery of the present age; effected, too, with very limited means, and by individuals from whom such an achievement could little have been expected. The question as to the termination of the Niger has, for upwards of forty years, excited an interest beyond any other connected with the knowledge of the earth. The inquiry was long prosecuted without the idea that any practical benefit could possibly result from its solution. But to acquire and to complete the knowledge of any of the grand phenomena of nature, is to man an object of natural and enlightened ambition, the attainment of which forms a just ground of national glory. Britain, therefore, acted in conformity to a noble and liberal spirit when she adventured, in successive African expeditions, a portion of her treasure, and the lives of some of her citizens. These sacrifices, as to the main object, were for some time made in vain. Park, when he was directly on the route which would have led to the grand discovery, met his premature and tragical fate. Denham and Clapperton made most important discoveries, and threw light on many almost unknown regions of interior Africa; but they left the grand mystery covered with as thick a veil as ever. They proved, indeed, the errors of the theories previously accredited, but without finding any

thing beyond vague rumours to substitute in the place.

In reviewing the narrative of Clapperton's last expedition,* we have occasion to introduce to the reader Richard Lander, acting in the humble capacity of servant to that enterprising traveller. We have seen him, after fulfilling in an exemplary manner the duties of that situation, and closing his master's eyes, become himself inspired with a similar spirit, and make a considerable progress towards the solution of the grand problem. The interposition, well or ill founded, of the King of Zegzeg, arrested his efforts; but his spirit was still unsubdued; and on his return to England, he tendered his services to Government for a fresh expedition. They were accepted, on terms which certainly afforded ample security against this great enterprise being undertaken from mercenary motives. He was to be furnished with the means of proceeding on his journey; his wife was to receive a moderate allowance during his absence; and, in the event of the mission being satisfactorily performed, he was to be allowed a gratuity of *one hundred pounds*. This was not a splendid donation from a great nation to one who, in pursuit of one of its favourite objects, was to brave all the perils of death and captivity. We are aware that in this instance Government has laudably exceeded its agreement, especially in the case of John Lander, who was permitted, indeed, to accompany his brother, but under the express stipulation of looking for no reward whatever. Yet we are misinformed if, on the whole, the bounty of Britain to those who thus have exalted the glory of her name, has not been distributed on principles of very rigid parsimony.

The narrative of this very important voyage is simple, in some respects defective, yet on the whole extremely interesting. Journals were kept by both brothers; but that of Richard was lost at an advanced period of the expedition, during a conflict with the natives, and is consequently wanting for two-thirds of the route. Happily, this loss, which would have been otherwise irreparable, has been supplied by the journal of John, which is now given to the public, with only one very odd, and indeed ridiculous alteration, being put in Richard's name, and made to appear as his journal. This is said to be in compliance with usage; but really we know not the precedents upon which it is founded; nor can we see either its propriety or advantage, especially after John had been expressly stated as the writer. The journals, in other respects, are published exactly as composed on the spot; a practice not very usual, but which, in this instance, has certainly had a happy effect. We are thus not only made acquainted with the incidents of the journey, but receive a much more lively impression of the successive feelings, emotions, and anticipations of the travellers, than could have been communicated by any narrative referring as to a passed series

* *Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger; with a Narrative of a Voyage down that River to its Termination.* By Richard and John Lander. 3 vols. 12mo. (Family Library.) London: 1832.

* See Museum, Vol. XIV. p. 506.

. We not only hear their story, but, as actually accompany them. The style of the work, as already stated, writes most of the time, is singular, but by no means devoid of it displays some poetical imagery, but is employed in delineating the general features, rather than those appropriate to the description of manners and incidentally, though apt to run into exaggeration, together the narrative never ceases to be retaining.

sequence of the attractions possessed by the places, and of the very accessible form which, in preference to the costly and ponderous, their enterprising publisher has placed them, there will, perhaps, be very few readers to whom the incidents of this record voyage will not be tolerably familiar. It is, therefore, into a detailed summary of the old unnecessarily swell our pages. We never endeavour to perform, in our travel, a task which they have forborne to

Out of their varied and scattered communications as objects and information we shall study to combine a general view of the condition and aspect, the political and institutions, of the extensive regions through which they travelled,—to collect, in a word, into the grand results of the expedition. We say something as to the openings afforded by commercial enterprise by the new light thus thrown upon the river communications to Africa. It is uninteresting to connect the newly discovered countries with those formerly known, to enquire if their existence was at all anticipated by those who formerly observed and described the interior regions of this continent. We nowhere derive any aid from the Introduction written by a friend of the authors', in a lucid and perspicuous style, but with a very good knowledge of the subject; the writer himself even ignorant of the course of the river before it enters Bambarra.

travellers, on their way to the river, throughout the kingdom of Eyeo or Yarriba, the nearly coinciding with that which we had followed. They made, however, variations, one of which brought them to a city half a century ago the capital of which covers still a greater extent of ground, situated in a still finer country, than the metropolis. Generally, the whole territory is one of the most fertile and beautiful in the world. It is also well watered, and consequently very populous; yet the inhabitants are decidedly less improved in the social life than those of the Fellata country, even than some entirely native tribes. Both, the usual staple of Central Africa, cotton, yet not in so varied or skilful a manner as in Nyffe; nor are the mansions so grand and ornamented as those seen by the visitors at the capital of Ashantee. "I found badly built clay walls, ragged-looking roofs, and floors of mud polished

with cow-dung, form the habitations of the chief part of the inhabitants of Yarriba, compared to which a common English barn is a palace." The superior accommodation of the chief consists merely in the greater number of these hovels, and of the court-yards which enclose them, tenanted by the multitude of his servants and wives. There are few horses and cattle, unless among the Fellata settlers; but sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry reared in vast numbers, and being regarded as domestic favourites, occupy the interior of the court-yards, and even of the huts.

A rude state of feeling characterizing a barbarous society, seems indicated by the severe tasks imposed on the female sex; whose heads, instead of wagons and packhorses, form the chief vehicle for conveying merchandise from place to place. The travellers saw with surprise loads requiring the toil of three men to place on the head of the bearers, who yet carried them with ease and cheerfulness very great distances; but the fact is, that this is the direction in which, when the weights are skilfully poised, the human frame can exert its greatest strength. This severe toil was far from impairing the powers of speech in the Yarriban ladies, whose excessive garrulity caused to the travellers sufferings still more exquisite than those of which Clapperton so bitterly complains. Yet their voices were exerted usually in good humour, at least so far as they were concerned; but as they were lodged as fellow-travellers in continuous huts of the same court-yard, their incessant clatter, with the screams of children, and of various domestic animals crowded into the same precincts, occasioned a confusion of sounds so loud and incessant, as rendered it hopeless to expect a moment's repose. Foremost in noise and toil, as already mentioned by Clapperton, are the royal wives of Yarriba: who, as soon as their charms begin to wane, are turned out upon the road, where they must not only support themselves by toil, but, from their scanty and laborious earnings, contribute to the maintenance of their royal partner. Their only privilege is, that on their quality being certified by cloth of a peculiar colour wrapped round their merchandise, they are exempted from the numerous tolls levied on the road. It may here be observed, that the terms toll and turnpike used by our author, convey erroneous impressions. The payments are mere local transit duties, by no means applied to the formation and repair of the roads,—that duty being solely intrusted to the feet of the passenger. The highways of Yarriba are mere rude tracks, often filled with pools or swamps, or trees lying across, or large nests of white ants.

The travellers' instructions had been to proceed by the most direct route to the Niger, and endeavour to descend its stream; treating as altogether secondary the object of reaching Youri, and inquiring after the papers of Park. They seem, however, to have felt a strong inclination for this last undertaking; and on the King of Eyeo's favourite eunuch expressing a doubt if his master would consent to their proposed voyage—

forest, crowded with wild animals of every description, and infested with numerous bands of robbers. Kiama belongs to the kingdom, or rather cluster of states, called Borgoo. The former mission had understood the latter to comprise also Boussa and Wawa. This is now stated to be a mistake; and indeed these countries resemble much more the fertile plain of Eyeo. Borgoo, on the contrary, though diversified by beautiful and fertile valleys, is generally mountainous and rugged, tenanted by a people bold and brave, warm both in friendship and enmity, and often addicted to lawless and predatory exploits. The narrative enumerates, as belonging to Borgoo, eight different states, among which Niki takes the lead. Its capital is described as one of the largest cities in Central Africa, and the sovereign as having seventy other towns dependant upon him; which, however, if we may believe the report made to the travellers, pay no other tribute besides one beautiful maiden during the lifetime of each of their chiefs. The other tribes are generally very poor, with the exception of Loogoo, enriched by the trade between Gonjah and the interior. Pundi has shaken off entirely the yoke of Niki; but has used its newly-attained liberty only to devote itself to a system of plunder, which renders it the terror of all the surrounding states.

The countries of Boussa and Wawa, which our travellers choose to call Wowow, (but really we cannot follow them in their new and often strange nomenclature,) are already well known from the description of Clapperton. They seem to be of nearly the same character with Eyeo; almost equally fertile, and somewhat more diligently cultivated. At Boussa, the travellers embarked, and ascended the Niger to Youri. That river, for part of the way, presented a broad and spacious expanse; but to a great extent it was broken by rapid and narrow channels, of difficult

comparisons of poverty in so fertile a country. The navigators were chiefly a peaceable, industrious servile tribe, called the Cumbrie, who suffered from the king's scandalous oppression from the king's yet the diligence with which their field was cultivated, shows that, on the whole, they were pretty secure of enjoying the fruits of industry. Almost in every field, the travellers sailed along, saw platforms, on each party, sometimes a whole family, various sounds and missiles in scaring birds which threatened to devour the harvests.

This cluster of Negro kingdoms, taken upward from the coast to Youri, presents remarkable social and political aspects, which have not yet, perhaps, materials fully appreciated. The most striking circumstance to be the completely despotic power which monarchs exercise, without either overawing subjects by a standing army, or dazzling them by much of outward pomp and state. The mansion, usual dress, ordinary attire, and habits of the prince, differ little from those of the meanest subject. The Sultan of Youri, in style somewhat beyond his neighbours, received his guests in a small open square in which he received his audience, is compared to a clean English fire where he was seated on a piece of plain matting, with a pillow on each side, and a small table in front. His audience of leave was held in an apartment of some extent, but unsanitary, with swallows flying about, and a number of naked girls and boys, with dirty caps, passing and repassing. The King of Youri gave them their state reception, planted them in a niche of the city wall. Monarchs and nobles seem to be on an exceedingly familiar footing with the people of Youri, and the people of Youri are

as suspected to arise mainly from a display this superiority. No means, however, of enforcing public authority, or deciding on disputes, seem to reside any where unless in the king, or his chiefs. At Jenna, a large city, a short interval between the death of one and the appointment of another, was attended with complete anarchy, and caused even a great loss in the population. Yet there seems to be a very vague and loose in this supreme power. The different cities of Eyecoo, are almost at constant war; we suspect that as they seem scarcely within reach of any other enemy. Their wars indeed are not bloody. Men to sell as slaves are easily surprised and stratagem the means. The state of Youri had carried on a campaign of four months, without the loss of more than a dozen combatants.

The financial systems of the African cabinets are means well known. We can trace no source of revenue, except the tolls or duties levied from the ambulatory mercantile trade, and the presents made to the sovereign by his distinguished strangers. It is from these sources, perhaps, that he derives his numerous wives, who rank nearly as equals in the daily habits of life, even of the princes; are so extremely simple, that their dower must be sufficient to defray the expenses of their treasure consists almost wholly of gold and glittering rarities, which are piled up and exhibited as a subject of pride to their visitors. This store they were wont to augment by the most petty traffic; but downright robbery was never perpetuated by these potentates, there was no mean which they did not readily stoop. The king of Youri, the greatest and proudest prince who made the most barefaced assumption of position; and there was no prince, after quitting him, they did not find he had been egregiously cheated. The offices to which these sovereigns had recourse, very paltry acquisitions, seem to indicate the whole of their possessions was of slender amount.

The dreadful system of human sacrifice prevalent in the Pagan districts to a great extent. Captain Clapperton's relation had fully aware of. The travellers hastened to the country on account of preparations making to immolate there no less than three hundred. On the death of any great monarch, a number of his favourite wives must follow him to the grave. This custom in its origin, was probably inspired by an enthusiastic attachment with which in a rude social state are often regarded. This motive has entirely ceased; and they meet their doom only in compliance with the imperative voice of the public, and with error which it naturally inspires. Truly it was the condition of youthful and

vigorous chiefs holding their lives by the precarious tenure of that of old men on the verge of the grave; and the eager and feverish anxiety with which they inquired after the health of him on whose life theirs was suspended, proved how very little they felt disposed to comply with this cruel necessity. A striking scene was presented at Jenna, where, on the death of a chief, two of his wives, doomed to death, had fled and concealed themselves; but, during Landers' stay, one of them was discovered, and compelled to promise that, in compliance with national custom, she would swallow poison. Her grave was digging, and the other preparations making for her funeral; but she repeatedly shrunk in agony from the fatal moment; her slaves and household, who seem to have been strongly attached to her, broke forth into the bitterest lamentations; and long trains of mourners, from different quarters of the city, came to sympathize with her. At length a party was formed for absolving her from the impious obligation, and allowing her to live; but an insurrection among the people was apprehended, if such an innovation were attempted. In the Journal, opposite, anticipations are successively expressed as to the issue; and the travellers took their departure before the affair was decided.

The Mussulman religion, even independent of Fellata conquest, has been extensively diffused through the countries along the Niger. At Boussa, Wawa, and Kiamna, it is established, though not in all its plenitude. The sovereign, in the latter city, while he made open profession of this faith had the gates and walls of his residence adorned with various uncouth forms of fetiches, or guardian powers. Yet this profession has introduced neither that fierce intolérant spirit, nor those habits of gloomy seclusion, which so remarkably distinguish it in Turkey and Barbary. It seems scarcely to have imposed a check on the extravagant gaiety generally prevailing among native Africans. On the Mussulman Sabbath, and other great festivals, the religious ceremonies were followed up by a horse-race, at which the dark African beauties were seen with unveiled faces, and in their most splendid attire. This mitigated Mahomedanism seems to have been in almost every respect an improvement. It has banished human sacrifice, and introduced some of those better moral ideas, which the founder of that faith drew from the Christian fountain. Even the culpable license which it allows to polygamy, is a great mitigation of that monstrous monopoly of the sex, which custom permits the Negro sovereigns and chiefs to practise.

The political state of Central Africa, even during the short interval since Clapperton's last visit, had undergone very extensive changes. The empire of the Fellatas, which had established so wide and uncontrolled a dominion over that region, was falling to pieces on every side. Not only did Guber continue its successful resistance,

but Cassina (here strangely spelt Catschenah,) which at no distant period was the ruling state in all these countries, had also thrown off the yoke. Supported by Bornou, the people had rallied under Doncassa, their hereditary prince, and emancipated a great portion of their territory. The fertile little kingdom of Zegzeg had followed the example. Yet while the Fellatas were thus losing their sway in these central regions, they were indemnifying themselves by extensive acquisitions to the westward. They were complete masters of Nyffe, (which, under our travellers' new nomenclature, has become *Nouffie*), alternately setting up and deposing the rival brothers, Magia and Ederessa; while Rabba, the largest city, was under the government of Malam Dendo, appointed by the Fellata sovereign. This people had even migrated in great numbers across the Niger into Eyeco, and founded Alorie; which, being augmented by numerous refugee slaves from different quarters, had become a greater city than the capital itself. While the travellers sailed along Nyffe, a Fellata expedition was understood to be in full preparation to cross the Niger, and attack the kingdom of Yarriba; and their success was confidently anticipated. It was indeed the boast of that warlike people, that the sea alone would bound their conquests. So far as the Fellatas are migrants or settlers, they decidedly improve the social state of the countries which they occupy. They are a more active, more intelligent, and every way a superior people to the Negro inhabitants. The travellers mention with particular approbation, as indeed Clapperton had before done, the manners and deportment of the Fellata shepherdesses, whose society formed a complete relief from the stunning loquacity of the females of Yarriba. Their attire is elegant and simple; their address modest, respectful, and engaging; purity and kindness seemed to reign in their domestic intercourse. They appeared to realize in a great degree the idea which poetry attaches to their simple occupation. Yet the Fellatas wage war with all that cruelty, violence, and rapine, which is common among barbarous tribes. Denham has painted the desolation which they produced in Bornou; and Nyffe also has been cruelly oppressed by their ravages. Several cities, in hopes of escaping them, had transferred their site from the eastern to the western bank of the Niger; but the plundering bands had penetrated across. Cruel evils therefore, it is to be feared, await the peaceful territory of Yarriba, should it be overrun by these conquerors.

Diligent inquiry was made after the journals of Park, or any thing valuable that might have belonged to that great traveller; but there were found only a few insignificant books and scraps of writing, to which the natives attached a superstitious value as fétiches. The promise transmitted to Clapperton by the King of Youri, that, on repairing to the capital, he would receive the journals, proved only a scandalous trick of that great monarch to procure a visit, and a portion

of the rich presents with which the traveller was understood to come provided.

The Niger is completely navigable from Boussa to a fruitful and finely wooded island called Patashie; but thence to Lever, a distance of about twenty miles, the channel is so full of rocks and sand-banks, as to render the progress very difficult. From Lever all the way down to the ocean the Niger is a broad and noble stream, varying from one to six, but most commonly between two and three miles in breadth. The banks in some places were flat and marshy, but elsewhere presented the most pleasing aspect; being described as "embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among the branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and drooping to the water's edge, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiads of the river." Farther down, the Niger is bordered by lofty mountains, part, seemingly of the great chain which crosses Africa in this latitude, but which has not been able to arrest the course of this mighty river. These eminences are described as gloomy and romantic, fringed with stunted shrubs, which overhang immense precipices; their recesses only tenanted by wild beasts and birds of prey. Even in mid-channel, a rocky islet called Mount Kesa, rises to the height of about 300 feet; and its steep sides, fringed with magnificent trees, make a majestic appearance. According to the superstitious ideas of the natives, its lofty cliffs are the abode of a benevolent genius.

At the small island of Belee, there appeared a neat ornamented canoe, with the sound of music, bringing no less a personage than 'the King of the Dark Water,' who accompanied them down to his island-domain. This domain was Zagoshi, one of the most remarkable spots in all Africa. It is about fifteen miles long, and three broad, in the midst of the Niger, whose broad channel on each side, separates it from the continent. The surface, scarcely raised above the level of the waters, consists of mud, frequently overflowed, and so soft, that even in the floors of the huts a slender cane could be thrust almost to any depth. Yet the island throughout is well cultivated and highly productive; and its manufactures display, in a pre-eminent degree, the general superiority of those of Nyffe. The productions of its looms are valued by neighbouring princes and chiefs beyond all others in Africa. Wooden vessels, mats, shoes, horse accoutrements, and instruments of agriculture, are also made in great variety. The travellers, in walking out, saw groups busily plying their trades in the open air. The shipping into rest also of Zagoshi, if we may apply this term to canoes on the Niger, is very extensive. The 'Dark Water' King himself owns six hundred by which force he is secured against invasion

and exempted from those revolutions which have desolated all the neighbouring regions.

From Zagoshi, the travellers descended, on the eastern shore, Rabba, the largest and most flourishing city of the fine country of Nyffe. The surrounding territory abounds in the most valuable grains, in horned cattle of remarkable size, and in horses, which are much admired for their strength and beauty; the inhabitants excel those of Zagoshi in making mats and sandals, but are inferior in other branches of manufacture.

The Niger, below Zagoshi and Rabba, flows for upwards of 120 miles almost due east; presenting through all this reach a magnificent body of water, at one place nearly eight miles wide. The shores are generally well cultivated and inhabited, and at one point two very large cities appeared on the opposite banks. In one place only it was bordered by lofty and rugged hills of varied form. Towards the end of this reach, the Niger receives a tributary of considerable magnitude, the Coodonia, which Lander had formerly crossed in his way southward to the Shary near the cluster of flourishing villages called Cuttup. About twenty miles lower, Egga, a very large town, is built close to the river, in a situation so low, that a great part of it is inundated during the wet season. The inhabitants drive a brisk trade up and down the river; and some, like the Chinese, have no residence but in large roofed canoes on the water. The symptoms of an approach to the sea, here first began to be visible by the appearance of Portuguese cloths brought up from Benin. The curiosity to see white men, of whom probably the people had heard much, and with great exaggeration, appears to have been very intense. The chief declared they were strange looking people, and well worth seeing; and they were obliged to exhibit themselves to the whole circle of his wives and friends. Their doors were besieged by such multitudes, that they could obtain exercise only by walking backward and forward like wild beasts in a cage. Supernatural powers were without hesitation ascribed to them; and the natives crowded round them with little presents to be exchanged for success in war, a good fishery, safety from the crocodiles, and every other good which their circumstances rendered desirable.

Egga is the boundary town of Nyffe, and closes on the south that range of flourishing and comparatively well governed kingdoms, which here extend along both banks of the Niger. Half the population is Mohammedan. The travellers were here assured, that if they attempted to descend the river to the sea, they would find its shores bordered by states of an entirely different character; each town governed by its own chief, with little or no dependence on any other; the people inured to no pacific and orderly habits—fierce and lawless—among whom both their lives and property would be in the utmost peril. They were exhorted to return and regain the sea by the route they had come; and when they courageously determined not thus to abandon the grand object of their expedition, were warned at least not to

stop at any town, but to pass hastily during the night. Such, it seems, was the practice by which the canoes of Egga studied their own safety. Their servants were entertained with similar accounts from the people of the town, and were with difficulty prevailed upon to accompany the expedition farther.

These sinister predictions were not at first fulfilled. They passed along a very fine shore covered with numerous villages. At one of them, indeed, the people started to arms; but this proved to be from alarm only, without any violence or plunder; and an explanation being given through one of the villagers that understood the Housea language, every thing was amicably adjusted. Kacunda, where the party next stopped, formed a cluster of three large villages, under the absolute sway of a single chief, and though independent of Nyffe, contained as peaceable, industrious and friendly a people as any within that country; but they gave warnings equally formidable of dangers to be encountered in the voyage downwards.

The Niger, at this point, ceases to flow eastward, and takes a direction to the N.N.E., which its main branch pursues till it reaches the sea. About forty miles below Kacunda, occurs an important geographical feature, the influx of the Tshadda, which, from information obtained both above and below, was judged to be the same river which Lander had nearly reached in his former journey southward from Zegzeg. At the junction it was a noble stream, three or four miles in breadth, and covered with numerous canoes. In attempting to navigate it for a short space, they ascertained, by the strong opposing current, that it was a tributary entering the Niger,—not, as had been represented at Sackatoo, a branch from that stream. At the union of these two great waters, they saw a large city, but, agreeably to advice, avoided landing, or holding any communication with the inhabitants; they learned elsewhere that it was named Cuttumeuraflee, and was the seat of a very extensive trade.

The next spot the travellers reached, was the theatre of the most eventful transaction that had occurred in the course of their long peregrination. After a continued and generally rapid run of fifty miles from Kacunda, they came to a convenient landing-place, and found a spot cleared as for a market, where they began to repose from their fatigues. Some of the servants straggling for firewood lighted upon a village, where they found only women, who showed symptoms of terror at the sight of strangers, and ran to give the alarm to their male relatives in the fields; but no serious anxiety was felt, till one of the party exclaimed, "War is coming! oh, war is coming;" and they soon saw a fierce and numerous band, variously armed, advancing against them with every symptom of furious hostility. The Landers, independent of their aversion to bloodshed, soon saw the numbers of the assailants to be such as left no hope in combat, and resolved to depend wholly upon pacific overtures. Throwing down their pistols, they walked composedly towards the leader

of the party. His movements for sometime seemed most alarming; but just as he had drawn his bow, and seemed about to pull the fatal cord, another rushed forward and stayed his arm. "At that instant we stood before him, and immediately held forth our hands; all of them trembled like aspen leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces, kneeling on the ground; light seemed to flash from his dark rolling eyes; his body was convulsed all over, as though he were enduring the utmost torture, and with a timorous yet undefinable expression of countenance, in which all the passions of our nature were strangely blended, he drooped his head, eagerly grasped our proffered hands, and burst into tears. This was a sign of friendship, harmony followed, and war and bloodshed were thought of no more." All their subsequent intercourse was amicable. An interpreter being afterwards found, the chief stated, that on the first tidings that a strange people, speaking an unknown language, had occupied the market place, he had conceived them to be enemies from the opposite side of the river, watching the opportunity of making a midnight attack on the village, and carrying off the inhabitants as slaves; but when he saw them approach unarmed, in such peaceful and friendly guise, his heart fainted within him, and he imagined they were children of heaven, dropped down from the skies. "And now," said he, "white men, all I ask is your forgiveness." Thus it was from alarm, not any project of violence, that the natives had been induced to assume so menacing an attitude. This deadly panic, inspired by the appearance of strangers, indicates the fierce and predatory spirit of the surrounding tribes.

After a farther navigation of upwards of fifty miles, they reached Damuggoo, where they found a more friendly chief than they had yet met with. He not only showed the greatest kindness, but sent a canoe, with a party of his people to guide and protect them down to the sea. Yet he was an absolute, and even tyrannical prince. When the travellers complained of being harassed by the multitudes whom curiosity attracted round them, he very coolly desired them to strike off their heads,—a license of which they of course declined to avail themselves. The indications of an approach to the shore, and of intercourse with Europe, here thickened. The scanty clothing of the natives consisted of Manchester cottons; and the travellers received presents of rum, a liquor which they had not seen for a very long period.

The voyage began now to assume more than ever a critical character. After a day's navigation, they saw a stream flowing in from the eastward, which appears by the map to be a branch previously separated from the Niger; and soon after another issued from it to the westward, which was said to reach Benin. At the junction of this last with the Niger stood Kirree, a large market-town, with numerous canoes ranged in front. They passed the place; but a little farther down, met a fleet of about fifty armed canoes, having each a six-pounder lashed to the stem,

and the crews provided with musketry. Notwithstanding this formidable equipment, the travellers were delighted to discover a profuse, almost fantastic display of European flags of various colours, among which the British union flag was conspicuous; also dresses of European cloth, with representations of chairs, tables, decanters, glasses, and similar objects. The pleasing anticipations thus inspired, however, were most completely disappointed. As the two brothers came up separately, they were successively attacked, their canoes emptied of every article of property, themselves roughly treated, and their lives even put in danger. They made their way, however, to the town of Kirree, where their cause was embraced by their companions from Damuggoo, by various well-dressed females; and by several Mollams, or Mahomedan doctors. There was a great assemblage in the market-place, and, after a warm discussion, with some risk of coming to blows, an equitable decision was pronounced. The captain, who had been foremost in these deeds of violence, was ordered to be put to death, and all the plundered property to be restored. Unfortunately, during this dreadful scuffle, a great part of it had disappeared, among which was the entire journal of Richard Lander. It was likewise decided, as the King of Kirree happened to be absent, that the strangers should be conveyed down the river, and placed at the disposal of Obie, king of the Eboe country. Although it was an Eboe vessel from which the wrong had been sustained, the travellers considered this arrangement auspicious, as one which carried them forward towards their destination. Indeed, though the outrage sustained upon this occasion realized the most formidable of the warnings they had received, yet the redress with which it was so speedily followed, did not indicate the total anarchy which had been represented as prevailing in these districts.

In sailing down from Kirree to Eboe, the travellers found a complete change from the beautiful and smiling aspect which nature had presented on the upper shores of the Niger. The country became almost throughout an alluvial swamp, covered with vast entangled forests, which concealed the villages; and it might have appeared almost a desert, but for the numbers of people coming down to the river. Grain no longer grew on the fields, nor were cattle feeding on the meadows. The subsistence of the inhabitants was derived solely from the produce of the trees, and from roots,—the banana, the plantain, the yam, and from the fish caught in the river. The palm tree, however, afforded not only a refreshing juice, but the material of an extensive trade in palm oil.

After a navigation of about seventy miles downward from Kirree, they came to Eboe, which seems to be the chief emporium of the intercourse between Europe and this part of interior Africa. The Delta of the Niger had already commenced at Kirree, whence the branch had been seen going, off towards Benin; but it was not till they reached Eboe that it began to separate into those numerous channels, which intersect the country

rection, and enter the Atlantic by so arries. Immediately above Eboe, one westward, and also, it is said, towards t from the departure we think the ter- kely to be farther south, perhaps in the /aree. At the same point, another ; seen flowing to the south-east; appa- rds Old Calabar and the Rio del Rey. gest and most important is that which t some distance below Eboe, and forms Bonny; which may claim perhaps to ed as the main stream of the Niger. ordingly is the maritime emporium for palm oil; and carries on a constant and course with Eboe. This latter place, nonly the Eboe country, is of great presents a scene of busy industry. tions are superior to those in the inte- being formed of yellow clay plastered ed with palm leaves, and surrounded ed enclosures of fine trees. Yet the f the people is bad,—even atrocious. iced, a striking and painful observa- n proportion as the travellers descended nd came among people habituated to intercourse, they found them always worse; and the pleasing impression r the view of the fabrics, robes, and their native country, was followed by erience of violence and treachery. The Eboe spent their lives in savage disso- rousing the whole night, and in their illing with such violence, that the tra- ist imagined some one was put to cruel tortures, till they heard the same : nightly repeated.

ng of the Eboe country, bore a bad and notwithstanding the smiling good h which he at first received them, ound that he was only negotiating how n to the best account. That a large e extorted for their ransom, seems to istinctly understood; and the traders and Bonny eagerly contended for the : transaction which they expected to a. Obio demanded the enormous twenty *bars*, (each equal to one slave, palm oil,) and moreover judged it pru- in them at Eboe till commodities of were sent up from the coast. This alarming decision, involving the eer- long delay, besides extreme doubt if a captain would come forward with so price. Happily a certain royal per- g Boy of Brass-town, then on a visit s father-in-law, resolved to hazard a on their persons. He undertook to be twenty bars, and convey them to a condition of receiving a *book*, or bill, re bars, realizing the difference as pro- elf. This they considered heavenly ithstanding the augmentation thus enormous ransom; but they trusted, had once reached the coast, that by

some means or other they would find their way on board of an English vessel.

The Brass river, called by the Portuguese Nun, flows in a direction nearly south-west from Eboe, and enters the Atlantic at Cape Formosa. At a short distance from the sea it separates into two, the first and second rivers. The ground having become continually lower and lower, is here almost a complete swamp; for which reason, perhaps, Brass-town is not built upon either of the streams, but on a creek considerably eastward, which has, however, channels of ready communication with them. It is a miserable place, half sunk in mud, in the midst of immense swamps, which are covered with impenetrable thickets of mangrove. It is composed of two towns, or rather large vil- lages, separated by a small inlet, which, when the tide recedes, leaves the bottom covered with black mud. Yet over each of these towns reigns a per- sonage entitling himself king; over one, King Jacket—over the other, King Forday, father to their conductor, King Boy. Captain Lake, of the English brig *Thomas*, then lying at the mouth of the river, peremptorily refused payment of the enormous amount which the travellers had stipu- lated for themselves; yet by a series of transactions, which are here amusingly detailed, both brothers were successively conveyed on board, and Boy outwitted, though the British government has since redeemed the honour of its *employés*, by transmitting the stipulated price.

It had been truly mortifying to observe, that the natives, in proportion as their aspect and at- tire showed symptoms of intercourse with Euro- peans, became always more barbarous and law- less. But it is more mortifying still to find Europeans, nay British seamen, frequenting this coast, display a barbarism deeper than that of the fiercest tribes of Africa. Independently of the most brutal language, it may be mentioned as a specimen of Lake's proceedings, that while the travellers' party were lying in bed, he sometimes caused them, by way of frolic, to be deluged with buckets of cold water. Another captain, while his men lay unable to stir from illness, whitewashed them all, and thus caused one to lose the sight of an eye. Lake, however, fell into the hands of another still worse than himself, belonging to a most ferocious band of pirates who infest these shores, and by whom it is supposed he was made 'to walk the plank'—a murderous operation prac- tised among these marauders. A plank is laid across the deck, projecting considerably into the sea; the victim, by threats of force, is made to walk to the outer edge, when his weight bears down the wood, and he is plunged into the waves. This ferocity seems to have been generated under the dark influence of the slave trade, the habits induced by which still remain, even though it has been superseded by a more legitimate traffic.

The travellers, in embarking on the Atlantic, had solved the greatest problem in African, and even modern geography;—one which had exer- cised the ingenuity and conjecture of so many

learned inquirers, and in the efforts to solve which so many brave and distinguished adventurers had perished. This discovery divested the Niger of that singular and mysterious character, which had been one chief cause of the interest it had excited—when seen rolling its ample flood from the sea towards vast unknown regions in the interior. The circuit by which it reaches the Atlantic assimilates its character to that of ordinary rivers, without any much more remarkable windings than are found in others of similar length. It displays, however, a magnitude considerably greater than had been suggested by any former observation.

We can now trace very distinctly the entire line of this great river. Its source, though not actually visited, seems ascertained by Laing to exist in the high country of Kissi, about 200 miles in the interior from Sierra Leone. Thence it rolls through Fouta Jallo and Kankan, where Caillie describes himself to have found it already a rapid and considerable stream. At Bammakoo, having received the tributary from Sankari in Manding, which Park mistook for the main river, it begins its course over the fine plain of Bambarra, where it forms a noble stream; and in passing Sego, the capital, has been considered as equalling the Thames at Westminster. Thence it pursues a north-westerly course, and flowing through the lake Dibbie, reaches Timbuctoo. Its course from that city to Youri has not yet been delineated; but the fact that Park navigated down from one place to the other, fully establishes the continuity. During this reach the Niger makes a great change of direction from north-east to almost due south. From Youri to the sea, it was navigated by the present travellers, and was found following generally a southern direction, though making in one part a rapid bend to the east, whence it gradually returns. If we measure two distances, one from the source to Timbuctoo, and the other from that city to the sea, we shall have nearly 2000 miles, which may be considered as the direct course; and the various windings must raise the whole line of the stream to upwards of 3000 miles. For several hundred miles of its lower course, it forms a broad and magnificent expanse, resembling an inland sea. The Niger must after all yield very considerably to the Missouri and Crellana, those stupendous rivers of the new world. But it appears at least as great as any of those which water the old continents. There can rank with it only the Nile, and the Yangtse-kiang, or Great River of China. But the upper course of neither is yet very fully ascertained; and the Nile can compete only in length of course, not in the magnitude of its stream, or the fertility of the regions which it waters. There is one feature in which the Niger may defy competition from any river, either of the old or new world. This is the grandeur of its Delta. Along the whole coast, from the river of Formosa or Benin to that of Old Calabar, about 300 miles in length, there open into the Atlantic its successive estuaries, which navigators have scarcely been

able to number. Taking this coast as the base of the triangle or Delta, and its vertex at Kircce, about 173 miles inland, where the Formosa branch separates, we have a space of upwards of 25,000 square miles, equal to the half of England. Had this Delta, like that of the Nile, been subject only to temporary inundations, leaving behind a layer of fertilizing slime, it would have formed the most fruitful region on earth, and might have been almost the granary of a continent. But, unfortunately, the Niger rolls down its waters in such excessive abundance, as to convert the whole into a huge and dreary swamp, covered with dense forests of mangrove, and other trees of spreading and luxuriant foliage. The equatorial sun, with its fiercest rays, cannot penetrate these dark recesses; it only exhales from them pestilential vapours, which render this coast the theatre of more fatal epidemic diseases than any other, even of Western Africa. That human industry will one day level these forests, drain these swamps, and cover this soil with luxuriant harvests, we may confidently anticipate; but many ages must probably elapse before man, in Africa, can achieve such a victory over nature.

The Niger, besides its own ample stream, has a number of tributaries, equal perhaps in magnitude and importance to those of any other river on the globe; with the exception of the united streams of the Mississippi and Missouri. At no great distance above the point where the Delta commences, the Tshadda, nearly equal in magnitude to itself, enters it; after watering large and fruitful kingdoms, of which the names only, and of these but a very few, have reached us. On this river an extensive commerce and active navigation is said to prevail; the existence of which is farther confirmed by the great importance attached to Fumda, and other cities situated at or near the junction. It would have been deeply interesting, and have given a new importance to the river communications of Africa, could we have believed, what was positively asserted by very creditable witnesses, that vessels by its channel sailed to and from the lake Tchad, and thus held intercourse with the kingdoms of Leggun and Bornou. It seems certain that the names Tshadda, Shary, and Tchad, are one and the same. But the identity of the two first as rivers is what we are precluded from all possibility of believing, by the circumstance that the Shary of Loggun and Bornou, which Major Menham saw and sailed upon, was found by him falling into lake Tchad, while the Tshadda of Lander fell into the Niger; consequently they are distinct streams, flowing in opposite directions. It is very probable indeed that their fountains may be in the same mountain chain, and at no great distance; and even that some of their branches may approach very near, so that merchants may, by an easy portage, convey commodities between them. Nay, it is not quite impossible that they may be united by some connecting channel, as the Amazons and the Orinoko are: but this seems scarcely probable.

At no great distance above the Tshadda, enters

nia, a smaller river, but which Lander, owing through a very fertile and highly country. Considerably higher is the large stream from the country and city me; and higher still the Quarrauna, passed by Zirmie and Sackatoo. Beyond point and Timbuctoo, we have no knowing whether any or what rivers the Niger. The tributary which passes is of no great importance; but at the mouth of Bambarra, Park describes the in the south of two great streams, the and Nimma; and it seems very doubtful was not mistaken in supposing the to be a mere branch of the Niger. The tributaries, descending from the mountains, stream, without themselves affording any important navigation.

We now at the important question, what his great interior communication opens commerce. Its branches in Africa, the abolition of that dark one, which Britain has proscribed, have been limited; and critics have even doubted if they could any great extension. But it must be that the intercourse has hitherto been exclusively with the coast; the territory which is comparatively unproductive, and which is idle and miserable. It has always, in proportion as travellers penetrated to the territory, they came to a superior region and to, contrary to what takes place in other all the large cities, all the valuable and branches of industry, were at a distance from the sea. This has been imputed, and to some reason, to the demoralizing influence of the European slave trade. But there is a physical cause which must have a powerful influence. A much greater extent of the Africa than of any other continent is between the tropics, and even immediately on the line. Sterility is there produced by the burning rays of the sun, to which the in their low level, are peculiarly liable, which many tracts are rendered parched. Others, by the same low situation, are the inundation of the great rivers, swelled by the violent tropical rains, and into wide pestilential swamps. But the territory becoming always more elevated, enjoys a more temperate climate, and is by hills and mountain ranges, the from which supply copious moisture, cooling the territory with any permanent moisture. The countries rendered accessible by the Niger and its tributaries are the most productive and industrious in Africa, and their population, notwithstanding the want of forming any precise estimate, can be rated at less than twenty-five millions. It is impossible that British enterprise can reach to such a region, without drawing forth considerable results.

These are questions which call for consideration
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are—the articles of British produce, for which a market may be found in this quarter of the world; and the commodities which may be procured in exchange.

Under the first head, we may at once refer to that manufacture in which Britain most excels, and has carried to the greatest extent. Cotton fabrics are alone suited to the climate of Central Africa, and in fact clothe her entire population. It is true, they are manufactured with skill within the country itself; but the example of India, where Manchester and Paisley have supplanted in their native seats the superb muslins and calicoes of Dacca and Masulipatam, leaves little doubt that the less brilliant products of the African loom would be unable to withstand the competition. There is even no need of recurring to so distant an illustration. Manchester clothes Bonny and Eboc: at Kiama, more than two hundred miles inland, her robes, of coarse and gaudy patterns, formed the favourite ornament of the Negro damsels, though their moderate original cost had been raised by a long land carriage to an almost ruinous height. The navigation of the Niger seems hitherto to have been little instrumental in diffusing commodities through the interior. The communication is almost entirely between city and city: the chief of Danuggo did not know the existence of Eyco or Youri. It was only at Egga, the limit of the more improved and industrious districts, that European commodities began to appear. Besides cotton stuffs, arms, it is to be feared, would be a prominent article; but not to mention their use in hunting, perhaps the exchange of the European for the African mode of warfare would on the whole, rather advance civilization. Jewels, toys, every gaudy and glittering object is suited to the rude taste of the African chiefs; and as they have not yet learned to distinguish the real value of these commodities, high prices might for some time be obtained, though experience and competition would doubtless open their eyes.

The returns claim our next attention, and form rather a more difficult subject. At the head of the exports we placed manufactured cottons, and at the head of the imports we are disposed to place the raw material. This is produced abundantly, and, if we may trust the report of travellers, of excellent quality, over the whole of tropical Africa. European commerce seems never to have reached the cotton-growing districts, which are all considerably in the interior. The demand in Britain is immense, the annual imports being valued at nearly eight millions sterling. This demand, too, would be augmented, if Africa, like India and the United States, after supplying the raw material, took back the manufactured produce. Indigo, moreover, the most valuable of dyeing stuffs, and which Britain imports sometimes to the value of upwards of £1,000,000, is produced in these countries plentifully, and it is said, also of excellent quality. Hides and skins and some gold, would be the only important articles

ditional articles; for palm oil, at present the most extensive one, being produced in the countries near the coast, is probably furnished to the full extent of the demand.

After considering what are likely to be the objects of the trade on the Niger, the mode of conducting it presents another question equally important and difficult. The obstacles are indeed such that, according to the ordinary resources of river navigation, they appear altogether insuperable. The pestilential atmosphere along the shores of this delta and its lower estuaries,—the violent and turbulent character of the native tribes, who would doubtless regard the British as rivals and enemies,—could scarcely be surmounted unless by some peculiar agency. This, however, seems to be found in steam, which gives such an entirely new character and power to river navigation. Propelled by it, the vessel could be carried in one day and night from the ocean to the head of the delta, and thus pass swiftly through the region of pestilence; it could also penetrate and leave behind it hostile fleets of armed canoes. Practical skill and experience must decide, whether the steam vessels should be brought direct from England, or be stationed on the coast, where the goods brought out by sailing vessels could be transferred into them. The first of these plans, if practicable, would avoid the coast of transshipment, and the dangers to health incurred during such an operation on a coast, every spot of which is insalubrious. It may be worth suggesting, whether the Formosa or Benin branch might not be the most advantageous for ascending the river. The navigator would thus at once reach the head of the delta, above Kircce, avoiding the dangerous bar at the mouth of the Brass river, and the fierce rivalry of the natives, which would be encountered both there, and still more in the Bonny channel. It may be presumed, however, that the trade can never be carried on with facility, or to any great extent, without a station on the Niger itself, where a dépôt of European and African goods could be formed; and whence smaller vessels might ascend the inferior rivers, or those parts of the great stream of which the navigation is difficult or obstructed. There would be an obvious convenience in endeavouring to obtain by purchase one of the numerous islands by which the channel is in one place diversified. The only danger might be, of their being rendered unhealthy by a low and damp situation; in which case a salubrious and defensible position might be found on one of the heights by which a great extent of the river-course is bordered.

It remains only that we inquire what connexion can be traced between these new discoveries, and our previous knowledge of Africa; whether any, and what anticipations have been formed by ancient writers of that lower course of the Niger which has now for the first time been navigated by Europeans. These will, we believe, be found extremely limited. Ptolemy, who delineates the river as entirely inland, and

without any branch flowing to the southward, evidently had no idea of this termination. The case may be somewhat different with regard to the Arabian writers, who describe their 'Nile of the Negroes' as flowing westward, and falling into the Atlantic. We have endeavoured to show, in a former article, (June 1826,) that their settlements were all in the territory now called Houssa; and that their Nile was not the Niger of Park, but a compound of the streams flowing along that plain, particularly the Quarrama, or Zirmie. It may be supposed that this last stream, joined to the part of the Niger navigated by Lander, formed their Nile, and that they thus erred only by supposing a tributary to be the main branch. But the great imperfection of their knowledge is clearly proved by their ignorance of all the details now observed by our travellers; and more particularly by the statement, that from Tocur (Sackatoo) to Ulil, where the great river fell into the sea, was only eighteen days' journey, which cannot be rated so high as 300 miles; while the real distance to the Gulf of Benin does not fall short of 700. There may, however, be room to believe, that they might receive a general intimation of the termination of the Niger in the Atlantic, and might suppose the remotest city in that direction of which they obtained distinct intelligence, to be at the point of its entrance; as Sultan Bello supposed Rakah and Fundah to be seaports at the mouth of the river. The names of Youri bears some resemblance to that of Ulil; *r* and *l* being readily convertible. But the pits in which the salt of Ulil is said by Edrisi to have been found, and the desert along which it was conveyed, suggest the western salt mines, and seem to prove that Ulil was Walet, and that the Lake Dibble, in that imperfect state of knowledge, was confounded with the Atlantic.

The only writer who discovers a distinct knowledge of any part of the Niger navigated by the present travellers, is Leo Africanus. He describes it as flowing between Guber (which is still well known as a country of Houssa, and appears then to have been its ruling state) and Gago, whose fruitful territory, rude habitations, the innumerable host of the royal wives, and its situation 400 miles south from Timbuctoo clearly establish to be Eyeo. But he fails altogether to trace it farther, or follow its progress downwards to the Gulf of Benin. On the contrary, he represents it as flowing in a westerly direction from Timbuctoo to Ghinea (Jenné,) and thence to the ocean. This impression he evidently derived from the Portuguese, who early began to consider the Senegal and Gambia as the estuaries of the Niger.

This last opinion continued to be prevalent among modern Europeans; hence the only attempts made to reach the Niger, were by the English from the Gambia, and the French from the Senegal. They proved abortive; and Delis and D'Anville obtained positive information, that these rivers had no connexion with the Niger.

rose in the interior, and flowed eastward into the Niger. Yet they never could fully overcome the general prepossession to the contrary, had themselves no correct idea as to its nature. Reichard, a German writer, had written of it, and Mr. McQueen of warmly stating the hypothesis, which has now been fully verified, and affords the main key to the geography of interior Africa.

Withstanding the great importance of this discovery, it has by no means completed even the state of our knowledge respecting the central parts of this continent. The Tshadda, with its countries on its banks, which there is reason to believe are fertile and populous, is entirely unexplored. There is a large tract in the course of the Niger between Timbuctoo and Youri. We say nothing of the country south of the equator, which, unless from recent observations of M. Donville, are almost entirely untouched by discovery.

From the Monthly Magazine.

NOTES ON AMERICA.

Life in South Carolina—Slaves and Slaveholders—A Farmer and his Family—Southern Customs—Curious Examples of the state of Morality—Specimen of an Emigrating Party—A Negro's Conversation, &c.

The low country of South Carolina is infested in the summer and autumn by a malaria of the most dreadful and poisonous description. It is said to arise from the clearing away of the swamps, and from insufficient draining. The country in the vicinity of Charlestown was formerly well wooded, and under the "Old Dominion" many very handsome and lordly mansions were the heads in the midst of the pine forests. Of these still remain, but present a deserted and melancholy appearance. A few negroes and their white overseer are often their only occupants; and during the winter months, when a residence in the low districts would be unattended with danger, the income of the proprietors is, in the low country, too limited to admit of a country residence as a town establishment. The vast avenue of oak, elm, and sycamore-trees are choked with dirt and brambles. The leaves are all fallen, and lie like faded lavender, and are gathered in great quantities to be used for stuffing mattresses, &c. Unlike the Roman malaria, the malarial and watery atmosphere of this country, instead of stimulating appears to deaden vegetation. Magnolia alone grows to a great size, and of unrivalled beauty—offering a striking and beautiful contrast to the heart-sickening desolation.

The withered and blighted appearance of the country, which has just been mentioned, is a sure indication of the prevalence of an atmosphere deadly in the extreme; and the stranger who ventures to pass the night within the range

of its influence would scarcely survive to tell the story of his travels. I am unable to give a medical description of this country fever, by which name it is distinguished from the other scourge of the Southern States,—the yellow pestilence; but, I believe it may be termed a fever and ague of the most appalling kind, accompanied by sickness and vomiting. The few who struggle through its attacks are miserably decrepid for the remnant of their days; and in personal appearance, resemble the eight or ten favoured individuals who have been lucky enough to return from Fernando Po.

In these low districts the slaves are not unfrequently treated with great inhumanity. Degraded as the condition of their brethren in the cities may be, yet it is in many respects very superior to that of the wretched field negroes. The greatest misfortune, perhaps, that can befall a human being, is to become the property of a small planter or shopkeeper in the interior of the Southern States, and at some distance from a town of any size. The master is generally lazy, ignorant, and tyrannical, and his slaves suffer accordingly. It is asserted on the other hand, that the slaves are stupid, insolent, and incorrigibly slothful, and this cannot be denied; for how, in the name of all that is merciful, can a willing and cheerful obedience be expected from a poor suffering wretch who "must envy every sparrow that he sees?" I recollect one night that a negro was summoned to hold a torch-light of dried pine in the stable, whilst the driver of the coach was employed in harnessing the horses. Though repeatedly ordered to hold the torch upright, he persisted in leaning it against the wall, which might have been set on fire in three minutes. At length the driver seized him by the hair, and struck his face violently against a rough projecting log. The poor creature was instantly covered with the blood which gushed from his lacerated cheeks, but he held the light straight enough afterwards. "That's the way to manage them niggers," said the brutal driver, with exultation; and his mode of management, as far as I observed, is the one very generally adopted by those of his class in the interior of the low country.

But in those districts where the climate is tolerable, and the gentry reside upon their estates, the situation of the slave is materially improved. A South Carolinian gentleman of property and education, and there are many such, is the kind and indulgent protector, not the harsh task-master of his negroes. Proprietors of this class have adopted many excellent regulations for ensuring the health and comfort of the black population on their estates. Among these I will mention one, which has been found to be of great service. A planter informed me that he presented his overseer with five dollars for each additional negro, not purchased during the year, whom he found upon his estate on Christmas day. It thus became the man's interest, as well as his duty, to provide for the well-being of all to take especial care of the

the pregnant women were not over-worked, nor their infants neglected. To detail all the admirable methods by which this gentleman had succeeded in alleviating the evils of slavery, would be a long, but not unpleasing task. They were worthy of the humane and high-minded Col. Huger, well known on the continent, and in America, as the gallant and enterprising friend and deliverer of La Fayette.

The domestic life and habits of the Southern gentry very much resemble those of our West Indian proprietors. But the Americans are more actively engaged in politics, field sports, and horse racing. In Virginia, especially, great attention is paid to the breed of horses, and there is scarcely a town or village of two thousand inhabitants which does not possess a well appointed race course. The hospitality of a planter of the highest and best class to travellers of all nations, who come well introduced, knows no bounds, and his house, horses, negroes, guns, boats, &c. &c. are at your service for as long a period as you may feel disposed to remain his visiter, and you may travel far and wide without meeting with so hearty a friend or so polished a gentleman. You will find him well acquainted with the policy and literature of modern Europe, and though probably a republican from principle, he is too well bred and too liberal to annoy you with those dissertations on the abuses of kingly governments, which so often offend the ears of the admirers of monarchies during their progress through the United States.

On one subject, however, the Southern planter is peculiarly sensitive. I allude, of course, to the everlasting one of slavery. How fixed and resolute he is in the determination to perpetuate this curse of his country, may be gathered from the nature of the laws which have been passed in several of the slaveholding States, for the government of the black population for the last few years. Emancipation under any circumstances, is vigorously interdicted. It is a crime to teach a negro to read or write. Any free black who shall presume to enter the slave states, is liable first to be imprisoned, and then sold to pay the expenses of his maintenance in jail. No exception is made in favour of the subjects of a foreign government, and although the United States district judge, pronounced this statute to be contrary to the law of nations, and calculated to bring the Americans into collision with every other civilized people on the face of the earth, still his dictum was disregarded, and British subjects have more than once been imprisoned under this atrocious enactment. Every possible exertion is made to clear the country of free coloured people. Hence, the colonization society and the settlement of Liberia, of which so much has lately been said, are encouraged and patronized by Southerners, who, doubtless, feel under weighty obligations to the philanthropists of the north for their assistance in the removal of so pregnant a source of alarm and danger. Human ingenuity, indeed, could not have effected a more sagacious

and effective mode than this, for rivetting chains of oppression more firmly on the one are left behind. In the course of a few there will not be a free black to be found in the Carolinas or in Georgia. Of course, all at to reason in favour of the natural and in rights of man, with the promoters and aut such laws as these, must be worse than fr The principle strenuously insisted and upon throughout the Southern States is this. The blacks must be retained in e ignorance and degradation, or we cannot l On other subjects you may converse with educated planter with pleasure and profit, discussion of this all-important one only pr irritation and disgust.

I believe that America is the only cou the world where the best informed, as well most polished men and women, are *ineari* be found among the highest classes. *Ther* ever, beyond all question, such is the fact, the interior of the Southern States, I am s say that the *only* tolerably good society i met with among the aristocratical and w planters, who are in the habit of frequent Atlantic cities. With every disposition to the American character in favourable whenever it can be done with truth, yet I say much of the middling and lower on the South. They are a coarse and immor ple, often uncivil, and seldom hospitable. J a journey of upwards of 1500 miles in No South Carolina, I was generally obligd. extravagantly for wretched fare, and wo tendance. This, however, was not alwa case, and I recollect, on one occasion mo ticularly, being most hospitably entertain one of the small farmers or planters, wh lately come into possession of a small s money, and who had stored his cabin with which he was anxious to exhibit to a st from the old country.

I was travelling on the road to Columb had called at his house to ascertain the d to that pretty little town. He made nu inquiries as to my route, &c. and when tioned that I had that day dined with a man of fortune who resided in the neighb he became so enamoured of my company insist upon my spending the night at his so, not without the hope of amusement, I to postpone my further progress till the ne

I was soon introduced to the mistress house, whom I was somewhat surprised to delicate, pretty, and rather lady-like person was sitting near the fire of the principal which opened immediately upon the roa and was employed in suckling her inf operation which my entrance by no mean rupted. This room was floored with m an Irish cabin. The walls were made and the interstices were filled up with fu clay. Large shutters were substituted for w and the only piece of furniture which w suitable to this dirty uncomfortable ap

was a handsome mahogany cradle, well filled with linen, which appeared to be very fine and white.

My horse was ordered to the stable, and I rather offended my worthy host by insisting upon acting the part of groom myself. Four negroes were ready to perform this duty; but I was by far too experienced a traveller to trust one of the finest horses in South Carolina to their grooming. The road to the stable seemed to have been made with great ingenuity, for the express purpose of snapping off the legs of man and beast, being formed of round logs, covered with slippery mud. The stable was cold, damp, and dirty; but the Indian corn was sound, and the blades green and fresh, so that I was enabled to secure my fellow-traveller a good supper, though not a comfortable stall.

Soon after my return to the house we adjourned to the supper room, which was a small narrow closet, the floor and walls of which were boarded. There was a handsome mahogany table, which nearly filled the room, leaving just space enough for three small benches, which served as chairs. There was no fire-place, no carpet, no curtains, nor furniture of any description, except the stools and table, above-mentioned, which latter was, however, profusely covered with hot bread, muffins, waffles, cakes of various kinds, pickles, preserves, melons, peaches, pork-stakes, broiled chicken, homony, rice, and ham. The tea and coffee pots were of silver, and the china was of the most beautiful and expensive description. The spoons were of pewter, and there were no sugar-tongs; it was the fashion to use fingers in place thereof: the knives and forks were of common cast iron. The price of cotton, and the exploits of General Jackson, formed the principal topics of conversation: my host assured me that John Quincy Adams was not *priming* to Henry Clay, —that Rufus King talked a great deal about slavery, but knew nothing of the nature of “niggers,” —that he himself was fond of gentlemen from the Old Country, but hated those “wooden nutmeg Yankee pedlars,” —and he finally offered to bet a beaver hat, that Mr. Hugh Legaree, of Charleston, was as eloquent as Demosthenes, saying a drawling emphasis on the last syllable. I afterwards found that he imagined Demosthenes to be a member of Parliament.

The good lady was very silent while this interesting conversation was carried on, and, indeed, the only word which she pronounced distinctly during the whole evening, was a loud amen to a very long grace, which her husband chanted forth after supper. To the performance of this ceremonial, however, he did not seem to have been actuated so much by a feeling of religious gratitude for an enormous meal, as by the notion, that it was the fashion to say the grace among the great *bugs*, by which agreeable appellation he designated the higher class of gentry in his neighbourhood. I was ushered into my sleeping apartment soon after supper. Here, again, matters were strangely assorted. The dimensions of this chamber were nearly the same

as those of the supper-room, about twelve feet by eight. A large and very handsome carved mahogany bedstead without curtains, but tolerably well furnished with linen, &c. was literally, the only piece of furniture in the room. The next morning, the whole family assembled under a shed upon the road-side to perform their ablutions. Here I found a large tub of water with a gourd for a ladle, a coarse towel, and a tin washing basin, which we all made use of in turn.

The breakfast was a repetition of the supper of the preceding night, with the addition of some whisky and peach brandy, of which I declined to partake, although the lady set me the example by swallowing a large *cup* full. Gibbon has somewhere remarked, that the modern invention of glass is sufficient to counterbalance all the luxuries of the Roman emperors. My worthy host, whose domestic arrangements I have here rather freely exposed, had never, I presume, studied the historian of the “Decline and Fall;” as I did not observe a single bit of glass of any description throughout his premises. However, he gave me a hearty welcome, and a pressing invitation to repeat my visit, and I remember him as the most favourable specimen of his class that I have ever had the good fortune to encounter.

I will here mention one or two facts, in justification of the rather harsh opinion I have above expressed of the state of moral feeling in the interior of the Southern States.

In the year 1826, in Greenville county, South Carolina, two slaves were condemned to the stake and actually *burned*, for the murder of their master. About the same time also, a negro was burned in Georgia—what his offence was I do not at present recollect. That such enormities should be perpetrated in the 19th century, by a people professing the humane doctrines of Christianity, is almost incredible; but the facts are indisputable.

I was an accidental witness to the following outrage, which was committed at a village in Georgia. Having occasion to purchase some trifle during my journey, I called for the purpose at one of the principal stores in the place, where I saw a young man, slightly made and short in stature, beating, with great violence, a much more powerful fellow, who was stretched on the counter. The assailant was armed with what is called a Baltimore bludgeon, or long thin cane, with a knob heavily charged with lead. The prostrate person had evidently been taken by surprise, and just as I entered was beginning to recover himself. As soon as he perceived this, the young ruffian, who had hitherto the advantage, ran at full speed out of the shop, down the middle of the broad street, the other following him with his unshod dirk uplifted in his hand. He soon came up with the fugitive, and gave him a long gush in the back, and, as he said, “shelled the corn off his cob in no time.” Many of the shopkeepers and others, stood at their doors or windows and saw the whole affair; but no one interfered on either side except

carry off the wounded boy. Whether he died or recovered I never ascertained, but the wound which he received was a terrific one.

A duel was fought, not very long ago at Augusta, in Georgia, under the following circumstances: Two foolish boys, neither of them nineteen years of age, had a violent quarrel at Yale College, in Connecticut; and upon their return to the South, their friends insisted upon the dispute being settled by a duel. Accordingly, they both proceeded to Augusta; one attended by his guardian and uncle, the other by a friend deputed by his father. After an interval of a fortnight, which was spent in rifle-shooting at a mark, they met; and the younger combatant was killed by the first shot. The victor returned to Charleston, where I have repeatedly seen him. His father was connected with one of the principal banking establishments in the city. I have always understood, that the young men were not unwilling to forget and forgive what had passed, but were urged forward by those who ought to have acted a far different part. When it is recollected that the duel was fought many weeks after the quarrel at college, and that the guardians of the boys employed this interval in stimulating their bad passions to the lust of a murderous revenge, I think the annals of duelling may be searched in vain for a record of greater atrocity than was furnished by the conduct of these old ruffians.

Although the notions and habits of the people of the Southern and slaveholding states, differ in most respects from their Northern brethren, there is one peculiarity of the American character which belongs equally to both. I allude to the incessant restlessness and fondness for change of abode. There seems to be a constant stream of emigrants from Virginia and the Carolinas, to the more Southern and Western States,—principally, I think, to Alabama. The amazing fertility of the cotton lands in that country, offers an irresistible temptation to the indolent planter, who has neither energy nor capital sufficient to cultivate and repair the most exhausted soil of the Atlantic States. He overlooks all the miseries attendant upon the life of a new settler, in a country of fever, swamps, vagabonds and *squatters*, in the fond anticipation of raising a large crop of cotton. Hundreds of disappointed wretches with their families, are annually swept away that destructive climate.

I have encountered many of these emigrating parties, and upon one occasion, was indebted to their hospitality for a night's shelter. A fresh or flood had swelled a brook which crossed the road on which I was travelling, so much as to render it impassable. The village, where I had intended to remain for the night, lay at a little distance on the opposite side, and I was somewhat puzzled how to proceed. Very soon, however, I was accosted by a planter, who with his family and negroes was delayed in his progress by the same accident. He invited me to join his party, who were preparing to camp out in the

pine barren which skirted the road-side. I gladly accepted the invitation, and, as the evening was warm and pleasant, by no means disliked the prospects of a bivouac. After walking a short distance through a narrow road in the forest, we arrived at a cleared plot of ground, which had evidently been before used by travellers and carriers as a place of encampment. A little circular barricade had been formed by the baggage wagons, and in the centre, there blazed a crackling fire of dried pine wood. The negroes, of whom there were about fifteen or twenty, of all ages and both sexes, were devouring their supper of bacon and homony, in high glee. Their young ones, some of whom were scarcely a year old, were snugly seated round an iron kettle, which contained their smoking food, and looked somewhat like a blackbird pie with the upper crust removed.

Their owner was a careless looking fellow, with a hard countenance, and very fond of peach brandy. He talked continually of the price of cotton, and the delights of a plantation in Alabama, which he had lately purchased; and where he "reckoned upon raising all out of doors, of cotton and niggers." His poor wife was evidently anxious and incredulous. She told me that she was "raised" in Massachusetts, near the beautiful little village of Deerfield, and was overjoyed to find me acquainted with that part of America. "There was nothing like it," she said, "south of the Potomac. Nothing like Deerfield meadow, with its fine old elm trees." In this opinion I cordially concurred, for, although I have seen much and travelled far, I recollect few scenes whose green and fresh beauty "sprinkled such coolness on the heart," as those lovely haunts of the old Indians on the banks of the Connecticut river.

The poor woman added, "that her husband was never content to remain for three years on the same farm—that her health, and that of her children, was ruined by a residence in the damp, though fertile Savannahs; and she had sorrowful anticipations of the result of their present expedition." Her husband paid not the slightest attention to the complaints which she was pouring into my ear. I suppose, he would have sacrificed his whole kith and kin for a few additional pounds of cotton per acre. Our supper consisted of hot bread and a decoction of coffee, which, as is usual in the interior, had not been roasted previous to boiling, and therefore, produced a very bitter beverage. Besides this, we had another dish which I will leave the reader to name, when I have mentioned the contents thereof, viz., ham, fried chicken, rice, eggs, homony, sweet potatoes, and sausages. A singular medley, certainly, but not unpalatable to one who had ridden upwards of forty miles through the woods without breaking his fast.

After supper I retired to rest under cover of one of the wagons, which served as a protection from the falling dew, where wrapped up in my travelling cloak, I overheard the following

short and characteristic conversation among the negroes.

"Scippy, wot do oo tink Dinah say?"

"Don't know, sar—wot Dinah say, massa Pompey?"

"Why, dat de massa be vebby dam fool, for leebing his sleek leetle place in Carleny, to go to dis Alybaamy, where dere be no raal niggars—nuttin but dutty brack mulatty rascals and buckra men."

"Me tink so, too, Pompey," replied Mr. Scipio, "but eh! golly! de massa be wake—he feel for de cow-hide!"

A smart cut on the back, and an oath from the master, quieted the slaves for the remainder of the night, and by day-break, I was again on my road to the village of Lincolnton.

From the Edinburgh Review.

SPAIN IN 1830.*

THE attention of the country has been so much engrossed during the last eighteen months by the all-absorbing question of Parliamentary Reform, that many public events have been allowed to pass by comparatively unheeded. The interest also with which, since the peace, this country has been accustomed to regard the political and domestic state of the continental powers, has greatly relaxed. We have thought of little but ourselves. Since the first mooted of the Reform question, many have neglected even the great workings of the revolution whose throes yet convulse France. The minor revolutions of some of the Swiss Cantons, and of the smaller German States, are wholly forgotten; and the remembrance of the Belgic Union is revived only by the sight of an occasional Protocol,—seen to be thrown aside. The state of Italy has been thought beneath notice; and, despite the continued atrocities of Russia, many, with sorrow and compunction, endeavour to forget, that Poland, the victim of Europe, ever existed. Portugal excites some little more of interest; her connexion with this country has been long and intimate; and the crisis of her troubles is at hand. The fortunes of Portugal will have much influence on those of Spain. The expectations of Europe, long wearied with waiting for some sign of life in that reclusive member,—that monk of the European confederacy, now turn with a curiosity rising scarcely beyond indifference, as to what may be her conduct and condition during and after the approaching struggle in Portugal. We have too many instances before our recollection of the utter and sudden failure of political prophecies, to venture upon even an anonymous prediction; but we will give the opinions and information which Mr. Inglis, the most recent traveller in Spain, has been able to collect; and with these, and some other scattered notices, we will leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

* Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston: 1831.

Mr. Inglis appears to have entered Spain by Bayonne in May 1830, to have remained in Madrid during the summer months, and then to have made an autumn and winter tour through the mild and beautiful provinces of the south and east; from whence he repassed into France by Figueras, in January 1831. He gives the result of his eight month's experience in the two volumes now before us; and we recommend them to our readers as forming, upon the whole, an amusing and instructive publication. It may be said, that little real knowledge of a country can be acquired during the short period which Mr. Inglis devoted to his tour; and in truth, he does not pretend to reveal any thing very recondite; he merely gathers facts as he goes; gives the authority, sometimes not very clear or unimpeachable, for his relations; and, by frankly recording that which he saw and heard, he contrives to draw a tolerable picture of the country which he visited.

Mr. Inglis was pleased with the fruitful and orchard-like appearances of Biscay, with the unexpected cleanliness of the inns, and with the good arrangement and rapid pace (ten miles an hour) of the public diligences. He found, indeed, these machines of conveyance so far honoured, or the state of royal equipages so far reduced in Spain, that he met the Infant Don Francis in one of them at Vittoria. He, his consort, and his family, occupied one diligence, and his suite occupied another—the first drawn by seven mules, the other by six. The royal party was received with respect by a considerable concourse of people, and with military honours.—Vol. i. p. 11.

But though royalty thus far honours diligences in Spain, the pleasures resulting from the facility of travelling they afford on the few highroads of that country, is considerably lessened by a want of personal security. This evil is met by a practice sufficiently indicative of the present state of Spain. The proprietors are obliged to purchase immunity and protection from the different bands of banditti which infest the roads through which their diligences travel;—in other words, to pay *blackmail*.

"This arrangement," says Mr Inglis, "was at first attended with some difficulty; and, from a gentleman who was present at the interview between the person employed to negotiate on behalf of the diligences and the representative of the banditti, I learned a few particulars. The diligences in question were those between Madrid and Seville; and the sum offered for their protection was not objected to; but another difficulty was started: "I have nothing to say against the terms you offer," said the negotiator for the banditti; "and I will at once ensure you against being molested by robbers of consequence; but as for the small fry (Ladrones de ninguna consideracion,) I cannot be responsible. We respect the engagements entered into by each other; but there is nothing like honour amongst petty thieves." The proprietors of the diligences, however, were satisfied with assurances of protection against the great robbers, and the treaty was concluded."

but not long afterwards one of the coaches was stopped and robbed by the petty thieves; this led to an arrangement which has ever since proved effectual. One of the chiefs accompanies the coach on its journey, and overawes by his name and reputation the robbers of an inferior degree.—Vol. i. p. 3.

At Vittoria, Mr Inglis left the pale of this banditti compact, and crossed the country Bilbao in a little open calèche hired for the purpose. This last mode of convenience we conceive to be infinitely better suited to the pursuits of a traveller, though possibly a little less convenient, than the plodding uniformity of a diligence. Indeed, speaking from some experience, we hazard this general remark,—that the pleasure of remembrance, and the general benefits to be derived from a tour, are in an inverse ratio to the ease and rapidity with which it has been accomplished. We throw out this remark for the benefit of those young gentlemen who pique themselves upon reaching Constantinople in the shortest possible time; and who consider travelling day and night to Rome, without once sleeping on the road, as of more importance than seeing Rome itself. Mr Inglis found the commerce of Bilbao declining; in consequence of the difficulties attending the preparation and exportation of its two staple commodities, iron and wool; in which it is now superseded by Sweden and Saxony. But though the commerce of Bilbao declines, its convents flourish, and the abominable practice of early noviciates exists in full force.

‘In the province of Biscay,’ says Mr Inglis, ‘females profess at a very early age; their noviciate generally commences about fifteen; and, at the expiration of a year, they take the veil. I ascertained from a source of the most authentic kind, that three-fourths of the nuns who take the veil at this very early age die of a decline within four years. The climate which in Biscay is so prolific in consumption, added to the low and damp situation of some of the convents, may perhaps be admitted to have some influence upon this premature decay; but I should incline to attribute a greater influence to causes more immediately referrible to the unhappy and unnatural condition of those who are shut out from the common privileges, hopes, and enjoyments of their kind.’—Vol. i. p. 33.

It is sad to read of fellow-creatures thus marked out, blighted, and sequestered from the exercise of all social affections, at the very threshold of womanhood, and left to wither, for a few barren years, within the dark gloom of their convent walls, till they pass away to the refuge of a premature grave. But it is still more sad to think that such deeds should be committed in the light of the nineteenth century, and impiously defended in the very name of the Christian religion. These immurements of girls of fifteen, differ, perhaps, in manner, but they resemble in spirit the Pagan immolations of human victims.

Mr. Inglis returned from Bilbao to Vittoria,

and from thence proceeded to Madrid. Unlike other capitals, which spread riches and comfort around them, Madrid lies in the centre of a vast treeless, riverless, sandy desert; and the nearer you approach to it, the greater is the misery and squalor which you meet. The sight of the two Castiles led Mr. Inglis to consider Biscay happy, thriving, and well cultivated. He thus describes a village, through which the diligence passed:

‘I saw between two and three hundred persons, and amongst these there was not one whose rags half covered his nakedness. Men and women were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches of about a hundred hues and sizes; and, as for the children, I saw some entirely naked, and many that might as well have been without their tattered coverings. I threw a few biscuits amongst the children, and the eagerness with which they fought for and devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than of human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly, and I profited by the delay to look into one or two of the miserable abodes of these wretched beings. I found a perfect union between the dweller and his dwelling. I could not see one article of furniture—no table, no chair; a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former, there was no occasion, and something resembling a mattress was the bed of the family. Leaving this village, I noticed two stone-pillars and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain.’—Vol. i. p. 56.

From this ‘Auburn’ Mr. Inglis continued his journey to the capital. His account of the approach is striking.

‘From the Samo Sierra to the gates of Madrid, a distance of nearly thirty miles, there is not a tree to be seen, not a garden, not one country-house, and scarcely an isolated farmhouse or cottage, and only three or four very inconsiderable villages. Great part of the land is uncultivated; and that part of it which is laboured, and produces grain, is mostly covered with weeds and stones. In the midst of this desert stands Madrid, which is not visible until you approach within less than two leagues of the gate. Its appearance from this side is not striking; the city seems small, and although we may count upwards of 50 spires and towers, none of these are elevated or imposing. If the traveller turned his back upon Madrid, when within half a mile of the gates, he might still believe himself to be a hundred miles from any habitation; the road stretches away, speckled only by a few mules. There are no carriages, no horsemen, scarcely even a pedestrian; there is in fact scarcely one sign of vicinity to a great city.’—Vol. i. p. 60.

In walking the streets, Mr. Inglis was struck with the peculiar costume of the country—with the graceful mantilla, the high comb, and unbanded head—with the universal cloak, and the use of the fan by both sexes; and the crowds of well-clothed, well-fed, proud-bearing priests and

monks, who fill the public walks of this capital of the faithful. But innovation has introduced its forbidden footsteps even here; for French bonnets, English muslins, and gaudy foreign silks, are occasionally seen braving ancient habits, in carriages on the Prado, or in boxes at the Opera.

Madrid has no trade or manufacturers. Indeed, its inhabitants may be said to follow no other course of life but that of idleness. One-fourth of its 160,000 inhabitants are officers of the government or of the court, of every grade of rank, and of every gradation of greater or less inactivity: another fourth is composed of the law, the church, and the noblesse; while the remaining half is made up of the retainers of the above classes, and of the shopkeepers and itinerant purveyors of provisions, water, and fruit. All these follow a mode of life more or less idle, and little different in pursuits, pleasures, or intellectual enjoyments. A lounge in the streets in the morning, with attendance at mass in some neighbouring church—the siesta at noon, and a walk or drive on the Prado in the evening, closing with a theatre or tertulia at night—form, with the occasional interlude of a bull-fight, or procession, the daily duties of nearly all the inhabitants. The presence of the Royal Family on the Prado is accompanied with a rather oppressive ceremonial.

‘It is necessary,’ says Mr. Inglis, ‘to pay honour to every branch of the royal family, however frequently they may pass along. Every carriage must stop, and those within it must take off their hats; or if their carriage be open, must stand up also; and every person on foot is expected to suspend his walk, face about, and bow, with his head uncovered. When the king passes, no one perhaps feels this to be a grievance because, however little respect this king may be entitled to from his subjects, it is felt to be nothing more than an act of common breeding, to take off one’s hat to a king; but I have fifty times seen all this homage paid to a royal carriage with a nurse and infant, not an infanta, in it; and one evening I was absolutely driven from the Prado, by the unceasing trouble of being obliged to acknowledge the royal presence every five minutes, the spouse of the Infante don Francis having found amusement in cantering backwards and forwards during an hour at least. From the expected homage no one is exempt; even the foreign ambassadors must draw up, rise, and uncover themselves, if but a sprig of royalty, in the remotest degree, and of the tenderest age, happens to drive past.’—Vol. i. p. 94.

Mr. Inglis describes Ferdinand ‘as a lusty country gentleman,’ with a fat, heavy, good-humoured countenance. He takes small notice of the obeisances of his subjects, who, in return, bestow more lively plaudits and vivas upon his apostolical brother, Don Carlos. This seems to annoy him; but he not the less freely trusts himself to the loyalty of his subjects; for Mr. Inglis met this ‘lusty gentleman in a blue coat and

drab trowsers,’ walking in a most secluded part of the Retiro, at six o’clock in the evening, with only one companion, who was some twenty paces behind, while there was no guard nearer than half a mile. This was also within a few days after the intelligence of the irruption of Mina had reached Madrid. The truth is, Ferdinand has not many personal enemies; and, with all their faults, the Spaniards are not addicted to assassinating their kings.

Shooting and uxoriousness seems to be part and parcel of the hereditary duties and habitudes of the Bourbon kings of Spain. Philip the Fifth transacted much public business while in bed with his queen. This extreme attention was imitated by his descendants; and Mr. Inglis tells us, that Ferdinand is so passionately attached to his young and beautiful wife, that he ‘spends the greater part of the day in her apartment; and when engaged in council, leaves it half a dozen times in the course of an hour or two to visit her.’ No court amusements enliven this conjugal felicity; the fond pair spend their days together; they rise at six, dine alone at two, and sup and go to bed at nine. The evening is animated by a drive to a zoological garden, where the animals are taught to make obeisances and pay the reverence due to the majesty of Spain. While such are the habits of the king and queen, those of the courtiers are, as a matter of course, similar; and indeed the whole state of society, as represented by Mr. Inglis, seems to be the very perfection of dullness.

‘The persons of distinction in Madrid lead a most monotonous life. One lady only, the Duchess of Benevente, opens her house once a-week. This is on Sunday evening, and she receives, amongst others, those of the foreign ministers who choose to visit her. Her parties, however, are far from being agreeable. The Spaniards of distinction who frequent her tertulia generally withdraw when the foreign minister is announced. This disinclination on the part of the Spanish grandees, and others holding high court preferment, to associate with the foreign ambassadors, is notorious in Madrid. At the tertulia of the wife of Don Manuel Gonzalez Salmon, the foreign ministers used formerly to be present; but they found that they were regarded in a light little less than spies, and they are now never seen at these tertulias. In Madrid there are no ministerial, no diplomatic dinners; and amongst the persons of most distinction entertainments are extremely rare. There is, in fact, nothing like gaiety amongst the upper ranks in the Spanish metropolis.’—Vol. i. p. 133.

This monotonous life is in no respect inconsistent with that general laxity of morals which pervades all ranks in Spain; and those Puritans who in our own country declaim against what they call gaiety and dissipation, might find that the hurry and glitter of general and mixed society is infinitely less dangerous to female morals than the *dolce far niente* of a Spanish tertulia. By public returns, it appears that the annual le-

gitimate births in Madrid are to the illegitimate only in the proportion of about three and a half to one. Now this outward show can be taken only as an exponent of the real state of these affairs; for if thus much be by hard necessity confessed, we fear we must conclude that at least as much more is by cunning, and by the conveniences of married life, concealed. Mr. Inglis complains of this laxity throughout Spain; and remarks on what appears to us to be even still more deplorable, the low state of moral feeling, particularly in the southern provinces, with regard even to the value of female virtue and delicacy, whether married or unmarried. He relates many anecdotes on this subject, and, amongst others, we select one, as illustrative of the state of mercantile and priestly society in Cadiz.

‘A few years ago, a curious exposé was made at Cadiz, which, as I am upon the subject of friars, I shall mention in this place. There was, and still is, a banker named Gargallo, one of the richest men in Cadiz, whose magnificent dwelling-house is separated from the walls of the Franciscan Monastery only by one small house, and this house also belonged to Señor Gargallo, although it was not inhabited. The master of the house, although a rich man, looked closely into his affairs: he perceived that his cooks had greatly exceeded the sum necessary for the existence of the family, and, after bearing this for a considerable time, at length discharged his cook. The cook applied for service elsewhere, and upon his new master applying to Gargallo for a character, he refused to give one, alleging as a reason the dishonesty of his servant. The cook, enraged at this injustice, and more solicitous to preserve his own good character than that of the friars, returned to Gargallo's house, taking witness along with him, and aloud in the court-yard told his story, that every day he had carried a hot dinner into the house adjoining, where Gargallo's wife and daughter entertained a select party of Franciscan friars; and, what was worse still, his late master's money had been expended in the support of three children and a nurse, who all lived in the adjoining house. The whole affair was thus brought to light.

‘The especial favour of the ladies was reserved for only two of the friars; the very Reverend Father Antonio Sanches de la Cammissa, Sacristan Mayor, was the favourite of the wife, and another, whose name I forget, but who was next in rank to the prior, and had formerly been confessor in Gargallo's house, was the selection of his daughter. These had the entré of Gargallo's house at all hours; and in order to keep quiet a few others, who were supposed to be in the secret, a savoury dinner was provided every day for the self-denying Franciscans. Gargallo married his daughter to an old apothecary at Chiclana, where she now lives a widow; and he confined his wife during two years in an upper room in his own house, but she now lives again with her husband. At the first disclosure of the affair, he wished to send both offenders to the Penitentiary; but the captain-general of the province

interfered, to prevent so much publicity in an affair compromising the character of the Franciscans. No notice of this disgraceful affair was taken in the convent. Both reverend fathers continued to bear the character of good Franciscans, and doubtless returned for a time to the austerities of the order; and when I was in Cadiz, one of them every day accompanied Manuel Munoz, the superior, in an evening walk.—Vol. i. p. 163.

While such is the state of morality, it is unnecessary to search for other proofs of the slender influence true religion exercises over conduct in Spain. Mr. Inglis asserts, that even outward respect for religion is decayed at Madrid, where, he says, “ridicule, and dislike of all the religious orders, form a very common seasoning to conversation.” This he attributes, amongst other causes, to the two occupations of Spain by the French armies. The friars confess that their power and influence are on the decline; and the regular clergy seem prepared to yield a little to the tide that has set in against them. Many of them speak with freedom of the present lamentable state of Spain; and of the oppressive laws which restrict education, and fetter the publication and diffusion of books. Indeed, as Mr. Inglis well observes—

‘The regular clergy have not the same interest as the friars in supporting the present system, because they have not the same fears. A revolution that might possibly chase every monk from the soil, and which would at all events despoil them of their possessions, and terminate their dominion, would probably but slightly affect the clergy of the church; and I have observed, that since the late French Revolution, their fears have diminished. The example of France, in the respect it has shown for the rights of the church, they look upon as a guarantee of their own security, and perhaps justly. Government still seeks for support in the influence of the church, and endeavours, by every means, to keep up this influence. This, it may easily be supposed, is attempted through the medium of education, which, throughout Spain, is in the hands of government. The schools in Madrid are all conducted by Jesuits, and the education received in them is such as might be expected. This surveillance commenced when the king returned to the government in 1824; the colleges were then remodelled, and all the public seminaries, even those destined for military education, were placed under Jesuit heads. In fact, no choice is left to the people as to the education of their children; the only choice being the government school, or no school at all, for obstacles almost insurmountable are thrown in the way of private tuition; and, since no tutor is ever licensed unless there is a perfect security that the system of education to be pursued by him, intellectual, political, and religious, shall be precisely the same as that taught in the public seminaries, there is nothing, therefore, gained by private tuition. Thus all the youth of Spain are educated on jesuitical principles, and denied every means of real knowledge.—Vol. i. p. 155.

While this policy, so worthy of the days of Philip the Second, is pursued with regard to education, it is not surprising that literature should be at the lowest ebb. No book can be published without a license; and by the present policy of Spain, the better the book, the more difficult it is to obtain a license, and the more dangerous to publish. Ferdinand has no wish to set his subjects to think. In accordance with the Emperor of Austria's address to the Academy of Milan, he wants obedience, and not talent. After the license for publishing has been obtained, the work is subjected to the mutilation of censors; and even then, after this purification, it is occasionally prohibited, by the order or caprice of some public officer; and finally, when it is at length committed to the world, it is either unread, or, if read and sought after, likely to expose the author to suspicion, and to bring him into trouble. All foreign books, blighted with any possible tincture of liberality, are of course prohibited; but yet, in spite of all restrictions, either the connivance, the stupidity, or the corruption of public officers, allows many to creep into a concealed circulation. They pass into the provinces at the time of the great annual fair at Madrid. Mr. Inglis was present at this fair, when the book merchants informed him that the demand for religious books was on the decline; that the lives of saints, especially, were almost unmarketable. Translations from French and English, especially the former, and even works in the French language, were asked for. The demand was also large and constant for the Spanish dramatists and novels, especially Don Quixotte, and Gil Blas, which were to be seen on every stall, in great numbers, and of various editions.*—Vol. i. p. 272.

National pride, and the Inquisition, have isolated Spain from the rest of Europe, so that very little of instruction, very little of modern improvement, has reached her shores. She has remained stationary, anchored in overweening self-conceit, while the rest of Europe has sailed past her. And this is the secret of what is called her decay; for, while all other nations have been making vast progress in agriculture, in commerce, in manufactures, in science, in revenue, in population, and in government, Spain has stood lazily and proudly still; and is now relatively, rather than absolutely, less strong than in the days of her supposed prosperity.

But the evils of her condition are crying aloud for redress: her finances are in a state of bankruptcy—her scanty revenue of six millions scarcely covers her annual expenditure—the pay of her army, and of her employes of all descriptions, is constantly in arrear. She pays, indeed, the interest of her French loan; but the interest of all her other debts is so much behind, that the holders of the acknowledged loans have an advantage, rather nominal than real, over the defrauded possessors of the Cortes' bonds. Yet a wise assessment of customs and duties, with a rigorous superintendence of collectors, might enable her government to meet all demands,—even

those of the Cortes' bonds; for, while six millions find their way into the public treasury, as much more is absorbed by the present mode of collection; and it is not too much to say, that one half of this sum, or three millions, goes towards the encouragement of speculation, and perjury, and smuggling.*

While the revenue department is thus mismanaged, that of justice is in a yet more disgraceful state. We have mentioned the *blackmail* by which public diligences are obliged to purchase security from the organized bands of robbers. The judicial weakness which fosters such a system extends to all other offences; so that not one crime in five is brought before the courts of justice; while bribery, perjury, and intimidation, prevent the conviction of more than half of these. Thus, not more than one crime in ten is clearly brought to light; yet still the average of convicted murders and attempts at murder in Spain, during one year, amongst a population of less than fourteen millions, amounts to more than three thousand. Now, if we allow that murder escapes detection less often than other crimes, and call its average conviction one in five, instead of one in ten, we shall still have an annual calendar of 15,000 murders and attempts at murder in Spain. We leave this fact to vouch for the other crimes that may be committed.

Agriculture also, both as regards the implements, the method, and the encouragement of husbandry, is in a similarly low state. In the south, vast tracts of land, though private property, are forbidden to be enclosed; in order that they may be exposed to the biennial trespassing of some five million sheep belonging to an association of nobles, ministers, monasteries, and chapters, too well known by the name of the *Mesta*. By this iniquitous provision the manure of all these sheep is comparatively wasted, the land which lies in their *possible* migratory tract is forced into pasturage (since the corn would be destroyed,) and a lawless vagabond race of 80,000 or 100,000 half-shepherds, half-robbers, is maintained. Again, three-fourths of the whole territorial surface of Spain is unalienably entailed upon the nobles, the church, and certain corporations; and to render the entails more pernicious, the law enacts that all leases shall cease with the lives of the owners of the estate. The lands belonging to communities are therefore the best cultivated.

Another check upon agriculture is, that with the exception of some few highroads, which are sufficiently insecure, there exists scarcely a cart or wagon tract throughout Spain.† All means

* 'There are no less than sixteen thousand persons employed in the collection of the customs, which are probably the worst collected in the world.'

† About £90,000 is the average annual expenditure on the roads in Spain, that is one-twentieth of the sum expended in England, which, being equal to one-third in Spain,

of transport are therefore in the neighbourhood of Salamanca it has been a succession of abundant harvests has actually been left to rot upon the ground, because it would not repay the cost of carrying it. The sale and exportation of wine from this cause; and the more so, the urgent necessity for carrying it in salt gives it that *barrocco* flavour which prevents many from drinking it. A want of water is also another evil attendant on Spanish agriculture. Very little rain falls except in the north; and since the soil, though excellent, is dry, there are few countries in which the artificial aid of irrigation is more required, and none possibly that would better repay it;—as Valencia, Murcia, and a few other districts, where it is now partially employed, amply testify. But, to remedy all these evils requires that in which Spain is deficient—confidence and capital.

History has been a sealed book to Spanish statesmen; they appear utterly to forget that the two most disastrous, ruinous, and disgraceful wars in which Spain has been engaged, have been those by which she obstinately sought to recover Holland and Portugal. It was not so much the loss of those possessions, as her desperate efforts to reconquer them, and the haughtiness with which she scorned to acknowledge their independence, long after all hopes of their recovery were dispelled, which brought her to the brink of ruin. She thus estranged them from her for ever; and lost not only her dominion over them, but that which was infinitely more important, all future commerce with them. The war with the Netherlands effectively closed with the ten years' truce in 1609; but the pride of Spain, which chose to retain her nominal claims over Holland for thirty years longer, compelled the Dutch to create an independent and hostile commerce. And now Spain is again in the same predicament. She has as little chance of regaining her American colonies, as she has of conquering Russia; she herself knows this; and yet with a sullen, proud, injurious spirit, she withholds the recognition of their independence, from no other apparent cause than the malevolent desire to foment discord amongst them, without the power of profiting by it. If she much longer pursues such a policy, it will meet its fitting reward. As yet, there are strong ties between those colonies and the parent state: they have common wants which for centuries they have been in the habit of mutually supplying. Deep channels of commerce have thus been worn by time; and though the war of independence partially dried up these, the states have been too warmly engaged in military operations to seek or care for others. When success

shows the proportional expense and use of the arms of the two countries as one to sixty.

* It may be estimated at ten shillings the cost for every hundred miles.

of comparative and created new and easily have satisfied. She has hitherto haughtily refused, and seen Sicily, England, and other appropriate her advantages. Still there is a circuitous trade subsisting between Spain and the Americas; and it is even yet not too late for her to recover their good-will, and with it a large portion of her former commerce. She joined with the North-Americans to shake off her subjection to this country: let her imitate now that her colonies also have thrown off their dependence, that wise magnanimity of England, which, when she found the contest with her subjects vain, frankly held out to them the right hand of friendship. Even so far back as 1783, when D'Aranda signed the treaty of Paris, which recognised the independence of the United States, he presented a memorial to his sovereign, recommending the separation of the Americas from the crown of Spain. He would have erected the three kingdoms of Mexico, Peru, and Terra Firma, under three royal infantas, subject only to a tributary acknowledgment to the parent state, which would have soon ceased, while the commerce and attachment would have remained. The re-opening her intercourse with America might animate the almost lifeless manufactures of Spain and give additional energy to the only source of wealth which she now cultivates with success. This consists in her mines, which produce excellent iron, and furnish rich veins of tin, copper, quicksilver, coal, salt, &c.; while her lead mines have been of late so productive, as to have lowered the price of the article throughout the world.

In addition to the many evils which we have already pointed out, the church establishment preys, as a malaria, upon every faculty of the country, whether moral or mental. We will not enter into any long discussion as to its effects; we will merely give a muster roll of its establishment, and leave that account to speak for itself. The Spanish Church then rejoices in 58 archbishops; 684 bishops; 11,400 abbots; 936 chapters; 127,000 parishes; 7,000 hospitals; 23,000 fraternities; 46,000 monasteries; 135,000 convents; 312,000 secular priests; 200,000 inferior clergy; 400,000 monks and nuns. Herein consists the bane of Spain; for as long as this overwhelming establishment for the prevention of knowledge, and for the encouragement of idleness and superstition, shall continue unchanged, so long will Spain hug her fetters, and lag behind the world.

Mr. Inglis appears to have taken much pains to ascertain the state of parties in Spain, and their relative strength. He considers that of the Apostolics or Carlists to be by far the strongest.

'It comprises,' he says, 'the great mass of the lower orders throughout Spain, and in many parts, almost the whole population; as in Toledo, the towns and villages of the Cas-

ties, and the provinces of Murcia and Catalonia; it comprises, with a few exceptions, the friars, and a great majority of the clergy; and it comprises a considerable proportion of the military, both officers and privates, but chiefly the former. With such components, it is evident that this party does not depend for its power solely upon its numerical superiority. Every one knows that there is vast wealth in the convents and churches of Spain. I do not speak merely of the wealth in jewels and golden urns, and images locked up in Toledo, and Seville, and Murcia, and the Escorial, and elsewhere, though much of this, without doubt, would be made a ready sacrifice to the necessities of the party, but I speak also of the more available riches well known to be amassed by many orders of friars against what they designate as the time of need.—Vol. i. p. 295.

Many of these fraternities possess extravagantly large revenues, without having any ostensible means of spreading them; and it is remarkable that those convents which possess the largest revenues, have the fewest members. Seven Carthusian monks in the neighbourhood of Murviedro, possess no less than seven villages, and a square Spanish league of some of the richest land in Spain.

The Liberal party Mr. Inglis ranks next in number; but of that he says,

‘If by this party be meant those who desire a return to the constitution of 1820, or who would be satisfied to leave the settlement of the government to the wisdom of an array of refugees, there is no such party in Spain; but if by the Liberal party we are to understand those who perceive the vices of the present government, and who dread still more the ascendancy of the Carlists, those who view with satisfaction the progress of enlightened opinions in politics and in religion, and who desire earnestly that Spain should be gradually assimilated in her institutions with the other civilized nations of Europe, then the Liberal party comprises the principal intelligence of the country. In any other country than Spain, this party would wield an influence to which its numerical strength would not entitle it; but in Spain the light of intellect spreads but a little way, for it has to struggle with the thick mists of ignorance and superstition; and when we say that the Liberal party comprises nearly all the intelligence of the country, it must be remembered that intelligence is but scantily sprinkled over the face of Spain, and that therefore the enlightened of Spain, and the enlightened of England, ought to convey very different ideas of numerical strength.

‘It is a curious fact, that the adherents of the existing government should be fewest in number, yet this is certainly the truth. With the exception, perhaps, of the majority of the employes, a part of the regular clergy, and the greater part of the army, its friends are very thinly scattered, and its influence scarcely extends beyond the sphere of actual benefits. Its patronage has been greatly circumscribed since the loss of the Americas; its lucrative appointments are entered in a few; and, above all, its power and patronage are held by so uncertain

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a tenure, that few except those in the actual enjoyment of office, feel any assurance that their interests lie in supporting that which seems to hang together almost by a miracle.—Vol. i. p. 301.

The power of resistance possessed by the Royal party, Mr. Inglis estimates as very small.

‘The only security of a despotic government is strength, and this security the Spanish government wants altogether; it has no strength in the affections of the people generally, and even among the military and employes, which are its only strength, there are many disaffected. When the king returned, after the overthrow of the constitution, every measure was adopted that might give a fictitious strength to the government. A clean sweep was made of all the employes, from the highest to the lowest, and whether holding their offices for life or for pleasure. These, under the Constitution, had been selected from amongst the best educated classes, but all who had been connected with the Liberal party being excluded from employment under the succeeding government, the public offices were necessarily filled up with persons of inferior station. Another stroke of policy was intended in the distribution of office. In no country is there so great a division of labour in public employments as in Spain. The duties of an office formerly held by one person were delegated to three, and the emoluments split in proportion; by which policy a greater number of persons were interested in upholding the government. A third measure of policy I have mentioned in a former chapter—that of remodelling the universities and seminaries of learning, and putting them under the superintendence of Jesuits; and a fourth was intended to secure the fidelity, and increase the numerical strength of the military. To effect the first of these objects, a new body of guards, in all nearly 20,000 men, was raised, and officered by children. The king said he would not have a single officer in the guards old enough to understand the meaning of the word constitution; and even now that several years are elapsed, the officers are almost, without exception, boys.—Vol. i. p. 303.

In such a state of affairs, with a weak, profligate, bankrupt government, pressed on the one side by an ignorant and imperious faction, and alarmed on the other by an innovating, once triumphant, and since oppressed party of Liberals, nothing short of the all-pervading *vis inertiae* of Spain could preserve tranquillity for four-and-twenty hours. But year after year rolls away, and Spain continues the same torpid mass, with a slow fire preying on her vitals, which she has neither the strength to extinguish, nor the energy to fan into a flame. What is to be the result of this state? A change certainly; but whether violent or gradual, remains to be seen; as also, whether it is to put power into the hands of the Carlists or of the Liberals; or whether the king will be at length roused to a sense of his danger, sufficiently strong to induce him to apply remedies and reforms, before the rough hand of insurrection shall forcibly compel him.

No. 152—K k

We have already extracted so freely from Mr. Inglis, that we must hurry over the remainder of his work. He visited Toledo and the Escorial, the two head-quarters of Spanish superstition. The gorgeous and cumbrous Escorial, planted in an arid, gloomy desert, is no inapt illustration of the Spanish character. The church itself is one mass of marbles, gold, and precious stones, relieved by admirable pictures, and rendered holy by the presence of some four or five hundred vases, containing relics of every impossible kind, of every possible saint or saintly object. Unhappily, the rapacity of the French has sadly disturbed the identity of these holy treasures; for, while those 'freemasons' carried off too many of the golden vases, they scattered their unlabelled contents in unholy confusion on the ground. Thus, though the aggregate sanctity of the relics may remain the same, the individual virtues of each relic are rendered dubious even to the devotion of the most faithful. How long will men worship the offal of the charnel-house?

The treasures that have been wasted upon the superstitious decoration and endowment of Toledo and the Escorial, are incalculable, and might, had they been employed in aiding irrigation, have rendered the plains of Castile one fertile garden, the Tagus navigable from the sea to Toledo, and run a canal through the sixty miles which separate that city from Madrid. Thus might wealth, strength, and happiness, have been spread far and wide. Instead of this, the altars of the Escorial and Toledo glitter with gold and precious stones, and the priests and monks are well fed, while there is literally no high-road between Madrid and Toledo; and so trifling is the communication between these two capitals, that the traveller's question at an inn on the road, of—'What can I have to eat?' is answered by—'Whatever you have brought with you.'

Mr. Inglis passed from Madrid to Seville. He was delighted with the south of Spain, and with those old Moorish houses, 'where, in place of the wide dark entry to a Castilian house, a passage scrupulously clean leads through the building to the interior square or patio, which is separated from the passage by a handsomely ornamented, and often gilded cast-iron door, through which every one who passes along the street may see into the patio. This patio is the luxury of a hot climate. It is open to the sky, but the sun scarcely reaches it, and there is always a contrivance by which an awning may be drawn over it. The floor is of marble, or of painted Valencia tiles; sometimes a fountain plays in the centre, and a choice assortment of flowers, sweet-smelling and beautiful, is disposed around in ornamented vases. Here the inmates escape from the noonday heats; and here, in the evening, every family assembles to converse, see their friends, play the guitar, and sip lemonade.'—Vol. ii. p. 48.

The whole tenor of the Sevillian life is infinitely less pompous, formal, and conventional, than that of Madrid. But though life be more gay,

and the joys of mere animal existence be rendered bright and common by a cloudless sky and facility of subsistence, the thin veil of decorum,—that slender homage which at Madrid vice renders to virtue,—is in the softer atmosphere of Seville unblushingly flung aside; while unabashed ignorance and superstition, idleness, riot, robbery, and assassination, are the many signs of a state of society, which, were it not for the tinsel of a few mere externals of civilization, and the imported advantages of other states, would be held little superior, in any one point which regards the moral dignity of man, to the condemned communities of Africa. Mr. Inglis gives an account of a convent, the cares of whose inmates are divided between their supposed duties, and that which of all others we should have imagined least consonant with a nun's life—the aiding and abetting a band of smugglers! Cloisters filled with these ruffians and their dangerously landed goods—nuns flitting here and there—crosses and stilettos, rosaries and horse-pistols, lying in gay confusion—the Lady Abbess at her devotions, and the chief smuggler in her parlour—form a picture, which, till we read of these new avocations of the fair recluses of Andalusia, we thought to have existed only in the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe.

But in the midst of all this laxity, the externals of religion are duly, and in many cases ostentatiously, attended to in Seville. The *oracion* is an instance. It is now obsolete at Madrid and in the northern provinces, but in the south it is still observed; and, did it spring from pure hearts and clean hands,—were it indeed a grateful recognition of the Divine Omnipresence, and a test of a continuance in well-doing,—then indeed might it be deemed one of the most impressive ceremonies ever practised. We well remember, at the Camaldoli convent, in one of the wildest and most beautiful recesses of the Tuscan Apennines, to have witnessed this ceremony with strong emotions. But the silent and simultaneous evening prayer there arose from five persons long and far secluded from the world, to which they were never to return; and when their convent bell tolled the knell of the departed day, each monk, while its echoes were faintly dying away in the depths of the chestnut woods, fell on his knees as that sound reached his accustomed ear, and offered up a prayer which accorded with his life, his habit, his station, and his manners. Though the practice be the same in the crowded walks of Seville, the spirit is, we fear, far different. 'At sunset,' says Mr. Inglis, 'every church and convent bell in the city peals forth the signal for prayer, when motion and conversation are suspended; the whole multitude stand still; every head is uncovered; the laugh and jest are silent; and a monotonous hum of prayer rises from the crowd: but this expression of devotion lasts but for a moment; the next it is passed; heads are covered; every one turns to his neighbour and says, "Buenas noches," and the multitude moves on.'—Vol. ii. p. 69.

From Seville Mr. Inglis descended the Guadal-

a steam-boat, to San Lucar; from whence she took the country to Port St. Mary, and took her to Cadiz. Few stronger instances can be found of the disorganized state of Spain than that of thirty miles, between San Lucar and Cadiz, being in the direct line of communication the two very important cities of Cadiz and San Lucar, is so insecure, that the steam-boat must find themselves under the necessity of an escort to defend their passengers. Of Mr. Inglis says,—

the recent erection of this city into a free port, not brought with it all the advantages anticipated; but it has, nevertheless, exerted an important influence upon its prosperity. Formerly upon Cadiz being created a free port, immense shipments of manufactured goods were made from England, and several of Manchester houses were established. So improvident had been the exports from England, that last autumn calicos and shawls were bought in Cadiz twenty per cent. cheaper than in England. But the chief influence of the commerce in Cadiz arises from the contraband now afforded for illicit trade with the interior of Spain. This is principally seen in the sale of tobacco, which comes free from Havannah and which is not intended so much for consumption of the city, as for supplying the contraband trade established with the ports of Spain. There is also an extensive contraband trade in English manufactures, which can be bought throughout the country only thirty per cent. above the price they cost at Cadiz. Gibraltar formerly monopolized the contraband trade of the coast, and the effects resulting from it made a free port, have proved so to the interests of Gibraltar, that the merchants of the latter place have endeavoured to wrest themselves by establishing branches at Cadiz, and of these there are no fewer than fifty-five. The change in the commercial prosperity of Cadiz has materially affected the population; in 1827 the inhabitants scarcely numbered 32,000, in 1830 they exceeded 67,000. p. 132.

Cadiz Mr. Inglis pursued a romantic but very proper ride along the coast to Gibraltar, which very properly exposes the stupidity of the English style of houses in that atmosphere; and where he still more reprehends the carelessness with which ministrations, amidst all their protestations of piety, are conducted in the church, so far neglected religion as to have erected any one place of public worship in the crowded fortress. 'Hundreds,' he would gladly attend if there was a church, but now frequent, rather than go to no other, the Catholic chapel.'

Gibraltar Mr. Inglis proceeded to Malaga, then crossed the mountains to Grenada, where he took leave of him; but we recommend our readers to follow him in his tour through Cordoba, Alicant, Valencia, and Barce. He found every where a similar loose society and of government—a prevalent

ignorance and superstition; a want of employment, and laziness when employed; a general slovenliness and meanness of dress and habitation,—thousands in Murcia and Grenada living in holes of the earth; and a universal depression of trade, absence of manufactories, and backwardness of agriculture, save only in some few of the well-irrigated and most fruitful valleys of Murcia and Valencia.

Such is the general aspect of Spain,—weak, ignorant, poor, profligate, and proud; more ferocious than brave; and infinitely more superstitious than either moral or religious. Such is Spain now, and such, with some few qualifications, has Spain ever been.

The boastings of her own writers, the extent and riches of her Transatlantic possessions, and the accumulation of European states temporarily subjected to some of her monarchs,—all conspired to give an exaggerated notion of the power, civilization, wealth, and prosperity of this country. The enthusiasm also latterly awakened in England for the Spaniards, during their arduous struggle against Napoleon, closed as that struggle was by the glorious triumph of the British arms, lent fresh colours to a delusion, which the torpid state of Spain under Charles the Fourth had nearly dispelled. The accounts of her population and internal prosperity are mere fables. Balducci, Uzzano, and other early writers upon Commerce, distinctly state that Spain received her fine cloths from Florence, her linen and cotton goods from France and the Netherlands, her hardware from Germany, and her armour from Milan; while, in return, she exported only her raw produce, her wool, her corn, her iron, and her fruits;—a strong proof of the mediocrity and scantiness of her manufactures and wealth. Then, from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, every writer, from Herrera downwards, complains of the decay of Spain; and, throughout the sixteenth century, the Cortes constantly declaim against the usurpation of Spanish trade by foreigners, while they as loudly complain of the decay of manufactures and agriculture. When, therefore, could her prosperity have existed? A proof of the estimation in which industry was held, may be gathered from an edict of Philip the Second, by which it was declared, that the following of certain trades,—as of a carrier, smith, carpenter, &c., attained the blood as much as a Moorish descent; and this sage law was abrogated only so late as the year 1783. Again, the institution of the Holy Brotherhood under Ferdinand, for the protection of travellers, in desert and uninhabited districts, and the confirmation of the *Mesta* laws by Charles the Fifth, for the appropriation of a prodigious extent of waste land, while Spain was even then exporting corn and rice, also prove a scanty population.

But if the internal prosperity of Spain be thus imaginary, so also was the notion of her political strength. She fell before the Carthaginian, the Roman, and the Goth. She sunk beneath the dominion of the Moors, whom Charles Martel and

his Franks victoriously routed. For centuries she was a prey to internal factions, and subject to the sway of some twenty or thirty petty chiefs, Mahomedan or Christian, who rent her peace and hardened her heart with their endless wars, and their two hundred and forty revolutions. If indeed there be a bright and romantic page in her story, it is that which records the arts and sciences, the gallantry and the literature of her Arabian conquerors, whom, when she tyrannously expelled them, she drained the best blood from her veins. Under Charles the Fifth and his son, she undoubtedly exercised a dominant authority; but this adventitious power rapidly decayed. Bigotry, tyranny, misrule, and a cowardly system of state exclusion, soon separated her ill-assorted empire. During a disastrous period of 150 years of defeats, she lost all her European possessions. Holland, Portugal, the Netherlands, Naples, Sicily, Milan, all were torn from her, and her intrinsic weakness rendered daily more manifest. A slight rally took place when the national energies were appealed to, on the occasion of the accession of the House of Bourbon; but the change of dynasty produced no change of government, and Spain continued to be poor, proud, and helpless. In this state the French revolution burst upon her. The court began by opposing, and then basely truckling to it, till at length the scene closed at Bayonne with an exhibition of weakness, meanness, immorality, and perfidy, greater perhaps than has ever yet been exemplified.

Let us hope that Spain has at length nearly expiated her sins, and that she may soon be permitted to redeem the past. But she has no time to lose. Events are crowding fast upon her; and now, when she has much need for clear heads to direct her councils, she is, thanks to her own system of priestcraft and despotism, left without any commanding mind to direct her steps.

Much will depend upon the issue of Dom Pedro's expedition to Portugal. We have no fear of the active interference of Spain; for Ferdinand and her ministers, blind as they may be, cannot but see, that the day of their marching an army to the assistance of Dom Miguel, would but very shortly precede the hour of their own downfall. France would instantly renew the achievements of the Trocadero in an opposite cause; and England would be compelled—whether willingly or not, it matters not—by the force of her treaties, to repel any Spanish invasion of Portugal. Ferdinand, then, will not dare move a soldier; but we much fear he will be weak enough to give every secret aid in his power to Dom Miguel. We say we fear; because, though we cannot bring ourselves to entertain any interest in the welfare of the present King of Spain, we feel an earnest desire for the well-being of the country he governs, and whose fate is unhappily much dependant on his conduct. That country never can assume the rank in Europe to which she is entitled,—never can prosper under an apostolical rule. The experience of the last two or three hundred years sufficiently testifies this truth. But if Ferdinand

assist Dom Miguel—secretly or openly, it matters not—he will throw himself into the hands of the Apostolical faction, who will either allow him to govern Spain under them, or, on his incurring their displeasure, will compel him to give place to his brother Don Carlos, their true leader. He has mortally offended and injured this brother by his recent abrogation of the Salique law; and Don Carlos has manifested his resentment by organizing a conspiracy nominally to support, but in fact to undermine, Ferdinand's authority. This solemn league, for the support of church and state, though checked by a recent explosion, still subsists; and Ferdinand would gain no more control over it, by placing himself at its head, than his ancestor, Henry the Third of France, won from the Guises by a similar act. The worst that can befall him from the Liberals,—a limitation of his authority,—is the least of the evils he may meet with from the Apostolical faction. The resignation or abdication of Kings is common in Spain. Ferdinand forced his father to abdicate; and if he now throws himself into the arms of the Apostolicals, he must not complain if he meets with a retaliation from his brother.* Should that brother succeed, or should he compel Ferdinand to an adoption of his Ultra policy, we anticipate much misery for Spain: a series of revolutions will follow, whose issues we will not attempt to predict. But we will yet hope that a sense of self-preservation may influence Ferdinand. For when he shall perceive, as he soon may, that his sole defence against the Carlites, and his only means of retaining his throne, rest in his turning Liberal, he will, we imagine, listen to that seduction; and prefer being the organ of regenerating Spain, to the honour of exhibiting himself at some Apostolical *auto-da-fé*, as the deposed martyr of despotism.

But Ferdinand will make no change of any kind, till the result of Dom Pedro's expedition is known. If it fail, the prospects of the Peninsula will become so gloomy, and our opinion of its inhabitants so low, that we shall not care to bestow many thoughts upon them. But we cannot think that the Portuguese will adhere to a yoke of iron, when an opportunity of breaking it is offered to them; and unless some unforeseen accident occur, we anticipate the expulsion of the tyrant who has vexed and afflicted Portugal for these last four years. In that case Spain must adopt a less illiberal policy. If she follow this course at once with sincerity and moderation, all may be well; but if she be refractory, we fear the consequences. We confess we are anxious for a gradual reform in Spain. Loyal Spaniards may be offended at the low view we have taken of the past glories of their country, at the vices we have remarked in the national institutions and character, and at the

* Charles the Fourth wrote thus to his son Ferdinand, on the 2d May 1808, "You have dishonoured my gray hairs, you have despoiled me of my crown, for my abdication was the result of force and violence."

as we have made of the utter degradation at the present moment. We can assure that we have done so with no evil disposition; the contrary, it is because we feel most for the future honour and exaltation of Spain that we have made these statements; for confident that such a consummation can be effected only by a right understanding of her position. We have no wish to see the immediate formation of a very popular government in Spain or Portugal. They are not fit for that; must be content to walk before they can reach a low state of morals, the little respect for rights and forms, the extent of official corruption, the want of education, and the general ignorance for political privileges, render them incompetent with the exercise of a liberty which, as that which, profiting by centuries of experience, Britain is capable of enjoying. But who, by the possession of the pencil and the law, should fancy he could rival the poets, would not be more absurd than those Spaniards or Portuguese, who, by the mere imitation of the machinery, should imagine themselves their countrymen fit for the work of government. We trust, therefore, if happily we appear a tendency to liberality in Spain, patriots will proceed with moderation. They will deal gently, and they may succeed in their avours. Above all, let them put a strong reliance on their own enthusiasm, and consider not of themselves may wish to enjoy, but how the moral weakness of their countrymen

are few countries that have greater natural advantages than Spain. Here is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, and oil and intersected with superb rivers—defended mountains—rich with the most productive—having ports looking on every sea, and with a climate fitted for every purpose. It might be one of the most populous and flourishing countries in the world. We have seen her; how much, then, is in the power of the enlightened government! The subject that presses upon the attention of her statesmen is financial difficulties. As long as she continues to defraud her creditors, so long will it find it impossible to raise money, and money she can do nothing. Let her men, boldly front her difficulties; let them pursue their career by being just; and when they have recognised all the debts of Spain, whether of Cortes or of their Monarchs' incur, may re-enter the financial pale of Europe, and find capitalists who will treat with them. Then all other attempts at reform will be useless; these capitalists are resolved, and with only to establish a law, that the pecuniary transactions of a government *de facto* are binding on their successors, under the constitutional withholding from them all further supervision, and has in vain opposed this command, and the first act of an enlightened State will be a treaty with the capitalists

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of Europe. Money and reviving confidence will work wonders in Spain; it will facilitate all other financial reforms, by enabling the government to remodel, without the fear of an utter bankruptcy, the absurd system of taxation which now encourages smuggling, enriches the tax-gatherers, and oppresses the country without satisfying the treasury. It also will enable them to pay regularly, and thereby secure the efficient services of the army and of the employes,—a consideration of no trifling import in factious times. With these points well settled, and with the reconciliation with her colonies brought happily to an issue, Spain may proceed steadily in the course of gradual amendment.

From the Monthly Magazine.

A DIRGE FOR TERESA.

SHE'S gone!—she's gone!—now from the field
of rest
Turn softly back its sward: where limetrees
weep
Their flowers, beloved of bees; and graves are
drest
With daisies, like a flock of fairy sheep;—
Lay the fair girl to sleep.

The sun will love to linger where she lies,
The dew to keep her covering ever green;
For her, the winds shall sing soft obsequies
Of low-toned music, gentle and serene,—
For such her life hath been.

What dread had Death for her, he came not
near
Her couch with hasty step and angry eye;
Not with anguish keen—the pang severe,
The fear of heart, which some must bear, to
die;—
She went without a sigh.

Without one shade of pain to cross her brow,
One short convulsive breath—one feeble
moan—
We heard her last farewell; her voice was low,
But naught of sorrow trembled in its tone;
A smile,—and she was gone;

No early care had worn the tender ties
That bound her here,—no grief her heart had
bowed;
Only, too pure for earth, she seemed to rise
To her own heaven—as doth some silver
cloud
Before the winds grow loud.

She dwelt amongst us, an unconscious saint,
Where'er she passed, a holy peace she shed.
Her eye was such as linnets love to paint,
Smiling above some sinless infant's bed:
Sweet music was her tread.

She's gone!—she's gone!—In silence make
her grave,
But not in tears—ye would not from its home
Recall her happy soul—perchance to brave
A weary lot—too gentle far to roam
Through years of grief to come.

Draw back—your work is done—and now the
bier
Comes on—her sorrowing kindred weep
around;
Raise ye the solemn hymn of hope, while here
They lay the lovely in his hallowed ground,
With spring's sweet garlands crowned!

From the Athenaeum.

THE COURT OF SAXE-MEINUNGEN.

[The fact of Her present Majesty Queen Adelaide, being a Princess of the House of Saxe-Meiningen, gives a great additional interest to the following Paper, which is translated from a Manuscript about to be published at Paris, under the title of "Recollections of an Officer."]

Of all the satellites, great and small, which, under the denomination of members of the Confederation of the Rhine, revolved round the bright star of Napoleon's glory, none was less hostile or more submissive than the chief of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen.

This chief was an amiable and timid woman, the mother of a numerous and interesting family, whom she brought up in the fear of God and of Napoleon, with all the economy, if not the simplicity, which characterizes the establishment of a bettermost German tradesman. With the truly German ostentation and old-fashioned formality of *her court*, as it was termed, were combined the most paternal care for the welfare and happiness of the few hundred subjects over whom she reigned.

If my memory serve me correctly, the military force which, as member of the Rhenish Confederation, this excellent princess maintained under arms, at the disposal, though not in the pay of Napoleon, amounted to some sixty or seventy men. This modest *corps d'armée*, in which, no doubt, the warlike virtues made up for any deficiency in numerical strength, took a very serious part in more than one of the battles fought by the Grand Army. At Ratisbon, a drummer of Meinungen was wounded—and severely too—by a vigorous kick from the foot of a French grenadier, who asked him in French, which the poor drummer did not understand, for a bit of touch-wood to light his pipe. It is said, that after the battle a report of the wound—the place and cause of which were somewhat disguised—was made to the princess, and the star of Meinungen, with its pendant ribbon, was transmitted, by the chancellor of the order, to the brave drummer and twelve of his valiant companions.

At the period when the high roads in Germany swarmed with detachments from the army destined by Napoleon to carry fire and sword into the remote dominions of the Czar, a regiment of light infantry arrived, one fine morning, at the little town of Saxe-Meiningen. Having obtained leave to make a halt there of three days, gallantry required the officers, whom fame had made ac-

quainted with the amiable character of the princess and her family, to offer to this interesting sovereign that personal homage which she deserved, much more than she desired; and on the very day of their arrival a *visite de corps* was ordered by the commanding officer.

Every portmanteau was accordingly unpacked, its contents put in requisition, and the officers appeared in all the splendour of full-dress uniforms; more in keeping with the magnificence which they anticipated, than that which they really found. At noon precisely they assembled on the neat, well-swept *place d'armes*, whence they proceeded in a body towards the palace, termed by the Germans, *the Residence*.

The regiment, with its four battalions complete, counted a hundred officers of different ages and ranks—a number somewhat greater than that of the whole army kept up by the princess to maintain the peace of Europe. These, with their dazzling uniforms, proceeded in solemn procession to *the Residence*. But as no one building in the town, save only the Church, overtopped the houses of the ordinary inhabitants, it was impossible to distinguish the palace from the surrounding habitations, by any of those magnificent proportions with which the excited imaginations of the officers had associated it.

However, at the end of a narrow street, which, as they were subsequently informed, was inhabited by all the great state officers, they arrived at a modest square building, which, by a dark sombre appearance, differed from the neatly white-washed houses with green blinds, which stood contiguous to it. A few long narrow windows admitted the light through small dirty panes of glass, which the aged wood-work had scarcely strength to retain in their places. Before the door which gave entrance into this royal dwelling, paraded a sentinel, who, divorced from his musket, which he had left in the peaceful sentry box, yawned as he performed his perambulations. From his shoulders was suspended one of those huge German cartridge-boxes, which used so to amuse the soldiers of the French army. The Saxon warrior, taken by surprise, and unable to resume his arms and pay military honours to the strangers, a young urchin having, unperceived, slipped into the sentry box and taken away his musket to learn the exercise, told his vexation by his humbled and abashed countenance.

The *cortège* passed through the door, whose archway served as a coach house, and proceeded up a wooden staircase of tolerable proportions, adorned with a wooden balustrade, sculptured *à l'antique*. In front walked, by order of the colonel, a young ensign from the banks of the Rhine, who, according to his own account, spoke German very well, and was therefore delegated to act as interpreter.

On the landing-place stood a man in a blue jacket, with a cap of the same colour in his hand, who, attracted by a noise of voices and footsteps, so unusual and extraordinary at *the Residence*, had come thither to learn the cause.

This individual, as it afterwards appeared, was the first valet-de-chambre of the princess, and no doubt, the only one.

The interpreter informed him in German, that the officers there present aspired to the honour of paying their respectful homage to the princess. With a wave of his hand he beckoned the intruders to remain where they were, and then disappeared through a door, which he carefully closed after him.

A quarter of an hour was spent upon the staircase, in various conjectures, when a grave and aged officer, in an old-fashioned uniform, and whose gray hair was adorned with a tail à la Prussienne, approached the colonel, and inquired, in German, the cause of his visit with so numerous a suite. The interpreter made the same reply as to the blue-cap questioner. Bowing with great dignity, the venerable personage stated that the duties of his office required that he should first make known this request to his illustrious sovereign and mistress.

After a second pause of another quarter of an hour, the grand chamberlain—for such was his title—again appeared, bowed very low, and ordered the first valet-de-chambre, who had returned with him, to throw open the door opposite to the staircase—then, with a wave of the hand, accompanied by two bows, he motioned the strangers to advance.

The latter, naturally enough, imagined that they would now have to traverse a long suite of apartments—not so: they found themselves immediately in a narrow gallery,—the end of which, near the door, was wholly free from furniture—there not being even a chair; whilst, at the other end, sat several ladies nearly encircling another, who appeared to be of a higher rank. This was the princess; and they who surrounded her were the ladies of her court—the wives and daughters of the grandees of Saxe-Meiningen.

When the leaders of the party had arrived at about the middle of the gallery, the grand chamberlain suddenly stopped, and informed the astonished interpreter, who made faithful report accordingly, that severe etiquette, which could in no case be departed from, required that all strangers admitted into the presence of his august mistress should be first officially announced to her Highness in due form, by the proper officer of her household. Whilst this point was being settled, the French officers took the opportunity of glancing at the ladies, whose seriousness and impassibility were such, as made it difficult to believe that a hundred gallant soldiers stood only a few paces from them. The grand chamberlain, whose imperturbability nothing could disturb, now asked in a loud voice—

“What is the pleasure of Messieurs the French officers?”

“To obtain the honour of a presentation to the reigning princess,” replied, for the third, or fourth, or fifth time, the impatient interpreter.

“You shall be announced to her Highness, gentlemen,” said the grand chamberlain, who, wheel-

ing round, walked towards the court in measured steps, and said in French,

“Messieurs the officers of the ——— regiment of light infantry, belonging to the grand army of the Emperor Napoleon, one of the allies of the principality of Saxe-Meiningen, (here he enumerated all the titles of the principality) humbly solicit the signal honour of being presented to her Highness, the reigning princes.”

“I will receive them with great pleasure,” said the princess, rising, and advancing with much grace and affability towards the strangers, to whom she said, “Gentlemen, I am sensible of the honour you confer upon me—pray approach.”

The grand chamberlain then announced in full, official loudness of tone, “Messieurs the officers of the ——— regiment.”

These tedious ceremonies, these courtly forms, and this rigorous etiquette, in a dwelling which displayed more than ordinary homeliness, put the officers into good humour, and many of them had great difficulty to refrain from laughing outright. The colonel was delighted at being able to converse with the princess in French, and after the usual compliments, presented individually each of his officers. The modest attire of the princess, her mild and noble bearing, and her benevolent countenance and manner soon gained the hearts of her visitors. After a short conversation, in which she evinced a profound knowledge of European politics, and a warm admiration for the chief of the French government, whom she always termed the illustrious Napoleon, she invited the whole party to a ball which she intended to give next day, in honour of their passage through her dominions; stating to the colonel that she had given orders that each soldier of the regiment should participate in the fête, by receiving an extra ration of wine from the host upon whom he was billeted.

A gracious inclination of the head to the colonel was a signal for the visit to terminate. The party then withdrew, preceded by the grand chamberlain, who departed not a hair's breadth from the accustomed ceremonial; and the officers knew not which most to admire, the adaptation of these courtly forms to so humble an establishment, or the extreme amiableness and affable dignity which distinguished the princess.

The ball took place in the gallery we have already described. The numerous family of the princess was present, and mingled with the guests without any appearance of pretension. She herself was habited in nearly the same plain costume as on the preceding day, and, like Cornelia, could point to her children and say, “These are my jewels!”

Certainly nothing that the French officers beheld at this ball bore the slightest resemblance to any thing they had before seen. There were old ladies decked out in the costume of the court of Louis XV.; a dozen antiquated officers—fossil remains of past glory—almost effaced monuments of the seven years' war; whilst, under the protection of these venerable Teutonic ruins, plump,

The next day the official Gazette of Sax-Meinungen announced to the peaceable subjects of the most amiable and kindest of sovereigns, that on the previous night there had been a *ball and reception at Court*.

CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.*

We could write a glorious article—THE THREE GLENS. No need whatever to leave this Island; for, in spite of all they say about the Alps, "the Pyrenean and the river Po," it is out of all sight the finest part of the whole earth. We make no attack upon the Andes—and beg the Himalaya Mountains distinctly to understand, that they are objects of our highest admiration. We never crossed the Cordilleras; but we remember thinking Chimborazo clumsy, though "his stature reached the sky." We go not among them for our Three Glens, though we might choose among them a mighty million; but true, as we said, to our NATAL SOLUM, we keep within the girdle of our own cliffs, allowing others to harangue on the magnitude while we hail the magnificence of Nature.

One is—GLENETIVE. From Bunawe to King's House, 'tis twenty miles as the eagle flies—and ten of them is an arm of the sea. A solitary stretch of grandeur! Beauty dwells in the desert, and the heart feels, while the imagination itself doth wonder, how lovely even may be the rocky wilderness!

Another is—GLENELVIS. Its spirit is a river. One bend it makes—no more—miles from its source, and leagues from the sea. Gaze down—groves how majestic, glades how beautiful! Up

them, but the orbs that gaze on the Briarwood are secure. All men become soon reconciled to inevitable change, in which there is force, but no dismay. It comes upon us then so acceptably, that but by comparisons made to memory, we are often not aware of the aspects of all things in life and nature. fancy, the moon appears something fair and soft in the sky, and to look on it sometime through our eyes through their tears. In boyhood's joyous globe, in its own independent being thought to borrow its lustre from the sun's youth's shining prime, we encircle her with dreams as with a tender halo, or with the passion vivify the sole Queen of Night. the meditative mind of manhood, soberer and solemn fancies flow from the Silver Urn. we feel ourselves nearing the close of our glorious existence, with what sublime conviction our spirit, like her, will rise again in a climate, does religion behold the moon drapery happily behind the mountains!

Here are we writing by twilight, in a bed often slept in by us of yore, the best bedroom the house of one of the worthiest statesmen of the North, Thomas Tyson. Pleasantest parlours, of studies the most serene. The folds of these curtains can never be obsolete. he sits, for ever young, the Shepherd piping the dale! To lambs that shall never grow old—sheep—to a lassie who smiles unrepining in perpetual maidenhood. We know all the knots on the brown oaken floor, smooth almost as marble, but these are new brass handles on the chest of drawers; for the first time we see a face looking queerly and inquisitively at us

as chasms between years! The past of seems to take possession of us, and not we as of the past. We do not command our, but we obey them; and days and nights, with its own sun or its own moon, some- verhang some sweet scene that we might ought was forgotten forever, and into that of life we are all at once born again. So th us now in this twilight, another and the

The hush—the hum—the murmur—is voice of a night that hath died not, but ed to live on in its tranquillity, during all uted times we have been turmoiling in ties, many of them far beyond the seas! : birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," ordsworth, in that famous ode obscure but blimity; and we often feel the force of :k but wise saw, on returning to open-eyed a one of those trances that the looker-on eem leaden-lidded death. There have been unconscious of ever having had one single

They sleep just like stones—or if that ffensive word—like trunks of trees. Their blood continues to circulate just like vege- p—they are alive and growing like timber oth alike are insensible in the spirit to the fluences, that all the while may be lifting : locks or their leaves. Infants smile in ep—for they suppose themselves sucking is all—Children whimper through their in slumber, and seem then to be dancing : lustrous life, like insects in sunshine. As v in stature of soul and body, strange spi- xpansions—wrenchings—rendings—agi- if they would destroy us in dreams. ng and mounted to meridian, we launch : the ship of imagination over seas unna- waking mariners, and palm-crowned walk n the Isles of Paradise. How dim the t blise known to the beatings of the heart scious of this mortal cline, compared with acy that blends our being with the visions ng the Holy of Holies in our dream-created

Spiritualized are then our frames, more- ore, and floating along the depths divine any with the radiant clouds. Dreaming e shall never die. Not for that we merely id feel; but because our thoughts and our then far transcend all other experience; acities are then expanded into powers ult in celestial origin, and are destined stial end. The dullest wight, says the ver Coleridge, is a Shakspeare in his then, what in his must have been Shaks-

we have said above, that some people say ve dream. Perhaps they wish to lie them- to singularity—perhaps they forget. But peak the truth, how must we children of s pity those poor sons of a day! Such e at the most but half a life. We, again, mands of lives; for, as the bard saith,

hath its separate worlds as wide as dreams,"

wider than the "visible diurnal sphere"—escap- ing over the rim of the universe. Reason and conscience survive in dreams, but their sovereignty seems sometimes shaken, and though they over- look, they cannot always control the wild work over which dominant are the passions. They still know that they are commissioned; but while they retain the privilege, alas! they may have lost the power; and stand shuddering aloof during "the transacting of some dreadful thing." We awake—and wisdom, while it saddens o'er the strange review, is stronger from the lessons it has learned from the fluctuating tumult, in its sway over the duties of a steadfast being. The phan- tasmagoria glide away, and we recognise in them symbols of realities. All that confusion was caused by the obstruction of the will. That power in sleep is often paralytic; and we are whirled away like a leaf on the wind. Thence we venerate the waking will as holy; for in the sunlight that breaks the bands of sleep, of a sudden all its divine attributes are centred, and we confess the presence of the Godhead.

But away, now, all such dreams about dreams—for we have taken a look through the jessamine- flowers out of the lattice; and lo! the still sub- limity of the Sabbath morn! "The innocent brightness of the new-born day!" Wastdalehead!

It seems as if the very mountains knew the great day of rest. Serene assemblage of forms magnificent! The reign of Calm over the domi- nions of Delight! Mickle-Door "has lifted up his everlasting gates," and between their pillars what a lovely sky! On the Pikes a sunny softness seems to sooth the precipices till they smile. Rug- ged are they still in their repose, but the tale they tell of tempests is like a tradition. Theirs now is the power of peace. Great-End has a gentle look, for joy has subdued the giant, gladdening in greenness, of which all his rocks partake. Gable with shadowy lustre shuts up the dale. But not till the sun has risen higher in heaven will the yellow light be enlivening Lingmell's solemn woods. "And have you no glance to give to us," seem now to breathe the low-lying mea- dows, the fields, and the pastures; while whispers the same voice from these roof-loving trees, "Yes—our eyes not unwillingly retire from the moun- tains, and repose, as on the stillness of water, on all these sweet enclosures, blessing the lichens on the walls!"

Serene symptoms of the Sabbath! A certain gravity hangs over the usual gladness of the household. With sober step master and mistress cross the floor. The heads of the men are sleek—of the women ringleted; those decently clad, these prettily; we are speaking of the maids—for in caps that hide, without meaning it, their silvery hair, sit the silk-gowned matrons; and she in the arm-chair must have been—nay was—for we remember her a month after marriage—a bride to do a bridegroom's heart good even to look at—so sweet are yet the mild remains of that loveliness that won and kept for her the name of the Beauty of Borrowdale.

All around in the open air is just as sabbatic. The bees alone are at work—for the very swallows—perhaps 'tis fancy—seem not to be skimming about so restlessly as usual; and as for the colleys—like dounce dogs as they are—they are all going with us to the chapel. We hope there will be no fighting. No animal enjoys Sabbath like the horse. Cows, we fear, feel little, and know no distinction between it and week-days—for all they have to do, at any time, is to chew the cud, and to be milked, a mild but a monotonous mode of life. No fishing-rod is suffered to be seen, out or in doors, about the place, and the baskets are hanging in the back-kitchen. No mark of cart-wheels less than twelve or fourteen hours old, and the dews have dimmed their glazings on the gravel. As for the carts themselves, they are at rest on their trams in the shed; and on the front of one of them we perceive a bunch of poultry dressing their feathers. The cock—we know not why—but no doubt he does—has ceased to crow, and looks as grave as an alderman with his gold chain. The feeling of the place and time is one of pensive cheerfulness; no other day of the seven *could* be so delightful; for, though kindred to them, and one and all children of the sun, it is felt to be *set apart*!

As we approach the chapel, we are reminded of a beautiful passage in Wordsworth's little prose-book about the Lakes,

"The architecture of these churches and chapels, where they have not been recently rebuilt or modernized, is of a style not less appropriate and admirable than that of the dwelling-houses and other structures. How sacred the spirit by which our forefathers were directed! The *religio loci* is no where violated by these unstinted, yet unpretending, works of human hands. They exhibit generally a well-proportioned oblong, with a suitable porch, in some instances a steeple tower, and in others nothing more than a small belfry, in which one or two bells hang visibly. But these objects, though pleasing in their forms, must necessarily, more than others in rural scenery, derive their interest from the sentiments of piety and reverence for the modest virtues and simple manners of humble life with which they may be contemplated. A man must be very insensible who would not be touched with pleasure at the sight of the chapel of Buttermere, so strikingly expressing, by its diminutive size, how small must be the congregation there assembled, as it were, like one family; and proclaiming at the same time to the passenger, in connexion with the surrounding mountains, depth of that seclusion in which the people live, that has rendered necessary the building of a separate place of worship for so few. A patriot, calling to mind the images of the stately fabrics of Canterbury, York, or Westminster, will find a heartfelt satisfaction in presence of this lowly pile, as a monument of the wise institutions of our country, and as evidence of the all-pervading and paternal care of that venerable Establishment, of which it is, perhaps, the humblest daughter. The edifice is scarcely larger than many of the single stones

or fragments of rock which are scattered near it."

But about a dozen pews in all—humble th pulpit—the reading-desk scarcely to be distinguished—and lowly the altar. Rush-mats are on the earthen floor—and through the yellow-was on the walls are visible the weather stains, for the damp strike through in winter; and in a calm like this, you cannot conceive how the rain penetrates when the tempest drives. In ones, and twos, and threes, are dropping in the congregation, and there must be now—our own transalpine party of four included—nearly thirty Christian people in the chapel. Lest the air within should get sultry, the door is left open, and you look out on blue sky, and green grass fields, for here there is no place of tombs. The nearest burial-place is down at Nether Wastdale. There is a scent of sweet brier and of wild-flowers growing of themselves all about the chapel, and though it stands in the middle of the plain, the mountains send thither, now that the breezes are beginning to play, the balm of the birch-woods. But from the vestry—for a vestry there is, though you may look and not see it—comes the curate in his surplice—and though we may have heard the service read with more classical intonations—yet in Cumberland it is right to speak with the accent of Cumberland—and at all events 'tis not for Scotchmen any where to criticise any southern's speech—for any man to do so in the House of God. The responses are made earnestly—the sermon is sound and simple—and some young female voices there do most sweetly sing the Psalms! The blessing is implored and granted; and issuing silent into the open air, we there interchange friendly greetings, not only between all neighbours living within this hollow, but a few who may almost be called strangers, coming from the low lands at the foot of the Lake, or, perhaps, even from the other side of the mountain.

We have scarcely said a single word, all this while, of the Lake of Wastwater. In days of gloom we have seen it pitch black. In storm-days, we have seen and heard it too—tumbling with white breakers like the sea. But we love to look on it on this sweet Sabbath day, without a murmur on its margin, showing us that there are more clouds than we suspected on the sky.

WASTWATER IN A STORM.

There is a Lake hid far among the hills,
That raves around the throne of solitude,
Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rills,
But headlong cataract and rushing flood.
There, gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side;
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride.

If thou art one, in dark presumption blind,
Who vainly deem'st no spirit like to thine,
That lofty genius deifies thy mind,
Fall prostrate here at Nature's stormy shrine
And as the thunderous scene disturbs thy hear
Lift thy changed eye, and own how low the art.

WASTWATER IN A CALM.

Is this the Lake, the cradle of the storms,
Where silence never tames the mountain-roar,
Where poets fear their self-created forms,
Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore?
Is this the Lake, for ever dark and loud
With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud?
Wondrous, O Nature! is thy sovereign power,
That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth;
For here might beauty build her summer-
bower!

Lo! where yon rainbow spans the smiling
earth,

And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower
The mighty Sun comes forth, a godlike birth;
While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake
Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake.

Go where we will, all people are but too happy
to make us happy; which, on our giving due con-
sideration to our savage temper, must forever in
our mind remain verily a great mystery, a simple
fact—an elementary law—an original principle
of human nature which admits of no analysis.
Forenoon and afternoon service in the chapel be-
ing all in one, and to give time for coming, and
going from afar, wisely occupying the middle
day, there yet remain a good many hours of the
Sabbath; and nothing forbids that the eve should
find us, as you shall see, at a noiseless Festival.

In the very middle of a field fronting Crook,
and a few hundred yards or less from a village-
like farmhouse, stands by itself a stately Sycam-
ore. We have seen twenty cattle whisking
their tails uncrowded under its umbrage, and so
might twenty more; though the sycamore, you
know, is not a tree that spreads so wide a shadow
as either a lime or an oak. Now, under it, will
you believe us, while we have been wandering
about, astonished at our own eloquence in descant-
ing on all the visible glories, for the instruction
of the Adelphi, have the active inmates of Crook
and Eastwaite laid out, circling the stem, tables
and forms, and stools and chairs; one of the lat-
ter, framed of course after the antique fashion of
the black mahogany oak-wood, with high-arched
back quaintly carved, and arms of which the
elbows grin with griffins, set like a throne beside
a throne, for Christopher North. For the other,
to our left, is for Crook himself; and as we sit,
the sycamore divides into two equal halves, lake,
mountain, and sky; yet still the whole is but one
landscape, for we can, whenever we choose, cut
down, in imagination—in reality may it live a
thousand years!—the gigantic tree.

But the Curate has asked a blessing, and the
cups and the cakes go round. Dalcsmen do not
dine much on Sabbath. But they, nevertheless,
take their meals; and there is no other prepared
with so little trouble as tea. Baked yesterday,
but reheated within the hour—thin as wafers, but
wide as the round of the spacious gridiron, is not
that a beautiful pile of oaten bread, fifty firls to
be pound—and crump, crump, crump? But our
business now is to “bury the diet, not to praise
it;” and to describe, much more to detail the

viands, might offend the modest givers of the
feast.

We have numbered the tenants of the silvan
tent, and without counting some sprinklings of
childred, we find that we are as the years of a
Dumbarton Virgin, thirty and five. And among
them some of the loveliest lasses of Nether Wast-
dale. That is a *glorious* girl on the left side of
young Ritson, who threw Spedding last Whitsun-
tide at Gosforth. And is not she a *graceful* crea-
ture, smiling a few farther down, between the
Adelphi, who seem, in the character of the Rival
Brothers, already well nigh at their wit's end?
An outer circle of bonnets, with ribands of all
sorts of colours, so blazes round us, that we won-
der the grass is not set on fire. And what is no
less singular than beautiful, there are not too
maidens there—not even these fairies who, we
have just now been told, are twins—with hair of
the same colour, each pretty head having its own
hue, from the flaxen fair to the coal-black, com-
prehending all the varieties of yellow, brown, and
auburn; while, 'tis in vain to deny it, that freckled
damsel, with light blue eyes, thick neck, and full
bosom of dazzling whiteness, has received from
nature, we know not whether in love or anger, a
fiery-red poll, bushy as any wig, though by the
strong ligatures, you can swear is rooted, far back
on that bold broad forehead, the shock of her own
indisputable hair. Crook whispers in our ear that
she is called the Comet.

Ha! a gentle pattering of rain, that sets the
afternoon birds a-singing, as if it were but spring.
The bee-murmur above our heads, might now
almost be called thunder. But were the shower
to fall heavier and heavier for hours, not a drop—
or but a few drops—would dance upon our tables.
Hurrying, the children collect the bonnets, and
sportively putting them on, the urchins are buried
in the “straw-built sheds.” Grass and glove glit-
ter; and flowers unseen before, are set a-smiling
in the dew. Come whence it may, the rain comes
not from the clouds; for no cloud is on the sky
above the sycamore. Yes—a braided fold lies
lower than the blue, and thence descends the
moisture that, but for the leaves, would not be
heard, as it is not seen to fall. How fragrant!
For the Irt has banks of broom, as well as of
birches; people can have no noses who say wild-
flowers have no scent; and sweet is the breath
of cows. But there is breath that is sweeter
still; for young children are venturing now to
climb the knees of rosy maidens; and sure enough
the blended balm is so delightful, that many of
the youths and virgins cannot choose but be in
love. Lo! a glory in the far distance—up in
Wastdale. Sun and shower have met there; and
seldom have we seen such a Rainbow.

In the old Scottish ballads there are many
lyrical transitions, which, we remember once
hearing Coleridge say, were less frequently, per-
haps, to be attributed to the feeling or genius of
the sweet singers of glen or wood, though true it
is that they were poets of God's own making, than
to the falling out, in the course of oral tradition,

of intermediate passionate verses, which "memory willingly let die;" and hence many of those *calide junctura* which have over us the power of inspiration. So would it be, were we to print it all, in the lapse of years, with this our Journal of our Flight to the Lake. Many paragraphs would drop away into oblivion; but few, if any such, it is to be humbly hoped, are among the number to be found in *Maga*. We have drawn our pen through them, and they are ready-obiterated to the hand of time. Several of that sort—though in themselves, perhaps, not unpretty—intervene in the original manuscript, between the ultimate word in the preceding paragraph (*Rainbow*), and the startling first term of the one you are about to recite—a passionate apostrophe.

Art thou the Evening Star, sole Shiner in a sky that might have tempted out the whole starry host from the inmost heavens! Thou hast glided down, all by thyself, to take a look of this fair earth, as gradually it is growing dim in the dying day. Few eyes as yet regard thee, for 'tis not, thinks the ordinary observer of nature, till another hour of dusk, thine allotted time. No wise astronomer are we, yet, like the shepherds of old on the Chaldean mountains, we have studied the stars in a natural philosophy of our own; and just now we raised our eyes to heaven, with a sweet suspicion that thou in thy beauty wert there; and,

'Low in the lake soft burns the evening star!'

Lovely, as we seem to near it, the trembling shadow there—one thinks that ere long the oar might touch it; but thou thyself art even as a Spirit, that dwellest in regions "beyond the reaches of our souls," yet mysteriously allied, else why made to man the idle revelation intimating so much, yet explaining nothing, with the future destinies of those whose present doom is in the dust!

A dream of old, born of that pensive smile of moonlight, for her disk is in ascension behind the low southern hills—a dream of old returns upon us, bringing with it the pleasant faces of friends, some of whom we can hope but to meet in heaven. Here is the spot where, many years ago, was pitched the Angler's Tent.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand,
Among the verdant holly-boughs half hid,
The little radiant airy Pyramid,
Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land.
As silently as gathering cloud it rose,
And seems a cloud descended on the earth,
Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose,
Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth
Of every short-lived breeze: the sunbeams greet

The beauteous stranger in the lonely bay;
Close to its shading tree two streamlets meet,
With gentle glide, as weary of their play,
And in the liquid lustre of the lake
Its image sleeps, reflected far below;
Such image as the clouds of summer make,
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow,
As slumbering infant still, and pure as April

snow.

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus rising fair,

A sudden stranger 'mid the silvan scene,
One spot of radiance on surrounding green,
Human it is—and human souls are there!
Look through that opening in the canvass wall,
Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play,

—Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall,
The summer lambs are not more blest than they!

On the green turf all motionless they lie,
In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep,
The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye,
And in their ear the murmur of the deep.
Or haply now by some wild-winding brook,
Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud,
In thought they visit many a fairy nook
That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud,
And ply the Anger's sport involved in mountain-cloud.

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade,
Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued,
Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,

White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!
The sweetest visions of our boyish years
Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone
Of running waters—and one stream appears,
Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone!
How glad were we, when after sunny showers
Its voice came to us issuing from the school!
How fled the vacant, solitary hours,

By dancing rivulet, or silent pool!
And still our souls retain in manhood's prime
The love of joys our childish years that blest;
So now encircled by these hills sublime,
We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil breast,
Build in this happy vale a fairy bower of rest!

Within that bower are strewn in careless guise,
Idle one day, the angler's simple gear;
Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer,
Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies;
The limber rod that shook its trembling length,
Almost as airy as the line it threw,
Yet often bending in an arch of strength
When the tired salmon rose at last to view,
Now lightly leans across the rushy bed,
On which at night we dream of sports by day;
And, empty now, beside it close is laid
The goodly pannier framed of osiers gray;
And maple bowl in which we wont to bring
The limpid water from the morning wave,
Or from some mossy and sequestered spring
To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,
Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave!

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast,
Amid the depths of silvan silence pray,
Then pray'd we friends on that mild quiet day,
By God and man beloved, the day of rest!
All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep,
Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss;
While Innocence her watch in peace did keep
Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness!
We view'd the green earth with a loving look,
Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky;
A voice came to us from the running brook
That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody.
Then all things seem'd imbued with life and sense,

from dreams with kindling smiles to
 beauty and in innocence;
 leased our inward quiet to partake,
 'd, as in a trance, the scarcely-breath-
 ake.

not, in this wild and fairy spot,
 gled happiness of earth and heaven,
 our hearts this Sabbath-day was
 n,
 st, that far-off friends were quite for-

g arose before our half-closed eyes
 lours brighter than the brightening

; that guardian mount a cottage lies
 d by the halo breathed from Love!
 et that dwelling rests upon the brow
 its sycamore) of Orest-hill,
 smiled on Windermere below,
 n recesses and her islands still!
 ntly-blended many a human thought
 ee that peace and solitude supplied,
 r hearts the loving kindness wrought,
 tual influence, like a flowing tide
 the lovely sound of human voice we
 'd.

! a laugh, with voices blended, stole
 ie water, echoing from the shore
 ng pauses short, the beating oar
 ie glad music closer to the soul.
 e our Tent; and lo! a lovely sight
 ke a living creature through the air,
 ie water seems thus passing bright,
 creature beautiful and fair!
 glides; and now the radiant glow
 its radiant shadow seems to float,
 a virgin band, a glorious show,
 with happy smiles a little boat.
 the Tent their lingering course they

erful now upon the shore they stand,
 n bashfulness, yet free from fear,
 our side, gay-moving hand in hand,
 Tent they go, a beauteous sister-band!

rom our hearts had gone the sweet
 rise,
 his glad troop of rural maids awoke;
 ad a more familiar kindness broke
 e mild lustre of their shining eyes,
 Tent seem'd encircled by the sound
 r voices; in an instant stood
 men, children, all the circle round,
 a friendly joy the strangers view'd
 was it to behold this gladsome crowd
 so solitary dwelling fill;
 nge to hear their greetings mingling

il before was undisturb'd and still.
 the stir delightful to our ear,
 red happiness our inmost blood,
 den change, the unexpected cheer,
 g like sunshine on a pensive mood,
 ath and voice of life in seeming soli-
 t!

ik it was, in our small Tent to find
 our quickly-gather'd company;
 rem all was such a mirthful glee,
 hey soon were seated to their mind!
 um.—Vol. XXI

Some viewing with a hesitating look /
 The panniers that contained our travelling fare,
 On them at last their humble station took,
 Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling air.
 Some on our low-framed beds then chose their
 seat,

Each maid the youth that loved her best beside,
 While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet,
 Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.
 The playful children on the velvet green,
 Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled,
 Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene,
 And whisper'd words they to each other said,
 And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden
 head!

Since that sweet scene, thus simply sung, gray
 heads have been buried—dark heads grown gray!
 Maids, whose faces were as morn, are matrons
 now, with countenance like the gloaming—mo-
 thers, who have wept the death of children—
 widows, who have sat by the saddest of all
 graves.

Yet why should we mourn, seeing that all the
 families in the Dale are so happy! Was not that
 Sycamore another Tent? And has not this, too
 been a pleasant Sabbath? Yet to have enjoyed it,
 as we have done, is felt to have been forgetful-
 ness of the more delightful past, nay, worse, in-
 gratitude. We could weep to think that we have
 smiled. Oh! heartless mirth! and soulless mer-
 riment! Shallow must be our spirit, with whom
 life's old affections have been so transitory! and
 the thoughts that we once believed steadfast in
 their places as the haunted hills that inspired
 them, unsubstantial as the shadows of shades!

What! our dear friend Tyson lingering among
 the bushes, and, like an eaves-dropper, overlisten-
 ing our soliloquy? But that honest face, at all
 times happy, and at no times joyous overmuch
 has convinced us that all this weeping wisdom
 is almost as bad as laughing folly; that 'tis even
 sinful to be thus sorrowful; that religion coun-
 sels cheerfulness to memory, who, pensive often,
 should try never to complain; and that nature's
 self is outraged, sacred as may seem the idol-
 worship, when with the living before our eyes to
 love, and be beloved, we vainly consume our
 hearts in lamentation for the unsympathizing
 dead.

And see—far wide and high the sky is all
 besprinkled with stars. The moon takes care
 not to let out her whole power of light, lest
 she should obscure the lustre that she loves; and
 is willing now even to veil her own radiance with
 some fleecy clouds. You must wonder, Tyson,
 to hear a sensible man like us thus maundering
 about the moon and stars. But we cannot bear
 to look at them shining on squares and streets,
 all full of great, staring, wide-windowed houses;
 and here in Wastdalehead we feel the same joy
 in gazing heavenward that you might suppose a
 man to *suffer* who had been couched for a cata-
 ract, and as soon as his eyes had become able to
 face the light by experience of a few rays softly
 let in through a chink into his bedroom, were
 brought here with them, still bandaged, and then

on the removal of all obstruction, of a sudden shown that sky!

Lightning!—yet so mild, that one might call it a flash of moonlight. Perfectly harmless, and therefore we love it, and look out for its return. It seems as if it came from the wing of an angel. And there—there—see, Mr. Tyson, see—a falling star. We used to wonder in childhood what became of them, and supposed they might drop into the sea. The air is exceedingly meteorous. For these streaks, which we ignorantly imagined was the Milky Way, are neither more or less than the Northern Lights. In high northern latitudes mariners have said they have heard them rustling—but Parry says he never did—nor, alas! poor Ross! 'Tis beyond all doubt the Aurora Borealis. Nothing will induce that phenomenon to sit—stand—or lie still for so much as one moment—mocking the most imaginative eyes with ceaseless transmutations. Poets have pretended to see there phantom-knights, in single combat, engaging in front of opposing battles. But the show is like nothing in heaven or earth but itself; and what a pity! it has vanished, leaving but some dim wrecks behind, characterless as common clouds.

From the Edinburgh Review.

GERMANY.

From earliest infancy I had pictured Germany to myself as the region of romance. I had read somewhere that the common sounds of her cities were the loud breathings of military bands, the iron clatter of the mustering squadron, or the measured tread of stately infantry, varied at the soft hour of evening by the full deep chorus of the solemn hymn, or among the assembled youth of either sex by the soft and undulating movements of the mazy waltz. I was eager to study the character of a people who, after the revolutions of twenty centuries, still preserve many of those beautiful traits of character and manners, that, amid the corruption and desolation of Imperial Rome, so charmed by their innocence and freshness the historian Youtus.

As our britscha rapidly approached the Prussian capital, one of those pictures which the mind had so often painted in its hours of musing suddenly burst upon us. The rays of the setting sun were brightly reflected from the polished cuirasses of a regiment of heavy cavalry of the guard, that were defiling in column of Züge at half distance beneath the arch of the Brandenburg Gate. As I gazed on this splendid cavalry, and on the magnificent arch beneath which they were passing, the model of the Athenian Propyleum, surmounted by its chariot of victory, that rears high in the air the black eagle of Prussia, the prediction of Guibert, that has since been so singularly verified, flashed across my memory. "Si apres la mort de Frederic," said this celebrated tactician, "dont le genie

seul soutient l'edifice imparfaite de sa constitution, il survient un roi faible, on verra cette puissance ephemere rentrer dans le sphere que ses moyens reels lui assignent, et peut-être payer chez quelques années de gloire."

The external features of Berlin differ widely from those of most other capital cities in Europe. There is a grandeur and majesty about it—an aristocratic tranquillity that contrasts so singularly with the commercial and bustling activity of London and Paris. Except in the Königsstrasse, we may wander through their spacious streets, and find them untenanted, save by groups of military, lounging and twisting their moustaches with that listless air that so strikes the traveller in the garrison towns of the continent, or spending the live-long day in the cafés, at billiards, or dominos. The *vie de café* appears to be as much in vogue in Berlin as at Paris. Wherever they went the French have left traces of their manners, even among those by whom they were hated.

Notwithstanding the dulness of its outward aspect, no city affords to the tourist more numerous or more varied sources of amusement and instruction than Berlin. If fond of music, he has the Opera, perhaps the first, considered in its *ensemble*, in Germany; if ardent in the pursuit of science, he may, in the amphitheatres of her university, drink deeply at her fount; if an antiquarian, the magnificent gallery of antiquities, formerly in the possession of the celebrated Passlasqua, will open a wide field of interesting research. In justice to the government of Prussia, it must be said, that it leaves public instruction perfectly unfettered in its operations, and spares neither trouble or expense in unfolding to the people the sources of knowledge. There are, in Berlin alone, 120 primary schools, independent of the University and the Lycées. Every village of importance has also its schools, and it is rare indeed to meet with a Prussian peasant who cannot both read and write. Again, those who wish to pursue their studies still farther, have an opportunity, on joining the army, in which every male, by the military constitution of the monarchy, must serve for five years, of doing so in the regimental school; for it is one of the peculiar features of the military system of Prussia, that it develops the moral as well as the physical powers of the soldier. All that is deemed worthy of the attention of the traveller I saw—the palace, the university, the arsenal, the museum, and the theatres.

Full of the recollections of the great Frederick I rode out to Potsdam, the "*berceau*" of modern tactics: it is still what it was in his days, a *caserne*. You see on every side squads of recruits, marching, wheeling, and handling their firelocks under veteran able instructors. I walked to his tomb in the garrison chapel—a plain monument of black marble, unadorned by any inscription, marks the spot where lies the victor of a hundred battle-fields. When Frederick, at the bloody affair of Kunnersdorf, beheld his invinci-

lions "ecrasés" by the murderous and stoked fire of the Russians, struck with dy gallantry and iron formations, he is have exclaimed—"Que l'Europe prenne isse, Gare le Russes. Ces barbares lui un jour un vilain tour." His successors to have forgotten these remarks, which made such an impression upon the mind of Napoleon.

They were leaving the gardens, two officers on their path, one of whom, a tall lank figure, with downcast eyes, the arms folded behind him, walked a little in advance of the other, and rested my attention. The expression of countenance was melancholy in the exile, the well-squared epaulettes, the waistcoat, swelling chest, and the scrupulous uniform which every part of his uniform was proclaimed the military dandy. It was Frederick William, and his aide-de-camp Von S——.

As I was struck with the pensive and the air of the monarch. "*Quel air rêveur,*" I said to my companion, an old French general who had kindly taken upon himself the rôle of cicérone in my perambulations in Berlin. "*C'est qu'il improvise une uniformité*" replied with a smile; "to-morrow the Emperor will convey an order to make some alteration in the 'tenue' of the Guards." What the Emperor did for tactics, his successor, Frederick William, nicknamed "Der Schneider," has done for military costume—it has been the constant study of his life. Neither the Emperor nor his country, the toils of the campaign, the rules of diplomacy, have been able to divert him from his favourite pursuit; and it is easy to see that the dress of the Prussian soldier is the best military taste, uniformity, and a piece with the elaborate drill of the men, and the science and instruction of the officers. Napoleon testified his surprise at the sense "*savoir*" of his Prussian majesty at an important point, although he complained of being constantly importuned both by the Emperor and the Czar Alexander with such questions as, "What quantity of padding is there in the collar for a hussar's jacket?" or to give him an opinion on the form of a Hulan's shako. The Emperor said one day to General Gneisenau, "The French army at Jena been coming to the tailor it would have been a second."

These serious and profound are said to have been acquired on military uniforms between the Emperor and Frederick William; and the valuable hints acquired in these "*entrevues*" may be attributed the splendid appearance of our crack cavalry regiments. Great credit is to be the impatience of our naval officers at the appearance of the naval uniform (for like Austria, this power, since the Emperor's model frigate sent out by our King,

is ambitious of becoming a maritime state,) they look to the genius of the Prussian monarch to deliver them from the present hermaphrodite rig with which they are so disfigured and dissatisfied.

The anecdotes related of the ridiculous importance which this prince attaches to military costume would fill volumes. One of them only we shall venture to quote. Frederick, some years ago, was passing the Curzeit either at Toplitz or Carlsbad. Early one morning a Prussian estafette was observed to leave the place "*à vent de terre*." The *corps diplomatique* was immediately *en mouvement*; up went the hopes of the war party—down went the Austrian *Métalliques*—three of the first bankers at Leipzig and Vienna stopped payment—Metternich was at fault—Rothschild in a fever—and half a dozen English honourables, *attachés* to the different legations in Germany, went into galloping consumptions from twenty-four hours hard writing—an event unexampled in their diplomatic career. At the expiration of a week, when nothing less than another seven year's war was expected by every one, the Berlin Gazette tranquillized Germany, by publishing the order of which the estafette was the bearer, and which was nothing more or less than his majesty's commands to lower the shakos of his guards, and compress their waists two inches smaller! After all, it is fortunate for Prussia that her monarch has no more expensive taste. A Pompadour, or a palace, would be much more costly hobbyhorses; for in justice to him we must say, that economy and good taste go hand in hand, and preside over all his freaks.

I tarried in Berlin till after the autumnal reviews. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of these military spectacles. If the science of war can be learnt by any thing short of actual experience in the field, it is to be done at these camps of instruction, annually formed in the north of Germany.

Warned by the sad experience of the past, and by the geographical configuration of her territory, which floats like a riband over the surface of the European continent, from the Oder to the frontiers of France, Prussia is sensible that her independence resides in the force of her army. Russia threatens her in east, France in the west, while Austria, by debouching from Bohemia, strikes at her very heart. The anxious solicitude of the government has been directed almost exclusively to this object, and the genius of Scharnhorst has certainly produced one of the most perfect military systems the world ever saw. According to this system, every male inhabitant in Prussia, from the age of sixteen to forty-five, must bear arms, five years in the line, and the remainder of the term in the landwehr. The whole population therefore of Prussia is essentially military.

At a moment like this, when the contemporary events in Southern and Rhenish Germany, and the fierce crusade of the established governments against liberal principles, proclaim the general

mal arise of society, and fix the attention of Europe, a few observations upon the present state of Germany and her prospects, may not be ill timed.

When the ancient and Gothic edifice of the German confederation was overturned by Napoleon, he, on organizing the confederation of the Rhine, mediated eighty of the petty independent princes who had formed component parts of the re-organization of the confederation in 1815, this arrangement was confirmed by the congress of

Vienna; and happy would it have been for many had that body extended still farther mediatizing ban. But at this congress, the of the Holy Alliance, the family interest of sovereigns were deemed by the negotiators mount to the sacred rights and happiness of nations. The ancient edifice of the German confederation was therefore reformed upon a basis which the following table will convey a more accurate idea.

TABLE OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

STATES.	Capitals.	Population of Capitals.	Superficies in square miles.	Population.	Contingent to the Diet.	Revenue florin
Austria	Vienna	238,177	12,056.0	28,209,709	94,822	162,000
Prussia	Berlin	178,861	5,133.77	10,224,350	79,234	65,000
Bavaria	Munich	65,800	1,427.00	3,525,413	35,600	20,000
Wurtemberg	Stuttgart	23,694	366.50	1,395,462	13,955	16,000
Baden	Carlsruhe	13,727	272.59	1,003,630	10,000	5,500
Hesse Darmstadt	Darmstadt	11,320	204.59	619,499	6,195	3,500
Hohenzollern	Hechingen	2,600	5.12	14,820	145	80
Lichtenstein	Vaduz	1,800	2.45	5,546	55	19
Hohenzollern Sigmaringen }	3,000	18.25	35,560	356	330
Hesse Homberg	Homberg	2,700	7.84	19,870	200	180
Frankfort	Frankfort	40,485	4.87	47,855	475	800
Kingdom of Saxony	Dresden	55,715	352.22	1,192,646	12,000	13,500
Saxe Gotha	Gotha	12,400	54.22	183,682	1,859	1,500
Saxe Coburg	Coburg	7,746	26.39	80,012	800	425
Saxe Meinungen	Meinungen	4,120	20.29	54,600	544	350
Hildburghausen	2,503	11.08	29,706	297	200
Palatinate of Reuss	Elder branch	6,195	6.86	22,255	223	130
Ditto	Junior branch	20.60	52,201	522	420
Hesse Cassel	Cassel	18,500	201.58	532,072	5,679	4,000
Luxembourg	Luxembourg	2,556
Nassau	Wiesbaden	5,300	104.62	302,769	3,028	1,557
Saxe Weimar	Weimar	9,000	67.32	201,000	2,000	1,500
Anhalt Dessau	9,220	17.00	52,647	529	510
Ditto, Bernburg	4,844	16.00	37,046	370	450
Cæthen	Cæthen	5,074	15.00	32,454	324	230
Schwabzbourg Sonderhausen }	4,500	20.40	53,957	539	220
Ditto, Rudolstadt	3,922	16.50	45,127	451	275
Hanover	Hanover	17,522	701.29	1,305,350	13,000	9,450
Brunswick	Brunswick	29,934	71.74	249,527	2,496	1,800
Waldeck	Anslen	1,048	21.68	51,877	519	400
Schambourg Lippe	2,060	10.10	23,111	230	215
Lippe Detmold	2,369	20.50	69,062	691	460
Holstein	3,600
Mecklenbourg }	8,505	219.59	358,378	3,580	1,800
Schwerin }
Ditto, Strelitz	4,408	35.95	71,761	718	450
Oldenbourg	5,222	123.06	217,766	2,170	1,200
Lubeck	25,526	5.45	40,650	407	400
Bremen	37,725	2.58	48,432	485	420
Hamburgh	106,000	6.00	123,643	1,228	1,200
38 States.						

On a superficial glance, this system appears faultless; for the votes are distributed in ratio to the population of the several states composing it: but on a nearer inspection, we discover in its workings the overweening preponderance of powers which are not German in point of interest, and only partially so in point of territory. In fact, it is but a clumsy and expensive machine to govern all Germany "*au bon plaisir*" of foreign states. One third of the votes, it will be remarked, belong to Austria, Prussia, England, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The smaller states, who constitute the majority, with their half, quarter, and even one-fifth part of a vote, are but mere cyphers. The whole and sole control of the diet resides in the hands of Austria and Prussia, or, we should rather say, of Russia, since the Prussian monarchy cowers beneath the political ascendancy of this northern power. But we have yet to trace the most odious features of this system, which controls the political independence, and even the free administration of the internal affairs of every state. No sovereign prince can give free institutions to his subjects, unless he has previously obtained the consent of these powers through the medium of the diet. Even in those states where representative governments exist, the confederation deprives them of all power in the most important of all relations, that of declaring war or making peace. And it expressly enacts, that no constitution shall be allowed to impede any member of the confederation in the duties which the diet may think proper to impose upon him. Thus Saxe Weimar, whose liberal institutions and free press gave such umbrage to Austria and Prussia, was finally obliged to submit to a censorship; and a similar restraint has just been imposed on the press in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Under a system like this, it is utterly impossible that liberal institutions can flourish on the soil of Germany. But its operations upon the social condition of the people is still more fatal. The Congress of Carlsbad, convened for the express purpose of arranging the internal affairs of Germany, deserved, in one respect, the gratitude of the whole country, by proclaiming the most unrestricted freedom of commerce. For some time their intentions were acted upon in a spirit of great liberality, till Prussia violated them, by imposing a system of heavy tolls along her Rhenish possessions. Now as every duke, margrave, or count, was too proud to yield to His Königliche Majestät of Prussia, they used reprisals, and a war of tolls began. The effects of such a system on countries of limited resources, and deprived of sea-coast—taxed a *l'outrance* to keep up a standing army, and support the glittering *attirail* of a court, may be easily imagined. In the states of the nest of petty princes, who are crowded between the Thuringian forest and the foot of the Erzgebirge, the tourist, during a morning ride, will have half a dozen tolls to pay; while a bottle of Rhodenseimer, not thirty miles from the place of its growth, will cost him more than at

the Clarendon, or the Café de Paris. Thus it is that the industry of the country is borne to the earth. It is more particularly on the agriculturist that the burthens press so heavily; and hundreds of this class are selling their properties, and emigrating to America, to seek in the inhospitable regions of the west, that liberty of opinion, and that fruit of industry denied to them in their own romantic but feudalized land.

Why these petty princes have been allowed to retain their independence, when so many others have been mediatised, we have already mentioned. So long as they exist the country can never acquire that native union so essential to an independent state. There is a party in Germany, that for some years has been gradually acquiring strength and consistency, whose object is to strip all the foreign powers of their German dominions, (even Austria and Prussia are by them considered under this category,) and mediatising all the states below the second rate, to divide their territories among the pure German powers; viz. Bavaria, Wirtemberg, in the south, Saxony and Hanover in the north.

According to this system of centralization, Germany would possess four instead of thirty-eight sovereigns, and present an imposing front that would command the respect of all Europe.

This theory has been ably exposed in a work on the nationality of the German people, and on the institutions that would harmonize with their manners and characters; but we confess that we consider the practical illustration of it almost an impossibility. Divided as the country is into petty districts, separated by jealousies and antique prejudices, and governed by princes the tools of Austria and Prussia, the mass of resistance to be overcome is immense. The press, it is true, is every where laying its grasp on the human mind, a wild and fierce crusade against despotic authority has been stirred up by the events of the "three days," even the political substratum of Germany has vibrated to the shock of the mighty earthquake. But yet we must not suppose that a chastened love of civil and political liberty is generally diffused among the mass of the German people. A single glance at their past history will convince us of this truth. The personal independence of the individual German, strikes you as much as their collective indifference to political freedom. Their genius has been turned into a different channel. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? He seldom dies the subject of the prince he was born. Distracted as has been his country, sacrificed as they have been by thousands at the shrine of foreign ambition, their love of country is rather a poetical inspiration, than a patriotic and political feeling. Again, the Germans are essentially a military people. They are fond of the shako and plume, and of the wild uncertainty of a military life, that takes away all care for the morrow;—and we have seen that, even in France, it has been the work of years to cultivate liberal institutions on the soil of military glory. Still, the star of

slowly, towards us - *Rarum temporum felicitatem ubi sentire quæ velis et quæ sentias dicere licet*" of Tacitus, we freely allow; but what blood must be shed, and what years must elapse, ere this glorious consummation becomes the portion of Germany!

From the Spectator.

MISS MARTINEAU'S MANCHESTER STRIKE.

THE praise which we have given to each successive number of this work must be understood as applying to the tale before us; in which the authoress, on wholly fresh ground, and with a totally new set of objects, is as original as ever; and if not quite so attractive, the cause may be found in the dreary and unhappy condition of the class whose history she has taken up.

The theoretical object of the work is to illustrate the nature of Wages, and to show the operation of a movement among the labourers, well known under the name of "a Strike." This is done by going into the domestic history of some of the families of the labourers, of different characters; by depicting the manners, opinions, and conduct of the leaders among the people; and also letting us into a hasty view of the cotton lords themselves—the manufacturers, who, having right on their side, use it as if they were in the wrong. We attend the meetings of the strikers; we become acquainted with the motives of their orators; and we witness, as elsewhere, the fluctuating characters of the popularity that depends

On the Saturday evening in a several hundred workpeople, men, boys, poured out from the gates of which stood on the banks of the Med Manchester. The children dispersed some to play, but the greater number home with all speed, as if they were the sunshine that chequered the reddened the gables and chimneys.

The men seemed in no such haste lingered about the factory, one standing before the gates, and another occupying the streets for some distance a few proceeded slowly on their way, chatting with one or another party went. One only appeared to have said to his companions, and to wish to quietly, if they would have let him one of the most respectable looking them, decent in his dress, and though somewhat melancholy in his mance. He was making his way, speaking to any body, when first one another caught him by the button and him in consultation. All seemed to know what Allen had to relate or and Allen had some difficulty in getting to go home, much as he knew he was there. When he had at length walked so rapidly as presently to over little daughter, Martha, who had left home somewhat earlier. He saw her him for some distance, and observe limped, and how feebly she made along the street (if such it might which led to their abode. It was far walking to the strongest. There was of rubbish, pools of muddy water, and brickbats lying about, and cabbage which the unwary might slip, and

little girl, her teeth still chattering: "Sure the weather must have changed, father."

No: the wind was south, and the sky cloudless. It was only that the thermometer had stood at 75° within the factory.

"I suppose your wages are lowered as well as mine," said Allen, "how much do you bring home this week?"

"Only three shillings, father; and some say it will be less before long. I am afraid mother—"

The weak-spirited child could not say what it was that she feared, being choked by her tears.

"Come, Martha, cheer up," said her father. "Mother knows that you get sometimes more and sometimes less; and, after all, you earn as much as a piecer as some do at the hand-loom. There is Field, our neighbour; he and his wife together do not earn more than seven shillings a week, you know, and think how much older and stronger they are than you! We must make you stronger, Martha, I will go with you to Mr Dawson, and he will find out what is the matter with your knees."

By this time they had reached the foot of the stairs which led up to their two rooms in the third story of a large dwelling which was occupied by many poor families. Barefooted children were scampering up and down these stairs at play; girls nursing babies sat at various elevations, and seemed in danger of being kicked down as often as a drunken man or an angry woman should want to pass; a thing which frequently happened. Little Martha looked up the steep stairs and sighed. Her father lifted and carried her. The noise would have stunned a stranger, and they seemed louder than usual to accustomed ears. Martha's little dog came barking and jumping as soon as he saw her, and this set several babies crying; the shrill piping of a bulfinch was heard in the yard; and over all, the voice of a scolding woman.

"That is Sally Field's voice if it is any body's," said Allen. "It is enough to make one shift one's quarters to have that woman within hearing."

"She is in our rooms, father. I am sure the noise is there; and see, her door is open and her room empty."

"She need not fear leaving her door open," observed a neighbour in passing. "There is nothing there that any body would wish to carry away."

Allen did not answer, but made haste to restore peace in his own dwelling, knowing that his wife was far from being a match for Sally Field. As he flung open the door, the weaker party seemed to resign the contest to him: his wife sank into a chair, trembling all over. Her four or five little ones had hidden themselves where they could, some under the table some behind the bed, having all been slapped or pushed or buffeted by Sally for staring at her with their thumbs in their mouths. She was not aware that Sally Field in a passion was a sight to make any one stare.

The following describes an interview between a poor little cotton spinner and another little girl, the daughter of a man who had left spinning

for strolling, and now got his livelihood by music instead of machinery.

Little Hannah slept till the sun was high on the Sunday morning, and might have slept longer, if Mrs. Allen had not feared she would not get breakfast over in time for church. Hannah jumped up with the excuse that the place was so quiet, there was nothing to wake her.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Allen. "We think the children and the neighbours make a great deal of noise; but I suppose you sleep in public-houses for the most part."

Hannah observed that people call so loud for what they want in public-houses, and they care so little for hours, that there is no knowing when you may sleep quietly.

"Have you no other frock than that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Allen. "I suppose you go to church on Sundays, and you cannot possibly go in all those gay ribands."

"O no," said Hannah, "I have a dark frock for Sundays, and a straw bonnet; but they are in father's pack, and I suppose that is at the Spread Eagle."

"And he is gone into the country for the day. Well, you must change with Martha when church-time comes. Poor Martha has but one tidy frock; but she is too lame to go out to-day, ever, as far as the apothecary's; and I am sure she will lend you her frock and tippet to go to church in."

Martha was willing to lend, but had rather put on her factory dress than Hannah's red frock with yellow trimmings. Hannah hinted that she should like to stay within with Martha all day; and the indulgent mother, seeing Martha's pleasure at the prospect of a companion and nurse of her own age, left the little girls to amuse themselves, while she took the younger children to church with her as usual.

"Father says he heard you sing last night," said Martha, when they were left alone.

"Will you sing to me?"

"I am so tired of singing!" pleaded Hannah. "I don't know many songs, and I sing them so very often! Won't that bird do as well? Let me get down the cage, may I?"

"Yes, do, and we will give him some water, poor fellow! He is my bird, and I feed him every day. Somebody that could not afford to keep him sold him to father, and father gave him to me. Had you ever a bird?"

"No, but I had a monkey once. When we went away, father got a monkey, and I used to lead him about with a string; but I was glad when we had done with him, he was so mischievous. Look here how he tore my arm one day, when somebody had put him in a passion with giving him empty nutshells."

"What a terrible place!" said Martha.

"Was it long in getting well?"

"No; father got an apothecary to tie it up and it soon got well."

"My father is going to show my knees to Mr. Dawson, the apothecary. Do look how they are swelled; and they ache so, you can't think."

"O, but I can think, for mine used to ache terribly when I walked and stood before the wheels all day."

"But yours were never so bad as mine, or I am sure you could not dance about as you do."

"No, not so bad. To be sure; and my arms were never so shrunk away as yours. Look, my arms is twice as big as yours."

"I wonder what's the reason," sighed Martha. "Mother says I get thinner and thinner."

"You should have meat for dinner every day, as I have," said Hannah, "and then you would grow fat like me. Father gets such good dinners for us to what we used to have. He says 'tis that, and being in the air so much, that prevent my being sickly, as I used to be. I don't think I could do the work that I used to do with all that noise, and the smell of oil, and the heat."

"And I am sure I could not sing and dance as you do."

"No: how should you dance when you are so lame?"

"And I don't think I can sing at all."

"Come, try, and I will sing with you. Try 'God save the king.'"

"It is Sunday," said Martha, gravely.

"Well, I thought people might sing 'God save the King' on Sundays. I have heard father play it on the drum, just before the Old Hundred. You know the Old Hundred."

Martha had heard this hymn-tune at church, and she tried to sing it; but Hannah burst out a laughing.

"Lord! Martha, your voice is like a little twittering bird's. Can't you open your mouth and sing this way?"

"No, I can't," said Martha, quite out of breath; "and besides, Hannah, you should not say 'Lord!' Father and mother never let us say those sort of words."

"Nor my father either. He is more angry with me for that, than for any thing; but it slips out somehow; and you would not wonder, if you knew how often I hear people say that, and many worse things."

"Worse things?" said Martha, looking curious.

"Yes, much worse things; but I am not going to tell you what they are, because father made me promise not to tell you about any of the bad people that I have heard swear and seen tipsy. Was your father ever tipsy?"

"Not that I know of; but our neighbour Field is often tipsy. I am afraid every day that he will topple down stairs."

"My father was tipsy once," said Hannah; and he beat me so, you can't think."

"When? Lately?"

"No, just after we began to stroll. Though it is so long ago, I remember it very well, for I was never so frightened in my life. I did not know where to go to get away from him; and the people pushed him about and laughed at me the more, the more I cried. I asked him afterwards not to get tipsy any more, and he said he never would, and he never has. It was only because we had got more money that day than we ever got in a day before: but it soon went away, for when father woke the next morning, his pocket was quite empty."

"And did you soon get some more money?"

"O yes; we get some every day except Sun-

days. I carry the hat round every time we stop to play, and I always get some halfpence, and sometimes a silver sixpence."

"Ah! then, you get a great deal more than I do, Hannah. I brought home only three shillings this week."

"I take much more than that, to be sure; but then it is my father's earning more than mine. His great drum sounds further and brings more people to listen than my triangle."

"Is your triangle here? I wish you would teach me to play," said Martha. "Now do. If you will, I will ask mother to show us the pictures in grandfather's Bible when he comes home."

Hannah had been very fond of these pictures when she was recovering from the measles; and this bribe and her good nature together overcame her disgust at the instrument she had to play every day and all day long. She indulged herself with a prodigious yawn, and then began her lesson. When Mrs. Allen came back, she found the bulfinch piping at his loudest pitch to the accompaniment of the triangle, Hannah screaming her instructions to her new pupil, and poor palefaced little Martha flushed with flattery and with the grand idea of earning a great many silver sixpences every day if her father would let her make music in the streets instead of going to the factory.

Morning breaking upon a Manchester cotton factory would make an affecting picture. It is here depicted by Miss MARTINEAU with the hand and eye of a true artist; and is connected with a touching little incident—the falling asleep of poor, little, declining Martha (with whom our last extract brings us acquainted,) over her work.

The little girl repaired to the factory, sighing at the thought of the long hours that must pass before she could sit down or breathe the fresh air again. She had been as willing a child at her work as could be, till lately; but since she had grown sickly, a sense of hardship had come over her, and she was seldom happy. She was very industrious, and disposed to be silent at her occupation; so that she was liked by her employers, and had nothing more to complain of than the necessary fatigue and disagreeableness of the work. She would not have minded it for a few hours of the day; but to be shut up all day, or else at night, without any time to nurse the baby or play with her companions, was too much for a little girl of eight years old. She had never been so sensible of this as since her renewed acquaintance with Hannah. This night, when the dust from the cotton made her cough, when the smell and the heat brought on sickness and faintness, and the incessant whizzing and whirling of the wheels gave her the feeling of being in a dream, she remembered that a part of Hannah's business was to walk on broad roads or through green fields by her father's side, listening to the stories he amused her with, and to sit on a stile or under a tree to practise a new tune, or get a better dinner than poor Martha often saw. She forgot that Hannah was sometimes wet through, or scorched by the sun, as her complexion, brown as a gipsy's, showed; and that Hannah had no home and no mother, and very hard and unpleasant work

to do at fairs, and on particular occasions. About midnight, when Martha remembered that all at home were probably sound asleep, she could not resist the temptation of resting her aching limbs, and sat down, trusting to make up afterwards for lost time, and taking care to be on her feet when the overlooker passed, or when any one else was likely to watch her. It is a dangerous thing, however, to take rest with the intention of rousing oneself from time to time; and so Martha found. She fairly fell asleep after a time, and dreamed that she was attending very diligently to her work; and so many things besides passed through her mind during the two minutes that she slept, that when the overlooker laid his hand upon her shoulder, she started and was afraid she was going to be scolded for a long fit of idleness. But she was not hardly spoken to.

"Come, come, child; how long have you been asleep?"

"I don't know. I thought I was awake all the time." And Martha began to cry.

"Well, don't cry. I was past just now, and you were busy enough; but don't sit down; better not, for fear you should drop asleep again."

Martha thought she had escaped very well; and winking and rubbing her eyes, she began to limp forwards and use her trembling hands. The overlooker watched her for a few minutes, and told her she was so industrious in general that he should be sorry to be hard upon her; but she knew that if she was seen flagging over her work, the idle ones would make it an excuse to do so too. Martha curtsied, and put new vigour into her work at this praise. Before he went on in his rounds, the overlooker pointed to the window and told her morning was come.

It was a strange scene that the dawn shown upon. As the gray light from the East mingled with the flickering, yellow glare of the lamps, it gave a mottled dirty appearance to every thing; to the pale-faced children, to the unshaved overlooker, to the loaded atmosphere, and even to the produce of the wheels.

When a bright sunbeam shone in through the window, thickened with the condensed breath of the work people, and showed the oily steam rising through the heated room, the lamps were extinguished, to the great relief of those who found the place growing too like an oven to be much longer tolerable. The sunbeams rested now on the ceiling, and Martha knew that they must travel down to the floor and be turned full on her frame and some way past it, before she could be released; still it was a comfort that morning was come.

She observed that the overlooker frequently went out and came back again, and that there was a great deal of consultation among her betters as the hours drew on. A breath of fresh air came in now and then from below, and news went round that the gates were already open, two hours earlier than usual. Presently the tramp of heavy feet was heard, like that of the weavers and spinners coming to their daily work. Martha looked up eagerly to the clock, supposing that the time had passed quicker than she had been aware of; but it was only four o'clock. What could bring the people to

their work so early? They could scarcely have mistaken the hour from the brightness of the morning, for it had now clouded over, and was raising a soaking shower. More news went round. Those who had arrived had barely escaped being waylaid and punished for coming to work after a strike had been proclaimed. They had been pursued to the gates and very nearly caught, and must now stay where they were till nightfall, as they could not safely appear in broad daylight, going to and returning from their dinners. Many wondered that they had ventured at all, and all prophesied that they must give up to the will of the Union if they wished to be safe. The overlooker, finding much excitement prevailing on the circulation of the news, commanded silence, observing that it was no concern for any of the children present. There was no strike of the children, and they would be permitted to go and come without hinderance. Martha determined to get away the first moment she could; and to meet her father, if possible, that he might not encounter any troublesome people for her sake.

In the early part of the strike, the children still continue at work. It is not for the interest of the workmen that they should strike too; and the masters permit their continued labour. But after all hope of a compromise declines, and the Strike is likely to prove long and obstinate, the children are turned off, to bring the matter sooner to a crisis. The effect of this unaccustomed holiday on the poor children, and the additional burden on the funds, is told with true pathos, and as perhaps no other writer but Miss MARTINEAU could tell it.

All propositions, whether made by himself or others, tending to a compromise, were rejected; and the meeting, after a stormy discussion, in which no point was settled, broke up. The whole affair put Clark and his friends in glee, and filled wiser people with grief and apprehension of the consequences.

The first consequence was, that all the children were turned off. The masters were bent on bringing the affair to a close as speedily as possible; and, being disappointed in the hope that the men would propose a compromise, endeavoured to drive them to it.

This was thought by some parents far from being the worst thing that had happened. While the Committee shook their heads over this weighty additional item of weekly charge, many tender mothers stroked their children's heads and smiled when they wished them joy of their holiday, and bade them sleep on in the mornings without thinking of the factory-bell. It was some days before the little things got used to so strange a difference from their usual mode of life. Some would start up from sound sleep with the question, "Father, is it time?" Some talked in their sleep of being too late, and went on to devour their meals hastily, as if their time was not their own. It would have amused some people and made others melancholy to watch the sports of these town-bred children. One little girl was seen making a garden; that is, boring a hole between

two flints in a yard with a rusty pair of scissors, and inserting therein a daisy which by some rare chance had reached her hands. Others collected the fragments of broken plates and teacups from the kennels, and spread them out for a mock feast, where there was nothing to eat. The favourite game was playing at being cotton-spinners; a big boy frowning and strutting and personating the master, another with a switch in his hand being the overlooker, and the rest, spinners or piercers, each trying which could be the naughtiest and get the most threats and scolding. Many were satisfied with lolling on the stairs of their dwellings and looking into the streets all day long; and many nursed their baby brothers and sisters, sitting on the steps or leaning against the walls of the street. Hannah Bray, when not abroad with her father, took pains to stir up her little neighbours to what she called play. She coaxed her father into giving them a ball, and tried to teach the children in the next yard to play hide and seek; but she often said she never before saw such helpless and awkward people. They could not throw a ball five feet from them, or flung it in one another's faces so as to cause complaints and crying-fits. In hiding, they always showed themselves, or came out too soon or not soon enough, or jostled and threw one another down; and they were the worst runners that could be conceived. Any one of them trying to catch Hannah looked like a duck running after a greyhound. Hannah began with laughing at them all round; but observing that her father watched their play with tears in his eyes, she afterwards contented herself with wondering in silence why some children were so unlike others.

The affairs of all concerned in the Strike looked more and more dismal every day. There were more brawls in the streets; there was less peace at home; for none are so prone to quarrel as those who have nothing else to do, and whose tempers are at the same time fretted by want. All the men who were prone to drink now spent hour after hour at the alehouse, and many a woman now for the first time took to her "drop of comfort" at home. Many a man who had hitherto been a helper to his wife and tender to his children, began to slam the door behind him, after having beaten or shaken the little ones all round, and spoken rough words to their trembling mother; while she, dashing away her tears, looked for something to do, and found one thing that she would wash if she had fuel and soap, and another that she would mend if she had material and cotton. Now was the time to see the young woman, with the babe in her arms, pushing at the curtained door of the dram-shop, while her husband held against her,—he saying, "Well, I tell you I'm coming in five minutes; I shan't be five minutes;" and she plaintively replying, "Ah, I know, you always say so." Now was the time to see the good son pacing slowly to the pawnbroker's to pledge his aged mother's last blanket to buy her bread. These were the days when the important men under the three balls civilly declared, or insolently swore, that they could and would take no more goods in pawn, as their houses were full from top to

bottom, and there was no sale for what had encumbered themselves with. Never before had they been so humbly petitioned for loans,—a mother showing that her wretched shawl or her child's frock would take very little room,—or a young girl urging that a pawnbroker did not want for her grandmother's old Bible, he could get more for it at a better stall than she could. These were the times for poor landlords to look after their rents, for hard landlords to press them. These were the days for close scrutiny to be made by the Union Committee whether men's wives were really lying-in, and whether each really told the number of children he swore to; and therefore, these were the times when knaves tried to cheat and when honest men were worn out at having their word questioned. Now was the time when weak-minded men thought themselves each worse off than his neighbour. Many landlords were pronounced the hardest that ever owned two paltry rooms; many applicants were certain the Committee had laid out against him by some sneaking enemy. In the abstract it was allowed, however, that sneakers had the most to bear.

The authoress thinks it necessary to announce that she has no acquaintance with any one called master, or workman in Manchester; and hence she will be spared the imputation of personation. This she must scarcely expect: her characters are so strongly drawn, and appear so true, that applications will be made in spite of her wish to the contrary.

If the masters knew their own interest, little work would be circulated by tens of thousands among their labourers; and the philanthropist who feels for the deplorable state of society in Manchester, could not spend a year better than in devoting himself to the circulation of ideas and pictures.

From the Monthly Review.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though lo!
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!

ook, where our children start,
Like sudden spring !
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
hey tell how much I owe
To thee and time.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SPIRIT OF DEATH !—FRAGMENT.

es, en qui je vois paroître
éclat si vif et si doux,
s mourez beintôt, mais peut-être
ois mourir plutôt que vous !
ASSAGUES.

riole, I saw thee sigh
beauty from thine eye of blue !
st wither soon, but I
hither sooner far than you !

lay of olden time
g the summer leaves reclined,
ted by that pleasant chime,
ry did not unbind
ers gleaned in childhood's prime,
hook them on the mind.

lenly a sound I heard
g the branches near,—
not be the singing bird
e voice fell on mine ear ;
chilling tone, that stirr'd
ondering heart with fear.

en leaves quiver'd, and behold
stood beside me.—Lovely Flower !
om shall wither with the night,
ine will wither in an hour !

VARIETIES.

The Imperial Art of Humbug.

Correspondent of a Morning Paper gives
"British" account of the effect which
of imperial affability had on the officers
"alavera, which carried Lord Durham
etersburg. None but men accustomed
ated with the hauteur or insolence of
tocracy would be so mightily moved by
amiliarity from a prince. The force of
l *Condescension* is only felt in England.
; our independence, and are the most
e race under the sun.

l *Physic*.—I look upon tranquillity of
d patience to contribute as much as
g whatever to the curing diseases. On
ciple I account for the circumstance
als not labouring under illness so long
n beings. Brutes do not think so much
or vex themselves about futurity ; but
their maladies without reflecting on
d recover from them by the sole means
rance and repose.—*Sorbiere*, an emi-
nch physician.

"A TOAST."—The wits (says Addison) as-
sert, that the word had its rise from an accident
at the town of Bath, in the reign of King
Charles II. It happened, that on a public day,
a celebrated beauty of those times was in the
cross bath, and one of the crowd of her ad-
mirers took a glass of water in which the fair
one stood, and drank her health to the company.
There was in the place a gay fellow, half fud-
dled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though
he liked not the liquor, he would have the
toast. He was opposed in his resolution ; yet
this whim gave foundation to the present hon-
our which is done to the lady we mention in
our liquor, who has ever since been called "a
toast."

Duelling.—This absurd practice is rapidly
declining in England. For one duel that we
now see recorded in the public prints, we, a few
years since, saw twenty. The opinion seems
to spread more and more, that ill language and
brutal manners reflect only on those who are
guilty of them ; and that a man's reputation is
not at all cleared by shooting at the person who
had reflected upon it.

The National Weapons of America.—In the
American Union almost every foot of cultura-
ble land is reclaimed from the wilderness, by
the painful labour of first clearing away the
heavy forest load. The "old country" settlers
in Canada, it is well known, are very poor
hands at this kind of work ; and even those
persons born in the country, cannot compare
with the natives of the United States. This
was abundantly proved by the astonishing
rapidity with which the Americans made mili-
tary roads through the forest during the war ;
but the fact is—

"The ruling passion of a Yankee born,
Is to cut down a tree ; the only use
He thinks it made for—save, perhaps, to burn,
Or split it up into rails.

And, in a few days, out a space he clears,
Would take a new-catched cockney several
years."

This being the case, it is probable, taking
into consideration the almost universal inge-
nuity of the nation, that they have adopted the
very best kind of felling axe which mechan-
ical invention can devise ; and certainly it is
the very best tool of the kind I ever recollect
to have taken in hand. Like the Irishman's
adversary, who fell at the sight of his exquisite
hair-trigger, the trees seem almost to tremble
at the sight of it. The mechanical dexterity
of the American woodsmen in using it is un-
rivalled ; and it is a matter of surprise, to ob-
serve how rapidly the largest trees fall under
their strokes. But I never saw one of them
fix his axe in the tree, unless designedly. The
first stroke is downwards, at an angle of 45°,
and a horizontal stroke succeeds it, which
brings out a wedge-shaped chip. Every stroke
tells, and when the tree falls, the root is left
about two feet above the surface of the ground,
with a face as level as a table, through three-
fourths of its diameter. These roots are usu-
ally left to rot in the ground, which takes place
in the course of three or four years ; and a
chopper would be the object of ridicule, who

were to leave slovenly work to show itself, and cry shame on him for that period. The handle of the American axe is long, slightly curved downwards, and rather elastic, as a solid firm handle is found to diminish the force of the stroke. The length of the poll is found to have an excellent effect in balancing the tool, to take a truer aim, like the feather of an arrow; or a mechanic will better comprehend it by imagining how awkward a hammer would feel were the paen end cut off. The blade is made to swell lightly in the centre, but that is a matter of little consequence to an American woodsman, who would be ashamed to break his axe handle by awkwardness. The axe and the rifle may be called the national weapons of the Americans. The latter is of a peculiar construction, being an improvement on those both of the Germans and English, who first introduced them in America. In the Indian wars, it became an article of necessity, and was therefore a matter of constant study to every hunter and frontier man, till it attained its present excellence.—*Jenius Redivivus: Correspondence in the Mechanics' Magazine.*

Washington.—Amidst all the victories and high achievements of young America, there is none of which she has so much reason to be proud as the having giving birth to Washington. So perfect, so pure, so simple, yet so lofty a character, the modern world had not yet produced. Indeed, a European monarchy could not have produced a Washington. Our social organization, framed on feudal principles, is too much impregnated with vanity, personal ambition, and the love of precedence not to have corrupted the colonial officer, long ere he became the hero of independence. Not but that monarchies have their worthies, Sidneys and Bayards, a numerous host; but a Washington they could not have, because the first rank of military talent must, amongst these, infallibly inspire some passion of baser alloy. Let Cromwell and Napoleon, and Marlborough, and Charles XII. be passed with their compeers in view, and it will be seen how even patriotism dwindled as a motive, till utterly lost amidst baser sentiments.

Washington stands alone. As a commander, his character has risen, since men have come to examine it. With an army so doubting in spirit and uncertain in numbers as to have filled any captain with despair, he still achieved what, indeed probability rendered hopeless. Cool and imperturbable to bide his time, and, Fabius-like, observe the enemy, he never wanted the impetuosity of Marcellus, when opportunity rendered such advantageous.

As a statesman, his administration forms a monument as glorious as his campaigns. He found a constitution born so feebly, that its very parents were hopeless of its existence; yet he contrived in raising it to give it force, and communicate to it the principle of maturity. Amidst the storm of adverse parties that gradually arose around him, Washington preserved an impartial sense of what his country demanded; and though latterly he leaned to the side of federalism, and strong institutions, yet it was never so much as to upset the balance; and perhaps the greatest proof of his

sagacity, and of the difficulty of this task, is that his successor, John Adams, failed in the same attempt, and by allowing himself to be borne away by one party, gave to the other the opportunity of successful reaction.—*History of United States, Vol. II. Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

Rabbits understand Latin.—A company of scholars going to catch conies carried one with them who had not much wit; and gave in charge that if he saw any, he should be silent for fear of scaring them: but he no sooner espied a company of rabbits, but he cried aloud, 'Ecce multi cuniculi,' which he had no sooner said, but the conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, 'Who would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?'—*Bacon.*

Socrates canonized.—That great philosopher Socrates, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these words—'Whether or no God will approve of my actions I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this, my endeavour, will be accepted by him.' Erasmus, who was an unbigoted Roman Catholic, was so transported with this passage, that he expressed himself upon it in the following manner—'When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, Sancte Socrates, Ora pro nobis! O, holy Socrates pray for us.'—*Spectator*

Pin Making.—The women and children who fix the heads are paid at the rate of 1s. 6d. for every twenty thousand. A skilful operator can with great exertion do twenty thousand per day; but from ten to fifteen thousand is the usual quantity: children head a much smaller number; varying, of course, with the degree of their skill. The man who pickle and tins the pins usually gets one penny per pound for the work, and employs himself, during the boiling of one batch of pins, with drying those previously tinned. He can earn about 9s. per day; but out of this he pays about 3s. for his assistant. The arranging of pins side by side in paper is generally performed by women. The pins come from the last process in wooden bowls, with the points projecting in a directions. A woman takes up some, and places them on the teeth of a comb, whilst, by a few shakes, some of the pins fall back into the bowl, and the rest, being caught by their heads, are detained between the teeth of the comb. Having thus arranged them in a parallel direction, she fixes the requisite number between two pieces of iron, having twenty five small grooves, at equal distances; and having previously doubled the paper, she presses it against the points of the pins until they have passed through the two folds which are to retain them. The pins are then relieved from the grasp of the tool, and the process repeats with others. A woman gains about 1s. 6d. per day by papering; but children are sometimes employed, who can earn from 6d. per day, and upwards.—*Babbage's Economy of Machine and Manufactures.*

100

100



Printed by G. Hodgwood

ROAD TO THE OLD, NEW, & T.

Engraved by J. H. B.

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

THE Editor of the Museum has seldom intruded his own opinions, but has generally confined himself with selecting from the British Reviews, Magazines, &c. such articles as would best exhibit the literature of the day, and show the public opinion concerning the subjects upon which it was principally employed. He believes it will be found upon looking back through the twenty-one volumes of the work, that no important work has appeared which has not been reviewed in it—and that it also exhibits as complete a view of the *times*, as can be obtained from any other journal.

As our plan has been more fully developed, the circulation of the work has increased; should we be favoured for a year or two longer with such an increase in our sales as we have had for a year or two past, we shall be able to gratify ourselves by presenting the work to its patrons with some additional claims to their good opinion.

The demand having exhausted our supply of several of the numbers for 1831 and 1832, we shall begin a new series with January, 1833, and shall introduce into it a complete set of Dr. Trusler's Hogarth moralized, containing upwards of fifty engravings. We shall print a sufficient number of extra copies to supply the probable demand during the year.

As there have lately been advertised American editions of Blackwood's and the New Monthly Magazine, and of the Foreign Quarterly and Westminster Reviews, we think it proper to state that we have generally copied from all these works, whatever would be most valuable in this country. The Foreign Quarterly Review we consider the best of all the periodicals, and it has always afforded us a large supply of unexceptionable matter. Blackwood is at the head of the Monthly Journals, and with so much talent in both editor and contributors, that along with very good articles in almost every number, it can afford to publish a still greater amount of trash. The Westminster Review is at the head of the Radical school in England, unless indeed that post be disputed by the Examiner, a weekly paper. From this Review we have copied as largely as we thought proper; probably more freely than some of our readers have liked. The New Monthly in the hands of Campbell had degenerated most miserably. When Campbell first took charge of it, the publisher of the Museum reprinted it *verbatim*, but finding that even in the beginning it rather disappointed public expectation—and was rapidly growing worse—he abandoned it, and took a position which enables him to avail himself of "all the talents" of the British periodical press. The absolute as well as the relative merits of almost all these works vary from time to time. When a new journal is to be established, or an old one revived, the proprietors engage the best writers, by paying the highest price. This soon enables them to command a large sale—and this tempts them to employ cheap workmen—their former labourers being transferred by

the same process to some other journal which has its fortune yet to make. As an illustration of these remarks we may state, that the *Athenæum*, a weekly paper, was for a considerable time at the head of the periodical literature of England.

As we take *all* the periodical works published in Great Britain, which give us reason to *hope* to be able to use them, we are sure of being in possession of the works of the ablest contributors, which we should not be, for the reasons above stated, if we confined ourselves to a less scope.

The Museum now contains nearly three times as much as it did at its beginning, and the price is the same. Referring to this as a proof of our desire to make the work even more valuable than it is, we respectfully solicit the aid of our readers in extending the sale, and so providing us with the means.

The November number now offered to the subscribers, contains a new article from the author of the *Diary of a Physician*, which needs nothing on our part to ensure its perusal by all.

Poems by William Cullen Bryant, is from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and is better than either of our former articles on the same subject. This is not a review written without seeing the book. Mr. Bryant is fully appreciated, and praised with discrimination.

Next is another article from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, on *Free Trade*. To this we solicit the attention of our readers. The writer does not confine his attention to the mere question of wealth, and treats the whole of the subject, (always important every where, but now *vital* to us) with a degree of candour which commands confidence. If this question could be *settled*, we might all in full accord be able to join in with and listen to the subject of the next article—

The *Music of Nature*, from the *Monthly Review*.

Mrs. Heman's *Home of Love* comes next, very appropriately.

The Countess of Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*, which were begun in a previous number, are in this number carried on, so far as they have yet appeared in England.

On *Natural Magic*, from the *Monthly Review*, is a good appendix to Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*.

After several short articles, is one on *English Song Writers*, with some very happy specimens.

Mr. Sarran's book upon the *Revolution of 1830*, and especially upon the part borne by *La Fayette*, furnishes an article of much interest, which we shall follow up by another in the number for December.

There is an article upon the importation of the *Capercaillie* into Scotland. Would it not be well to form a society for the introduction into the wilds of this continent, of what valuable game we may be deficient in?

In future numbers of the Museum, we shall generally endeavour to give our readers some account of the *rejected articles*. We have often thought that the work would be more esteemed, if our readers could know how very little good matter from the foreign periodicals we are obliged to leave out.

From the Metropolitan.

IR FRANCIS BURDETT.*

Burdett, thy justly foremost fame,
good and ill report—through calm
—
years the pilot of Reform!
which shall afresh entwine thy
riot laurels never to be sear,
thou hast come nobly forth to chide
b'ring statesmen for their lack of

lary of Oppressors, and their fear—
tain's lifted finger, and her frown,
ll the nations up, and cast their ty-
own!

e scorn—Alas! too few inherit
for despots cherish'd by our sires,
led Europe's persecuting fires,
er'd helpless states!—Recall that

ure back Old England's haughty

he men who waver now, and pause
their love of self and human kind;
e, Amphion-like, those hearts of

s that have been deaf to Poland's
groan!

, we hold the Rights of Man too

our selves with lonely freedom

l we hope with sole and selfish

re untroubled Freedom's atmos-

ve wished it! England could not

sis in the desert ground

pe's slavery—from the waste

n's fiery blast and whirling sand

ach and scathe us! No; it may

and the world conjointly must be

Burdett, why Britons send abroad
ings to the infanticidal Czar,
on Poland's babes that wages war.
re told a mother's shriek o'erawed
d he dropt her lifted child;
las, whom neither God, nor law,
id's shrieking mother's overawe,
to us his friendship's gory clutch—
ritain—shrink, my king and coun-
n the touch!

to heaven for England's king, he

speech delivered in Parliament, August 7,
e *Assign* policy of Great Britain.

And dares he to the God of mercy kneel,
Besmear'd with massacres from head to heel?
No; Moloch is his god—to him he prays;
And if his wierd-like prayers had power to
bring
An influence, their power would be to curse.
His hate is baleful, but his love is worse—
A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting!
Oh, feeble statesmen—ignominious times,*
That lick the tyrant's feet, and smile upon
his crimes!

T. CAMPBELL.

VARIETIES.

A newly discovered system of generating Steam, by Jacob Perkins, Esq.—In the year 1833, I commenced a series of experiments, on the generation of highly elastic or compressed steam.

At the commencement of these experiments, I was impressed with the importance of keeping the water, which was to be converted into steam, in close contact with the heated metal, in which it was contained, having observed, that water on the surface of fluid iron was very little affected by its heat; although the same fluid metal, if made to fall upon the water, would explode with a much greater force than gunpowder when ignited.

This remarkable fact dwelt forcibly on my mind, and urged me to try experiments of several kinds, and modified in various ways. I would mention the two following as the most important of the many experiments which I made; since they afford a convincing proof, that much yet remains to be done in the formation of steam.

The first experiment was that of heating, to a white heat, a massive cast iron cup, and, whilst it was allowed to cool gradually, to place in it several measures of water in succession, as soon as each previous measure had evaporated to dryness. The following was the result:—

	Seconds.
The first measure evaporated in	90
The second - - - - -	80
The third - - - - -	50

At this third evaporation, the vapour, or steam thrown off, began to appear, and became distinctly visible during the evaporation of the succeeding measures of water.

	Seconds.
The fourth measure evaporated in	30
The fifth - - - - -	20
The sixth - - - - -	12

The seventh measure exhibited what I term the *evaporating point*—it evaporated suddenly in a dense cloud of steam—

	Seconds.
In - - - - -	6
The eighth measure evaporated in	10
The ninth - - - - -	20
The tenth - - - - -	32

and the eleventh measure did not boil.

The first measure of water, although contained within the iron cup, when at a white heat, was perceptibly not in contact with the metal, but was repelled from it to some distance, in a state of buoyancy, and there moved freely in every horizontal position.

So circumstanced, the water evaporated slowly; but

* There is not upon record a more disgusting scene of Russian hypocrisy, and (woe that must be written!) of British humiliation, than that which passed on board the *Talavera*, when British sailors accepted money from the Emperor Nicholas, and gave him cheers. It will require the *Talavera* to fight well with the first Russian ship that she may have to encounter, to make us forget that day.

when, by the evaporation of successive measures, and the consequent lapse of time, the iron cup cooled down to the *evaporating point*, the water then evidently came in contact with the iron cup, thereby causing an augmented rate of evaporation, in the proportion of 90 to 5, or as 15 to 1; the rate being increased or multiplied fifteen times—or, in other words, a given quantity of water became converted into steam fifteen times quicker, at a *moderately low*, than at an *intensely high degree* of heat.

The second experiment was, that of preparing two cast iron massive cups, cast in the same mould, and weighing about twelve pounds each; from the bottom of one of these cups, ten sharp-pointed spikes were made to project vertically, two inches in length, and a quarter of an inch broad at the base.

These two cups were heated equally to a white heat, when into the cups *without* the spikes, one measure of water was poured, whilst into the cup furnished with the spikes, four equal measures of water were poured. The result was, that the *one* measure of water which was placed in the cup without the spikes, and the *four* measures of water which were placed in the cup with the spikes, disappeared at the very same instant of time.

It was observed, upon taking from the fire the cup having the spikes therein, that the upper extremities or points of the spikes were instantly cooled down below the *evaporating point*, whilst, at their base, the metal was at a white heat; thus proving that the *evaporating point* must have been found at some intermediate space between the two extremities of the spikes.

Many modifications of this system of evaporating were made, with a view to its adaptation to some useful purpose.

During the progress of these experiments, practical difficulties continually presented themselves: but at length an idea occurred which led to the following result:

I had observed, if one vessel, filled with water, were placed within another vessel also filled with water, that the contents of the outer vessel might be made to boil, and that with the utmost rapidity, without the smallest steam-bubble being formed in the inner vessel. The cause of this result appeared to be, that a vast deal more heat had been taken up by the outer column, than by the inner column of water; yet, be it remarked, the thermometrical temperature of the water was the same in the two columns.

The heat required to generate any atmospheric steam in the inner column, could not, of course, be obtained from the outer column: here there must be more or less difference in the specific gravity of the water in the two columns, and that in proportion to the quantity of steam generated in the outer column.

To take advantage of this illustration of a law of nature, a cylindrical tin vessel was made, twelve inches in diameter, and eight inches in depth, with a tube three inches in diameter, and eighteen inches deep affixed to its base at the centre. This tube was open at the top internally, and closed at the bottom. An inner tube open both at the top and at the bottom, was placed inside the three-inch tube, supported upon legs about one inch from the bottom, leaving a space between the two tubes of above a quarter of an inch all round.

After filling the two tubes with water, the vessel was placed on a furnace of intense heat, leaving the tube completely immersed therein; when, the water in the inner tube, and the water which was mixed with the steam in the outer tube, soon beginning to circulate, there was produced a most rapid generation of steam; for the water in the outer column, taking up the heat as rapidly as it was given off from the fire to the metal, the current in its upward course, swept off the bubbles of steam at the instant of their formation. Such indeed was the force or power of the upward continuous circulating current, that it carried with it substances of varied kind, which ultimately were driven to, and rested on the *enlarged base* of the cylindrical vessel where the water was quiescent.

These experiments have fully demonstrated by the unerring law of nature, the importance alluded to—namely, that of keeping close and undeviating contact with the heat which it is contained, and that at the exact point calculated for the generation of steam, by those numerous inconveniences incident to the present system.

The object of this paper has not been to detail a statement of the purposes to which the system of generating steam may be made, but simply to endeavour to explain the law the circumstances which led to its discovery, that the scientific mind will quickly perceive its various and important applications.

Ogle and Summers' New Steam Carriage.—A satisfactory trial has lately been made of the new steam carriage of these gentlemen. A large horse steam-engine, weighing, without the wheels, about forty hundred weight. In the steam carriage were about twenty persons, and many on the waggons. The roads were heavy and wet, standing, so great was its power, that it proved the greatest facility at upwards of ten miles crossing two bridges at Redbridge, about four Southamptons, of the following elevation, 9 3 ten feet! and deposited its immense load at the fore-wheel of the carriage (as is often the case with the wheels) became bound in the axle, which made it difficult to get the whole of the machine perfect. It is supposed, that if the full power of the engine were to be exerted, three times the weight drawn with equal facility and greater rapidity. This experiment is one of great importance, and the proprietors of the newly projected rail-ways will be glad to see it proceed. Messrs. Ogle and Summers, in order to satisfy themselves, previously to their trial, and proceeding through Oxford, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Edinburgh, power of their patent boiler was more than that of the purpose of merely carrying twenty or thirty at fifteen miles an hour. We know, that in the present carriage, they have cleared many of the rate of thirty an hour.—*Rep. of Arts.*

Population of Principal Towns.—The population of the largest towns in 1801 and 1831, including the suburbs and dependencies, was:—

	1801.		
London	864,845	-	1,4
Manchester	94,876	-	2
Glasgow	77,385	-	2
Liverpool	79,722	-	1
Edinburgh	82,560	-	1
Birmingham	73,070	-	1
Leeds	53,162	-	1
Bristol	63,645	-	1
Sheffield	45,755	-	1
Plymouth	43,194	-	1
Portsmouth	43,461	-	1
Norwich	36,332	-	1
Aberdeen	27,608	-	1
Newcastle	36,963	-	1
Paisley	31,179	-	1
Nottingham	28,861	-	1
Hull	34,964	-	1
Dundee	26,084	-	1

From this table, it appears that the population of the great towns in Britain has, on an average, nearly doubled within the last thirty years; and as the population of the whole population of town and country is about fifty-one per cent., the true increase in the population when the towns are abstracted, probably does not exceed twenty or thirty per cent.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THUNDER-STRUCK.—THE BOXER.

summer of 18—, London was visited of the most tremendous thunder-
hat have been known in this climate.
acter and effects—some of which lat-
the subject of this chapter—will
e remember it to the latest hour of

was something portentous—a still,
ed air—about the whole of Tuesday
of July, 18—, as though nature
embling and cowering beneath a
shock. To use the exquisite lan-
of one of our old dramatists,* there

—“A calm
tempest, when the gentle air
r soft ear close to the earth, to listen
she fears steals on to ravish her.”

out eleven o'clock at noon the sky
lurid threatening aspect that shot
the beholder; suggesting to startled
e notion, that within the dim con-
the “labouring air” mischief was
to the world.

eat was intolerable, keeping almost
dy within doors. The very dogs,
er cattle in the streets, stood every-
anting and loath to move. There
rodidigious excitement, or rather agi-
fiffused throughout the country, es-
London; for, strange to say, (and
is will recollect the circumstance,)
een for some time confidently fore-
certain enthusiasts, religious as well
sophic, that the earth was to be de-
that very day; in short, that the
JUDGMENT was at hand! Though not
over credulous, or given to supersti-
are, I own that on coupling these
predictions with the unusual, or
unnatural, aspect of the day, I more
ce experienced sudden qualms of
nsion as I rode along on my daily

I did not so much communicate
the various circles I entered, as
from them. Then, again, I would
ally pass a silent group of passen-
stering round a street-preacher, who,
is vocation, “redeeming the time,”
by his gestures, and the disturbed
ances around him, to be foretelling
was frightful. The tone of excite-
hich pervaded my feelings was fur-
ghtened by a conversation on the
ng topic which I had in the course
orning with the distinguished poet
olar, Mr. —. With what fearful

force did he suggest probabilities; what
vivid, startling colouring did he throw over
them! It was, indeed, a topic congenial to
his gloomy imagination. He talked to me,
in short, till my disturbed fancy realized the
wildest chimeras.

“Great God, Dr. —!” said he, laying
his hand suddenly on my arm, his great
black eyes gleaming with mysterious awe—
“Think, only think! What if, at the mo-
ment we are talking together, a comet,
whose track the peering eye of science has
never traced—whose very existence is known
to none but God, is winging its fiery way
towards our earth, swift as the lightning,
and with force inevitable! Is it at this in-
stant dashing to fragments some mighty orb
that obstructed its progress, and then pass-
ing on towards us, disturbing system after
system in its way?—How—when will the
frightful crash be felt? Is its heat now
blighting our atmosphere?—Will combus-
tion first commence, or shall we be at once
split asunder into innumerable fragments,
and sent drifting through infinite space?—
Whither—whither shall we fly! what must
become of our species?—Is the Scriptural
JUDGMENT then coming?—Oh, Doctor, what
if all these things are *really at hand*?”

Was this imaginative raving calculated to
calm one's feelings!—By the time I reached
home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever
of excitement. I found an air of apprehen-
sion throughout the whole house. My wife,
children, and a young visitor, were all to-
gether in the parlour, looking out for me,
through the window, anxiously—and with
paler faces than they might choose to own.
The visitor just alluded to, by the way—
was a Miss Agnes P—, a girl of about
twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend
and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow,
(with no other child than this,) resided in a
village about fifty miles from town—from
which she was expected, in a few days'
time, to take her daughter back again into
the country. Miss P— was without ex-
ception the most charming young woman I
think I ever met with. The beauty of her
person but faintly shadowed forth the love-
liness of her mind and the amiability of her
character. There was a rich languor, or
rather softness of expression about her fea-
tures, that to me is enchanting, and consti-
tutes the highest and rarest style of femi-
nine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, search-
ing eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and
fancy. If you, reader, had but *felt* their
gaze—had seen them—now glistening in
liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their
long dark lashes—and then sparkling with
enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement
was on her beautiful features, and her white
hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses
from her alabaster brow, your heart would
have thrilled as mine often has, and you

* Marlow.

would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ecstasy—"Star of your sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various—and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted" were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming, in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth!" No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to inquire after my health, and that of my family!—Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly inquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P——'s expectations!" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P—— surrendered her affections—to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives—to the quietest, and perhaps worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple: she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N—— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another, acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter: and, for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a little coldness—yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked about by Agnes but the

coming 10th of July: and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind—she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking!—

To return from this long digression—which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose, among other things, of making those entries in my Diary from which these "Passages" are taken—but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in a reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still—how motionless—was every leaf! What sultry—oppressive—unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest "sough" of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life!—I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collars—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two on the gloomy aspect of the sky—I once more settled down to writing; and was dipping my pen into the inkstand, when there blazed about me, a flash of lightning with such a ghastly, blinding splendour, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a glimpse merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed, at scarce an instant's interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere, and was rending asunder!—I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolic. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal!—May I never see or hear the like again!—The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses. I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupefied. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlour in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavouring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first—and a second

explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows—in fact the whole house, quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

"Kneel down! Love! Husband!"—she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees—"Kneel down! Pray—pray for us! We are undone!" After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance—but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children. "Wait a moment, love," said I, "and I'll fetch you a few reviving drops!"—I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs,—and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P—— was not in the parlour I had just quitted. Where was she? What would she say to all this?—God bless me, where is she?—I thought with increasing trepidation.

"Edward—Edward," I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; "where's Miss P——?"

"Miss P——, sir!—Why—I don't—oh, yes!" he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, "about five minutes ago I saw her run very swift up stairs, and haven't seen her since, sir."—"What!" I exclaimed, with increasing trepidation, "was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?" "Yes, it was, sir!" "Take this in to your mistress, and say I'll be with her immediately," said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, "Agnes! Agnes! where are you?" I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bedroom lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

"Agnes! Where are you?" I inquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

"Agnes! Agnes! For God's-sake speak! Speak, or I shall come into your room!" No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw!

Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes! She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended, as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression—of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare, on me. Oh, language fails me—utterly! Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though

they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak—but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of night-mare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round—and for a moment or two I lost all consciousness. I revived. There was the frightful thing still before me—nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P——. It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful! Miss P—— continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming, "Agnes—Agnes!" and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her—but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning—but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted it all to a statue! I rang the chamber-bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. "Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—"Has the lightning struck her?"

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room—whither I called a servant to attend to her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoon—nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, they retained, for a short time, their new position. If, for instance, I moved her arm—it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so

without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but, the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was sometime in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances,—which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, “She’s possessed! she’s possessed! Satan has her!”—convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with CATAPLEPSY; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that extreme terror operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm—especially the fierce splendour of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed myself—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one ARRESTED in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ears, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Whilst the servants were busied about her, undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stepped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just recovering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P—. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I returned to Miss P—’s bedroom. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards

the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door where I was standing, and, breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr. —, the apothecary, I put on my hat and great coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes’ intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

THE BOXER.

THE patient who thus abruptly, and under circumstances inopportune, required my services, proved to be one Bill —, a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the rider, besides, much the worse for liquor, had his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public house, not three minutes’ walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the staircase, I heard his groans, or rather howls, overhead. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself—his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight)—the combatants—the horse that threw him—the thunder and lightning—every thing, in short, and every body about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowing of the monster I was visiting. Yes—there lay the burly boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed, except the boot from the limb that was injured—his new blue coat, with glaring yellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron-featured face swollen and distorted with pain and rage.

“But, my good woman,” said I, pausing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer’s wife, who, wringing her hands, had con-

up stairs; "I assure you, I am reason you should have sent to. It's his, not a physician's case; I fear I much for him—quite out of my

for God's sake—for the love of God, so!" gasped the poor creature, heightened emphasis—"oh, do something, or he'll drive us all out of our e'll be killing us!"

nothing!" roared my patient, who heard the last words of his wife, his bloated face towards me—"do, indeed? ay, and be — to you! —look ye, Doctor—look ye, here!"

ed, pointing to the wounded foot, crushed and displaced, and the soaked with blood, presented a appearance—"look here, indeed! — horse! that — horse!"

ashed, and his right hand was clenched, with fury—"If I don't y bone in his — body, as soon an stir this cursed leg again!"

or a moment, as though I had every pit and presence of Satan, for ing was gleaming over his rufire incessantly, and the thunder se overhead while he was speak-

! hush! you'll drive the doctor or pity's sake, hold your tongue, — won't come into the room to sped his wife, dropping on her de him.

a! Let him go! Only let him stir d, lame as I am, — me! if I out of bed, and teach him civil- you doctor, as you call yourself! be done!" Really I was too ked, at the moment, to know. I

nclined to leave the room immed had a fair plea for doing so, zical nature of the case—but the re fellow's wife induced me to do

my own feelings, and stay. Af- ing a person to be sent off, in my the nearest surgeon, I addressed my task, and proceeded to remove ng. His whole body quivered nguish it occasioned; and I saw

gathering in his features, that I dread lest he might rise up in a nzy, and strike me. h! oh! Curse your clumsy hands! know no more nor a child," he what you're about! Leave it— one! Give over with ye! Doctor y—be off!"

; mercy, Doctor!" sobbed his whisper, fearing from my mouse, that I was going to take her t his word—"Don't go away! Oh, on! It must be done, you know! id what he says! He's only a lit-

re for liquor now—and—and then

the pain! Go on, Doctor! He'll thank you the more for it to-morrow!"

"Wife! Here!" shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So—you —! I'm drunk, am I? I'm drunk, eh—you lying —!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away, right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off—get down stairs—if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I'm drunk—you beast!" With frantic gestures she obeyed—rushed down stairs—and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow), kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient, as I! It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered anywhere. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer whom I had left at home, and to whom my heart yearned to return!

The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window, observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think I'm afraid of the lightning, like my — horse to-day? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him, "There it is!—Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse—d— it!" and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! Be silent! or we will

both leave you instantly. Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forbear—the vengeance of God descend upon you!”

“Come, come—none o’ your — methodism here! Go on with your business! Stick to your shop,” interrupted the Boxer.

“Does not *that* rebuke your blasphemies?”

I inquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled overhead—apparently in fearful proximity.—When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in bed with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael—his face the colour of a corpse—and his eyes, almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes—the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed, speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast, seemingly in an attitude of despair. But for that motion, we should have thought him dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr. — paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immovable. I asked him many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror—remorse—agony—(or all combined) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right side—his “pale face turned to the wall”—and, unclasping his hands, pressed the fore-finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. — proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past behaviour of our patient! Do what we would—put him to never such great pain—he neither uttered a syllable, nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was, however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I left the case in the hands of Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs. — with the frightful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening!

I hurried home full of agitation at the scene I had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient’s room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes

were closed—her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand—weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o’clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eyelids, and passed and re-passed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eyelids blinked nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine—having for a moment displaced my wife—and found it damp and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my penknife upon the flesh at the root of the nail, (one of the tenderest parts, perhaps, of the whole body,) but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points—discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P.— in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the morning to send off for Miss P.—’s mother, and Mr. N.— from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr. D.—, and hear what his superior skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P.—’s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. “Beautiful, unfortunate creature!” thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. “What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life—both lying upon thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee may not claim thee! Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!” I would not bear to look upon her any longer. I kissed her lips, her

nied up to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P—. I dare say, I shall be easily believed when I apprise the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. The thunder storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression in one's mind. "If I were to live a century hence, I could not forget it," says a distinguished writer. "The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever recollect witnessing, even in the West Indies—that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long surcharged with electricity; and I predicted several days beforehand, that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have expected to be above such things—neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow: I say, the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folk with wonder and fear. I dare say, if one could but find them out, that there were instances of people frightened out of their wits on the occasion. I own to you candidly that I, for one, felt a little squeamish, and had not a little difficulty in bolstering up my courage with Virgil's *Felix qui potuit terram cognoscere casus*," &c.

I did not so much sleep as dose interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek, or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P—'s room. The image of the blinded Boxer flitted in fearful forms about me, and my ears seemed to ring with his curses.—It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, and, under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing-room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead-room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes, bright as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up—pulled off the sheet that had covered the coffin—pushed aside the lid—plucked out the body of Miss P—, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me, and haunted

my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from bed in the morning feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried to Miss P—'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local effects without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of her cheeks: and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued throughout the night, motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them. What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful—if not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs (just as a drowning man they say catches at a straw) and returned with a vial of the strongest solution of ammonia,* which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt, also, was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action: and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient, the more feasible it appeared:—it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder!—I ordered one to be sent for instantly—and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast. As soon as I had dispatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N— at Oxford, and to Miss P—'s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D—, whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally in spite of the most anxious and combined efforts of the *élite* of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted—most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism—if Miss P— should not be relieved from the fit

* Liquid smelling salts.

before the evening—when he promised to call, and assist in carrying into effect what he recommended.

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?" he enquired, suddenly.

"The same—the same!"—I replied with a sigh.

Dr. D—— continued silent for a moment or two.

"Poor creature!" he exclaimed, with an air of deep concern, "one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly!"—

"We'll try it!" he replied briskly, with a confident air—"We'll try it! First, let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism, and then try the effect of your organ."* I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be.

In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted, I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body, which, according to ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa's head—

'Saxifici Medusæ vultus.'

The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in their day—but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory description of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders—apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Cullen, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question, under the term "*attoniti*," which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper: while in our own day, the celebrated Dr. Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had always found, he says, those cases which were reported such, to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recognizes the disease as one peculiar and independent; and is borne out by numerous unquestionable cases of catalepsy recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession. Dr. Jebb, in parti-

cular, in the appendix to his "*Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities*," relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient. As it is not likely that general readers have met with this interesting case, I shall here transcribe it. The young lady who was the subject of the disorder was seized with the fit when Dr. Jebb was announced on his first visit.

"She was employed in netting, and was passing the needle through the mesh; in which position she immediately became rigid, exhibiting, in a very pleasing form, a figure of death-like sleep, beyond the power of art to imitate, or the imagination to conceive. Her forehead was serene, her features perfectly composed. The paleness of her colour—her breathing being also scarcely perceptible at a distance—operated in rendering the similitude to marble more exact and striking. The position of the fingers, hands, and arms was altered with difficulty, but preserved every form of flexure they acquired. Nor were the muscles of the neck exempted from this law; her head maintaining every situation in which the hand could place it, as firmly as her limbs.

"Upon gently raising the eyelids they immediately closed with a degree of spasm.† The iris contracted upon the approach of a candle, as in a state of vigilance. The eyeball itself was slightly agitated with a tremulous motion, not discernible when the eyelid had descended. About half an hour after my arrival, the rigidity of her limbs and statue-like appearance being yet unaltered, she sung three plaintive songs in a tone of voice so elegantly expressive, and with such affecting modulation, as evidently pointed out how much the most powerful passion of the mind was concerned in the production of her disorder; as, indeed, her history confirmed. In a few minutes afterwards she sighed deeply, and the spasm in her limbs was immediately relaxed. She complained that she could not open her eyes, her hands grew cold, and a general tremor followed; but in a few seconds, recovering entirely her recollection and powers of motion, she entered into a detail of her symptoms, and the history of her complaint. After she had discoursed for some time with apparent calmness, the universal spasm suddenly returned. The features now assumed a different form, denoting a mind strongly impressed with anxiety and apprehension. At times she uttered short and vehement exclamations, in a piercing tone of voice, expressive of the passions that agitated her mind; her hands being strongly locked in each other, and all her muscles, those subservient to speech except-

* I had at home—being myself a lover, though not a scientific one, of music—a very fine organ.

† This was not the case with Miss P——. I repeatedly remarked the perfect mobility of her eyelids.

ed, being affected with the same rigidity as before."

But the most extraordinary—if not apocryphal—case on record, is one* given by Dr. Petetin, a physician of Lyons, in which "*the senses were transferred to the pit of the stomach, and the ends of the fingers and toes*, i. e. the patients, in a state of insensibility to all external impressions upon the proper organs of sense, were nevertheless capable of hearing, seeing, smelling, and tasting whatever was approached to the pit of the stomach, or the ends of the fingers and toes. The patients are said to have answered questions proposed to the pit of the stomach—to have told the hour by a watch placed there—to have tasted food—and smelt the fragrance of apricots touching the part, &c. &c." It may be interesting to add, that an eminent physician, who went to see the patient, incredulous of what he had heard, returned perfectly convinced of its truth. I have also read somewhere of a Spanish monk, who was so terrified by a sudden sight which he encountered in the Asturias mountains, that, when several of his holy brethren, whom he had preceded a mile or two, came up, they found him stretched upon the ground in the fearful condition of a cataleptic patient. They carried him back immediately to their monastery, and he was believed dead. He suddenly revived, however, in the midst of his funeral obsequies, to the consternation of all around him. When he had perfectly recovered the use of his faculties, he related some absurd matters which he pretended to have seen in a vision during his comatose state. The disorder in question, however, generally makes its appearance in the female sex, and seems to be in many, if not in most instances, a remote member of the family of hysterical affections.—To return, however.

On returning home from my daily round—in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited—I found no alteration whatever in Miss P—. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and, finding it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. She was, therefore, obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, from which I had expected so much, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament.

Good God, was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death! What would become of her lover! of her mother! These considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain any where but in the chamber, where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr. D— made his appearance soon after dinner; and we proceeded at once to the room where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement: for "poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible!" The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sate upright, but with a blank absent aspect that was lamentable and unnatural. Her arms, when lifted, and left suspended, did not fall, but *sunk* down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture; and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P—! Her colour went and came—her eyelids and mouth started open—and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sate up suddenly, leaned forwards towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak!

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak! but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forwards, and folding my arms round her.—Alas, she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in bed in her former state!—When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me, in the case of Miss P—. The last subject on which I

* A second similar case, well authenticated, occurred not long afterwards, at the same place.—They are attributed by Dr. P. to the influence of animal electricity.

had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed malefactor;* and the associations revived on the present occasion were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left! While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. — laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming—"Well! what is to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! * * * Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he enquired.

"No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had."

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. *Such* seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning itself has affected her?—Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No.—I don't think she exactly *believed* it: but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions.—Or at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well—between ourselves, —, there

* A word about that case, by the way, in passing. The spectacle was truly horrible. When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for, was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked! None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him, will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrunk from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief that we had positively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprang up into a sitting posture—his arms waved wildly—the colour rushed into his cheeks—his lips were drawn apart, so as to show all his teeth—and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was sometime before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments.

was something *very* strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It was a dreadful day! One I shall never forget!—*That* is the image of it," I exclaimed; pointing to the poor sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr. N—, her lover—to whom she was very soon to have been married, He will be here shortly to see her!"

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. D— clapping his hands, eyeing Miss P—, with intense commiseration—"What a fearful bride for him!—'Twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do—And, then, there's her mother—poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

"Why—what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting *you*!"—said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well!"—he continued—"I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and besides, I am most pressingly engaged; but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way."

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping—though faintly—that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I kneeled down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thralldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bed-side as usual, and her, in no wise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my description should fatigue the reader—what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me!

While I was sitting beside Miss P—, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair haired youngster, about three years of age,—and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P—'s—her "own sweet pet"—as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P—, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy—get up!"—he cried—"Papa say, 'tis time to get up!—Do you sleep with eyes open?—Eh!—Cousin Aggy!" He

* I had been examining her eyes and had only half closed the lids.

looked at her intently for some moments—and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go—and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed—and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast time in great apprehension—expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr. N——, for poor Agnes!—For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P——! Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford, when it arrived!—The latter supposition was corroborated by the post mark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain—unusually gay for N——; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire, to his cousin's wedding—where he was very happy—both on account of his relative's happiness, and the anticipations of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation: but the postscript most affected me.

"P. S. *The tenth of July*, by the way—my Aggy!—Is it all over with us, sweet Pythionissa!—Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—and kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N——, and directed it to him in Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P—— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P——'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then, it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor—poor Agnes!"—and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the na-

ture of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every enquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of —, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of music—of which you say *she* is so fond! Do not you intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness: and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P——. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I had hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of Heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our forlorn hope, failed—we must,

though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P—— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart-breaking, I learnt, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P——; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatched Miss P——'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P—— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs. P—— that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend Dr. D—— arrived, pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the minister of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor in my house, for the purpose of perform-

ing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock, the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table on which lay a Bible and Prayer-Book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P——. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P——, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white untruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse than a living being! As soon as Dr. D—— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P——. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgrieve me: if *this* one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered

im, saying, Fear not; believe only, and he shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway.*"

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion!

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long-continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if!"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N——, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"Agnes!—Come!" he gasped, while a rough appearance on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr. N——! what are you about? For mercy's sake, be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"Agnes!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he

was about, he snatched Miss P—— out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P—— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P—— had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics; and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive; her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

* * * * *

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N——, happened to bear on the outside the words "special *haste*!" which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N——. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P—— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N—— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D—— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N—— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D——, the Dean of ——, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God! All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!"

"Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear!" replied Dr. D——.

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" inquired the Dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She *must* sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal!"

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr. D—; "possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!"

"Alas, I fear so too!"

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the Dean. "I hope in Heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr. D—, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking latterly of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her mind may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!"

"Why—why—" stammered the Dean, turning pale; "what if she has—has **HEARD** all that has been said!"*

"Aye!" replied Dr. D—, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case—in fact a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman"—There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of inquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D—'s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, "Great God!" and on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?

The moment before, I had left Miss P— lying in her usual position, and with her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over!—I implored Dr. D— to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P—. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The

first sound uttered by Miss P— was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed—again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a teaspoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" I inquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly-recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D—'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P—.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognise me.—"Kiss me!" she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I *did* kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

"Don't cry!" she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lillied fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed

* In almost every known instance of recovery from Coma, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them!

he—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if my change took place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about heaven—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she inquired, looking towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. ——," (my wife,) "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then, no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads!"

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—

"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And is it quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I inquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked, without regarding my question.

"Why—certainly it was very alarming!"

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor," she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning!"

"Come, child, you rave!"

"—They seemed coming towards the world?"

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well—if you will talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"Tell N—— to come to me to-day—I must see him. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her, and retired.

—last words: rised and disturbed me.

Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how could she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N——'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I must see N—— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N——, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest inquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice-repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheeks to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied.

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal may be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual inquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when, with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

"Remember! N—— must be here to-night!"

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

It was evening,—a mild, though lustrous

July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful, and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let me look at it!" replied Miss P—— faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

"He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But—Agnes—Why do you wish to see him?"

She sighed, and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—— should accompany Mr. N—— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N—— is come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shown in at once?" I inquired.

"No—wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D—— and Mr. N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D—— slowly entered, with N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P——. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were riveted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came

nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N—— followed her; and, to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P——, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, AN AMERICAN.*

We have reason to hail with satisfaction such creditable productions of American authorship as the volume before us. England has been not only the parent but the preceptress of America. Our language is the sole repository of her literature. We furnished the models which her writers have most evidently followed. In reading their works we are irresistibly led to associate them with those of England; and we yield easily to the temptation of adding their literary laurels to swell that vast aggregate of glory which illuminates the annals of the English language. Yet though the American writer is in many respects identified with ourselves, there is on the other hand much that renders him distinct. Though availing himself of the same vehicle of thought, and acknowledging the same models, he has his own peculiar sources of inspiration, has viewed scenes which we have never viewed, and has associations and feelings which are not as ours. With respect especially to the author before us, we agree in opinion with the distinguished editor, that his descriptive writings "are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate, fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." Though a contributor to "the common treasury of the language," Mr. Bryant must still be regarded as a foreigner; and in that capacity his productions fairly bring him under the notice of this Journal—a notice more willingly re-

* Edited by Washington Irving. London. 1832. 8vo.

corded, because our remarks will be rather those of eulogy than of censure.

The small collection of poems now first offered to the British public, under the editorship of Mr. Washington Irving, has been slowly formed. Some of them have been subjected to a probationary delay exceeding even that long term which is prescribed by Horace—a commendable contrast to the usual precipitance of these days of impatient authorship. The first and longest poem in the collection—"The Ages," and about half a dozen others, were printed in America in 1821. Many of the rest have subsequently appeared in various periodicals in that country, and were first published all together at New-York in the present year. The result of this modest reserve has been shown, rather in the quiet propriety and freedom from extravagance which characterize the poetry of Mr. Bryant, than in that refinement of execution which careful writing is expected to produce. We do not find the rich mosaic work of Gray—the faultless delicacy of Goldsmith—the polished brilliancy of Moore—and that unexceptionable elegance of thought and expression which appear in the "Pleasures of Memory," and in many of the writings of Campbell. The rare finish which the works of these writers exhibit, is not very apparent in Mr. Bryant's. We do not feel, as in the foregoing instances, that the most careful elaboration could hardly have made them better; and yet there are, perhaps, few poems in which it would be more difficult to discover distinct blemishes than in those of the American poet. Mr. Bryant is not a writer of marked originality, but neither is he a copyist. It is true, we are often reminded by him of other writers—of Thompson, of Young, of Akenside, of Cowper, not unfrequently of Wordsworth, and sometimes of Campbell and of Rodgers. We are reminded of them by discovering passages which we feel they might have written, and which partake of the spirit which breathes in their works; but we perceive no traces of direct imitation, no resemblance which does not seem to arise rather from the congeniality of our author's mind than from his study of their productions. He cannot be truly called the follower of any one of them. Like each of them, he has, though unmarked by strong peculiarities, a manner of his own, and is, like them, original. This may not be very evident on the first hasty glance at his writings; for his is an unpretending, unobtrusive originality, not that which results from eager straining after novelty of effect, but such as will be naturally unfolded in the works of him who, drawing little from books, records the impressions of his own mind; the fruits of his own observation. It does not occur to us, in reading his poems,

that he has ever tried to be thought original—that he has at all considered whether such or such a sentiment has been previously uttered by others—that he has ever studiously striven to be unlike his predecessors. Accordingly, he digresses slightly from off the broad straight highway of truth—deals little in novel illustrations and ingenious conceits, and has no epigrammatic points or bright quick turns of wit. The merit of his sentiments lies rather in their justness than in their novelty—the merit of the language in which he clothes them, in its unaffected propriety rather than in its point. There are hardly any short passages of his which, taken out of their setting, would sparkle alone, and have much isolated merit, independent of the poem of which they are a part. They must be viewed with reference to the whole. Alone they seem scarcely more than well-worded truisms, excellent in their way, but rather common-place—and yet they are, perhaps, the constituents of a poem to which the term "common place" would be utterly inapplicable.

Mr. Bryant is not a literary meteor; he is not calculated to dazzle and astonish. The light he shines with is mild and pure, beneficent in its influence, and lending a tranquil beauty to that on which it falls. But it will be little attractive, except to sobered minds, which do not seek their intellectual pleasures in the racy draught of strong excitement. He does not possess the requisite qualifications for the attainment of extensive popularity. No writer will be extensively popular who does not employ notes more stirring than those of Mr. Bryant—who does not transport us somewhat more out of the realms of contemplation into those of action—who does not excite our sympathies by moving exhibitions of human passion—or who, in default of these means, does not possess the resources of versatility, of wit, or of those attractive artifices of polished style, to the fascination of which many are sensible who disregard the more intrinsic germ of poetical excellence. But if the popularity of Mr. Bryant will not be extensive, it will, in its contracted sphere, be of a kind which is eminently creditable. He will have pampered no evil passion—he will have distorted no moral truth—he will have penned (as we conceive) "no line which dying he would wish to blot."—He will have addressed himself with unambitious simplicity, and modest knowledge of his own powers, to the pure of heart, and will have earned, not perhaps a loud applause, but a just and heartfelt approbation. He will not be the founder of a style—his manner is not sufficiently marked—nor has he those glaring peculiarities which will ensure his being either vehemently censured or vehemently applauded by any literary sect.

The turn of his mind is contemplative and pensive, disposed to serious themes, such as are associated with solemnity and awe. He is a Jaques without his moroseness. The mutability, the uncertainty of all around us, and even Death itself, are to him welcome themes. Yet he is not a gloomy poet. There is nothing misanthropic, nothing discontented, nothing desponding in his tone. On the contrary, there is in it a calm and philosophic spirit, which disposes rather to tranquil cheerfulness; and he treats subjects which in other hands might be food for melancholy, in the happy consciousness of being able to extract from them that germ of comfort which, if rightly considered, they are calculated to afford. We recommend to notice the short poem entitled "The Lapse of Time," not so much for its poetical merits, as for an example of that true philosophy which discovers the materials of happiness in circumstances on which many a dismal poetaster has strung only notes of the deepest anguish. More strongly still, for the same reason, do we commend a poem with a startling title, his "Hymn to Death;" a poem of no mean power, yet a power not shown in terrific exaggeration or heated enthusiasm, but in its philosophical calmness, its justness of thought, and, strange as it may seem, its cheerfulness. It is too long to be quoted entire, and we know not how to select any portion in preference to the rest. We will rather quote another poem called "Thanatopsis," similar in tone and subject, and little inferior in poetical merit.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at
heart—

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings: while from all
around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,
shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
swain

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The
oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
mould;

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
down

With patriarchs of the infant world—with
kings,

The powerful of the earth, the wise, the
good—

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the
vales,

Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are
there,

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there
alone.

So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt
fall

Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of
Care

Pled on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and
shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the long
train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
goes

full strength of years, matron, and
sweet babe, and the grey-headed
by one be gathered to thy side
who in their turn shall follow them.
that when thy summons comes to
numberable caravan that moves
mysterious realm, where each shall

number in the silent halls of death,
not, like the quarry-slave at night,
d to his dungeon; but, sustained
oathed
nfaultering trust, approach thy grave
e who wraps the drapery of his couch
him, and lies down to pleasant
is."—pp. 19—22.

is much quiet beauty, much merit,
a descriptive and moral kind—much
and purity of thought and expres-
such unforced felicity of association
ollowing little poem entitled "The
"

little rill, that from the springs
der grove its current brings,
n the slope awhile, and then
rattling into groves again,
ts warbling waters drew
le feet, when life was new.
woods in early green were drest,
m the chambers of the west
rmer breezes, travelling out,
d the new scent of flowers about,
ant steps from home would stray,
ts grassy side to play,
e brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
op the violet on its brim,
looming cheek and open brow,
ng and gay, sweet rill, as thou.
when the days of boyhood came,
had grown in love with faine,
sought thy banks, and tried
it rude numbers by thy side.
cannot tell how bright and gay
enes of life before me lay.
glorious hopes, that now to speak
bring the blood into my cheek,
o'er me; and I wrote on high
e I deemed should never die.
rs change thee not. Upon yon hill
ll old maples, verdant still,
ll, in grandeur of decay,
wift the years have passed away,
irst, a child, and half afraid,
lered in the forest shade.
ever joyous rivulet,
imple, leap, and prattle yet;
orting with the sands that pave
indings of thy silver wave,
ancing to thy own wild chime,
anghest at the lapse of time.
me sweet sounds are in my ear
rly childhood loved to hear;

As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun:
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green, amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
And the brown ground-bird in thy glen
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are passed—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth;
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shews freshly to my sobered eye
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould;
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date,)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream,
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shall mock the fading race of men."

pp. 35—38.

The following is in a similar spirit, and
will illustrate the assertion, that though he
delights in solemn themes there is no gloom
in this writer's mind.

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green, mountain-turf should
break."—p. 151.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
 The golden light should lie,
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
 Stand in their beauty by.
 The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale close beside my cell;
 The idle butterfly
 Should rest him there, and there be heard
 The housewife bee and humming bird.
 And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
 Come from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
 With fairy laughter blent;
 And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothed lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument:
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.
 I know, I know I should not see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But, if around my place of sleep
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb."
 pp. 152, 153.

In poetry descriptive of the aspects of nature Mr. Bryant principally excels. He has evidently observed accurately, and with the eye of a genuine lover of natural scenery, and he describes eloquently and unaffectedly what he has seen—selecting happily, using no tumid exaggeration and vain pomp of words, not perplexing us with vague redundancies, but laying before us with graceful simplicity the best features of the individual scene which has been presented to his eye. Nor is he limited in his sphere. Nature, under aspects the most different, seems alike congenial to his pen. Winter and summer—storm and sunshine—the hurricane and the zephyr—the rivulet and the mighty Hudson—a humble flower and the solemn magnificence of boundless forests—are alike depicted, and with equal beauty. He has much of the descriptive power of Thomson, divested of the mannerism which pervaded that period of our poetry—much of the picturesqueness of touch which shines in the verse of Sir Walter Scott, but ennobled by associations which that great writer did not equally summon to his aid—much of the fidelity of Wordsworth, but without his minuteness and occasional overstrained and puerile simplicity, yet closely following him in that better characteristic, his power of elevating the humblest objects by connection with some moral truth. In this Mr. Bryant eminently shines. His descriptions of nature are never mere barren descriptions, undignified by association, unproductive of pure and generous feelings, unaccompanied by some great lesson. He

fulfils better than many of his predecessors the character imagined by Shakspeare, who finds "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." He is singularly happy in touching the relations of inanimate objects to man and his lot, and of all to their Creator. To him the aspect of nature seems ever associated with grateful and religious feelings, and he renders it a means of praise and worship. He treats it, however, not like the sceptic, who defies nature, that he may exclude revelation and make religion as vague as possible. The view which Mr. Bryant takes of it suggests no such idea. This great use to which he applies the aspects of the external world is finely exhibited in his "Forest Hymn," and in many others which we might select. We will give some specimens of that descriptive power which seems to constitute one of Mr. Bryant's chief claims to poetical celebrity. Take the following picture of a summer's day, which Thomson has never exceeded.

"It is a sultry day; the sun has drank
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
 Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
 And interrupted murmur of the bee,
 Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
 Instantly on the wing. The plants around
 Feel the too potent fervours; the tall maize
 Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover
 droops
 Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms;
 But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
 With all their growth of woods, silent and
 stern,
 As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
 Were but an element they loved."
 "For me, I lie
 Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
 Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
 Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
 That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
 Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
 Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
 Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
 He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge
 The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
 Among the nearer groves, chesnut and oak
 Are tossing their green boughs about. He
 comes!
 Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
 The deep distressful silence of the scene
 Breaks up, with mingling of unnumbered
 sounds
 And universal motion. He is come,
 Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs
 And bearing on their fragrance; and he
 brings
 Music of birds, and rustling of young
 boughs,
 And sound of swaying branches, and the voice

ant waterfalls. All the green herbs
ring in his breath; a thousand flow-

road-side and the borders of the
t,
ily to each other; glossy leaves
inkling in the sun, as if the dew
n them yet; and silver waters break
all waves, and sparkle as he comes."
15, 16.

contrast to the foregoing, and equal
silence, take the following extracts
A Winter Piece."

n shrieked
ak November winds, and smote the
ls,
e brown fields were herbless, and the
as
et above the merry rivalet
poiled, I sought, I loved them still,
y seemed
d companions in adversity.
ere was beauty in my walks; the
t,
d with sparkling frost-work, was as

its fringe of summer flowers. Afar,
llage with its spires, the path of
ms,
n receding valleys, hid before
rposing trees, lay visible
h the bare grove, and my familiar
ts
new to me. Nor was I slow to

them, when the clouds, from their
skirts,
aken down on earth the feathery
'
l was white. The pure keen air
d,
t breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
all of bird nor merry hum of bee,
t the air of death. Bright mosses

e spotted trunks, and the close buds,
y along the boughs, instinct with life,
, and waiting the soft breath of
g,
not the piercing spirit of the North.
ow-bird twittered on the beechen
b,
neath the hemlock, whose thick
bes bent
its bright cold burden, and kept dry
on the earth, of withered leaves,
tridge found a shelter. Through the

bit sprang away. The lighter track
and the racoon's broad path were

g each other. From his hollow tree
urrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
len, that asked the winter cold, and

Of winter blast, to shake them from their
hold."—p. 121, 122.

Very good too is this picture of an ice-
bound forest.

"Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they
move.

But round the parent stem the long low
boughs

Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
The grassy floor. Oh! you might deem the
spot

The spacious cavern of the virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems
grow,

And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up most royally with the pure beam
That dwells in them; or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—
Where crystal columns send forth slender
shafts

And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are
lost

Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine
eye,—

Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting
cloud

Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is
light—

Light without shade. But all shall pass
away

With the next sun. From numberless vast
trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a
sound

Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was
wont."—pp. 122, 123.

Here, again, is a good delineation of forest
scenery, entitled "Inscription for the En-
trance to a Wood," and which will tend to
exemplify those merits which we have pre-
viously pointed out.

"Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which
needs

No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm
shade

Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet
breeze

That makes the green leaves dance shall
waft a balm

To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing
 here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The primal
 curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
 But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to
 guilt
 Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these
 shades
 Are still the abodes of gladness, the thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches is alive
 And musical with birds, that sing and sport
 In wantonness of spirit; while below
 The squirrel, with raised paws and form
 erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the
 shade
 Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm
 beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green
 trees
 Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems
 to enjoy
 Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks
 themselves,
 And the old and ponderous trunks of pro-
 strate trees
 That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark
 roots,
 With all their earth upon them, twisting
 high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er
 its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou scare the
 wren
 That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
 That stirs the stream in play, shall come to
 thee,
 Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee
 pass
 Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace."
 —pp. 134, 135.

The longest and one of the best poems in the collection is his first, "The Ages," written in the metre of *Childe Harold*, reminding us not a little of that great poem, and compensating for inferior power and brilliancy by superior justness of sentiment. It is a rapid and eloquent sketch of the rise and fall of nations, and the vicissitudes of man's condition, written in a strain of hope—the grateful "optimism" of a well-attuned mind—and ending with a truly patriotic anticipation of the progressive welfare of his native country. The following are extracts from it.

IX.

"Sit at the feet of History—through the
 night
 Of years the steps of virtue she shall trace,
 And show the earlier ages, where her sigh
 Can pierce the eternal shadows o'er their
 face;—
 When, from the genial cradle of our race,
 Went forth the tribes of men, their pleasant
 lot
 To choose where palm-groves cooled their
 dwelling-place,
 Or freshening rivers ran; and there forgot
 The truth of heaven, and kneeled to gods
 that heard them not.

X.

Then waited not the murderer for the night,
 But smote his brother down in the bright day;
 And he who felt the wrong, and had the
 might,
 His own avenger, girt himself to slay;
 Beside the path the unburied carcass lay;
 The shepherd, by the fountains of the glen,
 Fled, while the robber swept his flock away,
 And slew his babes. The sick, untended
 then,
 Languished in the damp shade, and died afar
 from men.

XI.

But misery brought in love—in passion's
 strife
 Man gave his heart to mercy pleading long,
 And sought out gentle deeds to gladden life;
 The weak, against the sons of spoil and
 wrong,
 Banded, and watched their hamlets, and
 grew strong.
 States rose, and in the shadow of their might
 The timid rested. To the reverent throng,
 Grave and time-wrinkled men, with locks all
 white,
 Gave laws, and judged their strifes, and
 taught the way of right.

XII.

Till bolder spirits seized the rule, and nailed
 On men the yoke that man should never bear,
 And drove them forth to battle: Lo! unveiled
 The scene of those stern ages! What is
 there?
 A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
 Moans with the crimson surges that entomb
 Cities and bannered armies; forms that wear
 The kingly circlet rise, amid the gloom,
 O'er the dark wave, and straight are swal-
 lowed in its womb."—pp. 4, 5.

Greece and Rome are thus introduced.

XVI.

"Oh, Greece! thy flourishing cities were
 spoil
 Unto each other; thy hard hand oppressed
 And crushed the helpless; thou didst make
 thy soil
 Drunk with the blood of those that loved
 thee best;

And thou didst drive, from thy unnatural
breast,
Thy just and brave to die in distant climes:
Earth shuddered at thy deeds, and sighed
for rest
From thine abominations; after-times,
That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at
thy crimes.

XVII.

Yet there was that within thee which has
saved
Thy glory, and redeemed thy blotted name;
The story of thy better deeds, engraved
On fame's unmouldering pillar, put to shame
Our chiller virtue; the high art to tame
The whirlwind of thy passions was thine
own;
And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
Far over many a land and age has shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from
God's own throne.

XVIII.

And Rome—thy sterner, younger sister, she
Who awed the world with her imperial
frown—
Rome drew the spirit of her race from thee,—
The rival of thy shame and thy renown.
Yet her degenerate children sold the crown
Of earth's wide kingdoms to a line of slaves;
Guilt reigned, and wo with guilt, and
plagues came down,
Till the North broke its flood-gates, and the
waves
Whelmed the degraded race, and weltered
o'er their graves."—pp. 7, 8.

The Reformation is the subject of the following passage.

XXIII.

"At last the earthquake came—the shock
that hurled
To dust, in many fragments dashed and
strown,
The throne whose roots were in another
world,
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our
own.
From many a proud monastic pile, o'er-
thrown,
Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rushed and
fled:
The web, that for a thousand years had
grown
O'er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread
Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the flaxen
thread.

XXIV.

The spirit of that day is still awake,
And spreads himself, and shall not sleep
again;
But through the idle mesh of power shall
break,
Like billows o'er the Asian monarch's
chain;

Till men are filled with him, and feel how
vain,
Instead of the pure heart and innocent hands,
Are all the proud and pompous modes to
gain
The smile of Heaven;—till a new age ex-
pands
Its white and holy wings above the peaceful
lands.

XXV.

For look again on the past years;—behold,
Flown, like the night-mare's hideous shapes,
away
Full many a horrible worship, that, of old,
Held o'er the shuddering realms unquestion-
ed sway:
See crimes that feared not once the eye of
day,
Rooted from men, without a name or place:
See nations blotted out from earth, to pay
The forfeit of deep guilt;—with glad em-
brace
The fair disburdened lands welcome a nobler
race."—pp. 10, 11.

The American forest and the Aboriginal
Indians are thus described.

XXX.

"There stood the Indian hamlet—there the
lake
Spreads its blue sheet that flashed with many
an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the
brake
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew
o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the
shore;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and
fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his cap-
tive there:

XXXI.

Not unavenged. The foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed; and when the midnight
shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with
blood.
All died—the wailing babe, the shrieking
maid—
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down; but deep the silence
grew,
When on the dewy woods the day-beam
played;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and
blue,
And ever by their lake lay moored the light
canoe."—pp. 12, 13.

There is much more in this volume which
we could quote with pleasure, but we must
forebear. We will content ourselves with
mentioning such poems, in addition to those

already named, as appear most worthy of attention. We would select "The Song of Pitcairn's Island"—Lines "to the Evening Wind"—"To the Past"—"Monument Mountain"—"The Hunter's Serenade"—"Autumn Woods"—"The Disinterred Warrior"—"Scene on the Banks of the Hudson"—Sonnets on "Midsummer," on "October," and on "Mutation"—"The Walk at Sunset"—"Hymn to the North Star," and "The Death of the Flowers."

There are some pretty translations, chiefly from the Spanish; but we cannot counsel Mr. Bryant to pursue this branch of composition. Not only is it secondary to that in which he is capable of excelling, but he is not possessed of those qualities which would enable him to be distinguished as a translator. He wants versatility and pliancy of style. He can not invest himself easily in a foreign garb, and dismiss all marks of individual manner. The translations are very pleasing, but they differ scarcely at all from his original poems, except in having less force. They do not enable us to forget the identity. They are still evidently from the hands of Mr. Bryant. Mr. Bryant cannot, perhaps, be said to have a bad ear for metrical rhythm, but neither has he shown a very good one. Some of his experiments in metre certainly cannot be called successful. Such are his "Mary Magdalen"—"Autumn Woods"—Lines "To a Cloud"—"Hymns of the City." The short poem called "The Gladness of Nature" halts awkwardly. Couplets sometimes occur like the following,

"Artless one, though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow;"

which, if not positively bad, yet evince an ear not attuned to a delicate sense of metrical melody. The "Indian Story," which has in it much good poetical imagery, shambles thus in weak emulation of "Alonzo the Brave."

"But where is she who at this calm hour
Ever watched his coming to see?
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower.
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee."

Mr. Bryant does not, we think, always well understand how to adapt his metre to his subject, or he would not have written on "The Hurricane" in such dancing sing-song as the following.

"Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait with a thrill in every vein
For the coming of the hurricane."

His want of metrical polish is rendered very evident by comparison whenever he has adopted the measure of Moore. His blank verse is good, and more satisfactory to the ear than his other poetry. This may

be thought minute criticism, but, if Mr. Bryant's faults had not been few, we should not have stopped to notice such as these. We cannot advise him to prosecute the sportive style. He does not trifle lightly and gracefully. He has rarely attempted it, and with little success. His "Meditations on Rhode Island Coal," his lines "To a Mosquito," and "Spring in Town" are not worthy of his talents. Mr. Bryant is in the main a very unaffected writer, but there is a little occasional tendency to *prettiness*—to the namby-pamby Rosa-Matildaism of modern album poetry, against which we would warn him. We have no flagrant instances to adduce; but whoever will look at his "Song of the Stars" will see plainly what we mean. These flaunting tags of garish embroidery consort ill with the correct and simple garb in which his thoughts are usually clothed.

We need add little to the preceding observations to express our sense of Mr. Bryant's merits. It will be seen that approbation predominates greatly over censure. We do not consider him a first-rate poet, but we would assign him an honourable station in the second class, and regard him as eminently entitled to that respect which both in this and in his native land his poetical labours will, we trust, never fail to receive.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

OPINION DE M. CRISTOPHE, DEUXIEME PARTIE; SUIVE DE SON VOYAGE, COMMERCIALE ET PHILOSOPHIQUE.*

In our last number we gave an account of the measures adopted within the last few years affecting our Navigation Laws and Colonial system, and of what is called the "Reciprocity" arrangement. We now propose to pursue a similar inquiry into that branch of the "New System," which has acquired the popular but inaccurate designation of "Free Trade." It has been already shown that the "Reciprocity" and the "Free Trade," though often confounded, are things perfectly distinct. Either might exist without the other. The first is essentially an arrangement in which foreign powers are directly concerned, which varies according to the conduct of each foreign power, and has, in fact, been the subject of stipulation with most of them. It consists in treaties of Commercial Peace. The second only indirectly concerns foreign countries; it is not adjusted with reference to their conduct, and has not been the subject of any of the recent treaties. While, therefore, we are in many cases restrained by stipulation

* Par M. Boucher de Perthes. Sm. 8vo. Paris. 1854.

posing a duty upon importations in vessels, as being in such vessels, within our own power the arrangement of our duties upon merchandize of all ports or exported; with full com-
to augment to any extent the duties on articles, because they are foreign; only, that we do not favour the of one country more than that of with which we have made the sti-
to treat, and be treated, as the favoured nation."

no branches of the new system are distinct in practice than in law. es upon foreign goods imported been arranged with any reference
istence, or non-existence, of a re- treaty: it has happened that we
oured, by our application of the f free trade, the goods of a coun-
which we have been engaged in a s to the reciprocity in regard to
and it has also happened that we ewed a reciprocity treaty with a
with which we have been at the e engaged in a contest as to the
goods.

us a great mistake to consider the sures affecting the duties on silk,
most manufactured articles, which constitute what is not very accu-
led the system of "free trade," as upon a principle of "reciprocity"
England and the several other na- he world.

ill now give the history of "free

gh the first reduction of duty, un- w system, was not effected until
1824, it may be said to have at- rious attention, and to have been
egree recognized by the govern- by parliament, in the year 1820;
celebrated petition of the mer- as presented by Mr. Baring.‡ The
and language of this petition yted, with a qualification apparent-
ary, by Mr. Huskisson,§ in his brated defence of his own mea-

een cited by the professor of po- nomy at Oxford,|| as a luminous
of the true principles of com- contradistinction to those of the old
ile theory:" We, therefore, take rding the best explanation of the

—We admitted French silks, while we im-
posed a duty on French ships under the order
of 1824.

ized States of America.

, 1826. Parl. Deb. N. S. vol. i. 165.

on the silk question, 23d February, 1825.
N. S. vol. xiv. 774.

Lectures on the transmission of the pre-
from country to country, and on the me-
ry of wealth. 1826. p. 77.

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principle of the new measures; and the
fittest basis of a discussion of the whole
subject.

The avowed object of this petition was,
to destroy the "old system" of prohibitions
and restrictions on the importation of foreign
produce and manufactures. Let us first,
then, enquire, what this old system was?

It is much more difficult to answer this,
than a similar question as to navigation or
colonies; because the navigation laws and
colonial system were deliberately adopted,
for avowed purposes, almost at one time.
Various alterations, no doubt, had occurred
in the course of centuries: but they were
all modifications of a principle, which never
was abandoned.

The restrictions which existed in 1820,
upon the importation or exportation of cer-
tain articles, scarcely constituted a system,
and certainly did not proceed from any dis-
tinct principle, at any one time adopted and
avowed. The principle is to be sought in
the details. Nor is it very easy to be dis-
covered among those various and compli-
cated arrangements. It operated, in most
instances, through the medium of duties,
and it is not always known, whether re-
venue, or protection of native industry, was
the motive of the imposition. It frequently
happened, that a duty imposed for the pur-
poses of revenue, operated, unintentionally,
as a protection; and many such are now
claimed, by the English grower or manu-
facturer of the article, as a protection ac-
corded by the wisdom of former parlia-
ments!

Recent governments have been accused
of abandoning the policy under which Eng-
land has flourished, and departing from safe
and practical principles, in search of specu-
lative and untried theories; and parliament
has been exhorted to retrace its steps back
to "the old system." The accusers have,
over and over again, been challenged, by
Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Courtenay, and Mr.
Poulett Thomson, to propose the spec-
ific measures by which the errors of late
years might be corrected: the opponents of
free trade have always declined this chal-
lenge, sometimes plausibly pretending that
it was now too late to go back; but, in
truth, never distinctly marking the point, to
which they desired, if it were possible, to
return.

It is easy to state the full extent of the
principle of free trade;—the entire absence
of prohibitions or restrictions upon the im-
portation or exportation of commodities.
Here is an intelligible principle; its con-
verse would be, the prohibition to export or
import at all. If this be not maintained, as
it certainly is not, where shall we find a
principle, by which to limit our restrictive
system?

The tract before us is in the form of a
No. 125—O o

dialogue, between a minister, who espouses the prohibitive system, and a wine-grower, who argues against it; and, as the doctrines which we examine, however they may be defended by reference to our history, are not exclusively English, we might find here an exposition of them sufficient for our purpose. But the compiler of the dialogue is evidently a free trade man, and it is fair to hear the other side, through an advocate of their own.

A leading monthly periodical, in one of its numbers for 1828,* contains the most elaborate exposition of the old system which we have seen. Its principle is thus described:—"It has always been a leading principle with the old system, to establish and protect in this country, any trade or manufacture, or the production of any articles *calculated to be a source of national benefit*. It has never attempted to make this country produce wine, or sugar, or any article which from physical causes, could always manifestly be produced elsewhere, at a cheaper rate and of much better quality." * * * "Whenever it has had proper reasons for believing, that in progress of time, an article could be manufactured, or produced, *about as cheaply, and about the same quality, all things considered, in this country, as in foreign ones*, it has duly promoted its manufacture or production. It has not been deterred by the knowledge, that, *for a considerable period*, it would have to pay a *higher price for an inferior article* at home, than it could buy a superior one for abroad."

According to this explanation, the system consisted in protecting, for a time, infant manufactures, or those, of which it could be predicated that they would produce national benefit; and it would have resulted, that after a fair period for the experiment, the protection would be withdrawn; that the article would be left fairly to compete with its foreign rival, and that if beaten in the competition, the manufacture must be abandoned. If this be not the true understanding of the principle, it must be intended that the protection should be permanent; and should continue, after it had been discovered, that those physical causes existed, which rendered it impossible to produce the article here, so cheaply as elsewhere.

And many passages of the dissertation appear to justify this latter construction; for we are told that the protection is to be modified, or extended to prohibition, according to the capacity of this country to supply a sufficiency of the article for home consumption. Now, if only a temporary encouragement were intended, that encouragement should be effectual, so long as it en-

dures, to give to our manufacturers the whole of the home market; for if a proportion of the cheaper and better manufactures of the foreign country are to be introduced, there will be, immediately, that competition which the general principle forbids, for a period.

Again, *silk* is instanced as one of the articles which we were content to buy, *for a considerable time*, inferior in quality, for the sake of establishing our silk manufacture. Elsewhere, the existence of the protection of the silk manufacture, for a century, and its present inability to compete with foreigners, is urged as a ground for its permanent continuance!

We should not thus criticise separate passages of an anonymous work, if the object were only to convict the writer of inconsistency;—our object is, rather, to show that the inconsistency is in the system itself. Measures were adopted upon one ground, and continued upon another; they were defended upon a new principle when the old one was forgotten. We have looked to this work, and to the parliamentary history, with a sincere desire to find an explanation of the old system, and the result is a conviction, that the complicated Tariff which we have lately superseded, never was, or could be, reduced to any uniform and definite principle of policy.

Its general design, however, unquestionably was, to encourage and foster the productions and manufactures of this country, by prohibiting, or highly taxing, the importation of similar articles from foreign countries; and, in some cases, by prohibiting the exportation even of a native product, lest it should facilitate a foreign manufacture. For the same reason the exportation of machinery, though manufactured of British produce, by British manufacturers, was prohibited.

The old system also gave bounties; sometimes, upon the growth or exportation of articles deemed of essential importance, and sometimes upon the exportation of manufactures, for the sake of the profit and employment which they afforded.

The difficulty of reducing this system to a principle cannot be better illustrated than in the article of wool. The principle is, to encourage the agriculture of England; therefore, corn and many other products of husbandry are prohibited or highly taxed; and is not the exportation of wool also encouraged by a bounty? No; it is not even permitted.—Why not? Because it is also the principle to encourage *manufactures*, and the free export of wool would raise the price to the manufacturers.

In most cases, indeed in all, there are the two conflicting interests, of the producer or manufacturer on the one side, and the consumer on the other; but here the three inter-

* Blackwood's Magazine, September 1828, vol. xxiv, p. 379.

e justifiable and requisite. But while , be he politician, metaphysician, or , can accurately define either wealth ness, still less point out the certain f obtaining them, no government, ac- to our humble judgment, should at- control any man in the mode of his

cknowledge that even in the limited rich we have taken of the duties of rnment, it will be difficult altogether e from a question in political econo- or the necessity instantly arises for what state of individual wealth is : conducive to the strength and secu- ch it is the unquestioned duty of the promote!

the people be more able to defend ves against a foreign enemy, if en- a manufactures, or in agriculture? xury diminish strength, or increase

What system will at once give us test number of fighting men, and the resources for maintaining them? the agitated questions concerning and protection of native industry fore these inquiries can be satisfied. recur to our principle: human sci- not answer these questions with cer- and so long as there is doubt, the rule atterference must prevail. Freedom ll be the rule, and he who proposes , or continue, a restriction, must it it is necessary for the state, and ards individuals.

then, let us apply these principles ly, and enquire what are the mea- restriction which are recommended old system, and whether they are able upon the ground, upon which ; we humbly contend, any such mea- n justly be defended?

petition proceeds to state, that—"a ie very reverse of that which they end, has been acted upon by the gov- s of this, and of every other country: ring to exclude the productions of untries, with the specious and well- sign of encouraging its own produc- us inflicting on the bulk of its sub- ho are consumers, the necessity to o privations in the quantity or qua- mmodities; and thus rendering what be the source of mutual benefit and ny among states, a constantly recur- asion of jealousy and hostility. That railing prejudices in favour of the re or restrictive system, may be o the erroneous supposition that every tion of foreign commodities occa- diminution or discouragement of s productions to the same extent; it can be clearly shown that al- the particular description of produc- ch could not stand against unre- foreign competition would be dis-

couraged, yet as no importation could be continued for any length of time, without a cor- responding exportation, direct or indirect, there would be an encouragement for the purpose of that exportation of some other production to which our situation might be better suited; thus affording, at least an equal, and probably a greater, and *certainly a more beneficial*, employment to our own capital and labour."

In these passages are found the grounds upon which restrictions upon the importation of foreign commodities are defended; and the general principles of political economy upon which they are shown to be hurtful to the community. They are adopted, it is said, to encourage native industry; they may effect that purpose in a particular branch, but they effect it at the expense of the great body of the people who are consumers; and they do not promote industry, or the employment of capital, *upon the whole*, because the impor- tation of foreign commodities *must* produce a corresponding exportation of our own productions.*

Now, although we may, under the guidance of our general principle, come to the same point, or very nearly the same, at which, by this course of argument, the London merchants and the Political Economists arrive, we think that they have been too lit- tle observant of the objections which are op- posed to their general principle: these may be too weak to prevail, but they are too strong to be disregarded.

They assume, apparently, that all modes of industry are equally advantageous to the community, and equally deserving of encour- age ment by the state; for, when they speak of the "certainly more *beneficial* employ- ment" which the free system would give to our capital and labour, they evidently refer to the benefit which consists in the augmen- tation of wealth.

But we know that some of the claims to protection rest upon the allegation, that the branches of industry, for which they are so- licited, deserve the peculiar encouragement of the State, as being *peculiarly* conducive to the existence, the safety, or the happiness of the people at large. We put out of the question now, claims founded upon actual possession, and "vested interests;" we in- tend those only, which, in their original na- ture, arrogate a peculiar right to public sup- port.

The growers of corn are the first amongst

* If we do not dwell upon this doctrine, it is not be- cause we dissent from it, but because we deem the argu- ment against checking importation complete without it. We own that we cannot understand how an Englishman can procure the productions of France otherwise than by the exchange, direct or indirect, of goods produced or manufactured here. We agree with Colonel Torrens, that the direct exportation is more advantageous. See p. 87, post.

position would be correct, if every man produced, and manufactured, and consumed, precisely the same quantities of articles, of precisely the same nature and quality. If not, all the conflicts of interests occur, which we have lately described.

If it is intended that, upon the whole, there will be, under a system of freedom, a greater portion of wealth distributed among the whole nation, or that a greater number of persons will be wealthy, the position may be just; but it is not correctly deduced from the example of individuals.

We maintain the doctrine of freedom from restraint, upon other and higher principles. Upon the immutable principles of Justice, we uphold free trade as the rule, restriction the exception.

Free Trade must be permitted, unless there are special reasons to the contrary, as free loco-motion is permitted, or freedom in any other of the actions or concerns of men. It is not unnecessary to assert this very obvious doctrine; for the advocates of free trade are too commonly supposed by its opponents, to proceed on the calculation of loss and gain, or upon the opinions of writers upon Political Economy, as to the comparative effect of restrictive or unrestrictive laws upon the wealth of the nation. In our view, the doctrine is sound, without any reference to Adam Smith or McCulloch. The burthen of the proof lies always upon those, who suggest an interference with freedom of action: essays on Political Economy may be useful in exposing the fallacies of those who give practical reasons for restraint; but they are not necessary for the original support of the doctrine, and the use of them sometimes deprives it of the higher sanction which it justly claims.

The rule, we submit, allows every man to buy, or to sell, or to manufacture, all articles whatever, where he likes, how he likes, of whom he chooses; and to buy or transport them from, or to, any place whatever, by whatever route, in whatever ships or conveyances, his interest, or his fancy, may suggest. And any law, interfering in any way, by prohibition or regulation, with any of these procedures, is, until shown to be necessary for some legitimate purpose of political government, an act of tyrannous oppression. We are aware that in describing the ground of just exception, we use a term somewhat ambiguous; a term, which raises this other question, what are, in reference to trade and navigation, the legitimate purposes of government? Is the duty of the government limited to the consideration of what is necessary for the safety of the state, or is the government also required to promote in its institutions, the wealth of the community; or (as we have heard it stated) to "augment the sum of human happiness?"

We are disposed to take the narrower

view of the duties of government, and to extend the rule of "let alone" to every action not decidedly injurious to the community. Let it be recollected that the true question is not, whether the one system or the other be the more beneficial; whether the national wealth will be augmented more under a restrictive than under a liberal policy; nor even whether men will be happier under the one or the other; the question is, whether it is the duty of the legislature to impose restraints upon the actions of the King's subjects.

The beneficial effect of commercial restraints is at most doubtful and uncertain; but it is not the practice of a free government to control the people, even in matters concerning which there is scarcely a dispute. We do not insist upon early rising, though doctors and economists equally prescribe it to the farmer; and though the consequence of his laziness may be, idleness in his labourers, and short crops. We do not insist upon this or that course of husbandry; or the use of improved implements. Yet in all these matters, the nation is intimately concerned in respect of the subsistence of the people. Again, to come nearer to the objects of "Free Trade." Government is blamed, because it does not prevent its subjects from buying a piece of silk from a Frenchman, who brings it here, or perhaps sends it in one of our own ships. The Englishman, perhaps, derives the means of the purchase from his own industry, or from the industry which he sets in motion. Perhaps, he is a land-owner, deriving rent from an estate, excellently farmed under him, mainly in consequence of the application of his own funds to the land, which funds are made disposable by the cheapness of his purchases of the commodities, some British, some foreign, which he and his family require. But, if this land-owner, neglecting his neighbours and dependants, takes his family to Paris, drawing thither all that he can screw out of the farmer, and providing himself, altogether and entirely, with foreign commodities, necessary as well as luxurious, and employing none but Frenchmen, he is under no restraint, in the form either of prohibition or of tax.

We do not, in short, in any part of our system, recognize a principle of restriction, except as to the importation of commodities. And it must never be forgotten, that Free Trade is, not a permission to the foreigner to sell, but a permission to the Englishman to buy.

If it were possible to mark, clearly and positively, the direction which the more extended obligation ought to take, so that a statesman could have no doubt as to the course which in the exercise of a paternal authority he should pursue, a more minute interference with the actions of the governed

might be justifiable and requisite. But while no man, be he politician, metaphysician, or moralist, can accurately define either wealth or happiness, still less point out the certain means of obtaining them, no government, according to our humble judgment, should attempt to control any man in the mode of his pursuit.

We acknowledge that even in the limited view which we have taken of the duties of the government, it will be difficult altogether to escape from a question in political economy. For the necessity instantly arises for enquiry, what state of individual wealth is the most conducive to the strength and security, which it is the unquestioned duty of the state to promote!

Will the people be more able to defend themselves against a foreign enemy, if engaged in manufactures, or in agriculture? Will luxury diminish strength, or increase riches? What system will at once give us the greatest number of fighting men, and the simplest resources for maintaining them? Many of the agitated questions concerning taxation and protection of native industry arise, before these inquiries can be satisfied. But we recur to our principle: human science cannot answer these questions with certainty; and so long as there is doubt, the rule of non-interference must prevail. Freedom must still be the rule, and he who proposes to enact, or continue, a restriction, must show that it is necessary for the state, and just towards individuals.

Now then, let us apply these principles practically, and enquire what are the measures of restriction which are recommended by the old system, and whether they are maintainable upon the ground, upon which alone, as we humbly contend, any such measures can justly be defended?

The petition proceeds to state, that—"a policy the very reverse of that which they recommend, has been acted upon by the governments of this, and of every other country: each trying to exclude the productions of other countries, with the specious and well-meant design of encouraging its own productions, thus inflicting on the bulk of its subjects, who are consumers, the necessity to submit to privations in the quantity or quality of commodities; and thus rendering what ought to be the source of mutual benefit and of harmony among states, a constantly recurring occasion of jealousy and hostility. That the prevailing prejudices in favour of the protective or restrictive system, may be traced to the erroneous supposition that every importation of foreign commodities occasions a diminution or discouragement of our own productions to the same extent; whereas it can be clearly shown that although the particular description of production which could not stand against unrestrained foreign competition would be dis-

couraged, yet as no importation could be continued for any length of time, without a corresponding exportation, direct or indirect, there would be an encouragement for the purpose of that exportation of some other production to which our situation might be better suited; thus affording, at least an equal, and probably a greater, and *certainly a more beneficial*, employment to our own capital and labour."

In these passages are found the grounds upon which restrictions upon the importation of foreign commodities are defended; and the general principles of political economy upon which they are shown to be hurtful to the community. They are adopted, it is said, to encourage native industry; they may effect that purpose in a particular branch, but they effect it at the expense of the great body of the people who are consumers; and they do not promote industry, or the employment of capital, *upon the whole*, because the importation of foreign commodities *must* produce a corresponding exportation of our own productions.*

Now, although we may, under the guidance of our general principle, come to the same point, or very nearly the same, at which, by this course of argument, the London merchants and the Political Economists arrive, we think that they have been too little observant of the objections which are opposed to their general principle: these may be too weak to prevail, but they are too strong to be disregarded.

They assume, apparently, that all modes of industry are equally advantageous to the community, and equally deserving of encouragement by the state; for, when they speak of the "certainly more *beneficial* employment" which the free system would give to our capital and labour, they evidently refer to the benefit which consists in the augmentation of wealth.

But we know that some of the claims to protection rest upon the allegation, that the branches of industry, for which they are solicited, deserve the peculiar encouragement of the State, as being *peculiarly* conducive to the existence, the safety, or the happiness of the people at large. We put out of the question now, claims founded upon actual possession, and "vested interests;" we intend those only, which, in their original nature, arrogate a peculiar right to public support.

The growers of corn are the first amongst

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land of all descriptions assert that *they* constitute and support, in the higher and the lower ranks of life, the class of persons which it is most for the public good to encourage; the most steadily attached to the country and its government, the most useful in administering its affairs, where they are more removed from metropolitan control.

As the corn question is worthy of a separate discussion, and its peculiarities make it possible to discuss the restrictive and free systems, independently of it, we will not now give any opinion, either upon the justice of the statements of the agriculturists, or the correctness of the arguments raised upon them, ending in a measure of high protection to corn, and other productions of the soil. It is not necessary here to decide, whether this protection ought to be granted, or whether it is effectual. It is enough for our present purpose that it is granted upon reasons, which, whether good or bad, cannot exist in the case of our manufactures; and that these reasons are not answered by proving, that capital withdrawn from the land, would, as in the case of silk or gloves, be employed in some other more profitable mode.

On the other hand, the peculiarity of the case of corn may be used to show that corn is *less* fit to be protected than silk or gloves; since it may be urged as a great object of public necessity to feed the people, and it may be said (how truly is not here a question) that this can only be through importations from abroad, whereas it is indifferent whether the people are clothed in silk or in

more neatness employment to
This may be urged as a great
ject, independent therefore of ord
since our safety in war may depe
strength and numbers of our peo
security of our government in pe
quire that that people should be

In this country too, where th
for the unemployed poor is more
the question assumes a pecuniar
inasmuch as all persons not sub
dividual employers for their own
be subsisted by contributions fro
community.

We believe that many writers
economy would cut this matter
serting that all applications of
equally to the employment of
But Malthus,† who is upon this
subject perhaps the best authori
support this doctrine; and, in a
forms a subject of consideration,
petitioners have either overlook
insufficiently pursued.

There is no doubt but that in
the employment of the people, s
and established wages, was one
same system of laws regarding
dustry, of which the prohibition
manufactures was another. It is
recently that the last of these law
repealed.

We hold this repeal to have
We admit that the degree in
branch of trade or manufacture
ployment to the people might be

Difficulty and doubt attend every step in an attempt to regulate or direct national industry; we might grant, at least hypothetically, that it is not absolutely out of the nature of things to succeed in the attempt; but we would still contend that he who fails, as probably will, is justly chargeable with blindness and presumption.

Nor must it be forgotten, that all branches of employment are so connected one with another, that the application of capital to any one operates certainly in some degree, but in what degree is quite uncertain, to the enlargement of almost every other.

These are all the grounds that occur to us, which, originally, and abstractedly from considerations of existing interests, are an exception to the general rule of perfect freedom might, possibly, be justified.

We do not here enquire further in what degree, in that imaginary state of things, any of them ought actually to prevail; it is enough to say that, as exceptions to a general principle, not of political merely but of moral right, as restrictions upon man's natural liberty, they involve a serious responsibility in the statesman who adopts them; and that the error of omitting one which might be proved to be beneficial, is much less than that of adopting one of which the necessity and advantage are questionable.

On the whole, then, we are unable to admit "protection to native industry" as a ground for permanently impeding the importation of foreign commodities.

We now proceed to those grounds of exception which are adventitious or occasional; and first, the protection of existing interests.

The petitioners do not specifically advert to this point, but they affirm, that of the protective and prohibitory duties of our commercial code, it may be proved that while all operate as a very heavy tax upon the community at large, very few are of any ultimate benefit to the classes in whose favour they were originally instituted, and none to the extent of the loss occasioned by them to other classes.

If the proposition contained in this passage were true, there would be little question of existing interests; no injury arises from taking away that which is not beneficial to the possessor. But we apprehend that the proposition is not correct; and Mr. Senior appears to be of the same opinion. "I would grieve," he says, "to be supposed indifferent to the partial evil which must accompany any change in the channels of commerce, however generally beneficial: or does he support the second proposition in which the first is qualified.* He cannot affirm that even such injury as may be sus-

tained will be more than compensated by the general benefit. "I am far even from thinking," he continues, "that the peculiar evils sustained by those who are injured are balanced by the advantages sustained by those classes of producers who are peculiarly benefited by the change." Still less, assuredly, can it be balanced by an advantage not peculiarly felt by any one class of producers, but operating upon the numerous body of consumers. Mr. Senior, with a candour worthy of Malthus, admits and laments the existence of the evil, but justifies its infliction upon the general principle of public good. He argues, that a regard to existing interests would prevent every kind of improvement; bridges, where ferries existed; printing, where there were copyists; vaccination, in regard to the interests of medical practitioners; steam-boats, superseding the ordinary packets and coasters; the contemplated engine of Perkins, diminishing the consumption of coal. These, which are cases in which existing interests have been, or assuredly will be, disregarded, are the forcible illustrations of the argument, whereon Mr. Senior rests his opinion, that those interests ought always to give way. But he refers to another case, which, unfortunately, comes more home to our present purpose; "on what pretence," he asks, "can the man who throws the shuttle claim a protection which we should deny to him who works in the mine or navigates the collier?"

Now, before we attempt to state a principle by which the degree of favour shown to existing interests might reasonably be regulated, we must make a distinction which appears to us wanting in Mr. Senior's illustrations. The question between him who has the present interest, and those who, whether as consumers or producers of the improved commodity, would be benefited by the change, must be a question of degree. At least, it would not be manifestly absurd and unreasonable to contend, that, if there were not only, as is admitted by Mr. Senior, a balance of evil sustained by the former, but a great evil almost entirely uncompensated, the old interests have a claim, stronger than in the cases of a more nearly equal balance, to a deviation from the general principle.

We admit, that it may be contended, on the other hand, that the maintenance of that principle, is, in itself, enough to turn the scale; and that although there may be no peculiar and visible benefit in the repeal of the restriction, every instance of such repeal is one part of a beneficial whole, and cannot be omitted without endangering a system of acknowledged good.

This may be, and apparently is, the view of Mr. Senior; and perhaps with this view he was justified in passing over the distinction which we, not prepared here to dispute its accuracy, but desirous of considering the

* P. 55, one line p. 54 to p. 52.

question in every point of view, will now make.

If the question may fairly be considered as one of degree, the thrower of the shuttle is in a different situation from the owner of the ferry; not that his loss is to be estimated more highly, but that the gain of the community placed in the opposite scale is of much less weight.

In the case of the bridge, there is a positive, important, extensive advantage, felt immediately by a large part of the community, and ultimately by a much larger portion, and possibly by the state itself. In the other case, the benefit reaches perhaps a still larger portion of the community, but it is scarcely felt by any individual. Some persons get perhaps, somewhat cheaper, an article of luxury, or rather of fancy, which is by no means necessary to them, and for which, for all useful purposes, they have substitutes at hand.

There are some other circumstances of difference; those who are concerned or employed in the erection of the bridge are natives of the country, whereas the producers of the silk no longer prohibited are foreigners. We are aware that, in a discussion of the question regarding silk, all these observations would require qualification. There are other natives than the consumers who are benefited by the freedom of importation; the importers, for instance, and dealers, and possibly the ship-owners and sailors. Nor do we deny that even the producers of the article, at home, may derive advantage from the importation in the enlarged demand for their produce, occasioned by the cheapness which may possibly follow the importation of the foreign goods.

This is not the place for considering how all these questions affect the particular case of silk; our consideration is now confined to the position of the petitioners, that few restrictions are beneficial to any body, and to Mr. Senior's opinion, placing all existing interests upon the same footing.

It appears to us that such interests are liable to be greatly affected by a change of system, and that they cannot be entirely disregarded. It is difficult to lay down any principle for the treatment of them. It follows, from the high ground upon which the rule of non-interference has been placed in this discussion, that a very strong case would be required to justify even a postponement of its application, on the plea of existing interests; but we are not prepared to admit, that the one general answer, *private interests must yield to the public good*, is sufficient in all cases. We shall return to this point when we consider the particular cases, wherein an exemption is now claimed.

The other occasional ground of exception is *taxation*. This ground is admitted in the petition, and by Mr. Senior, but only thus

far: when a duty is imposed upon an article of native production, a corresponding duty is fairly laid upon a similar article, imported from a foreign country: the tax is an impost upon the consumption of the article, and there is certainly no reason for taxing the consumer who buys it at home, and exempting him who procures it from abroad. This is so obvious, and has in truth so little connexion with the prohibitive system, that it would be unnecessary to mention it here; if taxation had not been put forward, in justification of restriction, to an extent not at all warranted by the true principle.

Protection is claimed for various products of native industry, on account of the high taxes which the natives of England pay, not on the particular product or its materials, but generally, in reference to their consumption, expenditure, or property. Owing to these burthens, it is alleged that the Englishman cannot manufacture silk, for instance, so cheaply as the Frenchman, and is therefore entitled to protection, by legal prohibition, or high duty, against the importation of the foreign article.

Mr. Senior answers, that if the taxes affect the manufacturers of the particular article which claims protection, they must equally affect all others; and the consequent obstacle to the export of the native manufactures forms the most effectual prohibition of the importation of the foreign. And he asks, why, because every man is required to pay something to the public creditor, should he therefore be required to pay a larger sum than is necessary to his silk merchant?*

This latter approaches most nearly to the answer by which we would abide. We make no distinction as to the cause which occasions the greater difficulty or expense of producing a particular commodity in one country than in another; our object is, or ought to be, to permit every member of our community to procure all commodities as easily as possible; if, from any cause, he can procure silks more easily from France, let him avail himself of that facility. But, in truth, the taxes are not the cause. If under equal taxes, we are the cheapest manufacturers of cotton, and not the cheapest weavers of silk, the cause of the difference must be found elsewhere than in the taxes, in those physical circumstances which we have already rejected as the grounds of protection.

It does not appear to us that there is any case in which general taxation can be taken into account, either in establishing or apportioning a protective duty. If, in reference to "existing interests," a protective duty is adopted, as an exception to the general rule, the question is, what, in point of fact, will be a protection; and in estimating

this, the cost of protection will doubtless be considered. That cost will be affected, probably, by wages and prices, which general taxation may have operated to enhance; but the point of enquiry, supposing the principle of "adequate protection" to be admitted, is, what the cost is, not how it came so.

We therefore reject taxation altogether, as a ground of exception to the general principle of non-interference.

We are aware that in thus dismissing taxation as a ground for restriction, we sin against popular opinion. "Our financial system is artificial, how can we bear freedom in commerce? To expect an Englishman, loaded with debt, to compete with a Frenchman, is to require, of a man in fetters, that he should dance with the freedom of a naked savage."

We cannot answer in the same epigrammatical style; but if compelled to continue the metaphor, we would ask, how does the allegation, that we suffer under one burthen, justify the imposition of another? Let it be shown that the one weight will counterbalance the other, well: we say it will only augment the weight, and render the burthen quite intolerable. Again, how is a man whose ancles are shackled, to be relieved by manacles upon his wrists?

We now return to the petitioners, who proceed with stating their general arguments against the restrictive system:

"The artificial protection of one branch of industry, or source of protection against foreign competition, is set up as a ground of claim by other branches for similar protection; so that if the reasoning upon which these restrictive or prohibitory regulations are founded, were followed out consistently, it would not stop short of excluding us from all foreign commerce whatsoever."

We entirely agree in this representation of the tendency of the reasoning against free trade; abstractedly, always, from existing interests. It would go certainly to justify the prohibition of all foreign articles, which can, at any cost, be produced in England, or for which substitutes, however inadequate or expensive, can be provided. We really do not think that there is any exaggeration here.

There is, it appears to us, an inconsistency in what follows; the petitioners, pursuing their argument *ad absurdum*, urge that the same train of argument might be brought forward to justify the re-enactment of restrictions upon the interchange of productions among the kingdoms of the same union, or among the counties of the same kingdom."

This is not correct as applied to the reasoning by which the protection of native productions is upholden as an original system of policy; it is more correct as applied to the protection of existing interests, be-

cause those interests may be, and every day are, as seriously affected by the rivalry of the residents in other provinces, as by foreign importation; but it would probably be admitted, by the opponents of free trade, that against such encroachments they ask for no protection; and the distinction is perfectly admissible in principle. It is not on the face of it absurd, though we may be able to show that no real difference exists.

Yet it would be difficult to avoid remarking here, that although it is only against foreign competition that protection is avowedly claimed, that claim is often urged when the successful rival is, in truth, a resident in another province of Great Britain.

The petitioners then notice "the strong presumption that the distress which then (1820) so generally prevailed, was considerably aggravated by the restrictive system."

The very able man who presented the petition, has, on several recent occasions, ascribed to the petition an occasional character entirely unwarranted by its contents. Mr. Baring has reconciled his support of the petition with several recent instances of opposition to its principles, by asserting that it merely arose out of the circumstances of the times, and the numerous additional and vexatious restrictions imposed upon trade during the war, under the advice of Mr. George Rose. The support of Mr. Baring to the principles which we uphold is too important to permit our leaving his error unnoticed. The above is the only passage in which any reference is made to ephemeral or even to local circumstances. Every other paragraph is applicable to all times and countries. And it is certain that all, or nearly all, of the alterations made during the war, in our commercial system, were on the side of relaxation. They were founded perhaps less upon a principle of freedom than upon the necessity of the times, but they certainly do not justify Mr. Baring's position. In the speech with which Mr. Baring introduced the petition, he treated with ridicule most of the doctrines of the old system, and stopped very little short of the general recommendation of the petitioners.

The topic to which the petitioners next advert leads to the consideration of a third ground of exception, occasional or adventitious. They refer to the effect of our restrictions upon the proceedings of foreign states; they urge that foreign manufacturers have adduced our practice as an argument with their governments for the establishment of restrictions; and they contend that if our arguments are good in defence of our system, they are also good against us. "Foreigners," they add, "insist upon our superiority in capital and machinery, as we do upon their comparative exemption from taxation; and with equal foundation."

They urge that a more conciliating policy

on our part would tend to counteract the commercial hostility of foreign states: but they argue that "although as a mere matter of diplomacy, it may sometimes answer to hold out the removal of prohibitions or high duties as depending upon corresponding concessions by other states in our favour, it does not follow that we should maintain our restrictions in cases where the desired concessions on their part cannot be obtained. Our restrictions would not be the less prejudicial to our own capital and industry, because other governments persisted in maintaining impolitic regulations."

When explaining elsewhere the difference between the system of "Reciprocity" and "Free Trade," we have in some degree anticipated this argument.

If the rule be, that every person may purchase what he wants, of a countryman or of a foreigner, the soundness of that rule is not impugned by the refusal of that foreigner to purchase what *he* wants from the natives of this country.

The petitioners make the fullest allowance for this consideration which it requires, when they admit that a restriction affecting a foreign nation, may be used as a weapon in diplomacy.

It certainly requires some nicety of observation and judgment, to determine how long it may be politic to abstain from beneficial measures, with a view of inducing foreigners to adopt others, which will also be beneficial. We are certain that those who have contended for the propriety of adjusting our measures by the conduct of foreigners, have neither argued, nor acted, reasonably or satisfactorily. "It would be all very well," they say, "to adopt free trade, if other nations would do the same; but why admit their manufactures, while they reject yours?" We have already exposed the fallacy by which it is represented, that foreign goods are received for the benefit of the foreigner, not for our own benefit. But, we admit, that freedom of exportation would be an additional advantage to the country which allows free importation; and that there is nothing unreasonable in arguing that it may be politic to postpone the one benefit for the sake of obtaining the two. There are two ways in which our admission of foreign goods may operate upon a foreigner. It may operate by example, which is the mode on which Mr. Huskisson relied, and on which he justified his immediate adoption of the free principle: or, it may operate by stipulation; and this is the favourite with those, who, professing to approve of free trade, only desire that it should be mutual. Let us follow this out.

France is usually selected, as the country upon which we have conferred a great advantage in admitting her silks, and, recently, her wines; while she prohibits, or taxes

highly, our hardware and other commodities in which we excel. It would appear that these gentlemen would be quite satisfied if France would stipulate to admit our razors at a duty only corresponding to that which we impose upon her silk stockings. Now, what is the principle here? The complaint is that the silk manufacturers of England are ruined, and English workmen thrown out of employ by the admission of French silks. Would this evil be remedied by the reception of our razors in France? This cannot be pretended; unless it be upon the true principle that extended intercourse is beneficial for all. To the silk-man his imperceptible share of the general benefit would be a poor compensation; and his reclamations would be as loud as ever. This then cannot be the principle of the arguers for reciprocity, if they are at the same time the upholders of the interests, vested in the existing manufactures. It may be said, in passing, that as to silk, we have a strict reciprocity, or more. English silks are admitted in France at a duty lower than that at which we receive those of France. Obviously, we use this fact only in the argument *ad homines*. We have admitted* that direct exportation is the more valuable. This consideration may add to the importance of "Reciprocity," but does not affect the position that, even without it, freedom is advantageous. Will it then be said, that these partial interests are to give way to the common good? Here is again a sound principle; but why is it to be applied to the particular advantage to be derived from the export of our razors, and not applied to the general advantage obtained, through cheapness of foreign commodities, or even of silks and wines only—commodities interesting certainly to a much larger portion of the community than that which manufactures razors?

It would thus appear, that however beneficial to the common interest of the nation a stipulation for reciprocity of importation with France, or any other country, might be, it would not take from the freer importation of silks and other rival manufactures any part, or certainly not the main part, of the objections which have been made to the measures actually adopted. Ruinous competition, capital annihilated, industry destroyed, workmen starving, all these are consequences of "Free Trade," which have been depicted by Mr. Robinson of Worcester and Mr. Sadler, would be equally prevalent though Mr. Villiers and Dr. Bowring were to succeed, in effecting a reciprocal arrangement with France.

* See the note in page 77. Since Colonel Torrens made the speech to which that note referred, he has extended still further for the necessity of reciprocity. I shall notice hereafter his argument of July 2.

While a complete reciprocity, or rather, the adoption of a liberal system by all countries, would have been more extensively beneficial than its adoption by England only, it would not have exempted the ministers who adopted it from the clamours or complaints of native manufacturers.

The utmost that we can concede to those who dwell so much upon reciprocity, is this: it might perhaps have been as well to commence liberal measures by inviting all the powers of Europe and America to a general change of commercial policy. Yet to this course there would have been two objections. First, we could not have entered upon a complete or satisfactory discussion with foreign powers without bringing into question our corn-laws, which parliament had recently determined to maintain; and secondly, we must have incurred one of these dangers: we must either have made our change of policy dependent upon the conduct of foreign powers, thus possibly depriving ourselves of a great good, because we could not obtain a greater; or, we must have adopted, absolutely, a policy which we had professed to make conditional. For unless we had begun by declaring that our intentions were provisional only, we could not have operated with any effect upon a foreigner.

A foreigner will hardly be induced to alter his own policy, by a promise on our part to do that, which he knows to be consistent with our policy, and likely to be done without any reference to him.

We have hinted, in our former article,* at the embarrassment to which a system of commercial treaties might expose us. If all foreign countries had adopted a perfectly free policy, and had granted entire freedom of import and export, without exception, there would have been no difficulty; but for this even England, advised by Mr. Huskisson, was not prepared. There must then have been a particular stipulation with each country, and an adjustment of duty on each article. One country would require the favourable admission of wines, another of timber, another of hemp. From one we should have required the reciprocal admission of hardware, from another of woollens, from another of piece goods. We should have had to decide, in each case, *what* among our exportable goods to select as most valuable, and *what* among foreign articles to admit as least injurious. We have a reasonable respect for Boards of Trade, but we doubt whether the wisest of them would have arrived at an arrangement by which they would at once have satisfied English interests, and made a good and acceptable bargain with the foreigner. Two countries were for the admission of the same article—

France and Portugal for wines—Sweden and Russia for timber. We must take care that we sell to France the liberty to import wines for no higher a price on the admission of our manufactures, than we get from Portugal. Yet probably the price given by France and by Portugal would be in different commodities, and we might have to prove that the admission of razors into France at so many francs, was just equivalent, in point of advantage to England, to the admission of woollen cloths in Portugal at so many milreis. If not, we wrong the country from whom we acquire the more advantageous bargain. Or suppose we extend the bargain reciprocally to all manufactures; are they all to be admitted at the same duty? Will this be an equal bargain in the opinion of our manufacturers? No; then we must have a detailed adjustment: and thus we must fix the duties on all articles of export and import for a period of ten years or more. And in this arrangement we must include corn, so as to put out of our hands that article of necessary subsistence; or we must exclude it, which would necessarily occasion a corresponding exception, not of the same, but of some commodity deemed equivalent, on the part of Prussia, and America, and every corn-exporting country. And with respect to corn, as well as timber, we should have, in our colonies, a third and important interest to consult.

We will venture to say that the system of "free trade, upon a fair principle of reciprocity," would prove to be the most artificial and complicated, inconsistent, unequal and unpopular arrangement, that even the restrictive school could advise.

On the whole then, we are inclined to approve of the course which the government of 1825 pursued. Mr. Huskisson might be too sanguine in his expectations of an imitation of our policy by France; but he was not the less right in setting her the example; and so thought, at that time, Mr. Baring himself.* Yet the petitioners are surely warranted in affirming that the adoption of a more enlightened and conciliatory policy, on the part of this country, would tend to counteract the commercial hostility of foreign states.

"Independent," the petitions proceed, "of the direct benefit to be derived by this country on every occasion of such concession or relaxation, a great incidental object would be gained by the recognition of a sound principle or standard, to which all subsequent arrangements might be referred."

To this opinion we heartily subscribe, considering the establishment of a general and simple principle as one of the most advantageous results of the new system; and

* Vol. ix. p. 287.

* Parl. Deb. H. S. vol. i. p. 176.

we are confident that the more nearly that principle approaches to the "*laissez faire*," the government will gain in safety, as well as in facility.

The petitioners, after disclaiming all intention of requiring the repeal of custom duties imposed for purposes of revenue, conclude with a prayer "*against every restrictive regulation of trade not essential to the revenue; against all duties merely protective from foreign competition; and against the excess of such duties as are partly for the purpose of revenue, and partly for that of protection.*"

We have now endeavoured to show, so far as the indistinctness of its own form could permit, what the "old system" was, from which England has recently departed; and what are the general principles upon which her "new system" is, or ought to be, founded. We have freely examined the reasonings by which those principles are supported. The opinion which we have formed may be stated in a few words. Perfect freedom is the true rule: subsistence and security are the only grounds of permanent exception which are admissible without abandoning the principle. Temporary exceptions, in favour of existing interests, are also admissible. But all these exceptions, permanent and temporary, are of doubtful propriety; they are not to be allowed without a strong case of necessity, and those which rest on temporary grounds are never to be rendered permanent.

These are the principles which we offer for the guidance of our rulers. We think that we have already shown that they do not greatly differ from those of the theoretical advocates of the "new system." It remains to be seen whether they are those upon which the late measures have proceeded, and particularly whether they have been adopted in regulating the exceptions.

With this view we now proceed to state, in the order of their occurrence, the several measures which have been adopted for removing prohibition or restriction from the importation of foreign articles. With less of detail than we shall give, it would be impossible to understand the new measures.

The intention to commence a new system was first announced by Mr. Robinson, in his financial statement* of the year 1824; and the first article selected for its operation was wool. At this time the exportation of British wool was prohibited, and a duty of sixpence per lb. was imposed on foreign wool. This duty had been formerly only one penny, and was raised in 1819, as Mr. Robinson stated, as a measure of revenue only.†

Government. Mr. Robinson stated, had always said to the manufacturers, if you will consent to the removal of the restriction upon the exportation of wool, we will repeal the duty upon the import. There was a difference of opinion among the manufacturers on this point; but he now proposed to reduce the import duty to one penny, and to allow the exportation at the same duty. From this measure he expected a great increase of our woollen trade in all parts.

Silk was the next object of the new arrangement. Mr. Robinson assumed that nearly all men concurred in opinion as to the impolicy of prohibition; and that the prohibition of silks was extensively evaded. That the prohibition was impolitic in regard to foreign nations, who might say that we attempted, with liberality in our mouths, to cajole them into the admission of our manufacture, while in fact we rejected theirs.

Our silk goods, he said, were highly estimated abroad, and would, as he believed, if restrictions were removed, drive away others from the foreign markets.

He proposed to accompany the repeal of the prohibition by a considerable reduction of the duty on raw silk and thrown silk, and that manufactured silks should be admitted at 30 per cent. on the value.

Mr. Huskisson's* arguments were similar, and he was satisfied that with the duty of 30 per cent. we should successfully compete with the French. He proposed that the reductions of duty on the raw and thrown silk should commence immediately, but that the repeal of the prohibition should be postponed till the 5th of July 1826.

This measure was opposed principally by Mr. Baring† and Mr. Ellice.‡ The former asserted that 30 per cent. would not be a sufficient protection, considering that the price of food here was double that of France. Prohibition could be enforced in the interior of the country. There was no reciprocity in the arrangement between us and other countries. We were proceeding much too fast, and beginning at the wrong end. We should begin with the Corn Laws. There were reasons, he said, why certain manufactures flourished in particular places, and the principles of "free trade," whatever their general efficacy might be, could never remove them. Thus Lyons had obtained, and would keep, a superiority in the silk manufacture. It is to be observed that Mr. Baring objected to the duty on thrown silk,

Castlereagh, in proposing the tax to the House, (*Parl. Deb.* vol. xl. p. 920,) stated that the then "duty of one penny per lb. was thought too low to protect the home grower of coarse wool," and therefore proposed sixpence, "which would operate as a protection to the home grower of that article against foreign competition."

* *Parl. Deb.* vol. x. p. 800.

† *Parl. Deb.* vol. x. p. 814.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 824.

* Mr. Robinson's speech, 23d February, 1824. *Parl. Deb. N. S.* vol. x. p. 338.

† Upon this statement it is fair to observe, that Lord

is one of the burthens upon the manufacture.

Mr. Ellice, in opposing the measures, upon the same general grounds, stated nevertheless that smuggling could be effected at 10 or 15 per cent.; and that the wages of the labourers in silk, about six shillings per week, could scarcely obtain for them the means of subsistence. Mr. Ellice, however, after some arrangements had been made with respect to the stock in hand, &c. finally withdrew his opposition, and expressed the willingness of his friends at Coventry that the experiment of competing with the French should be tried. The bill may be said to have passed with the single opposition of Mr. Baring.

In the year 1825, the government proceeded further in the abrogation of the prohibitory system. Mr. Robinson, in his financial exposition,* expressed his intention of applying the then existing, or estimated, surplus of revenue, to the following objects—1st. Increased facility of consumption at home, in conjunction with increased extension of commerce abroad; 2dly. a combination of the first principle with the restriction of smuggling; and 3dly, some alleviation of the pressure of direct taxation. In furtherance of the first two of these objects, he announced the intention of Mr. Huskisson to propose “the reduction within moderate bounds of all the remaining prohibitory duties;” but he himself suggested a reduction of the duties on iron. The demand for iron, and consequently the price, had so much increased as to occasion the transference of orders from Birmingham to the Continent. He proposed to reduce the duty on foreign iron from £8. 10s. to £1. 10s. the ton, a measure from which he expected an extension of the use of iron, which would be beneficial not only to the manufacturer but to the producer. “Another object which we had in view in reducing the duty on this and other articles of foreign produce, was, to set an example to other governments. There were some states which had manifested an unequivocal disposition to adopt a similar policy, but others did not as yet appear to have emancipated themselves from their former system.” * * * * “However anxious we might be to give to all countries the benefit of our example, and our practice, we were not bound to do so indiscriminately, or to abstain from making distinctions in favour of those nations whose views and principles are conformable to our own.” It was therefore “not proposed that the reduction should immediately apply to all countries from which iron might be brought.”

On this occasion, Mr. Alderman Thompson expressed his approbation of the reduction of the iron duty: “He, who was

largely interested in the trade, was not afraid of the foreign competition.”*

Shortly afterwards a petition was presented from the Chamber of Commerce, at Birmingham, praying for a reduction of the duty on foreign iron, copper, and other metals.†

On the 25th of March, 1825,‡ Mr. Huskisson opened his general scheme of reduction of duty upon foreign articles. “Having ruled,” he said, “that 30 per cent. is the highest duty which could be maintained for the protection of a manufacture, in every part of which we were much behind foreign countries, the only extensive manufacture which, on the score of general inferiority, stood in need of special protection, (he alluded here to the silk manufacture,) “it was time to inquire in what degree our other great manufactures were protected, and consider if there be no inconvenience, no unfitness, no positive injury caused to ourselves, no suspicion and odium excited in foreign countries, by duties which are either absolutely prohibitory, or, if the articles to which they attach admit of being smuggled, which have no other effect than to throw the business of importing them into the hands of the smuggler.”

He first noticed *cotton goods*,§ which were subject to duties ranging from 50 to 75 per cent. a duty quite unnecessary, as we were in this manufacture superior to all other countries, not excepting India; and exported in the last year £30,795,000.

He proposed to reduce the duty to 10 per cent. which would be “sufficient to countervail the small duty levied upon the importation of the raw material into this country, and the duty upon any other articles used in the manufacture. Any protection beyond this he held to be not only unnecessary, but mischievous.”

We have here a sound principle of protection, which ought, as we conceive, to be applied, eventually, to all foreign importations whatever; saving only the cases in which a duty upon a foreign manufacture may be the simplest and easiest mode of collecting a revenue.

Mr. Huskisson next proceeded to *Wool-lens*.|| After referring to the vexatious laws for regulating the manufacture and trade in woollens, which had been recently repealed, he stated the increase of sheep and lambs’ wool imported, from 1,926,000lbs. in 1765 to 23,853,000lbs. in 1824, accompanied by an increase of woollen goods exported only, from £5,159,000 to £6,926,000. These facts coupled with the undoubted increase in the quantity of wool grown in England, evinced a great augmentation in the domestic consumption. Then mention-

* February 29th, 1825. Parl. Deb. vol. xii. 728.

Museum—Vol. XXI.

† Parl. Deb. p. 745.

‡ P. 1194.

§ March 11th, p. 936.

|| P. 1192.

¶ Parl. Deb. 1192.

ing the immense increase which had occurred within the same time, in the import of cotton wool, and of raw silk, and in the export of cotton goods, he claimed these facts as an illustration of his position, "that the means which led to increased consumption, and which are the foundation, as that consumption is the proof, of our prosperity, will be most effectually promoted by an unconstrained competition, not only between the capital and industry of different classes in the same country, but also by extending that competition as much as possible to all other countries." He proposed to reduce the duty on foreign woollens to 15 per cent. Mr. Huskisson's reason for fixing the duty at this rate was not so precisely assigned as in the case of the cotton duty, which it exceeds by one-third; he simply stated, that "*it would answer every purpose of reasonable and fair protection.*"

Linen, again, without assigning any particular reason, he reduced from a scale varying between 40 and 180, to one duty of 25 per cent.

The duties on *Paper*, then prohibitory, he proposed to reduce, "*so that they should not exceed double the amount of the excise duty payable upon that article manufactured in this country.*"

Printed Books, then subject to a duty which admitted of smuggling, he proposed, for that reason, and because "the importation of foreign works which do not interfere with any copyright in England ought not to be discouraged," to reduce about one half.

Glass, then charged with 80, he reduced to 20 per cent.

And *earthenware*, then admitted at 75, he reduced—plain goods to 15, and ornamented porcelain to 30 per cent. "quite as much as could be demanded," "without throwing this branch of import into the hands of the smuggler."

To *gloves*, "now prohibited, but to be had in every shop," Mr. Huskisson "applied the same observation and the same measure of duty," 30 per cent.

He confirmed what had been stated by Mr. Robinson as to *iron*, observing that the price of iron had almost doubled of late, and that great inconvenience was felt by the manufacturers of hardware, and in a great variety of manufactures, in shipbuilding, &c. The exportation was diminished, and orders were sent to the Continent, instead of England.

There would also be an advantage from the admission of Swedish iron, which, when united with British iron, produces more strength and tenacity, particularly, for instance, in ships' cables. He trusted that "the increased demand for iron, joined to a more steady price, would, ere long, more than compensate to the British iron masters the temporary inconvenience, if any, which

some of them apprehend from the reduction of this duty."

The *copper* duty, which in 1790 did not exceed £10, had been raised to £54, the duty. Our copper mines produced about 100,000 tons, of which about 5,000 were applied to home consumption.

If the price of our manufacture were to exceed that of foreign countries in any thing like a proportion to the enormous duty, we must ultimately be driven from the foreign markets. "Do not the owners of copper mines see that if, by the high price at which the manufacturer buys copper, he should lose his hold upon the foreign market, they must be injured by the effects of their own monopoly?"

The high duties had prevented copper from coming here, not only in an unmanufactured, but in an imperfectly smelted state: it would here have undergone the process of purifying and rolling, and being otherwise prepared for consumption; but our duties have operated as a premium for doing this in other countries. He acknowledged however that much capital had been invested in copper mines, and "how difficult it was to do all that the public interest would require, without injury to those particular interests. This was in almost all cases the most arduous part of the task which a sense of public duty had imposed upon him."

He proposed to reduce the duty at present only to £27 per ton (one half of the existing duty) "without committing himself not to recommend at a future period, even a further reduction, if it should appear that the present limit is not sufficient to enable our manufacturers to preserve their foreign market, and that at a lower rate of duty a great or sudden check would be given to the British mines."

Zinc, or *spelter*, was a semi-metal, which entered in the proportion of one-third into the composition of brass. The selling price of spelter on the Continent was £20 the ton; here, about £45, and the duty £28. With a duty on Copper of £54 and on spelter of £28, we could not compete with others in brass wares: our briskest demand at present was for patterns and moulds for the foreign manufacturer.

He would reduce the duty *one-half*, perhaps more on further inquiry—for he was convinced that we could not compete with Silesia, the principal country of production.

Tin was an article of which we had more the command, and one of less extensive consumption.

The duty was "excessive," and he would reduce it more than one-half; from £5. 3s. 9d. to £2. 10s. the cwt.

Lead,—from 15 to 10 per cent. *ad valorem*, which would "be sufficient to admit of a foreign import and to check the present

exorbitant price." On this too, he reserved his right of proposing a further reduction.

Various other reductions were made upon articles enumerated in the schedule. Unenumerated goods, if wholly, or in part, manufactured, he reduced from 50 to 20 per cent. and if unmanufactured, from 20 to 10.

Mr. Huskisson* stated the result as follows: "upon foreign manufactured articles generally, where the duty is imposed to protect our own manufactures, and not for the purpose of collecting revenue, that duty will, in no instance, exceed 30 per cent. If the article be not manufactured much cheaper or much better abroad than at home, such a duty is ample for protection. If it be manufactured so much cheaper, or so much better abroad, as to render 30 per cent. insufficient, my answer is, *first*,—that a greater protection is only a premium to the smuggler; and, *secondly*,—that there is no wisdom in attempting to bolster up a competition, which this degree of protection will not sustain. Let the state have the tax, which is now the reward of the smuggler, and let the consumer have the better and cheaper article, without the painful consciousness that he is consulting his own convenience at the expense of daily violating the laws of his country." He then stated the evils, and the facility, of smuggling, and asked, "Is this abominable system to be tolerated, not from any over-ruling necessity of upholding the revenue, nay, possibly, to the injury of the Exchequer, but merely because, in a few secondary branches of manufacture, we do not possess the same natural advantages, or the same degree of skill, as our neighbours?" * * * "The time has been when it was found quite a sufficient reason for imposing a prohibitory duty upon a foreign article, that it was better than we could make at home; but I trust that when such calls are made upon this House hereafter, our first answer at least will be, let us first see what can be done by competition;—first try to imitate, and by and by, perhaps, you will surpass, your foreign rival." He instanced the silk trade as one in which this emulation has been created. "Prohibitions, in fact, are a premium to mediocrity. They destroy the best incentive to excellence, the best stimulus to invention and improvement. They condemn the community to suffer, both in price and quality, all the evils of monopoly, except in as far as a remedy can be found in the baneful acts of the smuggler. They have also another of the great evils of monopoly, that of exposing the consumer, as well as the dealer, to rapid and inconvenient fluctuations in price."

Mr. Huskisson stated his belief that no great quantity of foreign goods would come in.

Some would come, and he would be glad of it. That their admission would not be hurtful to our general interests, might be proved from the experience of the commercial treaty with France in 1786. By that treaty, cottons, woollens, hardware, cutlery, turnery, &c. were admitted at lower duties than those now to be fixed; no check was given to any particular branch of our staple manufactures in consequence of the interchange of goods which took place. On the contrary, the introduction of the finer woollen cloths of France led to the improvement of our own, till no difference could be perceived. The same might possibly now occur as to the more richly coloured cottons of Alsace or Switzerland, the fancy muslins of India, the silk stuffs and porcelain of France.

Mr. Huskisson referred to some objections which would be stated to the occurrences of 1786, as a guide for the present time. We had since, it would be said, been engaged in an expensive war, and had to support a heavy burthen of taxation. But, in truth, other countries also had suffered from the war; their taxes had been increased and their capital diminished, while ours had increased. The comparative cheapness of labour in foreign countries was not alone sufficient to make the balance preponderate in their favour. Our machinery, with our enterprise and perseverance, might be relied upon for the maintenance of our station among trading communities.

Another objection was, the want of reciprocity of commercial advantages; he quoted, with approbation, the sentiments of Kirkman Finlay:—"Our whole object being to benefit ourselves, our inquiry is naturally confined to the consideration of whether such a mode of acting be really advantageous, independent altogether of what may be done by the governments of other countries. Now, if the measure be really beneficial to us, why shall we withhold from ourselves an advantage, because other states are not yet advanced so far as we are in the knowledge of their own interests, or have not attained the power of carrying their own views into practice?"

He expressed his hope, that when foreign nations found us sincere and consistent in our principles, they would, for their own advantage, imitate us. "At the same time, as a stimulus to other nations to adopt principles of reciprocity, he should think it right to reserve a power of making an addition of one-fifth to the proposed duties upon the productions of those countries which may refuse, upon a tender by us of the like advantages, to place our commerce and navigation upon the footing of the most favoured nation."^{*}

* *Parl. Deb. xii. 1807.*

* This intention was carried into effect by the 5th section of Act 6 Geo. 4, cap. 111. It is to be observed,

He then stated the reduction which it was proposed to make in the duties upon sundry raw materials, and in certain stamp duties and other charges affecting trade and navigation; concluding with a hope that the house would comply with the injunction from the throne "to remove as much, and as fast as possible, all unnecessary restrictions upon trade."

These measures, extensive as they were, occasioned very little discussion and no general opposition, and but little of particular criticism.

Alderman Thompson repeated his acquiescence, notwithstanding his considerable interest in the iron trade. Other members approved of the general principle, but objected to the withdrawal of protection from the particular branches of produce or manufacture in which they were respectively concerned. Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. Tremayne, and Sir Richard Vyvyan, objected to the reduction of duty on foreign copper; they urged, in opposition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the existing duty had been imposed for protection, not revenue; and they expressed their apprehension of the competition of South American copper. The copper business in Cornwall they represented as a losing concern. Sir Matthew Ridley put in a word for *glass bottles*, but objected to the duty on kelp, which obliged the manufacturers to make use of the inferior article, *Scots kelp*.

Mr. Baring expressed his full approbation of the principle of the new measures, and deprecated the opposition made on the part of particular interests. But he was desirous of extending the principle to the corn laws.

Mr. Lindsay and General Ferguson objected to the extent of the reduction on linens; Mr. Cripps to that on woollens; Mr. Wilson, of London, wished the reduction to be more gradual. Mr. Littleton, of Staffordshire, appears to have been the only member who expressed an apprehension of danger from the new system, especially in regard to ornamental China ware. Sir Henry Parnell thought that the linens would bear the reduction, and warmly supported the principle, urging the interests of the *consumers* of manufactured goods. Mr. Bennett proposed to equalize the duty on the import and the export of wool. Mr. Hume urged the propriety of reducing the duty on Baltic timber. Mr. Huskisson defended it, *as a protection to our North American colonies*.

We are now desirous of deducing from this history of Mr. Huskisson's measures the principle of his system; but here we

are compelled to acknowledge, that our task is not altogether free from difficulty.

In the minute formerly cited,* wherein Mr. Huskisson, in reply to a misrepresentation of our intentions by Prussia, lays down the principles of the British system, he states it to be our object "to reduce our tariff to the lowest degree consistent in each particular article with the two legitimate objects of all duties; either the necessary collection of the public revenue, or, the protection absolutely requisite for the maintenance of our own internal industry."

By various passages in Mr. Huskisson's speeches, and indeed by a common understanding, it appears to be established as his intention, that while national industry is to be protected against the competition of foreign commodities, this protection is in no case to be effected by prohibition, or by a duty exceeding thirty per cent. on the value of the article.

It is to be observed, that if this be the system of Mr. Huskisson, it is not the system of the merchants of 1820. They do not admit the fitness of protection, and they recognize no distinction between prohibitory and protective taxation.

We confess that we can neither understand the principle of such distinction, nor ascertain precisely the reasoning upon which Mr. Huskisson intended to justify and to regulate the protection of native industry.

According to the principles of the petition, even modified by considerations of subsistence and security, no protection can be justified, which will deprive the British consumer of the power of obtaining any foreign article at the lowest price at which it can be procured, subject only to such tax as the state may have imposed for the sake of revenue. To say he shall not purchase the article at all, or, he shall not purchase it without a charge imposed for the purpose of checking his purchase, appears to be in principle the same thing. Both must rest upon the doctrine which it has been Mr. Huskisson's peculiar boast to explode.—What is the measure of the necessity of protection to native industry? Is it to be the difference between the expense of raising or making a particular commodity in this country, and in any other in which it is produced?

If so, this is all, or nearly all, that the advocates of the *restrictive* system desire. And it is entirely inconsistent with the intention of giving to every country, by means of commerce, the benefit of the facilities of production as to particular commodities which every other country possesses. Properly followed up, it would lead to the prohibition of foreign goods, the produce, we will say, of a warm climate or dry soil, except a

that it does not altogether bear out Mr. Robinson's notion of reciprocity. It is merely a provision that we are not to admit, at a lower duty, the goods of other states, which tax the same goods from England more highly than from other foreign countries.

such terms as would raise their price in this country to that at which the like goods would be raised here, including the expense of supplying (if it be possible) by artificial means, the deficiency of solar heat. This construction would be so contrary to the known opinions of Mr. Huskisson, that we must at once reject it. But we are not quite so certain that, from Mr. Huskisson himself, and from other professed adherents of his system, we have not heard what would lead us to suppose that a distinction is made as to the price of labour; and that the difference between the wages of a native and a foreigner is deemed a legitimate subject of restrictive taxation.

We cannot see the reason of this distinction. We suppose it to be founded on one or both of these considerations: First, that the difference of wages is occasioned by an artificial or political cause, namely taxation: Secondly, that the restriction has, in this case, immediately in view the industrious employment and consequent subsistence of the people.

On the first, we have already observed, in discussing the necessity of protecting manufactures against general taxation; the second appears to us to rest upon a fallacy. It, upon a principle which is, at the least, unintelligible and plausible, we adopt the employment of the people as a ground for protecting our productions or manufactures against foreign competition, we must give them that protection against the foreign product, abstractedly from any considerations of the means whereby the foreigner is enabled successfully to compete with them. The fallacy consists in considering the protection to rest upon a principle of equitable adjustment of the interests of native and foreigner; whereas, if it be justifiable at all, it can only be justifiable upon the principle of preferring the interests of the native to those of the foreigner. We protect the native manufacturer against the foreigner, either for his own sake, as one of ourselves, or for the sake of the rest of our community, who will have to maintain him if deprived of the means of obtaining recompense for his labour: unless we protect him *effectually*, we shall not accomplish our purpose in either view of it.

On these considerations, we doubt the accuracy of the distinction frequently made between prohibition and protection, as parts of a permanent system, abstractedly from temporary considerations. There is no difference except in degree, and not always that; since a protective duty, even though

protection, however highly cast, for a prohibition, is a considerable step, because the protection admits of easier modification, till it may lose its protective character and quietly subside into a state of freedom. And, still more, a return from protective duty to prohibition is a great step in retrogression, which places at an immeasurable distance the free trade which our principle upholds.

The distinction between prohibition and protection appears to us so unintelligible, as part of a permanent system, that we can scarcely believe it to have been so intended by Mr. Huskisson; and we conclude that when he professed to protect national industry, he referred to the industry already engaged in a particular branch of employment; in other words, he only desired to protect "existing interests." He felt, as the merchants, whose petition he admires, avowedly felt, the vanity and impolicy of the artificial encouragements of productions unsuited to the climate or circumstances of the country; but he was more alive than the petitioners to the distress which would be occasioned by the sudden withdrawal of that encouragement where it had existed.

We hope, then, that notwithstanding some apparent inconsistencies, Mr. Huskisson's systematic policy and the principle of the late measures are really such as we have endeavoured to recommend. We should unwillingly part with this belief, but we are satisfied with the correctness of our own views.

We fully admit the necessity of so managing the transition from a protective to an unrestricted system, as to occasion as little as possible of individual distress; but it is obvious, that unless we constantly bear in mind that the transition is to be made, our measures will be unavailing. We may proceed very gradually; we can perhaps hardly proceed by steps too slow, but we must step continually forward in the direction which we have determined to take.

To examine whether the transition has been prudently managed will be a part of our duty, when, in a future number, we resume and conclude this important discussion. We shall then consider the results of the changes which have been made. But we cannot quit the subject now without declaring our conviction, that the consequences of the new measures, so far as they have gone, have been favourable;—that our exports of commodities produced by British industry have been greatly augmented; that the increased importation has consisted chiefly in raw materials, or in desirable commodities not produced in England; and that even as to those very few branches of industry, bearing a scarcely estimable proportion to the whole of commerce and consumption in which there has been an in-

creased competition of foreigners, it is at least very doubtful whether British industry, even in those particular branches, has not been enlarged by the change.

All this we hope to show as clearly as, we trust, we have exhibited the soundness of the principle of freedom; and we shall contend that it is the duty of parliament to give to that principle a wider operation.

From the Monthly Review.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.*

MR. GARDENER has found out a very captivating title for his book; but certainly a work that less corresponds with its title, it has never been our fortune to peruse. From the promise held out in that title, we were fully justified in expecting that the sounds usually heard in the natural world, the songs of the various birds, the murmurs of falling water, of the wind in its different degrees of velocity, and of the animals to whom vocal powers are given, would have been in the first place collected and arranged upon some system; and that in the second place, the relation of those sounds to "the passionate and pleasing" passages produced by artificial skill would have been developed in a satisfactory manner. But the author, after bestowing some pains upon the first part of his task, seems altogether to have forgotten the second part. He has collected with some labour, and represented with considerable accuracy, the accustomed notes of birds, the noises of insects, and other sounds which may be said to be natural, but he has not attempted to show any analogy between those sounds, and the artificial expression which we produce, when we desire to excite strong, or merely agreeable emotions.

The title is therefore altogether a misnomer. Instead of being a treatise upon "The Music of Nature," it is for the most part a dissertation upon the music of art, upon the powers of the human voice, upon the various instruments from which sweet sounds may be elicited, and upon the peculiar excellence of those persons who have obtained distinction as vocal or instrumental performers. And if it had been so entitled as to present the reader at the first glance with a fair index to its contents, we have little doubt that it would have had a better chance of popularity. Those who have much acquaintance with the art of music at all,

must be well aware that the skill of alone gathered together those tones are most pleasing to the human ear; that however delightful the note of the blackbird, the canary, the thrush, the lark, or even the nightingale, they are not music, nor even the essence of music, in the prevailing sense of the word. Nature herself has enabled us to extract from the untutored songsters, in the same way, has assisted us by transplanting and cultivating her wild flowers, to bestow upon them a richness of tint, and a degree of variety and beauty, which they never possess in the hedges where she originally strewed them.

But though his title be wrong, his is still worthy of being read; it is founded on good principles, and calculated to show a sound taste in musical composition and execution. He begins with a chapter on the structure of the ear, in which he mentions several instances of the extreme sensibility to which that organ may attain by habitual application. Thus miners, in digging for coal, can frequently tell by sound the exact nature of the substance which they are penetrating. "A friend of the writer's," he states, "has declared he could readily perceive the motion of a flea, when on his nightcap, by the sound emitted by the machinery of his legs." A similar instance of quickness of hearing is given by Kirby and Spence in their work on insects, in which they state that they know of no other insect the tread of which is accompanied by such a sound except indeed the flea, whose steps are so quick that she always hears her own passes over her nightcap, and that it is as if it was walking upon pattens! The atmosphere is the common medium through which sound is conveyed, but recent experiments have shown, that there are various bodies through which it may be transmitted with greater expedition. If a string of thread be attached to the stem of a tuning fork, and the other end of the thread wrapt round the little finger, and placed in the chamber of the ear, the sound of the fork, when made to vibrate, will be heard at the end of the thread, though two hundred yards distant, while it is altogether inaudible to a by-stander. It has been suggested, that telegraphs, or, more properly speaking, *telephones*, might be constructed upon this principle. The author states that some such instruments have been constructed, and are about to be exhibited; but we have as yet heard nothing of them.

It is a curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises perish almost at the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile of a town or village in which a fair is being

* The Music of Nature; or an Attempt to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the Art of Singing, Speaking, and Performing upon Musical Instruments, is derived from the sounds of the Animated World. With curious and interesting Illustrations. By William Gardener. 8vo. pp. 330. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

such terms as would raise their price in this country to that at which the like goods would be raised here, including the expense of supplying (if it be possible) by artificial means, the deficiency of solar heat. This construction would be so contrary to the known opinions of Mr. Huskisson, that we must at once reject it. But we are not quite so certain that, from Mr. Huskisson himself, and from other professed adherents of his system, we have not heard what would lead us to suppose that a distinction is made as to the price of labour; and that the difference between the wages of a native and a foreigner is deemed a legitimate subject of restrictive taxation.

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On the first, we have already observed, in discussing the necessity of protecting manufactures against *general* taxation; the second appears to us to rest upon a fallacy. If, upon a principle which is, at the least, intelligible and plausible, we adopt the employment of the people as a ground for protecting our productions or manufactures against foreign competition, we must give them that protection against the foreign product, abstractedly from any considerations of the means whereby the foreigner is enabled successfully to compete with them. The fallacy consists in considering the protection to rest upon a principle of equitable adjustment of the interests of native and foreigner; whereas, if it be justifiable at all, it can only be justifiable upon the principle of preferring the interests of the native to those of the foreigner. We protect the native manufacturer against the foreigner, either for his own sake, as one of ourselves, or for the sake of the rest of our community, who will have to maintain him if deprived of the means of obtaining recompense for his labour: unless we protect him *effectually*, we shall not accomplish our purpose in either view of it.

On these considerations, we doubt the accuracy of the distinction frequently made between prohibition and protection, as parts of a permanent system, abstractedly from temporary considerations. There is no difference except in degree, and not always that; since a protective duty, even though not high in its rate, is often equivalent to a prohibition.

When the question is not of a permanent system of protection, but of the transition from a system of restriction to one of unrestrained intercourse, the substitution of a

protection, however highly cast, for a prohibition, is a considerable step, because the protection admits of easier modification, till it may lose its protective character and quietly subside into a state of freedom. And, still more, a return from protective duty to prohibition is a great step in retrogression, which places at an immeasurable distance the free trade which our principle upholds.

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We fully admit the necessity of so managing the transition from a protective to an unrestricted system, as to occasion as little as possible of individual distress; but it is obvious, that unless we constantly bear in mind that the transition is to be made, our measures will be unavailing. We may proceed very gradually; we can perhaps hardly proceed by steps too slow, but we must step continually forward in the direction which we have determined to take.

To examine whether the transition has been prudently managed will be a part of our duty, when, in a future number, we resume and conclude this important discussion. We shall then consider the results of the changes which have been made. But we cannot quit the subject now without declaring our conviction, that the consequences of the new measures, so far as they have gone, have been favourable;—that our exports of commodities produced by British industry have been greatly augmented; that the increased importation has consisted chiefly in raw materials, or in desirable commodities not produced in England; and that even as to those very few branches of industry, bearing a scarcely estimable proportion to the whole of commerce and consumption, in which there has been an in-

painter gives a warmth to his subject, and which may be termed the colouring of the musical art."

The author has devoted several pages of his work to characteristic sketches of vocal performers, beginning with Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, who afterwards became Countess of Peterborough. We have next an account of Madame Mara, the first English soprano, who united passion to the power of song. Norris, Harrison, Saville, Mrs. Billington, James Bartleman, Vaughan, Knyvett, Braham, Catalani, Miss Stephens, Ronzi, Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, Miss Fanny Ayton, and others are also mentioned, with the honours that are justly due to their distinguished powers. The author next treats of exclamations, laughter, human cries, and cries of animals, giving, as he proceeds, the notes of the sounds into which those various modifications of voice are resolved. In a chapter upon the violin, he gives the history of that instrument, as well as of those persons who have attained to eminent perfection in performing upon it. Among these, he assigns Paganini the first place, praising him in terms that to our sober judgment appear somewhat extravagant. "With a weak organization," he says, "Paganini is one of the most forcible examples of the almost superhuman strength which results from the exaltation of mind produced by genius. When he seizes the violin, it seems that a star descends on him, and inspires him with fire from heaven. He instantly loses his weakness—a new existence opens to him; he is another creature; and during the musical action, his strength is more than quintupled!"

After detailing the songs of different birds, the author mentions the following curious anecdotes of cuckoos and parrots.

"This noted bird is a foreign musician, and, like many others, remarkable for his cunning as well as his song. They lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, which are no sooner hatched and fed than the young cuckoo, with lawless strength, bundles out his brother nestlings, and takes complete possession. Thus obtaining bed and board at other's cost, he stays and sings; and having passed the summer with us, bids John Bull adieu, and goes abroad.

"Parrots, like cuckoos, form their notes deep in the throat, and show great aptitude in imitating the human voice. A most remarkable instance I met with at Mr. Braham's villa in Brompton. A lady who had great admiration for his talents, presented him with a parrot, on which she had bestowed great pains in teaching it to talk. After dinner, during a pause in the conversation, I was startled by a voice from one corner of the room calling out, in a strong hearty manner, 'Come, Braham, give us a song!' Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the company. The request

being repeated and not answered, the parrot struck up the first verse of '*God save the King*,' in a clear warbling tone, aiming at the style of the singer, and sang it through. The ease with which this bird was taught was equally surprising with the performance. The same lady prepared him to accost Catalani, when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing '*Rule Britannia*,' in a loud and intrepid tone, the chauntress fell on her knees before the bird, exclaiming in terms of delight her admiration of its talents.

"This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelly's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied—'I never sing on a Sunday.' 'Never mind that, Poll, come, give us a song.' 'No, excuse me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am?' This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of '*God save the King*,' words and music, without hesitation from the beginning to the end."—pp. 234, 235.

Mr. Gardener's chapter on bells convinces us of the truth of a remark which we have often made to musicians, that too little use is made of that instrument in the composition and performance of pieces intended to be heard by large audiences. We fully coincide in his opinion, that by the hand of a composer they might be so constructed, as instead of the senseless jargon which we so often hear, to yield the most varied and agreeable melodies. It is calculated that eight bells of different notes would furnish forty thousand three hundred and twenty different passages. Without going further than this, we see here at once an inexhaustible source of melody, which musicians still permit to remain comparatively uncultivated. In listening to the sound of bells in the open air, one is often surprised to hear them on the right hand side, when in fact they are rung on the left hand side. This curious phenomenon is the result of the power of echo, upon which the author makes some interesting observations.

"In the whole hemisphere of sounds there is no circumstance more strikingly curious than that of an echo. To hear one's own voice returned as if it were the voice of another, is perhaps more surprising than the reflection of one's self in a glass. Indeed there is so close a resemblance between the effects of light and sound, that we might almost suppose them governed by the same laws. Sound is not only reflected in the same way, but it may also be converged into a point like light. An imperfect experiment of this kind may be tried upon Westminster bridge in the night-time. If a person whisper in one of the alcoves (the form of which produces the effect) he will be distinctly heard in the opposite one though at so great a distance; but a still more striking instance of

a similar kind takes place in the whispering gallery that encircles the inside of the dome of St. Paul's.

"Echoes are produced by the voice falling upon a reflecting body—as a house, a hill, or a wood. These objects at seventy feet distance from the speaker, will distinctly return a monosyllable, and for every forty feet farther from the reflecting body, a syllable more. In Italy, where the atmosphere and the country are so favourable to echoes, you meet with many of extraordinary duration. Some repeat whole strains of music, which have given rise to those puerile repetitions or symphonies to be met with in early writers of that country. So perfect is the echo, that the ear is often deceived in not distinguishing the reflected sounds from those which are direct. In listening to the ringing of bells, when an object so intervenes as to cut off the direct rays, we hear the sounds as if they came from the other side of the street, and imagine the church to be in an opposite quarter. In whistling or calling to a dog, you find him so deceived by this circumstance as sometimes to run away from you. It is this reflex of sound that contributes so much to the musical excellence of a well-constructed room; and it is a mistaken notion that curvatures, circular walls, or arched roofs, add to its perfection. On the contrary, they injure the general effect by converging the rays of sound into large portions, and throwing them into particular parts of the room. The best figure for a concert room is a parallelogram or long square, in which the sounds are equally diffused. Our cathedrals partake of this form, and are the finest buildings in the country for the display of musical effects."

"The London cries" of the olden time are here set down, as a part we suppose of the 'Music of Nature.' More of those cries, however, remain to this day than the author seems to be aware of. Indeed, with the exception of the watchman's hourly call, which the new police have dispensed with, and the proclamations of the newspaper venders, which became so great a nuisance that they were forbidden, we may still hear in various parts of the metropolis most of the musical invitations to the purchase or sale of articles which were sung in the ears of our ancestors. They all are framed upon the principle that musical sounds penetrate farther

with less effort to the voice that utters them, than sounds which are not regulated by any musical scale.

In his remarks upon the various instruments which musicians use, the author gives the preference, as who would not!—to the organ.

"Of all instruments this is the most noble, possessing powers of the greatest extent and variety. How the sober dignity of its tones harmonizes with the dark massive pile which we walk around and view with wonder! while gazing on the heavy towers on high, its hollow tones within speak of mass and vespers, long gone by, and all the train of superstitious chivalry. And as we pace the long drawn aisles of light and shade, where the glowing beams of tinted windows fall on the youthful fair, kneeling to ask heaven's grace, so beautifully expressed by the poet,—

Rose bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst
And on her hair a glory like a saint.

"How the heavenly tones in solemn grandeur roll along! It is only upon the continent that we can enjoy these sublime sensations. Holland, the Low Countries, and Germany, are spread over with these majestic instruments in profuse variety. At Haarlem there is one of stupendous size: the effect of which surpasses every thing the mind can conceive. They are sounds which seem to roll from the skies into the deep abyss of harmony. In the puritanical service of the Dutch, nothing but psalmody is ever performed. For the purpose of leading their immense congregations, of not less than three thousand voices singing in unison, these organs are furnished with an enormous pipe called the *vox humana*, which so predominates over the rolling thunder of the double diapasons, that you might conceive it to be the voice of a monster, concealed in this mountain of sounds. The grandeur of this organ is much augmented by the vastness of the church in which it stands. Higher than Westminster Abbey—it fills up the end of the large aisle, reaching from the ground to the roof, and from one side to the other, the pipes having the appearance of vast columns of silver. The extemporary flourishes which the organist introduces between the lines of the psalm can only be compared to a commotion of the elements, or the rolling of the surges upon the shore. The largest organs in England are but mere toys, compared to this magnificent instrument, which strikes the senses with awe and wonder. The writer, on Whitsunday, 1824, was in the organ-loft at Westminster Abbey, when the king and queen of Owhyee, Sandwich Isles, were introduced by the dean, and placed near himself in the choir. The king, a vulgar-looking man, perfectly black, dressed

* The writer was admitted to the rehearsal of the first grand performance in York Cathedral, 1823, composed of six hundred performers, when only five auditors were present. Upon the first burst of the voices and instruments on the words "*Glory be to God*," the effect was more than the senses could bear, so much was the sound augmented by the vast space of this noble building; nor was it till those overpowering concussions ceased that the imagination could recover itself, when the retiring of the sounds could only be compared to the distant roll and convulsions of nature."

ed in a black coat, white waistcoat, and pea-green gloves, which were not long enough to conceal his sooty wrists, stood up the whole time of the service gazing with amazement at the roof. The queen, a tall, fine, masculine figure, was so struck upon the first burst of the organ, as to be thrown into extreme agitation, so much so, that she would have leaped out of the stall in which she was placed, had not her maid of honour (an English lady) prevented her by laying hands upon her. Every time the organ recommenced with its full volume of sound, this phrensy returned, and caused much confusion. During the sermon she settled down into something like composure, and at the conclusion was led out by the dean and other dignitaries to view the edifice. Habited in a fashionable morning dress, her majesty was only distinguishable from her attendants by her gaunt and gigantic figure, and the sudden ejaculation of surprise which she was constantly making. The king, however, lost in mute attention, never lowered his eyes from the roof, but kept staggering about the church till he made his exit at the door."

—pp. 345—347.

It is supposed that one of the most perfect organs in this country, for equality of tone and richness of combination, is that of St. Martin's church, Leicester; it is the work of Snetzler, a German, who constructed a similar instrument for Halifax. The clarionet was formerly so difficult an instrument, that few persons could master it in less than twenty years, and even then only by incessant practice of at least six hours a day. Most of the difficulties are, however, now removed by having clarionets made in different keys. The trombone is the sackbut of the Scriptures. One of these instruments was discovered in Herculaneum, where it had lain for nearly two thousand years under the ashes; the lower part of it was made with bronze, and the upper with the mouth-piece of gold. It was presented by the King of Naples to George III., and from that model the modern trombone, used with so much effect in military bands, has been fashioned. The trumpet has been carried to the greatest perfection in Russia.

"There is a species of horn or trumpet music in Russia that surpasses every thing of its kind, and which can only be heard in the palace of the emperor at Moscow. A friend of the writer, M. Baillot, when at that court, was conducted by prince Potemkin into a long dark gallery, where, at a distance, was stationed this extraordinary band. The composer listened with astonishment, and was asked by the prince what he thought of it. 'All that I know,' replied the musician, 'is, that it is like nothing on this earth. It is the music of another world, and I am utterly at a loss even to guess how it is produced.' Lights were instantly brought, and

there appeared two hundred soldiers, each with a trumpet or horn in his hand, varying in length from the size of an extinguisher—which they much resembled, to twenty feet in length. And what is most extraordinary, each performer upon his instrument made but a single note, all of which fell in succession so aptly, that the two hundred tones, in performing a symphony of Haydn's, had the effect of one grand instrument. The power of accent thus exerted by every person upon his individual note, gave a series of effects to the performance unattainable in any other way, and as endless as they were surprising."—p. 366.

The drum is also now used with great effect in concerted pieces. It was probably introduced for the first time at Leicester, in 1774, at the first grand musical festival that ever took place in England. On that occasion the drum attracted great attention, not only from its novel effect, but from its having been beaten by the Earl of Sandwich, by whom, in conjunction with Mr. Cradock of Gumley, the assemblage was convened. His lordship was so enamoured of drums that he had one side of his music room at Hinchinbrook strained with parchment, for one of the oratorios which were performed there: but such was the effect of the parchment when first suddenly struck, that the company were dreadfully alarmed, and several ladies went into fits. When played *pianissimo*, the sound of the drum is peculiarly grateful, as it resembles a distant echo, and fills the mind with an idea of vastness. It is upon this principle that we feel excited by the sound of storms.

"Who has not felt the charms of a winter's evening, the cheerful fire, and warm hearth-rug, with curtains falling in ample draperies upon the floor, when the storm has been raging without? The whirling trees, the cries of the blast through the crannies of the hall, as if benighted wretches were imploring shelter? These are the sounds that touch the musician's ear. Sounds still more awful are the hollow murmurs of earthquakes, the thunder of volcanoes, and the roar of hurricanes. Happily we are not visited with these tremendous convulsions: yet we have them upon a smaller scale, sufficient to raise the sublimest sensations. Lying as we do in the midst of waters, the grandest exhibition with us is the sea in a storm. When at rest, like a monster asleep, it strikes us with awe by its vastness; but when roused into tempestuous fury, and swelling waves threaten to overwhelm the land, we may truly say, that in Britain Neptune has fixed his throne. Winstanley, in his description of the Eddystone lighthouse has represented the sea as dashing a hundred feet above the top of that perilous structure. But the furious commotion of the northern sea far surpasses this in grandeur

friend of the writer who was employed upon the trigonometrical survey in the Orkney Isles, describes the waves in that region during a storm to be of the most frightful violence, striking the granite face of the perpendicular rocks with a force so tremendous as to carry the spray over the island for thirty miles, destroying the crops in the whole of the distance. It is this scenery in nature's theatre, accompanied by the roar of the elements, that so appals us, that we involuntarily turn away from the stupendous sight.

"In the storms on land trees are the grand instruments which augment the mighty roar. Their yells mixed up with the blast send forth the most terrific harmonies. Those who have traversed the black forests in Germany can have some idea of the horrid din of those domains. The common people hide themselves from the spirit of the woods, little reflecting that it is the lashing winds against the giant trunks of the forest which cause the dreadful howling they hear! Sir Thomas Lauder has given us some idea of these effects in the hurricanes of Scotland, 1839, when he describes the flood of Moray. There was something inexpressibly fearful and sublime in the roar of the torrents which filled the valley, and the fitful gusts of the north wind that groaned among the woods. The tall ornamental trees, one by one, had begun to yield; the noise was a distinct combination of two kinds of sound; one a uniform continued roar, the other like rapid discharges of many cannons at once. The first proceeded from the violence of the water; the other, which was heard through it, and as it were muffled by it, came from the enormous stones which the stream was hurling over its rocky bed. Above all this was heard the fiend-like shriek of the wind, yelling as if the demon of desolation had been riding upon its blast. The whole scene had an air of unreality about it that bewildered the senses. It was like some of those wild dramatic exhibitions where nature's operations are out-heroded by the mechanist of the theatre, where mountains are thrown down by artificial storms. Never did the insubstantiality of all earthly things come so perfectly home to my conviction. The hand of God appeared to be at work, and I felt that had he only pronounced his dread fiat, millions of such worlds as that we inhabit would cease to exist! It is only in situations like these, where the sounds are reflected by surrounding hills, that we can at all feel a storm. In the polar regions, where no traces of vegetation appear upon that glassy surface, there is a complete absence of sound: as on the highest point of the Alps, a 'solemn silence reigns.' But in the avalanches descend, their thunders roll through the valleys in awful grandeur.

"Perhaps of all noises which are aug-

mented by continued reverberations, none are more appalling than the experiment of rolling a portion of rock into Heldon Hole, in Derbyshire. To stand on the brink of this fathomless gulph, and to hear the thundering mass fall from cavern to cavern, wakening the frightful echoes in the vast chambers below, fills the mind with terror and dismay. This noise, more terrible than the whirlpool of Charybdis, is, in some degree, imitated by Haydn, in a chorus in *Judah*, at the words '*the Lord devoureth them all.*' The sounds sinking into an abyss of harmony, are penned with an effect worthy of the great Beethoven himself."—pp. 376—379.

To the wind we are indebted for the pleasing sounds of the Æolian harp, and even for the invention of the stringed harp played by the fingers. On the banks of the Nile a dead tortoise was found, of which nothing remained but the shell, and some dried sinews that were stretched across. The wind breathing over them drew forth sounds which a traveller, fabled to be Apollo, noticed, and for many ages afterwards the shell was deemed an essential part of the lyre. It was the original sounding board, for which we have substituted a more convenient material. The twang of the hunter's bow is said to have suggested the improvement of the string stretched over a larger space, and also to have suggested the form of the primitive harp. Nature has still many instruments of her own, the rocks, the trees, the waves of the ocean, from which she frequently elicits sounds, that while they delight the well informed, terrify the ignorant.

"Sailors are a most superstitious race, and have a secret dread of remarkable sounds heard at sea. At the Land's End, it is not uncommon to hear a mysterious sound off the coast previous to a storm, which fishermen are not willing to attribute to natural causes, but believe it to come from the spirit of the deep. This effect is obviously occasioned by the coming storm whistling through the crevices of the rocks that stand in the sea, and which skirt the Cornish coast; so much do the people consider this as ominous of shipwreck, that no one can be persuaded to venture out to sea while this warning voice is heard. In the northern seas, our sailors are alarmed by a singular musical effect, which is now well understood to proceed from the whale inhaling his breath. Similar sounds probably may be uttered by other monsters of the deep, upon which the ancients fallaciously founded their notions of sea nymphs and sirens.

The peasantry may be classed with the sailors; they have not yet lost their faith in witchcraft and supernatural agency: yet such is the advance of knowledge in the manufacturing districts, where science is blended

with every operation and every art, that these traits of ignorance no longer exist. The idea that fairies dance in the meadows on warm summer nights to *sweet music*, no doubt has arisen from the sound ascribed to the midnight dances of the ephemera, noticed at the 247th page; but to see these green little figures *sitting* to and fro, is a stretch of imagination that can only result from a state of fear and trepidation. Great stress is laid by the country people upon sounds heard in the night time, such as the croaking of the raven, or the thrilling note of the screech owl. These are always considered as bad omens, and a certain presage of disaster and death.

"The power of the imagination to reproduce sounds, when in a state between sleeping and waking, is a fact that no one can doubt. Who has not found himself suddenly aroused by a sound, or startled out of sleep by a well-known voice, when it is certain no sound had been uttered? These effects, like our dreams, are excited by causes extremely slight. By the lower order these sounds are considered as calls or warnings from invisible spirits."—pp. 382, 383.

Echo is said to reflect sound upon the same, or nearly the same, principles that a mirror reflects light. By a similar analogy, and a very curious one it is, every sound is a combination of three different tones, as every ray of light is composed of seven different colours. Further, as there is a natural affinity between colours, by observing which the painter gives harmony to his picture, so there is a similar affinity between sounds, which is the true cause of musical harmony. The Chinese have not yet arrived at the art of giving perspective to their paintings; neither have they yet acquired the power of producing harmony in their music. Melody is defined to be "a succession of sounds at harmonic distances;" in other words it is a form of harmony, its excellence being dependent on the order of the chords through which it is made to pass. This definition is vague and imperfect. Melody is in fact the sentiment of music: harmony is its style. We may write very correctly, and even produce gracefulness in our language: but unless it be informed by sentiment, it will not affect the feelings. In a word, harmony is the result of science, as style is of grammar: but melody in music, and sentiment in literature, are alike the results of inspiration. It is to inspiration that those nations which can boast of a national music are indebted for that highly ornamental possession. Whatever of that kind the Britons anciently possessed, would seem to have been driven into Wales. With the exception of a few glees, we have in fact *nothing* that now deserves the name of *national music*.

"If we can set up any claim to it is in our glees and anthems. I in his learned essay on the ancient informs us that a class of these performers called *glee-men*, who no doubt first who performed vocal music. The earliest pieces of this kind are by our madrigal writers, and probably founded upon the taste of the school. Compositions for the church not set to English words until Tallis, since which the anthem brought to the highest state of perfection by our countrymen, Croft, Green, and others. The choicest pieces of these authors be found in the third volume of *Scolodies*—these will remain for centuries ornaments of the English church not till about the year 1770, that came the taste in England, and prominent part in the private concert nobility. At this time the celebrated Giardini arrived in this country on a visit to Lord Sandwich; at Ingbrooke, he felt so annoyed by the constant round of glee singing that he said, "if dat be de moosic for de he compose de glees."

"About this period, the art of glee was much encouraged by the Catholics in which the royal dukes and some first nobility joined in giving every gold medal for the best comic and glee. This raised an emulous spirit in our composers, and produced the pieces cited below, of Cooke, Danby, and Webbe.* The latter surpassed his competitors, and during his career gained every prize that was offered. Amongst his numerous compositions may mention the following as being excellent.

"A generous friendship no cold knows."
"Come, live with me, and be my wife."
"If love and all the world were gone."
"Discord, dire sister of the slave's power."
"The mighty conqueror."
"Swiftly from the mountain's brow."
"You gave me your heart to other."

"Mr. Webbe was a man of refined taste and genius, and probably wrote much of the best of our modern music."

* The following may be considered as *classical* of the authors just named.

"Cooke. 'How sleep the brave who sink
'In the merry month of May."

"Danby. 'Awake, Æolian lyre."
'When Sappho tuned the rapture."

"Paston. 'How sweet, how fresh this vesper
'Round the hapless Andre's urn."

"Calcott. 'In the lonely vale of streams."
'Peace to the souls of the heroes."

attached to his music. The followers have never been acknowledged.

When winds breathe soft along the silent
P.
waters curl, the peaceful billows sleep,
neger gale the troubled waves awakes,
urface roughens, and the ocean shakes.
dreadful still when furious storms arise,
mountain billows bellow to the skies;
quid rocks the tott'ring vessels toss'd,
umbered surges lash the foaming coast,
aging waves excited by the blast
en with wrath, and split the sturdy
st.

in an instant, He who rules the floods,
, air, and fire, Jehovah, God of gods,
easing accents speaks his sovereign
l,

ids the waters and the winds be still.
'd are the winds, the waters cease to
r,

re the seas, and silent as the shore.
say what joy elates the sailor's breast
prosp'rous gales so unexpected blest;
ease, what transport, in each face is

n,
eavens look bright, the air and sea
one!

very plaint we hear a joyful strain,
im whose pow'r unbounded rules the
in.'

he following, we believe, is from the
n of Ben Johnson:—

ence all ye vain delights,
ort as are the nights
ein you spend your folly;
's nought in this life so sweet,
a were wise to see t't,

nly melancholy.

weet melancholy,
ome folded arms and fixed eyes,

h that piercing mortifies;
k that's fastened to the ground,
gue chain'd up without a sound,
ain heads, and pathless groves,
s which pale passion loves,
light walks when all the fowls
afely housed, save bats and owls,
nlight bell, a parting groan,
are the sounds we feed upon:

stretch our bones in a still gloomy
ley,
ng so dainty sweet as melancholy.'

he just expression with which the
sh language was set, placed the style
e writing very much above the madri-
f Byrd, Wilbye, Bennet, and Weelks.
pieces remain unrivalled specimens of
and fugue, but miserable instances of
nison which should ever exist between
ords and music. That which contri-
to keep alive this taste for glees
gh a period of more than twenty years,
re united voices of Harrison, Knyvett,
Batleman. Their performance was an
Museum—Vol. XXI.

instance of a beautiful blending of sounds
never effected since their time. The plea-
sure derived, perhaps, was more the sensual
gratification of tone upon the ear, than a
display of musical skill. The author of the
Ramble in Germany, describes this vocal
richness on hearing a madrigal performed
on a raft in the Danube. 'They glided
slowly by, in the cool refreshing air of the
river; the stars were above their heads;
there was repose and silence in the whole
scene; they stood up, *singing by heart*,
pouring out a rich and mellow harmony,
without the trouble of *thinking* of parts,
and giving up their souls to the quietness
and shadows around them.' The birds do
this in 'melodious plots of beeches green,'
and the Germans imitate them, devoting
themselves to expression and character.
During the period in which glees were so
popular with us, Germany, though in the
midst of war, was making the most rapid
strides in the music of instruments. On
the return of peace, the talented merchants
of the metropolis brought us the important
works of Haydn and Mozart. These gave
a new turn to our musical ideas, and we
awoke from the sleepy style of a past age.
Amidst this influx of modern art, our glees
have subsided by their gravity, and proba-
bly, will never rise into much notice again.
Our anthems, however, are interwoven with
the service of the Protestant church, and
notwithstanding the profusion of splendid
masses we receive from abroad, they will
ever preserve the important rank which they
hold in the department of devotional mu-
sic."—pp. 461—471.

The doctrine which the author propounds
in the following passage, with respect to
the salutary influence which the practice of
singing exercises upon health, must be re-
ceived with a few grains of allowance. We
have known within our own experience,
more than one case, where a delicate con-
stitution was rendered much more feeble,
by the party bursting a blood vessel while
singing. There is no doubt that disease
has been sometimes caused in the region of
the throat, by continued vocal exertion. At
the same time we can very well understand
that the exercise of the organs by reading
aloud, or by moderate exercise in vocal mu-
sic, is eminently conducive to general health.

"Many writers have strongly insisted
upon the danger of forcing the voice, in
learning to sing, thinking it may be greatly
injured, if not destroyed; but if we attend
to facts we shall find this to be an erroneous
opinion. It is a maxim which applies to the
use of all our faculties, that so long as we
do not weaken, we strengthen; and this fact
is strikingly true as it regards the voice.
If we listen to those whose business it is to
cry their commodities in the streets, on com-
paring their strength of voice to our own,

we shall be surprised to find what a force of intonation this daily practice produces. When did we ever hear of these itinerants, or public singers or speakers being compelled to give up their profession, in consequence of a loss of voice? On the contrary, this constant exertion strengthens the vocal organs, and is highly conducive to health. Many persons, in encouraging the development of musical talents in their children, have no other view than to add to the number of their accomplishments, and afford them a means of innocent amusement. It was the opinion of Dr. Rush, however, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many other kinds of salubrious exercise, is to be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. 'I here introduce a fact,' remarks the Doctor, 'which has been suggested to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one instance of spitting of blood amongst them. This I believe is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion; he informs me that he had known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption restored to health by the exercise of the lungs in singing.* Dean Bayley, of the Chapel Royal, many years back advised persons who were learning to sing, as a means of strengthening the lungs, and acquiring a retentive breath, 'to often run up some ascent, especially in the morning, leisurely at first, and accelerating the motion near the top, without suffering the lungs to play quick in the manner of panting.' Having quoted this judicious writer, we are tempted to add the following remarks, addressed to professional singers. Next to this he says, 'temperance, particularly in

the use of malt liquors, is beneficial, avoiding all occasions of heats and sudden cooling, either by a cessation of motion or drinking any thing cold, in an overheated state of the body, which brings on hoarseness, coughs, and other impediments of singing and health. He, therefore, that would be prepared with a voice, and capacity of singing well, besides being in constant practice, must avoid all excess, as it is said, 'he that striveth for the mastery must be temperate in all things,' keeping nature cheerful and in constant good humour, which will sweeten life and extend its span. Persons may indulge with more safety at forty than at eighteen, when nature is in a state of growth and immaturity; though indeed we are assured from religion, from reason, and experience, that we can at no time yield to excess and indulgences with any safety to the health of the body and mind; and that to live soberly with the passions and appetites under due subjection, opens the best prospect of living in the present world, as well as in the next. Let it be thought right in me to step forth with these warnings, presenting, as it were, a chart of the coast, who have for many years traversed the ocean; who have seen, and do daily see, not without concern and admonition, many young proficient in music make a shameful and speedy end, who have promised fair in the beginning, and might have proceeded happily; but, setting off with overmuch sail and too strong a tide, suffered shipwreck in the channel, before they could well get out to sea.'—pp. 472—475.

In a chapter upon "utterance," Mr. Gardener very tastefully analyses its constituent parts; he remarks that our language especially, which needs all the graces of elocution to set it off, on account of its numerous consonants, is never heard to so much advantage as when pronounced by our well educated women. This may perhaps be partly owing to their acquaintance with the Italian, but it must be ascribed principally to their natural delicacy and clearness of articulation. The author next analyses the alphabet, and concludes with some observations upon Rhythm, which we recommend to the attention of our orators, and especially of our poets; the latter have as yet much to learn upon that subject.

From the (London) New Monthly Magazine.

THE HOME OF LOVE.

"They sin, who tell us Love can die.
With Life all other Passions fly,
All others are but Vanity;—

But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest."—Southey.

* "In the new establishment of infant schools for children of three and four years of age, every thing is taught by the aid of song. Their little lessons, their recitations, their arithmetical countings, are all chanted; and as they feel the importance of their own voices when joined together, they emulate each other in the power of vociferating. This exercise is found to be very beneficial to health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children of two or three years of age, that could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs."

movest in visions, Love!—Around
way,
through this World's rough path and
angelic day,

For ever floats a gleam,
from the realms of Moonlight or the
sun,
thine own Soul's illumined chambers
in—

The colouring of a dream!

shall I read thy dream?—Oh! is it not
of some sheltering, wood-embosomed
spot—

A Bower for thee and thine?
! lone and lowly is that Home; ye
are
thing of Heaven in the transparent air
Makes every flower divine.

thing that mellows and that glorifies
is o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some Blessed Isle;
like the soft and spiritual glow,
ling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal
w

Sleeps lovingly awhile.

very whispers of the Wind have there
like harmony, that seems to bear

Greeting from some bright shore,
re none have said *Farewell!*—where
decay

de the faint crimson to the dying day;
Where the Storm's might is o'er.

there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
e deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill:

wouldst thou watch the homeward
sp, whose sound
ening all Nature to sweet echoes round,
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

e by the hearth should many a glorious
ge,
a mind to mind th' immortal heritage,

For thee its treasures pour;
music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
earlier interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

the rich unison of mingled prayer,
melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise;
ing the eternal hope, th' adoring breath,
Spirits, not to be disjoined by Death,
Up to the starry skies.

re, dost thou well believe, no storm should
me

near the stillness of that Angel-Home;—
There should thy slumbers be
ghed down with honey-dew, serenely
cessed,

theirs who first in Eden's Grove took
st

Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love! thou passionate in Joy and
Wo!

And canst thou hope for cloudless peace
below—

Here, where bright things must die?
Oh, thou! that wildly worshipping, dost shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of Infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!
Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,

Still round thy precious thing;—
Thy stately Pine-tree, or thy gracious Rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And, as a flower with some fine sense imbued
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,

So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic
thrill

To the low footstep of each coming ill;
—Oh! canst Thou dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou Mighty and thou
Weak

Heart, strong as Death, yet as a reed to break,
As a flame, tempest-swayed!

He that sits calm on High is yet the source
Whence thy Soul's current hath its troubled
course,

He that great Deep hath made!

Will He not pity!—He, whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony!—

Oh! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with Him that Bower of Blessed-
ness—

Love! thy sole Home is Heaven!
F. H.

From the (London) New Monthly Magazine.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

[BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.]

— "Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

From this period we saw Lord Byron frequently; he met us in our rides nearly every day, and the road to Nervi became our favourite promenade. While riding by the sea-shore, he often recurred to the events of his life, mingling sarcasms on himself with bitter pleasantries against others. He dined often with us, and sometimes came after dinner, as he complained that he suffered from indulging at our repasts, as animal food disagreed with him. He added, that even the excitement of society, though agreeable and exhilarating at the time, left a nervous irritation, that prevented sleep or occupation for many hours afterwards.

I once spoke to him, by the desire of his medical adviser, on the necessity of his accustoming himself to a more nutritious regimen; but he declared, that if he did, he

should get fat and stupid, and that it was only by abstinence that he felt he had the power of exercising his mind. He complained of being spoiled for society, by having so long lived out of it; and said, that though naturally of a quick apprehension, he latterly felt himself dull and stupid. The impression left on my mind is, that Byron never could have been a brilliant person in society, and that he was not formed for what generally is understood by that term: he has none of the "small change" that passes current in the mart of society; his gold is in ingots, and cannot be brought into use for trifling expenditures; he, however, talks a good deal, and likes to *raconter*.

Talking of people who were great talkers, he observed that almost all clever people were such, and gave several examples: amongst others, he cited Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Johnson, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Madame de Stael. "But," said he, "my friend, Lady ———, would have talked them all out of the field. She, I suppose, has heard that all clever people are great talkers, and so has determined on displaying, at least, *one* attribute of that genus; but her Ladyship would do well to recollect that *all* great talkers are not clever people—a truism that no one can doubt who has been often in her society."

"Lady ———," continued Byron, "with *beaucoup de ridicule*, has many essentially fine qualities; she is independent in her principles—though, by the by, like all Independents, she allows that privilege to few others, being the veriest tyrant that ever governed Fashion's fools, who are compelled to shake their caps and bells as she wills it. Of all that coterie," said Byron, "Madame de ———, after Lady ———, was the best; at least I thought so, for these two ladies were the only ones who ventured to protect me when all London was crying out against me on the separation, and they behaved courageously and kindly; indeed Madame de ——— defended me when few dared do so, and I have always remembered it. Poor dear Lady ———! does she still retain her beautiful cream-coloured complexion and raven hair? I used to long to tell her that she spoiled her looks by her excessive animation; for eyes, tongue, head, and arms were all in movement at once, and were only relieved from their active service by want of respiration. I shall never forget when she once complained to me of the fatigue of literary occupations; and I, in terror, expected her Ladyship to propose reading to me an epic poem, tragedy, or at least a novel of her composition, when, lo! she displayed to me a very richly-bound Album, half filled with printed extracts cut out of newspapers and magazines, which she had selected and pasted

in the book; and I (happy at being let off so easily) sincerely agreed with her that literature was very tiresome. I understand that she has now advanced with the "*Mareil of Intellect*," and got an Album filled with MS. poetry, to which all of us, of the *craft*, have contributed. I was the first; Moore wrote something, which was, like all that he writes, very sparkling and terse; but he got dissatisfied with the faint praise it met with from the husband before Miladi saw the verses, and destroyed the effusion; I know not if he ever has supplied their place. Can you fancy Moore paying attention to the opinion of Milor, on Poesy? Had it been on racing or horse-flesh he might have been right; but Pegasus is, perhaps, the only horse of whose paces Lord ——— could not be a judge."

Talking of fashionable life in London, Lord Byron said that there was nothing so vapid and *ennuyeux*. "The English," said he, "were intended by nature to be good, sober-minded people, and those who live in the country are really admirable. I saw a good deal of English country life, and it is the only favourable impression that remains of our mode of living; but of London, and *exclusive* society, I retain a fearful recollection. Dissipation has need of wit, talent, and gaiety to prevent reflection, and make the eternal round of frivolous amusements pass; and of these," continued Byron, "there was a terrible lack in the society in which I mixed. The minds of the English are formed of sterner stuff. You may make an English woman (indeed Nature does this) the best daughter, wife, and mother in the world; nay, you may make her a heroine; but nothing can make her a genuine *woman of fashion*! And yet this latter rôle is the one which, *par preference*, she always wishes to act. Thorough-bred English gentlewomen," said Byron, "are the most distinguished and lady-like creatures imaginable. Natural, mild, and dignified, they are formed to be placed at the heads of our patrician establishments; but when they quit their congenial spheres to enact the leaders of fashion, *les dames à la mode*, they bungle sadly. Their gaiety degenerates into levity—their hauteur into incivility—their fashionable ease and nonchalance into *brusquerie*—and their attempts at assuming *les usages du monde* into a positive outrage on all the *bienséances*. In short, they offer a coarse caricature of the airy flightiness and capricious, but amusing, *légereté* of the French, without any of their redeeming *espièglerie* and *politesse*. And all this because they will perform parts in the comedy of life for which nature has not formed them, neglecting their own dignified characters."

"Madame de Stael," continued Lord Byron, "was forcibly struck by the factitious

one of the best society in London, and wished very much to have an opportunity of judging of that of the second class. She, however, had not this opportunity, which I regret, as I think it would have justified her expectations. In England, the raw material is generally good; it is the over-dressing that injures it; and as the class she wished to study are well educated, and have all the refinement of civilization without its corruption, she would have carried away a favourable impression. Lord Grey and his family were the personification of her *beau idéal* of perfection, as I must say they are of mine," continued Byron, "and might serve as the finest specimens of the pure English patrician breed, of which so few remain. His uncompromising and uncompromised dignity, founded on self-respect, and accompanied by that certain proof of superiority—simplicity of manner and freedom from affectation, with her mild and matron graces, her whole life offering a model to wives and mothers—really they are people to be proud of, and a few such would reconcile one to one's species."

One of our first rides with Lord Byron was to Nervi, a village on the sea-coast, most romantically situated, and each turn of the road presenting various and beautiful prospects. They were all familiar to him, and he failed not to point them out, but in very sober terms, never allowing any thing like enthusiasm in his expressions, though many of the views might have excited it.

His appearance on horseback was not advantageous, and he seemed aware of it, for he made many excuses for his dress and equestrian appointments. His horse was literally covered with various trappings, in the way of cavesons, martingales, and Heaven knows how many other (to me) unknown inventions. The saddle was a *la Hussarde* with holsters, in which he always carried pistols. His dress consisted of a nankeen jacket and trousers, which appeared to have shrunk from washing; the jacket embroidered in the same colour, and with three rows of buttons; the waist very short, the back very narrow, and the sleeves set in as they used to be ten or fifteen years before; a black stock, very narrow; a dark-blue velvet cap with a shade, and a very rich gold band and large gold tassel at the crown; nankeen gaiters, and a pair of blue spectacles, completed his costume, which was any thing but becoming. This was his general dress of a morning for riding, but I have seen it changed for a green artan plaid jacket. He did not ride well, which surprised us, as, from the frequent allusions to horsemanship in his works, we expected to find him almost a Nimrod. It was evident that he had *pretensions* on his point, though he certainly was what I

should call a timid rider. When his horse made a false step, which was not unfrequent, he seemed discomposed; and when we came to any bad part of the road, he immediately checked his course and walked his horse very slowly, though there really was nothing to make even a lady nervous. Finding that I could perfectly manage (or what he called *bully*) a very highly-dressed horse that I daily rode, he became extremely anxious to buy it; asked me a thousand questions as to how I had acquired such a perfect command of it, &c. &c. and entreated, as the greatest favour, that I would resign it to him as a charger to take to Greece, declaring he never would part with it, &c. As I was by no means a bold rider, we were rather amused at observing Lord Byron's opinion of my courage; and as he seemed so anxious for the horse, I agreed to let him have it when he was to embark. From this time he paid particular attention to the movements of poor Mameluke (the name of the horse,) and said he should now feel confidence in action with so steady a charger.

During our ride the conversation turned on our mutual friends and acquaintances in England. Talking of two of them, for one of whom he professed a great regard, he declared laughingly that they had saved him from suicide. Seeing me look grave, he added, "It is a fact, I assure you, I should positively have destroyed myself, but I guessed that ——— or ——— would write my life, and with this fear before my eyes, I have lived on. I know so well the sort of things they would write of me—the excuses, lame as myself, that they would offer for my delinquencies, while they were unnecessarily exposing them, and all this done with the avowed intention of justifying, what, God help me! cannot be justified, my *unpoetical* reputation, with which the world can have nothing to do! One of my friends would dip his pen in clarified honey, and the other in vinegar, to describe my manifold transgressions, and as I lived on, and do not wish my poor frame to be either *preserved* or *pickled*, I have written my Memoirs, where facts will speak for themselves, without the editorial candour of excuses, such as 'we cannot excuse *this* unhappy error, or defend *that* impropriety;'—the mode," continued Byron, "in which friends exalt their own prudence and virtue, by exhibiting the want of those qualities in their dear departed, and by marking their disapproval of his errors. I have written my Memoirs," said Byron, "to save the necessity of their being written by a friend or friends, and have only to hope they will not add notes."

I remarked with a smile, that at all events he anticipated his friends by *saying* before hand as many ill-natured things of them as

they could possibly write of him. He laughed, and said, "Depend on it we are equal. Poets, (and I may, I suppose, without presumption, count myself among that favoured race, as it has pleased the Fates to make me one,) have no friends. On the old principle, that 'union gives force,' we sometimes agree to have a violent friendship for each other. We dedicate, we bepraise, we write pretty letters, but we do not deceive each other. In short, we resemble you fair ladies, when some half dozen of the fairest of you profess to love each other mightily, correspond so sweetly, call each other by such pretty epithets, and laugh in your hearts at those who are taken in by such appearances."

I endeavoured to defend my sex, but he adhered to his opinion. I ought to add that during this conversation he was very gay, and that though his words may appear severe, there was no severity in his manner. The natural flippancy of Lord Byron took off all appearance of premeditation or bitterness from his remarks, even when they were acrimonious, and the impression conveyed to, and left on my mind, was, that for the most part they were uttered more in jest than in earnest. They were however sufficiently severe to make me feel that there was no safety with him, and that in five minutes after one's quitting him on terms of friendship, he could not resist the temptation of showing one up, either in conversation or by letter, though in half an after he would put himself to personal inconvenience to render a kindness to the person so shown up.

I remarked that in talking of literary productions, he seemed much more susceptible to their defects, than alive to their beauties. As a proof, he never failed to remember some quotation that told against the unhappy author, which he recited with an emphasis, or a mock-heroic air, that made it very ludicrous. The pathetic he always burlesqued in reciting; but this I am sure proceeded from an affectation of not sympathizing with the general taste.

April.—Lord Byron dined with us to-day. During dinner he was as usual gay, and spoke in terms of the warmest commendation of Sir Walter Scott, not only as an author, but as a man, and dwelt with apparent delight on his novels, declaring that he had read and re-read them over and over again, and always with increased pleasure. He said that he quite equalled, nay, in his opinion, surpassed Cervantes. In talking of Sir Walter's private character, goodness of heart, &c., Lord Byron became more animated than I had ever seen him; his colour changed from its general pallid tint to a more lively hue, and his eyes became humid; never had he appeared to such advantage, and it might easily be seen that every

expression he uttered proceeded from his heart.* Poor Byron!—for poor he is even with all his genius, rank, and wealth—had he lived more with men like Scott, whose openness of character and steady principle had convinced him that they were in earnest in *their goodness*, and not *making believe*, (as he always suspects good people to be,) his life might be different and happier! Byron is so acute an observer that nothing escapes him; all the shades of selfishness and vanity are exposed to his searching glance, and the misfortune is, (and a serious one it is to him,) that when he finds these, and alas! they are to be found on every side, they disgust and prevent his giving credit to the many good qualities that often accompany them. He declares he can sooner pardon crimes, because they proceed from the passions, than these minor vices, that spring from egotism and self-conceit. We had a long argument this evening on the subject, which ended, like most arguments, by leaving both of the same opinion as when it commenced. I endeavoured to prove that crimes were not only injurious to the perpetrators, but often ruinous to the innocent, and productive of misery to friends and relations, whereas selfishness and vanity carried with them their own punishment, the first depriving the person of all sympathy, and the second exposing him to ridicule, which to the vain is a heavy punishment, but that their effects were not destructive to society as are crimes.

He laughed when I told him that having heard him so often declaim against vanity, and detect it so often in his friends, I began to suspect he knew the malady by having had it himself, and that I had observed through life, that those persons who had the most vanity were the most severe against that failing in their friends. He wished to impress upon me that he was not vain, and gave various proofs to establish this; but I produced against him his boasts of swimming, his evident desire of being considered more *un homme de société* than a poet, and other little examples, when he laughingly pleaded guilty, and promised to be more merciful towards his friends.

We sat on the balcony after tea; it commands a fine view, and we had one of those moonlight nights that are seen only in this country. Every object was tinged with its silvery lustre. In front were crowded an uncountable number of ships from every country, with their various flags waving in the breeze which bore to us the sounds of the

* After all, in spite of Byron's insincere severity to the ordinary herd of absent friends, he did not invariably speak well of those whom he thought really deserved esteem? Scott, Shelley, Mrs. Leigh, of these he is no backbiter! As to the rest, he does not seem (however erroneously) to have felt their merits or believed their friendship.—Ed.

various languages of the crews. In the place we enjoyed a more expanded view of the sea, which reminded Byron of his and Moore's description, which he quoted:

"The sea is like a silvery lake."

The fanale casting its golden blaze into this very lake, and throwing a red lurid reflection on the sails of the vessels that pass near it; the fishermen, with their small boats, each having a fire held in a sort of net fastened at the end of the boat, which burns brilliantly, and by which they not only see the fish that approach, but attract them; their scarlet caps, which all the Genoese sailors and fishermen wear, adding much to their picturesque appearance, all formed a picture that description falls far short of; and when to this are joined the sweet odours of the richest and rarest flowers, with which the balconies are filled, one feels that such nights are never to be forgotten, and while the senses dwell on each, and a delicious melancholy steals over the mind, as it reflects that, the destinies of the world are conducting to far distant regions, and we will arrive when all now before the eyes will appear but as a dream.

This was felt by all the party, and after a space of many minutes, it was broken by Byron, who remarked, "What an evening, what a view! Should we ever meet the dense atmosphere of London, shall we not recall this evening, and the scenery we before us: but no! most probably we should not feel as we do here; we could fall into the same heartless, loveless stony that distinguish one half of our dear compatriots, or the bustling, impertinent importance to be considered *supreme bon ton* it marks the other."

Byron spoke with bitterness, but it was the bitterness of a fine nature soured by having been touched too closely by those who had lost their better feelings through a contact with the world. After a few minutes silence, he said, "Look at that forest of masts now before us! from what remote parts of the world do they come! o'er how many waves have they not passed, and how many tempests have they not been, and may soon be exposed to! how many hearts and tender thoughts follow them! mothers, wives, sisters, and sweet-hearts, who perhaps at this hour are offering up prayers for their safety."

While he was yet speaking sounds of vocal music arose; national hymns and bar-olles were sung in turns by the different crews, and when they had ceased, "God save the King" was sung by the crews of the English merchantmen lying close to the pier. This was a surprise to us all, and the effect on our feelings was magnetic. Byron was no less touched than the rest; each felt at the moment that tie of country that binds all when they meet on a far distant

shore. When the song ceased, Byron, with a melancholy smile, observed, "Why, positively, we are all quite sentimental this evening, and I, I who have sworn against sentimentality, find the old leaven still in my nature, and quite ready to make a fool of me. 'Tell it not in Gath,' that is to say, breathe it not in London, or to English ears polite, or never again shall I be able to enact the stoic philosopher. Come, come, this will never do, we must forswear moonlight, fine views, above all, hearing a national air sung. Little does his gracious Majesty Big Ben, as Moore calls him, imagine what loyal subjects he has at Genoa, and least of all that I am among their number."

Byron attempted to be gay, but the effort was not successful, and he wished us good night with a trepidation of manner that marked his feelings. And this is the man that I have heard considered unfeeling! How often are our best qualities turned against us, and made the instruments for wounding us in the most vulnerable part, until, ashamed of betraying our susceptibility, we affect an insensibility we are far from possessing, and while we deceive others, nourish in secret the feelings that prey only on our own hearts!

It is difficult to judge when Lord Byron is serious or not. He has a habit of mystifying, that might impose upon many; but that can be detected by examining his physiognomy; for a sort of mock gravity, now and then broken by a malicious smile, betrays when he is speaking for effect, and not giving utterance to his real sentiments. If he sees that he is detected, he appears angry for a moment, and then laughingly admits, that it amuses him to *hoax* people, as he calls it, and that when each person, at some future day, will give their different statements of him, they will be so contradictory, that all will be doubted,—an idea that gratifies him exceedingly! The mobility of his nature is extraordinary, and makes him inconsistent in his actions as well as in his conversation. He introduced the subject of La Contessa Guiccioli and her family, which we, of course, would not have touched on. He stated that they lived beneath his roof because his rank as a British Peer afforded her father and brother protection, they having been banished from Ravenna, their native place, on account of their politics. He spoke in high terms of the Counts Gamba, father and son; he said that he had given the family a wing of his house, but that their establishments were totally separate, their repasts never taken together, and that such was their scrupulous delicacy, that they never would accept a pecuniary obligation from him in all the difficulties entailed on them by their exile. He represented La Contessa Guiccioli as a most amiable and lady-like person, perfectly dis-

interested and noble-minded, devotedly attached to him, and possessing so many high and estimable qualities, as to offer an excuse for any man's attachment to her. He said that he had been passionately in love with her, and that she had sacrificed every thing for him; that the whole of her conduct towards him had been admirable, and that not only did he feel the strongest personal attachment to her, but the highest sentiments of esteem. He dwelt with evident complacency on her noble birth and distinguished connexions,—advantages to which he attaches great importance. I never met any one with so decided a taste for aristocracy as Lord Byron, and this is shown in a thousand different ways.

He says the Contessa is well-educated, remarkably fond of, and well read in, the poetry of her own country, and a tolerable proficient in that of France and England. In his praises of Madame Guiccioli, it is quite evident that he is sincere, and I am persuaded this is his last attachment. He told me that she had used every effort to get him to discontinue "*Don Juan*," or at least to preserve the future Cantos from all impure passages. In short, he has said all that was possible to impress me with a favourable opinion of this lady, and has convinced me that he entertains a very high one of her himself.

Byron is a strange *mélange* of good and evil, the predominancy of either depending wholly on the humour he may happen to be in. His is a character that nature totally unfitted for domestic habits, or for rendering a woman of refinement or susceptibility happy. He confesses to me that he is not happy, but admits that it is his own fault, as the Contessa Guiccioli, the only object of his love, has all the qualities to render a reasonable being happy. I observed, *appropos* to some observation he had made, that I feared La Contessa Guiccioli had little reason to be satisfied with her lot. He answered, "Perhaps you are right; yet she must know that I am sincerely attached to her; but the truth is, my habits are not those requisite to form the happiness of any woman; I am worn out in feelings, for, though only thirty-six, I feel sixty in mind, and am less capable than ever of those nameless attentions that all women, but above all, Italian women, require. I like solitude, which has become absolutely necessary to me; am fond of shutting myself up for hours, and when with the person I like, am often *distracted* and gloomy. There is something I am convinced (continued Byron) in the poetical temperament that precludes happiness, not only to the person who has it, but to those connected with him. Do not accuse me of vanity because I say this, as my belief is, that the worst poet may share this misfortune in com-

mon with the best. The way in which I account for it is, that our *imaginings* being warmer than our *hearts*, and much more given to wander, the latter have not the power to control the former; hence, soon after our passions are gratified, imagination again takes wing, and finding the insufficiency of actual indulgence beyond the moment, abandons itself to all its wayward fancies, and during this abandonment, becomes cold and insensible to the demands of affection. This is our misfortune but not our fault, and dearly do we expiate it; by it we are rendered incapable of sympathy, and cannot lighten, by sharing, the pain we inflict. Thus we witness, without the power of alleviating, the anxiety and dissatisfaction our conduct occasions. We are not so totally unfeeling, as not to be grieved at the unhappiness we cause, but this same power of imagination, transports our thoughts to other scenes, and we are always so much more occupied by the ideal than the present, that we forget all that is actual. It is as though the creatures of another sphere, not subject to the lot of mortality, formed a factitious alliance (as all alliances must be that are not in all respects equal) with the creatures of this earth, and, being exempt from its sufferings, turned their thoughts to brighter regions, leaving the partners of their earthly existence to suffer alone. But, let the object of affection be snatched away by death, and how is all the pain ever inflicted on them avenged! The same imagination that led us to slight, or overlook their sufferings, now that they are for ever lost to us, magnifies their estimable qualities, and increases ten-fold the affection we ever felt for them—

'Oh! what are thousand living loves,
To that which cannot quit the dead?'

How did I feel this when Allegra, my daughter, died! While she lived, her existence never seemed necessary to my happiness; but no sooner did I lose her, than it appeared to me as if I could not live without her. Even now the recollection is most bitter, but how much more severely would the death of Teresa afflict me with the dreadful consciousness, that while I had been soaring into the fields of romance and fancy, I had left her to weep over my coldness or infidelities of imagination. It is a dreadful proof of the weakness of our natures, that we cannot control ourselves sufficiently to form the happiness of those we love, or to bear their loss without agony."

The whole of this conversation made a deep impression on my mind, and the countenance of the speaker, full of earnestness and feeling, impressed it still more strongly on my memory. Byron is right; a brilliant imagination is rarely, if ever, accompanied by a warm heart; but on this latter depends

ness of life; the other renders us
ied with its ordinary enjoyments.
an extraordinary person, *indiscreet*
ree that is surprising, exposing his
lings, and entering into details of
others, that ought to be sacred,
egree of frankness as unnecessary
are. Incontinence of speech is his
sin. He is, I am persuaded, in-
of keeping any secret, however it
acern his own honour or that of
; and the first person with whom he
imself *tete-a-tete*, would be made
idant, without any reference to his
ess of the confidence or not. This
ion proceeds not from malice, but,
say, from want of delicacy of mind.
was owing the publication of his
ell," addressed to Lady Byron,—a
that must have lost all effect as an
o her feelings the moment it was
to the public—nay, must have of-
er delicacy.

I spoke to-day in terms of high com-
on of Hope's "Anastasius;" said
wept bitterly over many pages of it,
two reasons, first, that *he* had not
it, and secondly, that *Hope* had; for
was necessary to like a man exces-
o pardon his writing such a book—
as he said, excelling all recent pro-
s, as much in wit and talent, as in
hos. He added, that he would have
as two most approved poems to have
author of "Anastasius."

"Anastasius" he wandered to the
f Mr. Galt, praised the "Annals of
sh" very highly, as also "The En-
which we had lent him, and some
of which he said had affected him
ich. "The characters in Mr. Galt's
have an identity," added Byron,
minds me of Wilkie's pictures." *My*
woman, I felt proud of the homage
to the genius of Mrs. Hemans, and
sionate admirer of her poetry, I felt
, at finding that Lord Byron fully
ized with my admiration. He has,
st expresses a strong dislike to the
hool of poets, never mentions them
in ridicule, and he and I nearly
ed to-day because I defended poor

oking out from the balcony this
, I observed Byron's countenance
and an expression of deep sadness
er it. After a few minutes silence
ed out to me a boat anchored to the
the one in which his friend Shelley
wn, and he said the sight of it made
—"You should have known Shelley
yron) to feel how much I must re-
s. He was the most gentle, most
, and *least* worldly-minded person I
t; full of delicacy, disinterested be-
other men, and possessing a degree

of genius, joined to a simplicity, as rare
as it is admirable. He had formed him-
self a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-
minded, and noble, and he acted up to
this ideal even to the very letter. He
had a most brilliant imagination, but a to-
tal want of worldly-wisdom. I have seen
nothing like him, and never shall again,
I am certain. I never can forget the night
that his poor wife rushed into my room at
Pisa, with a face pale as marble, and terror
impressed on her brow, demanding, with all
the tragic impetuosity of grief and alarm,
where was her husband! Vain were all our
efforts to calm her; a desperate sort of cour-
age seemed to give her energy to confront
the horrible truth that awaited her; it was
the courage of despair; I have seen nothing
in tragedy on the stage so powerful, or so
affecting, as her appearance, and it often pre-
sents itself to my memory. I knew nothing
then of the catastrophe, but the vividness of
her terror communicated itself to me, and I
feared the worst, which fears, were alas!
too soon fearfully realized.

"Mrs. Shelley is very clever, indeed it
would be difficult for her not to be so, the
daughter of Mary Wolstonecraft and God-
win, and the wife of Shelley, could, be no
common person."

Byron talked to-day of Leigh Hunt, re-
gretted his ever having embarked in the
"Liberal," and said that it had drawn a
nest of hornets on him, but expressed a very
good opinion of the talents and principle of
Mr. Hunt, though, as he said, "our tastes
are so opposite, that we are totally unsuited
to each other. He admires the Lakers, I
abhor them; in short, we are more formed
to be friends at a distance, than near." I
can perceive that he wishes Mr. Hunt and
his family away. It appears to me that By-
ron is a person who, without reflection,
would form engagements which, when con-
demned by his friends or advisers, he would
gladly get out of without considering the
means, or at least, without reflecting on the
humiliation such a desertion must inflict on
the persons he had associated with him.
He gives me the idea of a man, who, feel-
ing himself in such a dilemma, would be-
come cold and ungracious to the parties with
whom he so stood, before he had mental
courage sufficient to abandon them. I may
be wrong, but the whole of his manner of
talking of Mr. Hunt gives me this impres-
sion, though he has not said what might be
called an unkind word of him.

Much as Byron had braved public opinion,
it is evident he has great deference for those
who stand high in it, and that he is shy in
attaching himself publicly to persons who
have even, however undeservedly, fallen un-
der its censure. His expressed contempt
and defiance of the world, reminds me of the
bravadoes of children, who, afraid of dark-

ness, make a noise to give themselves courage to support what they dread. It is very evident that he is partial to aristocratic friends, he dwells with complacency on the advantages of rank and station, and has more than once boasted that people of family are always to be recognized by a *certain air*, and the smallness and delicacy of their hands.

He talked in terms of high commendation of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Hobhouse; but a latent sentiment of pique was visible in his manner from the idea he appeared to entertain that Mr. Hobhouse had undervalued him. Byron evidently likes praise; this is a weakness, if weakness it be, that he partakes in common with mankind in general; but he does not seem aware that a great compliment is implied in the very act of telling a man his faults—for the friend who undertakes this disagreeable office must give him whom he censures credit for many good qualities, as well as no ordinary portion of candour and temper, to suppose him capable of hearing their recapitulation of his failings. Byron is, after all, a spoiled child, and the severe lessons he has met with being disproportioned to the errors that called them forth, has made him view the faults of the civilized world through a false medium; a sort of discoloured magnifying glass, while his *own* are gazed at through a concave lens. All that Byron has told me of the frankness and unbending honesty of Mr. Hobhouse's character has given me a most favourable impression of that gentleman.

Byron gave me to-day a MS. copy of verses, addressed to Lady Byron, on reading in a newspaper that she had been ill. How different is the feeling that pervades them from that of the letter addressed to her which he has given me! a lurking tenderness, suppressed by a pride that was doubtful of the reception it might meet, is evident in one, while bitterness, uncompromising bitterness, marks the other. Neither were written but with deep feelings of pain, and should be judged as the outpourings of a wounded spirit, demanding pity more than anger. I subjoin the verses, though not without some reluctance. But while to the public they are of that value that any reasons for their suppression ought to be extremely strong, so, on the other hand, I trust, they cannot hurt either her feelings to whom they are addressed, or his memory by whom they are written. To her, because the very bitterness of reproach proves that unconquerable affection which cannot but heal the wound it causes: to him, because who, in the shattered feelings they betray, will not acknowledge the grief that hurries into error, and (may we add in charity!)—atones it.

"TO

"And thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee;
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was not—and pain and sorrow here!
And is it thus!—it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.
It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.

"I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right;
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent

To be the Nemesis who should requite—
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.

"Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep!—

Yes! they may flatter thee, but *thou* shalt feel

A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap

The bitter harvest in a wo as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee;
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend;
But thou in safe implacability
Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,

And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,

And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare—

And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—

And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—
On things that were not, and on things that are—

Even upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,

Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life

Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,

And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anger, and for future gold—
And buying other's grief at any price.
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,

Truth, which was thy proper
 ill walk beside thee—but at times,
 breast unknowing its own crimes,
 erments incompatible,
 ions, and the thoughts which
 spirits—the significant eye
 arns to lie with silence—the pre-
 ice, with advantages annex'd—
 essence in all things which tend,
 how, to the desired end—
 a place in thy philosophy.
 us were worthy, and the end is
 —
 ot do by thee as thou hast done!"

ident that Lady Byron occupies
 on continually; he introduces her
 uently; is fond of recurring to the
 d of their living together; dwells
 placency on her personal attrac-
 ing, that though not regularly
 , he liked her looks. He is very
 about her; was much disappoint-
 ad never seen her, nor could give
 nt of her appearance at present.
 a thousand indescribable circum-
 ive left the impression on my mind
 occupies much of his thoughts, and
 appear to revert continually to her
 ild. He owned to me, that when
 d on the whole tenor of her con-
 refusing any explanation—never
 his letters, or holding out even a
 in future years their child might
 nd of union between them, he felt
 ed against her, and vented this
 his writings; nay more, he blush-
 s own weakness in thinking so
 so kindly of one who certainly
 o symptom of ever bestowing a
 n him. The mystery attached to
 on's silence has piqued him, and
 an interest that, even now, ap-
 ively as if their separation was re-
 ere is something so humiliating in
 ousness that some dear object, to
 thought ourselves necessary, and
 pies much of our thoughts, can for-
 we exist, or at least act as if she
 at I can well excuse the bitterness
 ron's feelings on this point, though
 ublished sarcasms caused by this
 ; and whatever may be the suffer-
 Lady Byron, they are more than
 y what her husband feels.
 ars to me extraordinary, that a per-
 has given such interesting sketches
 nale character, as Byron has in his
 should be so little *au fait* of judg-

ing feminine feeling under certain circum-
 stances. He is surprised that Lady Byron
 has never relented since his absence from
 England; but he forgets how that absence
 has been filled up on his part. I ventured to
 suggest this, and hinted that, perhaps, had
 his conduct been irreproachable during the
 first years of their separation, and unstained
 by any attachment that could have widened
 the breach between them, it is possible that
 Lady Byron might have become reconciled
 to him; but that no woman of delicacy could
 receive or answer letters written beneath the
 same roof that sheltered some female fa-
 vourite, whose presence alone proved that
 the husband could not have those feelings of
 propriety or affection towards his absent
 wife, the want of which constitutes a crime
 that all *women*, at least, can understand to
 be one of those least pardonable. How few
 men understand the feelings of women!
 Sensitive, and easily wounded as we are,
 obliged to call up pride to support us in
 trials that always leave fearful marks be-
 hind, how often are we compelled to assume
 the semblance of coldness and indifference
 when the heart inly bleeds; and the decent
 composure, put on with our visiting gar-
 ments to appear in public, and, like them,
 worn for a few hours, are with them laid
 aside; and all the dreariness, the heart-con-
 suming cares, that woman alone can know,
 return to make us feel, that though we may
 disguise our sufferings from others, and
 deck our countenance with smiles, we can-
 not deceive ourselves, and are but the more
 miserable from the constraint we submit to.
 A woman only can understand a woman's
 heart—we cannot, dare not complain—sym-
 pathy is denied us, because we must not lay
 open the wounds that excite it; and even
 the most legitimate feelings are too sacred
 in female estimation to be exposed—and
 while we nurse the grief "that lies too deep
 for tears," and consumes alike health and
 peace, a man may with impunity express
 all, nay, more than he feels—court and meet
 sympathy, while his leisure hours are cheer-
 ed by occupations and pleasures, the latter
 too often such as ought to prove how little
 he stood in need of compassion, except for
 his vices.

I stated something of this to Lord Byron
 to-day, *apropos* to the difference between his
 position and that of his wife. He tried to
 prove to me how much more painful was
 his situation than hers; but I effected some
 alteration in his opinion when I had fairly
 placed their relative positions before him—
 at least such as they appeared to me. I re-
 presented Lady Byron to him separating in
 early youth, whether from just or mistaken

we deference to the acute narrator, may we
 s really done so? Is the female character

itself drawn in the Medoras and the Zuleikas? or are
 those heroines mere and dim personifications of com-
 mon-place traits in the female character?—Ed.

motives for such a step, from the husband of her choice, after little more than a brief year's union, and immediately after that union had been cemented by the endearing, strengthening tie of a new-born infant! carrying with her into solitude this fond and powerful remembrancer of its father, how much must it have cost her to resist the appeals of such a pleader!—wearing away her youth in almost monastic seclusion, her motives questioned by some, and appreciated by few—seeking consolation alone in the discharge of her duties, and avoiding all external demonstrations of a grief that her pale cheek and solitary existence are such powerful vouchers for. Such is the portrait I gave him of Lady Byron—his own I ventured to sketch as follows.

I did not enter into the causes, or motives of the separation, because I know them not, but I dwelt on his subsequent conduct:—the appealing on the separation to public sympathy, by the publication of verses, that ought only to have met the eye of her to whom they were addressed, was in itself an outrage to that delicacy, that shrinks from, and shuns publicity, so inherent in the female heart. He leaves England, the climate, modes, and customs of which had never been congenial to his taste, to seek beneath the sunny skies of Italy, and all the soul-exciting objects that classic land can offer, a consolation for domestic disappointment. How soon were the broken ties of conjugal affection replaced by less holy ones! I refer not to his attachment to La Contessa Guiccioli, because at least it is of a different and a more pure nature, but to those degrading *liaisons* which marked the first year or two of his residence in Italy, and must ever from their revolting coarseness remain a stain on his fame. It may be urged that disappointment and sorrow drove him into such excesses; but admitting this, surely we must respect the grief that is borne in solitude, and with the most irreproachable delicacy of conduct, more than that which flies to gross sensualities for relief.

Such was the substance, and I believe nearly the words I repeated to him to-day; and it is but justice to him to say that they seemed to make a deep impression. He said that if my portrait of Lady Byron's position was indeed a faithful one, she was much more to be pitied than he; that he felt deeply for her, but that he had never viewed their relative situations in the same light before; he had always considered her as governed wholly by pride.

I urged that my statement was drawn from facts; that, of the extreme privacy and seclusion of her life, ever since the separation, there could be no doubt, and this alone vouched for the feelings that led to it.

He seemed pleased and gratified by the

reflections I had made, insensibly fell into a tone of tenderness in speaking of Lady Byron, and pressed my hand with more than usual cordiality. On bidding me good by, his parting words were "you probe old and half-healed wounds, but though you give pain, you excite a more healthy action, and do good."

His heart yearns to see his child; all children of the same age remind him of her, and he loves to recur to the subject.

Poor Byron has hitherto been so continually occupied with dwelling on, and analyzing his own feelings, that he has not reflected on those of his wife. He cannot understand her observing such a total silence on their position, because he could not, and cannot resist making it the topic of conversation with even chance associates: this, which an impartial observer of her conduct would attribute to deep feelings, and a sense of delicacy, he concludes to be caused by pride and want of feeling. We are always prone to judge of others by ourselves, which is one of the reasons why our judgments are in general so erroneous. Man may be judged of by his species *en masse*, but he who would judge of mankind in the aggregate, from one specimen of the genus, must be often in error, and this is Byron's case.

Lord Byron told me to-day, that he had been occupied in the morning making his will; that he had left the bulk of his fortune to his sister, as, his daughter having, in right of her mother, a large fortune, he thought it unnecessary to increase it; he added, that he had left La Contessa Guiccioli 10,000*l.*, and had intended to have left her 25,000*l.*, but that she had suspected his intentions, and urged him so strongly not to do so, or indeed to leave her any thing, that he had changed the sum to 10,000*l.* He said that this was one, of innumerable instances, of her delicacy and disinterestedness, of which he had repeated proofs; that she was so fearful of the possibility of having interested motives attributed to her, that he was certain she would prefer the most extreme poverty to incurring such a suspicion. I observed, that were I he, I would have left her the sum I had originally intended, as, in case of his death, it would be a flattering proof of his esteem for her, and she had always the power of refusing the whole, or any part of the bequest she thought proper. It appeared to me, that the more delicacy and disinterestedness she displayed, the more decided ought he to be, in marking his appreciation of her conduct. He appeared to agree with me, and passed many encomiums on La Contessa.

He talked to-day of Sir Francis Burdett, of whose public and private character he entertains the most exalted opinion. He said that it was gratifying to behold in him

he rare union of a heart and head that left nothing to be desired, and dwelt with evident pride and pleasure on the mental courage displayed by Sir Francis, in befriending and supporting him, when so many of his professed friends stood aloof, on his separation from Lady Byron. The defalcation of his friends, at the moment he most required them, has made an indelible impression on his mind, and has given him a very bad opinion of his countrymen. I endeavoured to reason him out of this, by urging the principle that mankind, *en masse*, are every where the same, but he denied this, on the plea that, as civilization had arrived at a greater degree of perfection in England than elsewhere, egotism, its concomitant, there flourished so luxuriantly, as to overgrow all generous and kind feelings. He quoted various examples of friends, and even the nearest relations, deserting each other in the hour of need, fearful that any part of the censure heaped on some less fortunate connexion might fall on them. I am unwilling to believe that his pictures are not overdrawn, and hope I shall always think so.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"Talking of friends," said Byron, "Mr. Hobhouse has been the most impartial, or perhaps (added he) *unpartial* of all my friends; he always told me my faults, but I must do him the justice to add, that he told them to me, and not to others." I observed that the epithet impartial was the applicable one; but he denied it, saying that Mr. Hobhouse must have been *unpartial*, to have discerned all the errors he had pointed out; "but," he added, laughing, "I could have told him of some more which he had not discovered, for even then, *avarice* had made itself strongly felt in my nature."

Byron came to see us to-day, and appeared extremely discomposed; after half-an-hour's conversation on indifferent subjects, he at length broke forth with, "Only fancy my receiving to-day a tragedy dedicated as follows—'From George — to George Byron!' This is being cool with a vengeance. I never was more provoked. How stupid, how ignorant, to pass over my rank! I am determined not to read the tragedy; for a man capable of committing such a solecism in good breeding and common decency, can write nothing worthy of being read." We were astonished at witnessing the annoyance this circumstance gave him, and more than ever convinced, that the pride of aristocracy is one of the peculiar features of his character. If he sometimes forgets his rank, he never can forgive any one else's doing so; and as he is not naturally dignified, and that his propensity to flippancy renders him still less so, he often finds himself in a false position, by endeavouring to recover

lost ground. We endeavoured to console him by telling him that we knew Mr. George — a little, and that he was clever and agreeable, as also that his passing over the title of Byron was meant as a compliment—it was a delicate preference shown to the renown accorded to George Byron the poet, over the rank and title, which were adventitious advantages ennobled by the possessor, but that could add nothing to his fame. All our arguments were vain; he said, "this could not be the man's feelings, as he reduced him (Lord Byron) to the same level as himself." It is strange to see a person of such brilliant and powerful genius sullied by such incongruities. Were he but sensible how much the *lord* is overlooked in the poet he would be less vain of his rank; but as it is, this vanity is very prominent, and resembles more the pride of a *parvenu* than the calm dignity of an ancient aristocrat. It is also evident that he attaches importance to the appendages of rank and station. The trappings of luxury, to which a short use accustoms every one, seem to please him; he observes, nay, comments upon them, and oh! mortifying conclusion, appears, at least for the moment, to think more highly of their possessors. As his own mode of life is so extremely simple, this seems the more extraordinary; but every thing in him is contradictory and extraordinary. Of his friends he remarks, 'this or that person is a man of family, or he is a *parvenu*, the marks of which character, in spite of all his affected gentility, break out in a thousand ways.' We were not prepared for this; we expected to meet a man more disposed to respect the nobility of genius than that of rank; but we have found the reverse. In talking of Ravenna, the natal residence of La Contessa Guiccioli, he dwells with peculiar complacency on the equipage of her husband; talks of the six black carriage horses, without which the old Conte seldom moved, and their spacious palazzo; also the wealth of the Conte, and the distinguished connexions of the lady. He describes La Contessa as being of the middle stature, finely formed, exquisitely fair, her features perfectly regular, and the expression of her countenance remarkable for its animation and sweetness, her hair auburn, and of great beauty. No wonder, then, that such rare charms have had power to fix his truant heart, and as he says that to these she unites accomplishments and amiability, it may be concluded, as indeed he declares, that this is his last attachment. He frequently talks of Alfieri, and always with enthusiastic admiration. He remarks on the similarity of their tastes and pursuits, their domesticating themselves with women of rank, their fondness for animals, and, above all, for horses; their liking to be surrounded by birds and pets of various descriptions, their passionate love of li-

berty, habitual gloom, &c. &c. In short, he produces so many points of resemblance, that it leads one to suspect that he is a copy of an original he has long studied.

This, again, proceeds from a want of self-respect; but we may well pardon it, when we reflect on the abuse, calumny, envy, hatred, and malice, that, in spite of all his genius, have pursued him from the country that genius must adorn.

Talking of Alfieri, he told me to-day, that when that poet was travelling in Italy, a very romantic, and, as he called her, *tete montée* Italian Principessa, or Duchessa, who had long been an enthusiastic admirer of his works, having heard that he was to pass within fifty miles of her residence, set off to encounter him; and having arrived at the inn where he sojourned, was shown into a room where she was told Alfieri was writing. She enters, agitated and fatigued,—sees a very good-looking man seated at a table, whom she concludes must be Alfieri,—throws herself into his arms,—and, in broken words, declares her admiration, and the distance she has come to declare it. In the midst of the lady's impassioned speeches, Alfieri enters the room, casts a glance of surprise and *hauteur* at the pair, and lets fall some expression that discloses to the humbled Principessa the shocking mistake she has made.

The poor Secretary (for such he was) is blamed by the lady, while he declares his innocence, finding himself, as he says, in the embraces of a lady who never allowed him even a moment to interrupt her, by the simple question of what she meant! Alfieri retired in offended dignity, shocked that any one could be mistaken for him, while the Principessa had to retrace her steps, her enthusiasm somewhat cooled by the mistake and its consequences.

Byron says that the number of anonymous amatory letters and portraits he has received, and all from English ladies, would fill a large volume. He says he has never noticed any of them; but it is evident he recurs to them with complacency.

He talked to-day of a very different kind of letter, which appears to have made a profound impression on him; he has promised to show it to me; it is from a Mr. Sheppard, inclosing him a prayer offered up for Byron, by the wife of Mr. Sheppard, and sent since her death. He says he never was more touched than on perusing it, and that it has given him a better opinion of human nature.

The following is the copy of the letter and prayer, which Lord Byron has permitted me to make.

“ TO LORD BYRON.

“ Frome, Somerset, Nov. 21, 1821.

“ MY LORD,

“ More than two years since, a lovely and

beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately-born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were, ‘ God’s happiness!—God’s happiness!’

“ Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your Lordship a passage from these papers, which there is no doubt refers to yourself, as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

“ Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents thou hast bestowed on him,) be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world’s enjoyment unable to procure! Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the Sun of Righteousness, which we trust will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the balm which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the Great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious.—Cheer me in the path of duty; but, let me not forget, that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good, (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ’s death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really wish to serve him,) would soon dry up, and leave us barren of every virtue as before.—
Hastings, July 31, 1814.’

“ There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can at all interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others

the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expository homage of M. Delamartine; but here is the sublime, my Lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the supreme Source of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet; and from a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not always be unavailing.

"It would add *nothing*, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and 'joy,' may enter such a mind.

"JOHN SHEPPARD."

On reading this letter and prayer, which Byron did aloud, before he consigned it to me to copy, and with a voice tremulous from emotion, and a seriousness of aspect, that showed how deeply it affected him, he observed, "Before I had read this prayer, I never rightly understood the expression, so often used, 'The beauty of holiness.' This prayer and letter has done more to give me a good opinion of religion, and its professors, than all the religious books I ever read in my life.

"Here were two most amiable and exalted minds offering prayers and wishes for the salvation of one considered by three parts of his countrymen to be beyond the pale of hope, and charitably doomed to everlasting torments. The religion that prays and hopes for the *erring* is the true religion, and the only one that could make a convert of me; and I dare (continued Byron) my first impressions against religion to having witnessed how little its votaries were actuated by any true feeling of Christian charity. Instead of lamenting the disbelief, or pitying the transgressions (or at least their consequences) of the sinner, they at once cast him off, dwell with acrimony on his errors, and, not content with foredooming him to eternal punishment hereafter, endeavour, as much as they can, to render his earthly existence as painful as possible, until they have hardened him in his errors, and added hatred of his species to their number. Were all religious people like Mr. Sheppard and the amiable wife he has lost, we should have fewer sceptics: such examples would do more towards the work of conversion than all that ever was written on the subject.

"When Religion supports the sufferer in affliction and sickness, even unto death, its advantages are so visible, that all must wish to seek such a consolation; and when it

speaks peace and hope to those who have strayed from its path, it softens feelings that severity must have hardened, and leads back the wanderer to the fold; but when it clothes itself in anger, denouncing vengeance, or shows itself in the pride of superior righteousness, condemning, rather than pitying, all erring brothers, it repels the wavering, and fixes the unrepentant in their sins. Such a religion can make few converts, but may make many dissenters, to its tenets; for in religion, as in every thing else, its utility must be apparent, to encourage people to adopt its precepts; and the utility is never so evident as when we see professors of religion supported by its consolations, and willing to extend these consolations to those who have still more need of them—the misguided and the erring."

They who accuse Byron of being an Unbeliever are wrong: he is *sceptical*, but not unbelieving; and it appears not unlikely to me that a time may come when this wavering faith in many of the tenets of religion may be as firmly fixed as is now his conviction of the immortality of the soul,—a conviction that he declares every fine and noble impulse of his nature renders more decided. He is a sworn foe to Materialism, tracing every defect to which we are subject, to the infirmities entailed on us by the prison of clay in which the heavenly spark is confined. *Conscience*, he says, is to him another proof of the Divine Origin of Man, as is also his natural tendency to the love of good. A fine day, a moonlight night, or any other fine object in the phenomena of nature, excites (said Byron) strong feelings of religion in all elevated minds, and an outpouring of the spirit to the Creator, that, call it what we may, is the essence of innate love and gratitude to the Divinity.

There is a seriousness in Byron's manner, when he gets warmed by his subject, that impresses one with the truth of his statements. He observed to me, "I seldom *talk* of religion, but I *feel* it, perhaps, more than those who do. I speak to you on this topic freely, because I know you will neither laugh at nor enter into a controversy with me. It is strange, but true, that Mrs. Sheppard is mixed up with all my religious aspirations: nothing ever so excited my imagination, and touched my heart, as her prayer. I have pictured her to myself a thousand times in the solitude of her chamber, struck by a malady that generally engrosses all feelings for self, and those near and dear to one, thinking of, and praying for, *me*, who was deemed by all an outcast. Her purity—her blameless life—and the deep humility expressed in her prayer—render her, in my mind, the most interesting and angelic creature that ever existed, and she mingles in all my thoughts of a future state. I would give anything to have her portrait, though per-

haps it would destroy the *beau idéal* I have formed of her. What strange thoughts pass through the mind, and how much are we influenced by adventitious circumstances! The phrase *lovely*, in the letter of Mr. Sheppard, has invested the memory of his wife with a double interest; but beauty and goodness have always been associated in my mind, because, through life, I have found them generally go together. I do not talk of mere beauty (continued Byron) of feature or complexion, but of expression, that looking out of the soul through the eyes, which, in my opinion, constitutes true beauty. Women have been pointed out to me as beautiful who never could have interested my feelings, from their want of countenance, or expression, which means countenance; and others, who were little remarked, have struck me as being captivating, from the force of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day—susceptible of change and variety; but sunshine should often gleam over it, to replace the clouds and showers that may obscure its lustre,—which, poetical description apart (said Byron,) in sober prose means, that good-humoured smiles ought to be ready to chase away the expression of pensiveness or care that sentiment or earthly ills call forth. Women were meant to be the excitors of all that is finest in our natures, and the soothers of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use, then, can a handsome automaton be, after one has got acquainted with a face that knows no change, though it causes many? This is a style of looks I could not bear the sight of for a week; and yet such are the looks that pass in society for pretty, handsome, and beautiful. How beautiful Lady C—— was! She had no great variety of expression, but the predominant ones were purity, calmness, and abstraction. She looked as if she had never caused an unhallowed sentiment, or felt one,—a sort of ‘moonbeam on the snow,’ as our friend Moore would describe her, that was lovely to look on.—Lady A. F—— was also very handsome. It is melancholy to talk of women in the past tense. What a pity, that, of all flowers, none fade so soon as beauty! Poor Lady A. F—— has not got married. Do you know, I once had some thoughts of her as a wife; but that I was in love, as people call it, but I had argued myself into a belief that I ought to marry, and meeting her very often in society, the notion came into my head, not heart, that she would suit me. Moore, too, told me so much of her good qualities, all which was, I believe, quite true, that I felt tempted to propose to her, but did not, whether *tant mieux* or *tant pis*, God knows, supposing my proposal accepted. No marriage could have turned out more unfortunately than the one I made,—that is quite certain; and, to add to my

agreeable reflections on this subject, I have the consciousness that had I possessed sufficient command over my own wayward humour, I might have rendered myself so dear and necessary to Lady Byron, that she would not, could not, have left me. It is certainly not very gratifying to my vanity to have been *planté* after so short a union, and within a few weeks after being made a father,—a circumstance that one would suppose likely to cement the attachment. I always get out of temper when I recur to this subject; and yet, *malgré moi*, I find myself continually recurring to it.”

Byron is a perfect chameleon, possessing the qualities attributed to that fabulous animal, of taking the colour of whatever touches him. He is conscious of this, and says it is owing to the extreme mobility of his nature, which yields to present impressions. It appears to me, that the consciousness of his own defects renders him still less tolerant to those of others,—this perhaps is owing to their attempts to conceal them, more than from natural severity, as he condemns hypocrisy more than any other vice—saying it is the origin of all. If vanity, selfishness, or mundane sentiments, are brought in contact with him, every arrow in the armoury of ridicule is let fly, and there is no shield sufficiently powerful to withstand them. If vice approaches, he assails it with the bitterest gall of satire; but when goodness appears, and that he is assured it is sincere, all the dormant affections of his nature are excited, and it is impossible not to observe, how tender and affectionate a heart his must have been, ere circumstances had soured it. This was never more displayed than in the impression made on him by the prayer of Mrs. Sheppard, and the letter of her husband. It is also evident in the generous impulses that he betrays on hearing of distress or misfortune, which he endeavours to alleviate; and, unlike the world in general, Byron never makes light of the griefs of others, but shows commiseration and kindness. There are days when he excites so strong an interest and sympathy, by showing such undoubted proofs of good feeling, that every previous impression to his disadvantage fades away, and one is vexed with oneself for ever having harboured them. But, alas! “the morrow comes,” and he is no longer the same being. Some disagreeable letter, review, or new example of the slanders with which he has been for years assailed, changes the whole current of his feelings—renders him reckless, Sardanian, and as unlike the Byron of the day before as if they had nothing in common,—nay, he seems determined to efface any good impression he might have made, and appears angry with himself for having yielded to the kindly feelings that gave birth to it. After such exhibitions, one feels perplexed

what opinion to form of him; and the individual who has an opportunity of seeing Byron very often, and for any length of time, if he or she stated the daily impressions candidly, would find, on reviewing them, a mass of heterogenous evidence, from which it would be most difficult to draw a just conclusion. The affectionate manner in which he speaks of some of his juvenile companions has a delicacy and tenderness resembling the nature of woman more than that of man, and leads me to think that an extreme sensitiveness, checked by coming in contact with persons incapable of appreciating it, and affections chilled by finding a want of sympathy, have repelled, but could not eradicate, the seeds of goodness that now often send forth blossoms, and, with culture, may yet produce precious fruit.

I am sure, that if ten individuals undertook the task of describing Byron, no two, of the ten, would agree in their verdict respecting him, or convey any portrait that resembled the other, and yet the description of each might be correct, according to his or her received opinion; but the truth is, the chameleon-like character or manner of Byron render it difficult to portray him; and the pleasure he seems to take in misleading his associates in their estimate of him increases the difficulty of the task. This extraordinary fancy of his has so often struck me, that I expect to see all the persons who have lived with him giving portraits, each unlike the other, and yet all bearing a resemblance to the original at some one time. Like the pictures given of some celebrated actor in his different characters, each likeness is affected by the dress and the part he has to fill. The portrait of John Kemble in *Cato* resembles not *Macbeth* nor *Hamlet*, and yet each is an accurate likeness of that admirable actor in those characters; so Byron, changing every day, and fond of misleading those whom he suspects might be inclined to paint him, will always appear different from the hand of each limner.

During our rides in the vicinity of Genoa, we frequently met several persons, almost all of them English, who evidently had taken that route purposely to see Lord Byron. "Which is he?" "That's he," I have frequently heard whispered as the different groups extended their heads to gaze at him, while he has turned to me—his pale face assuming, for the moment, a warmer tint—and said, "How very disagreeable it is to be so stared at. If you knew how I detest it, you would feel how great must be my desire to enjoy the society of my friends at the Hotel de la Ville, when I pay the price of passing through the town, and exposing myself to the gazing multitude on the stairs and in the ante-chambers." There were days when he seemed more pleased

than displeased at being followed and stared at. All depended on the humour he was in. When gay, he attributed the attention he excited to the true cause—admiration of his genius; but when in a less good-natured humour, he looked on it as an impertinent curiosity, caused by the scandalous histories circulated against him, and resented it as such.

He was peculiarly fond of flowers, and generally bought a large bouquet every day of a gardener whose grounds we passed. He told me that he liked to have them in his room, though they excited melancholy feelings, by reminding him of the evanescence of all that is beautiful, but that the melancholy was of a softer, milder character, than his general feelings.

Observing Byron one day in more than usually low spirits, I asked him if any thing painful had occurred. He sighed deeply, and said—"No, nothing new; the old wounds are still unhealed, and bleed afresh on the slightest touch, so that God knows there needs nothing new, and yet can I reflect on my present position without bitter feelings? Exiled from my country by a species of ostracism—the most humiliating to a proud mind, when daggers and not shells were used to ballot, inflicting mental wounds, more deadly and difficult to be healed than all that the body could suffer. Then the notoriety (as I call what you would kindly name Fame) that follows me, precludes the privacy I desire, and renders me an object of curiosity, which is a continual source of irritation to my feelings. I am bound, by the indissoluble ties of marriage, to one who will not live with me, and live with one to whom I cannot give a legal right to be my companion, and who, wanting that right, is placed in a position humiliating to her and most painful to me. Were the Contessa Guiccioli and I married, we should, I am sure, be cited as an example of conjugal happiness, and the domestic and retired life we lead would entitle us to respect; but our union, wanting the legal and religious part of the ceremony of marriage, draws on us both censure and blame. She is formed to make a good wife to any man to whom she attached herself. She is fond of retirement—is of a most affectionate disposition—and noble-minded and disinterested to the highest degree. Judge, then, how mortifying it must be to me, to be the cause of placing her in a false position. All this is not thought of when people are blinded by passion, but when passion is replaced by better feelings—those of affection, friendship, and confidence—when, in short, the *liaison* has all of marriage but its forms, then it is that we wish to give it the respectability of wedlock. It is painful (said Byron) to find oneself growing old without—

'that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.'

I feel this keenly, reckless as I appear, though there are few to whom I would avow it, and certainly not to a man."

"With all my faults," said Byron one day, "and they are, as you will readily believe, innumerable, I have never traduced the only two women with whom I was ever domesticated, Lady Byron and the Contessa Guiccioli. Though I have had, God knows, reason to complain of Lady Byron's leaving me, and all that her desertion entailed, I defy malice itself to prove that I ever spoke against her; on the contrary, I have always given her credit for the many excellent and amiable qualities she possesses, or at least possessed, when I knew her; and I have only to regret that forgiveness, for real, or imagined, wrongs, was not amongst their number. Of the Guiccioli, I could not, if I would, speak ill; her conduct towards me has been faultless, and there are few examples of such complete and disinterested affection as she has shown towards me all through our attachment."

I observed in Lord Byron a candour in talking of his own defects, nay, a seeming pleasure in dwelling on them, that I never remarked in any other person; I told him this one day, and he answered, 'Well, does not that give you hopes of my amendment?' My reply was, 'No; I fear, by continually recapitulating them, you will get so accustomed to their existence, as to conquer your disgust of them. You remind me of Belcour, in the 'West Indian,' when he exclaims, 'No one sins with more repentance, or repents with less amendment than I do.'" He laughed, and said, 'Well, only wait, and you will see me one day become all that I ought to be; I am determined to leave my sins, and not wait until they leave me: I have reflected seriously on all my faults, and that is the first step towards amendment. Nay, I have made more progress than people give me credit for; but the truth is, I have such a detestation of cant, and am so fearful of being suspected of yielding to its outcry, that I make myself appear rather worse than better than I am."

"You will believe me, what I sometimes believe myself, mad," said Byron one day, 'when I tell you that I seem to have two states of existence, one purely contemplative, during which the crimes, faults, and follies of mankind are laid open to my view, (my own forming a prominent object in the picture,) and the other active, when I play my part in the drama of life, as if impelled by some power, over which I have no control, though the consciousness of doing wrong remains. It is as though I had the faculty of discovering error, without the power of avoiding it. How do you account

for this?' I answered, 'That, like all the phenomena of thought, it was unaccountable; but that contemplation, when too much indulged, often produced the same effect on the mental faculties that the dwelling on bodily ailments effected in the physical powers—we might become so well acquainted with diseases, as to find all their symptoms, in ourselves and others, without the power of preventing or curing them; nay, by the force of imagination, might end in the belief that we were afflicted with them to such a degree as to lose all enjoyment of life, which state is termed hypochondria; but the hypochondria which arises from the belief in mental diseases is still more insupportable, and is increased by contemplation of the supposed crimes or faults, so that the mind should be often relaxed from its extreme tension, and other and less exciting subjects of reflection presented to it. Excess in thinking, like all other excesses, produces reaction, and add the two words 'too much' before the word thinking, in the two lines of the admirable parody of the brothers Smith—

'Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought;'

and, instead of parody, it becomes true philosophy."

We both laughed at the abstract subject we had fallen upon; and Byron remarked, 'How few would guess the general topics that occupy our conversation!' I added, 'It may not, perhaps be very amusing, but, at all events, it is better than scandal.' He shook his head, and said, 'All subjects are good in their way, provided they are sufficiently diversified; but scandal has something so piquant,—it is a sort of cayenne to the mind,—that I confess I like it, particularly if the objects are one's particular friends."

"Of course you know Luttrell," said Lord Byron. "He is a most agreeable member of society, the best sayer of good things, and the most epigrammatic conversationist I ever met: there is a terseness, and wit, mingled with fancy, in his observations, that no one else possesses, and no one so peculiarly understands the *apropos*. His 'Advice to Julia' is pointed, witty, and full of observation, showing in every line a knowledge of society, and a tact rarely met with. Then, unlike all, or most other wits, Luttrell is never obtrusive, even the choicest *bon mots* are only brought forth when perfectly applicable, and then are given in a tone of good breeding which enhances their value."

"Moore is very sparkling in a choice or chosen society (said Byron;) with lord and lady listeners he shines like a diamond, and thinks that, like that precious stone, his brilliancy should be reserved *pour le beau monde*. Moore has a happy disposition, his temper is good, and he has a sort of fire-fly

imagination, always in movement, and in each evolution displaying new brilliancy. He has not done justice to himself in living so much in society; much of his talents are filtered away in display, to support the character of 'a man of wit about town,' and Moore was meant for something better. Society and genius are incompatible, and the latter can rarely, if ever, be in close or frequent contact with the former, without degenerating; it is otherwise with wit and talent, which are excited and brought into play by the friction of society, which polishes and sharpens both. I judge from personal experience; and, as some portion of genius has been attributed to me, I suppose I may, without any extraordinary vanity, quote my ideas on this subject. Well, then (continued Byron,) if I have any genius (which I grant is problematical,) all I can say is, that I have always found it fade away, like snow before the sun, when I have been living much in the world. My ideas became dispersed and vague, I lost the power of concentrating my thoughts, and became another being: you will perhaps think a better, but no—instead of this, I became worse, for the recollection of former mental power remained, reproaching me with present inability, and increased the natural irritability of my nature. It must be this consciousness of diminished power that renders old people peevish, and I suspect, the peevishness will be in proportion to former ability. Those who have once accustomed themselves to think and reflect deeply in solitude, will soon begin to find society irksome; the small money of conversation will appear insignificant, after the weighty metal of thought to which they have been used, and like the man who was exposed to the evils of poverty while in possession of one of the largest diamonds in the world, which, from its size, could find no purchaser, such a man will find himself in society unable to change his lofty and profound thoughts into the conventional small-talk of those who surround him. But, bless me, how I have been holding forth! (said Byron) Madame de Stael herself never declaimed more energetically, or succeeded better, in *ennuyant* her auditors than I have done, as I perceive you look dreadfully bored. I fear I am grown a sad prosier, which is a bad thing, more especially after having been, what I swear to you I once heard a lady call me, a sad poet. The whole of my tirade might have been comprised in the simple statement of my belief that genius shuns society, and that, except for the indulgence of vanity, society would be well disposed to return the compliment, as they have little in common between them.

"Who would willingly possess genius? None, I am persuaded, who knew the misery it entails, its temperament producing

continual irritation, destructive alike to health and happiness—and what are its advantages?—to be envied, hated, and persecuted in life, and libelled in death. Wealth may be pardoned (continued Byron,) if its possessor diffuses it liberally; beauty may be forgiven provided it is accompanied by folly; talent may meet with toleration if it be not of a very superior order, but genius can hope for no mercy. If it be of a stamp that insures its currency, those who are compelled to receive it will indemnify themselves by finding out a thousand imperfections in the owner, and as they cannot approach his elevation, will endeavour to reduce him to their level by dwelling on the errors from which genius is not exempt, and which forms the only point of resemblance between them." We hear the errors of men of genius continually brought forward, while those that belong to mediocrity are unnoticed; hence people conclude that errors peculiarly appertain to genius, and that those who boast it not, are saved from them. Happy delusion! but not even this belief can induce them to commiserate the faults they condemn. It is the fate of genius to be viewed with severity instead of the indulgence that it ought to meet, from the gratification it dispenses to others; as if its endowments could preserve the possessor from the alloy that marks the nature of mankind. Who can walk the earth, with eyes fixed on the heavens, without often stumbling over the hinderances that intercept the path? while those who are intent only on the beaten road escape. Such is the fate of men of genius: elevated over the herd of their fellow men, with thoughts that soar above the sphere of their physical existence, no wonder that they stumble when treading the mazes of ordinary life, with irritated sensibility, and mistaken views of all the common occurrences they encounter.

Lord Byron dined with us to-day; we all observed that he was evidently discomposed; the dinner and servants had no sooner disappeared, than he quoted an attack against himself in some newspaper as the cause. He was very much irritated,—much more so than the subject merited,—and showed how keenly alive he is to censure, though he takes so little pains to avoid exciting it. This is a strange anomaly that I have observed in Byron,—an extreme susceptibility to censorious observations, and a want of tact in not knowing how to steer clear of giving cause to them, that is extraordinary. He winces under castigation, and writhes in agony under the infliction of ridicule, yet gives rise to attack every day. Ridicule is, however, the weapon he most dreads, perhaps because it is the one he wields with most power; and I observe he is sensitively alive to its slightest approach. It is also the weapon with which he assails all; friend and foe

alike come under its cutting point; and the laugh, which accompanies each sally, as a deadly incision is made in some vulnerable quarter, so little accords with the wound inflicted, that it is as though one were struck down by summer lightning while admiring its brilliant play.

Byron likes not contradiction, he waxed wroth to-day, because I defended a friend of mine whom he attacked, but ended by taking my hand, and saying he honoured me for the warmth with which I defended an absent friend, adding with irony, "Moreover, when he is not a poet, or even prose writer, by whom you can hope to be repaid by being handed down to posterity as his defender."

From the London Monthly Review.

LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC.*

THIS is a charming little work, a present from philosophy to idleness, a lure thrown in the way of idleness in order to attract it to the paths of knowledge. A treatise on optics, or acoustics, or chemistry, would, by its very title, deter the multitude from its pages. It would be read only by the learned. But a volume like this addresses itself to every age and sex. The magic of nature bears a spell in the mere sound of the words, calculated to captivate those who are most reluctant to enter the temple of science. Though expressly composed as a work of amusement, it aims at a higher object. Sir David Brewster judiciously supposes, that if, by detailing the marvellous results of some of the laws of nature, he can excite the curiosity of his readers, he may at the same time instruct them, by demonstrating the causes from which those results proceed. And further, it may not, he thinks, be too much to expect, that those who thus make themselves acquainted with the popular part of the sciences, will be induced to carry their inquiries a little farther, and penetrate to the higher regions of mathematics and astronomy, and the general system of the universe. We shall in this manner become attentive observers of every thing that we see around us, whether upon our planet or beyond it. We shall not certainly be enabled, by any conjectures or calculations that we can make, to solve all the mysteries of nature; but we shall learn how to account for many things that to ignorance will always be mysterious, and to feel a pleasing interest in occurrences which to the superstitious will never cease to be formidable.

Sir Walter Scott, in his letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, has anticipated some of the subjects which are embraced in the present volume. Most of the illustrations of different kinds of natural magic are also collected from sources more or less known to the public. Though this work may be looked upon in many respects as a compilation, it is in truth an excellent digest of facts which had before been scattered through a variety of authorities. But its great merit is, that the phenomena which it details are in every instance traced to their natural causes, and suggestions are made with a view, in many cases, to extend, for the purposes of innocent entertainment, the combinations of ingenious contrivances, which in the dark ages were got up for the purposes of imposture. Every step we move under the guidance of Sir David Brewster, with reference to the subjects of which he treats, we find that superstition retreats before us. There are very few things that can happen, out of the ordinary course of events, which we may not explain, either by the rules which he has laid down, or by making further investigations for ourselves in the paths which those rules have opened to our curiosity. This is a great point gained for the propagation of rational and useful knowledge, and for the prostration of fanaticism.

No doubt can now be entertained, that all those marvellous delusions which, in the days of ignorance, were successfully practised on mankind, were conducted by means of inventions, devised by ingenious men, who, either theoretically or practically, were acquainted with the laws of nature. Thus the oracular shrines, to which warriors repaired in order to obtain a knowledge of their future fortunes in the field, were evidently framed upon principles which, while they enabled the operator to conceal himself, gave him also the power of delivering his responses in a solemn tone, that were well calculated to delude the credulous. The weeping statues and perpetual lamps of the ancients, and the glass tomb of Belus, which when once emptied of the oil it contained could never be filled again, were manifestly constructed according to the laws of hydrostatics. Recourse must as evidently have been had to the use of hidden machinery, in the fabrication of the moving tripods which Apollonius saw in the Indian temples, in the walking statues at Antium and in the temple of Hierapolis, and in the contrivances by the operation of which virgins were made suddenly to disappear during the celebration of some of the ancient mysteries at Rome. And although it does not appear that the science of optics was known to the ancients, yet we cannot doubt that they were acquainted with the use of lenses and mirrors, by the assistance of which they might have caused those apparitions of their gods of which we read.

* Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By Sir David Brewster, K. H., &c. 12mo. pp. 351. London: Murray. 1832.

Dr Salverte has demonstrated these to a certain extent, in a work which lately published on the occult sciences; deserving of applause in many respects for research and utility, but much to be emended on account of the perverted style, with which he endeavours to explain miracles of the Scriptures by reference to natural causes.

A great informer of our senses, the sense-whom we are indebted for most of our information that we possess concerning all objects, is the eye. And there is reason to think that we possess more likely than we are to send us occasionally upon a wrong path. The ear may sometimes deceive us, but we readily apply our reason to correct the error; we do not repose so much in its whispers as we do in the assurance which the eye conveys. It is, therefore, of great consequence to us to know, and that the accuracy of that exquisite organ, as a messenger of truth, is not to be depended upon. For instance, we do not always see every thing that is actually before it. If we place two coffee-wafers at a distance of three inches apart, sheet of white paper, and look at them with the right eye alone, at a distance of about eleven or twelve inches, taking care to keep the eye straight to the wafer, and the line which joins the two parallel to that which joins the two, we shall find that the right hand wafer is no longer visible. Every body who may know by practice, that, by placing the eye in a certain position, he can divide a single light into half a dozen or more. We do not allude to the pleasant, or very unpleasant, operation of inebriety, the process easily perfected by a few experiments. The eye, also, when gazing upon an object, as it is called, or intently upon a particular object, as when a sportsman is gazing at his dog, will actually lose sight of the object which it would see clearly by inspection. Of this curious phenomenon, explaining its causes, the author furnishes with a striking example; and it is a corollary, that if we wish to see a distinct object, such as one of the satellites of Saturn, which he mentions, our best way is to look away from it!—that is to say, it is within the range of indirect vision. In order to witness this illusion, put a sheet of white paper on a green cloth, and three or four inches of it, place a strip of white paper. At the distance of five or eighteen inches, fix one eye upon the little bit of white paper, for a short time a part, or even the whole, of the strip of paper will vanish as if it had moved from the green cloth. It will reappear and again vanish, the effect depending greatly on the steadiness with which the eye is kept fixed. This illusion

takes place when both the eyes are open, though it is easier to observe it when one of them is closed. The same thing happens when the object is luminous. When a candle is thus seen by indirect vision, it never wholly disappears, but it spreads itself out into a cloudy mass, the centre of which is blue, encircled with a bright ring of yellow light.

“This inability of the eye to preserve a sustained vision of objects seen obliquely, is curiously compensated by the greater sensibility of those parts of the eye that have this defect. The eye has the power of seeing objects with perfect distinctness only when it is directed straight upon them; that is, all objects seen indirectly are seen indistinctly; but it is a curious circumstance, that when we wish to obtain a sight of a very faint star, such as one of the satellites of Saturn, we can see it most distinctly by looking away from it, and when the eye is turned full upon it, it immediately disappears.”—pp. 14, 15.

The effect of a feeble, flickering, and insufficient light upon the eye, in magnifying the images of outward objects, and distorting their forms, may be proved by looking at them in a room illuminated only by a fire. When there is a deficiency of light, the pupil expands itself, in order to compensate for the want of the light; and thus we make use of a lens on the occasion, very different from that with which we ordinarily view near objects. The consequence is, that the object is seen out of its natural proportions: a cat becomes a dog, a dog an elephant; the shadows on the wall assume a strange appearance, and hence, probably, many of the ghost stories which tradition has handed down to us. That the eye is capable of producing images of its own, is demonstrated from the following operations.

“Another class of ocular deceptions have their origin in a property of the eye which has been very imperfectly examined. The fine nervous fabric which constitutes the retina, and which extends to the brain, has the singular property of being phosphorescent by pressure. When we press the eye-ball outwards by applying the point of the finger between it and the nose, a circle of light will be seen, which Sir Isaac Newton describes as ‘a circle of colours like those in the feather of a peacock’s tail.’ He adds that, ‘if the eye and the finger remain quiet, these colours vanish in a second of time, but if the finger be moved with a quavering motion, they appear again.’ In the numerous observations which I have made on these luminous circles, I have never been able to observe any colour but white, with the exception of a general red tinge which is seen when the eyelids are closed, and which is produced by the light which passes through them. The luminous circles, too, always continue while the pressure is applied, and they may be pro-

duced as readily after the eye has been long in darkness, as when it has been recently exposed to light. When the pressure is gently applied, so as to compress the fine pulpy substance of the retina, light is immediately created; when the eye is in total darkness, and when in this state light is allowed to fall upon it, the part compressed is more sensible to light than any other part, and consequently appears more luminous. If we increase the pressure, the eye-ball, being filled with incompressible fluids, will protrude all around the point of pressure, and consequently the retina at the protruded part will be compressed by the outward pressure of the contained fluid, while the retina on each side, namely, under the point of pressure, and beyond the protruded part, will be drawn towards the protruded part, or dilated. Hence the part under the finger, which was originally compressed, is now dilated, the adjacent parts compressed, and the more remote parts immediately without this, dilated also. Now we have observed, that when the eye is under these circumstances exposed to light, there is a bright luminous circle shading off externally and internally into total darkness. We are led, therefore, to the important conclusions, that when the retina is compressed in total darkness it gives out light; that when it is compressed when exposed to light, its sensibility to light is increased; and that when it is dilated under exposure to light, it becomes absolutely blind, or insensible to all luminous impressions."—pp. 17—19.

"He gave me a blow that made the fire flash from my eyes," is an assertion, which those who attend much at courts of justice may hear in assault cases. There is, in fact, a phosphorescent power in the organ, which shows itself when the head is struck violently. Or it may be perceived in the act of sneezing. It is to this phosphorence that we are to attribute the "blue devils," as they are called, which sometimes painfully haunt the couch of the invalid. The pressure of the blood vessels upon the retina causes either total darkness, or a faint blue light, which floats before the eye, and in which the imagination discovers thousands of fantastic figures. In a healthy state of the eye, the image of an object strongly impressed upon it remains for a moment after the object itself is withdrawn: when the eye is enfeebled by age or by disease, the image will remain a considerable time. It was his knowledge of the former fact, that enabled Dr. Paris to construct a card, both of whose sides may be seen, as it were, at one glance.

"In virtue of this property of the eye, an object may be seen in many places at once; and we may even exhibit at the same instant two opposite sides of the same object, or pictures painted on the opposite side of the card. It was found by a French

philosopher, M. D'Arcet, that the impression of light continued on the retina about the eighth part of a second after the luminous body was withdrawn, and upon this principle Dr. Paris has constructed the pretty little instrument, called the *Thaumatrope*, or the *Wonder Turner*. It consists of a number of circular pieces of card, about two or three inches broad, which may be twirled round with great velocity by the application of the fore finger and thumb of each hand to pieces of silk string, attached to opposite points of their circumference. On each side of the circular piece of card is painted part of a picture, or part of a figure, in such a manner that the two parts would form a group, or a whole figure, if we could see both sides at once. Harlequin, for example, on one side is painted, and Columbine on the other, so that by twirling round the card the two are seen at the same time in their usual mode of combination. The body of a Turk is drawn on one side, and his head on the reverse, and by the rotation of the card the head is placed upon his shoulders. The principle of this illusion may be extended to many other contrivances. Part of a sentence may be written on one side of a card, and the rest on the reverse. Particular letters may be given on one side, and others upon the other, or even halves, or parts of each letter, may be put upon each side, or all these contrivances may be combined, so that the sentiment which they express can be understood only when all the scattered parts are united by the revolution of the card."—pp. 26, 27.

There are many instances of persons, whose powers of vision are so defective that they cannot distinguish colours, at least some colours. The late Dugald Stuart could recognise the Siberian crab upon the tree, not by its colour, but by its form only, from the leaves that were near it. There was, not long since, a shoemaker of the name of Harris, at Maryport, in Cumberland, who could only distinguish black and white. He could discern cherries on the tree only by their shape. Dr. Nichol mentions a naval officer whose sight was so imperfect in this respect, that he actually bought a pair of red breeches as a match in colour for a blue coat. There was a tailor at Plymouth, who could never perceive any difference between crimson and black.

The author mentions a very curious ocular illusion, which occurred to himself, while engaged in writing the work now before us. He was seated at a table with two candles before him, when, upon directing his eyes to them, he was much surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, (unless he could be supposed to see through the top of his head,) a distinct image of one of the candles. The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection

from a piece of mirror glass; but where the reflecting substance was he could not at first discover. He examined his eye-brows and eye-lashes, but in vain. At length his lady tried her skill; and after a minute search she perceived between two eye-lashes a very minute speck, which upon being removed turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror on the occasion, and which had probably started into his eye when breaking the seal of a letter, a short time before he observed the phenomenon. An unphilosophical person might have gone mad, or have sent for his physician in an agony of terror, under such circumstances.

This curious fact prepares us in some measure for the subject of spectral illusions. The author had personally an opportunity of becoming acquainted with one of the most extraordinary cases of this kind upon record. A few years ago he had occasion to spend some days under the same roof with a lady, whom he here designates as Mrs. A. At that time she had seen no spectral illusions, and was acquainted with the subject only from having read Dr. Hibbert's interesting volume. In conversing with her upon the cause of these apparitions, Sir David mentioned, that if she should ever see such a thing, "she might distinguish a genuine ghost, existing externally, and seen as an external object, from one created by the mind, by merely pressing one eye, or straining them both, so as to see objects double; for in this case the external object, or supposed apparition, would invariably be doubled, while the impression on the retina created by the mind would remain single." The lady unfortunately soon after became subject to these formidable illusions; but though she was aware of their origin, she was prevented by the agitation with which they were accompanied from making the experiment that had been suggested to her.

We shall extract the author's account of several of the illusions by which she was afflicted.

"1. The first illusion to which Mrs. A. was subject, was one which affected only the ear. On the 26th of December, 1830, about half past four in the afternoon, she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, her husband's voice, calling her by name, 'Come here! come to me!' She imagined that he was calling at the door to have it opened, but upon going there, and opening the door, she was surprised to find no person there. Upon returning to the fire, she again heard the same voice calling out very distinctly and loudly, 'Come, come here!' She then opened two other doors of the same room, and upon seeing no person, she returned to the fire-place. After a few moments, she heard the same

voice still calling 'Come to me, come! come away!' in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, 'Where are you? I don't know where you are,' still imagining that he was somewhere in search of her, but receiving no answer, she shortly went up stairs. On Mr. A.'s return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why he called her so often, and where he was, and she was of course greatly surprised to learn he had not been near the house at the time. A similar illusion, which excited no particular notice at the time, occurred to Mrs. A. when residing at Florence, about ten years before, and when she was in perfect health. When she was undressing after a ball, she heard a voice call her repeatedly by name, and she was at that time unable to account for it.

"2. The next illusion which occurred to Mrs. A. was of a more alarming character. On the 30th of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted only a few moments before, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about half an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak. Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet almost of the figure which she saw still standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, after the lapse of a few moments, 'Why don't you speak?' The figure immediately moved off towards the window, at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstances of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed that it was any thing supernatural, and was soon convinced that it was a spectral illusion. As soon as this conviction had established itself in her mind, she recollected the experiment which I had suggested, of trying to double the object; but before she was able distinctly to do this, the figure had retreated to the window, where it disappeared. Mrs. A. immediately followed it, shook the curtains, and examined the window, the impression having been so distinct and forcible, that she was unwilling to believe that it was a reality. Finding, however, that the figure had no natural means of escape, she was convinced that she had seen a spectral apparition, like those recorded in Dr. Hibbert's work, and she conse-

the sensitive of a feeling like what we call the sense of fascination, compelling her for a moment to gaze at this melancholy apparition, which was as distinct and vivid as any reality could be, the light of the candle upon the dressing-table appearing to be turned upon its face. After a few moments she turned round to look for the reason of the light, but it was not there, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

In the beginning of March, when Mr. A. was about a fortnight from home, Mrs. A. heard him frequently moving near her. Next every night as she lay awake, she distinctly heard sounds like his breathing and his pillow by her side, and other sounds such as he might make while turning in bed.

On another occasion, during Mr. A.'s absence, while sitting with a neighbour, Mr. A. was heard to speak frequently, as if he were sitting by her side. She heard also the sound of his horse's feet, and was almost tempted to beckon him to address her at the same time with the person really in company. His voice made remarks on the conversation, such as he probably should have done had he been present. On this occasion, however, there was no vision or apparition.

On the 15th of March, Mrs. A. was reclining in bed. She had dismissed her maid, and was sitting with her feet in hot water, having an excellent memory, she began thinking upon and repeating a certain striking passage in the Edinburgh Review, or raising her eyes, she saw a large easy chair before her, the sister of Mr. A.'s friend, the sister of Mr. A.'s friend, was dressed, as had been seen, with great neatness, but in a different kind, such as Mrs. A. had never seen, but exactly such as to be recognised as her by a common friend who had been by Mr. A.'s sister during her visit to England. Mrs. A. paid particular attention to the dress, air, and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy chair, holding a handkerchief. Mrs. A. tried to speak to it, but she failed in doing so, and in a few minutes the figure disappeared. Immediately afterwards, Mr. A. came home, and found Mrs. A. slightly agitated. She described it as a vision, and in some hours preceding the vision, she experienced a peculiar sensation in her eyes, which seemed to be the vision had ceased.

On the 21st of October, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. A. was sitting up in bed, and Mrs. A. who told him that she had

at seen the figure of his deceased mother
aw aside the bed curtains and appear be-
ween them. The dress and the look of the
apparition were precisely those in which
r. A.'s mother had been last seen by Mrs.
., at Paris, in 1824.

"9. On the 11th of October, when sitting
the drawing-room, on one side of the fire-
place, she saw the figure of another deceased
friend moving towards her from the window
the farther end of the room. It approach-
ed the fire-place, and sat down in the chair
opposite. As there were several persons in
the room at the time, she describes the idea
premost in her mind to have been a fear
that they should be alarmed at her staring,
the way she was conscious of doing, at
vacancy, and should fancy her intellect dis-
ordered. Under the influence of this fear,
and recollecting a story of a similar effect in
our work on Demonology, which she had
recently read, she summoned up the requisite
resolution to enable her to cross the space
before the fire-place, and seat herself in the
same chair with the figure. The apparition
remained perfectly distinct till she sat down,
as it were, in its lap, when it vanished.

"10. On the 26th of the same month,
about two, P. M., Mrs. A. was sitting in a
chair by the window, in the same room with
her husband. He heard her say, 'What
have I seen?' and on looking at her, he ob-
served a strange expression in her eyes and
countenance. A carriage and four had ap-
peared to her to be driving up the entrance
road to the house. As it approached, she
felt inclined to go up stairs to receive com-
pany, but, as if spell-bound, she was unable
to move or speak. The carriage approached,
and as it arrived within a few yards of the
window, she saw the figures of the postilions
and the persons inside take the ghastly ap-
pearance of skeletons and other hideous
figures. The whole then vanished entirely,
when she uttered the above-mentioned ex-
clamation."—pp. 39—45.

These are, unquestionably, very extraor-
inary instances of optical as well as auricu-
lar illusions. It appears that during the time
Mrs. A. was troubled in this manner, her
digestive organs were in a state of consid-
erable derangement. She is naturally of a
morbidly sensitive imagination; indeed so
much so, that when she heard of any person
suffering severe pain, she felt twinges
in the corresponding parts of her person.
She speaks fluently and at great length in
her sleep, and not only quotes poetry, but
even caps verses, that is to say, repeats lines
which begin with the final letter of the pre-
ceding one, until her memory seems exhaust-
ed. Dr. Hibbert, in endeavouring to account
for such apparitions, says that "they are no-
thing more than ideas, or the recollected
images of the mind, which in certain cases
of bodily indisposition have been rendered

more vivid than actual impressions, or, to
use other words, that the pictures in the
mind's eye are more vivid than the pictures
in the body's eye." But Sir David Brewster
goes farther, and shows, by a train of illus-
tration into which we need not enter, "that
the 'mind's eye' is actually the body's eye,
and that the retina is the common tablet on
which both classes of impressions are paint-
ed, and by means of which they receive their
visual existence according to the same opti-
cal laws."

The author enumerates some curious ex-
periments of a popular nature, which he has
himself seen or made from time to time.
Among these we may mention that of read-
ing the inscriptions of coins in the dark,
which is effected in this manner. Take a
silver coin, and after polishing the surface
as much as possible, apply an acid to the
letters. This will make them rough, while
the other parts remain polished. Place the
coin thus prepared upon a mass of red hot
iron in a dark room, and the inscription will
appear perfectly legible, the letters being
comparatively darker than the polished parts
of the coin. The red hot iron should be con-
cealed from the eye of the spectator. In this
manner, inscriptions that have been so much
obliterated as to be illegible, have been re-
vived, as it were, upon ancient coins.

Among the many natural phenomena,
which by the ignorant are looked upon as
marvellous, is the celebrated spectre of the
Brochen—the name given to the loftiest
range of the Hartz mountains, which lies in
the kingdom of Hanover. The best account
of this phenomenon we have from Mr. Haue,
who saw it on the 23d of May, 1797.

"After having been on the summit of the
mountain no less than thirty times, he had
at last the good fortune of witnessing the ob-
ject of his curiosity. The sun rose about
four o'clock in the morning, through a se-
rene atmosphere. In the south-west, to-
wards Achtermannshöhe, a brisk west wind
carried before it the transparent vapours,
which had not yet been condensed into thick
heavy clouds. About a quarter past four, he
went towards the inn, and looked round to
see whether the atmosphere would afford
him a free prospect towards the south-west,
when he observed at a very great distance
towards Achtermannshöhe, a human figure
of a monstrous size. His hat having been
almost carried away by a violent gust of
wind, he suddenly raised his hand to his
head to protect his hat, and the colossal
figure did the same. He immediately made
another movement by bending his body, an
action which was repeated by the spectral
figure. M. Haue was desirous of making
further experiments, but the figure disap-
peared; he remained, however, in the same
position, expecting its return, and in a few
minutes it again made its appearance on the

Achtermannshohe, when it mimicked his gestures as before. He then called the landlord of the inn, and having both taken the same position which he had before, they looked towards Achtermannshohe, but saw nothing. In a very short space of time, however, two colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, and after bending their bodies and imitating the gestures of the two spectators, they disappeared. Retaining their position, and keeping their eyes still fixed upon the same spot, the two gigantic spectres again stood before them, and were joined by a third. Every movement that they made was imitated by the three figures, but the effect varied in its intensity, being sometimes weak and faint, and at other times strong and well defined."—pp. 129, 130.

These persons saw in fact their own shadows painted on the vapours in the distance, upon which the shadows were thrown strongly, while the sun was rising brilliantly behind their persons. Mr. James Clarke in his *Survey of the Lakes of Cumberland*, gives another very striking account of aerial spectres which were witnessed in the last century, and his statement is confirmed by the attestations of two other persons.

"On a summer's evening in the year 1743, when Daniel Strickett, servant to John Wren, of Wilton Hall, was sitting at the door along with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along Southerfell side, a place so extremely steep, that a horse could scarcely stand upon it at all. The figures appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the fell. On the following morning Strickett and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in the full expectation of finding the man dead, and of picking up some of the shoes of the horses, which they thought must have been cast while galloping at such a furious rate. Their expectations however were disappointed. No traces either of man or horse could be found, and they could not discover upon the turf the single mark of a horse's hoof. These strange appearances, seen at the same time by two different persons in perfect health, could not fail to make a deep impression on their minds. They at first concealed what they had seen, but they at length disclosed it, and were laughed at for their credulity.

"In the following year, on the 23d June, 1744, Daniel Strickett, who was then servant to Mr. Lancaster, of Blakehills, (a place near Wilton Hall, and both of which places are only about half a mile from Southerfell,) was walking, about seven o'clock in the evening, a little above the house, when he saw a troop of horsemen riding on Southerfell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Recollecting the ridicule that had been cast upon him the preceding year, he continued to observe the figures for some time in si-

lence; but being at last convinced that there could be no deception in the matter, he went to the house and informed his master that he had something curious to show him. They accordingly went out together; but before Strickett had pointed out the place, Mr. Lancaster's son had discovered the aerial figures. The family was then summoned to the spot, and the phenomena were seen alike by them all. The equestrian figures seemed to come from the lowest part of Southerfell, and became visible at a place called Kett. They then advanced in regular troops along the side of the fell, till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain, after describing a kind of curvilinear path. The pace at which the figures moved was a regular swift walk, and they continued to be seen for upwards of two hours, the approach of darkness alone preventing them from being visible. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last but one in a troop quitted his position, galloped to the front, and took up the same pace as the rest. The changes in the figures were seen equally by all the spectators, and the view of them was not confined to the farm of Blakehills only, but they were seen by every person at every cottage within the distance of a mile, the number of persons who saw them amounting to about twenty-six. The attestation of these facts, signed by Lancaster and Strickett, bears the date of the 21st of July, 1785."—pp. 131—133.

This story was at first set down as an invention, or a mere superstitious imagination. But philosophy now explains such phenomena, by demonstrating that they must have been caused by the refraction of the atmosphere, giving the shadows of one or more living objects at some distance, and in the case of the troopers, perhaps multiplied through the intervention of a variety of vapours. They are similar to the *Fata Morgana*, seen in the straits of Messina, between Sicily and the coast of Italy, and to those strange approximations which the coasts of England and France are known to have made, apparently, to each other, upon more than one occasion. Mr. Latham has left us an account of one of these remarkable phenomena.

"From Hastings, on the coast of Sussex, the cliffs of the French coast are fifty miles distant, and they are actually hid by the convexity of the earth, that is, a straight line drawn from Hastings to the French coast would pass through the sea. On Wednesday the 26th July, 1798, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Latham, a Fellow of the Royal Society, then residing at Hastings, was surprised to see a crowd of people running to the sea side. Upon inquiry into the cause of this, he learned that the coast of France could be seen by the naked eye, and he immediately went down to witness so singular

He distinctly saw the cliffs extend some leagues along the French coast, as if they were only a few off. They gradually appeared more elevated, and seemed to approach to the eye. The sailors with whom he walked along the water's edge at first unwilling to believe in the appearance, but they soon became thoroughly convinced of it, that he pointed out and named to him the different places which they had been accustomed to visit, and which they conceived to be as if they were sailing at a small distance into the harbour. These appearances continued for nearly an hour, the cliffs appearing brighter and nearer, other times fainter and more remote. He then went upon the eastern cliff which is of considerable height, whence, he remarks, a most beautiful scene presented itself to his view. He beheld at once the English coast, Dover cliffs, and the French coast along from Calais, Boulogne, &c., the English coast, and, as one of the fishermen said, as far west as Dieppe. With the aid of a telescope, the French fishing-boats were plainly seen at anchor, and the different parts of the land upon the heights, together with the buildings, were perfectly discernible. Latham likewise states, that the English coast called Dungeness, which extends nearly two miles into the sea, and is sixteen miles in a straight line from Ramsgate, appeared as if quite close to it, and the English fishing-boats which were between the two places appeared near, and were magnified to a high degree. These curious phenomena continued till past eight o'clock, although a black cloud had for some time totally obscured the face of the sun."—*ibid.*, 136.

A still more remarkable phenomenon of the same kind was witnessed by Professor Brewster of Cambridge, and another gentleman on the 6th of August, 1806, at Ramsgate. Between that town and Dover there is a hill, over which the tops of Dover Castle are usually seen from Ramsgate; but on the 6th of August, about seven o'clock, being still and a little hazy, not only the tops of the castle were seen, but the castle itself, and, what is still more curious, the castle appeared as if it were situated on the side of the hill next to Ramsgate! It was in fact a complete picture of the castle painted on vapour, and thus, by the effect of refraction, transferred to the hill above mentioned. Instances of this kind are seen reflected in the skies are very common, and they have been seen by spectators when the vessels thus imaged in the sky are actually far below the horizon, and are entirely invisible to them even through the atmosphere. These phenomena, as well as

Mr. Scoresby's "enchanted coast," on which he saw the ruins of cathedrals and castles, which had no real existence, are satisfactorily explained by the author upon philosophical principles.

He next proceeds to the illusions of sound, and makes us acquainted with the art of ventriloquism, with the nature of musical and harmonic sounds produced from vibrations of the air, with a curious instrument called the Kaleidophone, and the machinery by means of which Vaucanson's celebrated automaton flute-player and pipe and tabor player were constructed. He gives us also a curious account of Kempelen's talking engine, which, though very imperfect, showed that it was not impossible to produce a machine which would distinctly pronounce most of the words in our language. While treating of this subject, he analyses the nature and influence of sound, and the differences of which it is susceptible, according to the elevation or depression of the position from which it comes, and by reason of the influence of day or night. Most persons have remarked, that sounds are heard with more than ordinary distinctness during the night. The reason of this is thus explained.

"The great audibility of sounds during the night is a phenomenon of considerable interest, and one which had been observed even by the ancients. In crowded cities, or in their vicinity, the effect was generally ascribed to the rest of animated beings, while in localities where such an explanation was inapplicable, it was supposed to arise from a favourable action of the prevailing wind. Baron Humboldt was particularly struck with this phenomenon, when he first heard the rushing of the great cataracts of the Orinocco, in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures. These sounds he regarded as three times louder during the night than during the day. Some authors ascribed this fact to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind on the leaves of the trees; but M. Humboldt justly maintains that this cannot be the cause of it on the Orinocco, where the buzz of insects is much louder in the night than in the day, and where the breeze never rises till after sunset. Hence he was led to ascribe the phenomenon to the perfect transparency and uniform density of the air, which can exist only at night, after the heat of the ground has been uniformly diffused through the atmosphere.

"When the rays of the sun have been beating on the ground during the day, currents of hot air of different temperatures, and consequently of different densities, are constantly ascending from the ground, and mixing with the cold air above. The air thus ceases to be a homogeneous medium, and every person must have observed the effects of it upon objects seen through it, which are

very indistinctly visible, and have a tremulous motion, as if they were dancing in the air. The very same effect is perceived when we look at objects through spirits and water that are not perfectly mixed, or when we view distant objects over a red hot poker or over a flame. In all these cases the light suffers refraction in passing from a medium of one density into a medium of a different density, and the refracted rays are constantly changing their direction, as the different currents rise in succession. Analogous effects are produced when sound passes through a mixed medium, whether it consists of two different mediums or of one medium, where portions of it have different densities. As sound moves with different velocities through media of different densities, the wave which produces the sound will be partly reflected in passing from one medium to the other, and the direction of the transmitted wave changed; and hence, in passing through such media, different portions of the wave will reach the ear at different times, and thus destroy the sharpness and distinctness of the sound. This may be proved by many striking effects. If we put a bell in a receiver containing a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air, the sound of the bell can scarcely be heard. During a shower of rain or snow noises are greatly deadened, and when sound is transmitted along an iron wire or an iron pipe of sufficient length, we actually hear two sounds, one transmitted more rapidly through the solid, and the other more slowly through the air. The same property is well illustrated by an elegant and easily repeated experiment of Chladni's. When sparkling champagne is poured into a tall glass till it is half full, the glass loses its power of ringing by a stroke upon its edge, and emits only a disagreeable and puffy sound. This effect will continue while the wine is filled with bubbles of air, or as long as the effervescence lasts; but when the effervescence begins to subside, the sound becomes clearer and clearer, and the glass rings as usual when the air bubbles have vanished. If we reproduce the effervescence by stirring the champagne with a piece of bread, the glass will cease to ring. The same experiment will succeed with other effervescing fluids."—pp. 218—220.

The vocal statue of Memnon in Egypt has puzzled many travellers, who have endeavoured to account for the sound that issues from it every morning at sunrise. This sound, for centuries considered as the greatest mystery of Egyptian priestcraft, was recently heard by an English traveller, Sir Edward Smith, who asserts that the sound does not proceed from the statue, but from the pedestal, and that it arises from the impulse of the air upon the stones of the pedestal, which are arranged so as to produce this surprising effect. The sound in question is said to re-

semble that of the breaking of the string of a lyre, and Dussaulx, the translator of Juvenal, accounted for it in this way. "The statue being hollow, the heat of the sun heated the air which it contained, and this air issuing at some crevice, produced the sounds of which the priests gave their own interpretation." The Baron Humboldt, when in South America, examined on the banks of the Orinoco several granite rocks, from which the natives declared that they had frequently heard, towards sunrise, subterraneous sounds resembling those of the organ. Sounds like that of a string breaking have been heard by travellers in Egypt at sunrise, issuing from a monument of granite, situated near the centre of the spot on which the palace of Carnac stands. There is therefore no doubt that the music of the statue of Memnon proceeds altogether from a natural cause, though the priests of Egypt inculcated a different doctrine. The author mentions other instances of a similar description.

"The inquiries of recent travellers have enabled us to corroborate these views, and to add another remarkable example of the influence of subterraneous sounds over superstitious minds. About three leagues to the north of Tor in Arabia Petraea, is a mountain, within the bosom of which the most singular sounds have been heard. The Arabs of the desert ascribe these sounds to a convent of monks preserved miraculously underground; and the sound is supposed to be that of the Nukous, a long narrow metallic ruler suspended horizontally, which the priest strikes with a hammer, for the purpose of assembling the monks to prayer. A Greek was said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine gardens and delicious water; and in order to give proof of his descent he produced some fragments of consecrated bread, which he pretended to have brought from the subterranean convent. The inhabitants of Tor likewise declare, that the camels are not only frightened, but rendered furious when they hear these subterranean sounds.

"M. Seetzen, the first European traveller who visited this extraordinary mountain, set out from Wadyel Nackel, on the 17th of June, at five o'clock in the morning. He was accompanied by a Greek Christian, and some Bedouin Arabs, and after a quarter of an hour's walk they reached the foot of a majestic rock of hard sandstone. The mountain itself was quite bare, and entirely composed of it. He found inscribed upon the rock several Greek and Arab names, and also some Coptic characters, which proved that it had been resorted to for centuries. About noon the party reached the foot of the mountains called Nakous, where at the foot of a ridge they beheld an insulated peaked rock. This mountain presented upon two of

its sides two sandy declivities about 150 feet high, and so inclined, that the white and slightly adhering sand which rests upon its surface is scarcely able to support itself; and when the scorching heat of the sun destroys its feeble cohesion, or when it is agitated by the smallest motion, it slides down the two declivities. These declivities unite behind the insulated rock, forming an acute angle; and like the adjacent surfaces, they are covered with steep rocks, chiefly of a white or friable freestone.

"The first sound which greeted the ears of the travellers, took place at an hour and a quarter after noon. They had climbed with great difficulty as far as the sandy declivity, a height of seventy or eighty feet, and had rested beneath the rocks where the pilgrims are accustomed to listen to the sounds.

"While in the act of climbing, M. Seetzen heard the sound from beneath his knees, and hence he was led to think that the sliding of the sand was the cause of the sound, and not the effect of the vibration which it occasioned. At three o'clock the sound became louder, and continued six minutes, and after having ceased for ten minutes it was again heard. The sound appeared to have the greatest resemblance to that of the humming-top, rising and falling like that of an Æolian harp. Believing that he had discovered the true origin of the sound, M. Seetzen was anxious to repeat the experiment, and with this view he climbed with the utmost difficulty to the highest rocks, and sliding down as fast as he could, he endeavoured with the help of his hands and feet to set the sand in motion. The effect thus produced far exceeded his expectations, and the sand in rolling beneath him made so loud a noise, and the earth seemed to tremble to such a degree, that he states he should certainly have been afraid if he had been ignorant of the cause.

"M. Seetzen throws out some conjectures respecting the cause of these sounds. 'Does the rolling layer of sand,' says he, 'act like the fiddle bow, which, on being rubbed upon a plate of glass, raises and distributes into regular figures the sand with which the plate is covered? Does the adherent and fixed layer of sand perform here the part of the plate of glass, and the neighbouring rocks that of the sounding body?' We cannot pretend to answer these questions, but we trust that some philosopher competent to the task, will have an opportunity of examining these interesting phenomena with more attention, and describing them with greater accuracy.

"The only person, so far as I can learn, who has visited Nakous since the time of Seetzen, is Mr. Gray, of University College, Oxford; but he has not added much to the information acquired by his predecessor. During the first visit which he made to the

place, he heard at the end of a quarter of an hour, a low continuous murmuring sound beneath his feet, which gradually changed into pulsations as it became louder, so as to resemble the striking of a clock; and at the end of five minutes it became so strong as to detach the sand. Returning to the spot next day, he heard the sound still louder than before. He could not observe any crevices by which the external air could penetrate; and as the sky was serene, and the air calm, he was satisfied that the sounds could not arise from this cause."—pp. 243—245.

The reader will be surprised at some of the feats of strength which he will find recorded, especially of Thomas Topham. This man thought nothing of rolling up in his hand a pewter plate: of breaking the bowl of a tobacco pipe by pressing it between his first and third finger; of breaking such another bowl by merely placing it under his garter and pressing the tendons of his hams against it. It is said also that he lifted with his teeth, and held in a horizontal position for a considerable time, a table six feet long, with half a hundred weight hanging at the end of it; that he bent an iron poker nearly to a right angle by striking it upon his bare left arm; and taking a similar poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him, and then pulled it almost straight again! There is an amusing experiment connected with this subject, which may be easily managed by a party of five persons. "The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one, and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise, and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather." At Venice the experiment has been performed in such a manner, that the party raised was lifted on the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. It is said that the experiment would have failed if a board had been interposed between the body thus lifted and the fingers of the bearers, it being necessary to its success that there should be a communication between the body raised and the bearers; but why such a communication should be necessary, or upon what

principles the experiment rests, no person has yet been able to explain.

In the course of his expositions of the secrets of the automaton chess-player, and of the beauties of the moving spiders, caterpillars, and other insects, made from steel, which attracted so much admiration during the latter portion of the last, and the beginning of the present century, Sir David Brewster makes some admirable observations, by way of an anticipated reply to those persons who might be inclined to ask, what is the use of such ingenious performances? "They gave rise," he says, "to the most ingenious mechanical devices, and introduced among the higher orders of artists, habits of nice and accurate execution in the formation of the most delicate pieces of machinery. The same combination of the mechanical powers which made the spider crawl, or which waved the tiny rod of the magician, contributed in future years to purposes of higher import. Those wheels and pinions, which almost eluded our senses by their minuteness, re-appeared in the stupendous mechanism of our spinning machines, and our steam engines. The elements of the tumbling puppet were revived in the chronometer, which now conducts our navy through the ocean; and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the drawing automaton, has served in the present age to guide the movements of the tambouring engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjurer who used them, contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar, are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species." By means of the tambouring machine here alluded to, the art of producing ornamental flowers and figures upon muslins has been so wonderfully facilitated, that it enables one person to do the work of twenty-four persons. Mr. Babbage's machine for calculating has not yet been rendered complete. But if it be finished according to the expectation of the inventor, it will be the most useful, as well as the most surprising instance of successful ingenuity upon record.

Not the least curious subject of all those which are treated in this amusing little volume, is that of spontaneous combustion. A flame may be produced by merely mixing oil of vitriol with oil of turpentine, or aqua fortis with oil of vitriol. Spirit of nitre and oil of sassafras will take fire when mixed. Galen says, that the dung of a pigeon will take fire when rotten. Finely powdered charcoal will take fire of itself. The burning cliff at Weymouth is another striking instance of spontaneous combustion, and it is very well known, that near the village of Bradley, in Staffordshire, the earth has been on fire for nearly sixty years, and has resist-

ed all attempts to extinguish it. There is no doubt that living animal bodies are also liable to internal combustion. It is recorded of the wife of Dr. Freilas, physician to an archbishop of Toledo, that she emitted inflammable matter by perspiration. Another woman was known to vomit flames at the point of death. Bartholin, in his "*Acta Medica*," mentions the case of a poor woman at Paris, who drank nothing in the course of three years except spirits of wine, in consequence of which, he says, "her body contracted such a combustible disposition, that one night, when she lay down on a straw couch, she was all burned to ashes except her skull and the extremities of her fingers." But the most extraordinary cases upon record are the following ones.

"One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion, is that of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bandi of Cesena, which has been minutely described by the Rev. Joseph Bianchini, a prebend in the city of Verona. This lady, who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health. Here she spent above three hours in familiar conversation with her maid, and in saying her prayers; and having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As her maid was not summoned at the usual hour, she went into the bedroom to wake her mistress; but receiving no answer, she opened the window, and saw her corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed, there was a heap of ashes. Her legs, with the stockings on, remained untouched; and the head, half burned, lay between them. Nearly all the rest of the body was reduced to ashes. The air in the room was charged with floating soot. A small oil-lamp on the floor was covered with ashes, but had no oil in it: and in two candlesticks, which stood upright on the table, the cotton wick of both the candles was left, and the tallow of both had disappeared. The bed was not injured, and the blankets and sheets were raised on one side as if a person had risen up from it. From an examination of all the circumstances of this case, it has been generally supposed that an internal combustion had taken place; that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself; and that in her way to open the window, the combustion had overpowered her, and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could set fire to the furniture or the floor. The Marquis Scipio Maffei was informed by an Italian nobleman, who passed through Cesena a few days after this event, that he heard it stated in town, that the Countess Zangari was in the habit, when she felt herself indisposed, of washing all her body with camphorated spirits of wine.

"So recently as 1744, a similar example of spontaneous combustion occurred in our

From the (London) New Monthly Magazine.

THE BOSPHORUS.—A SKETCH.

entry, at Ipswich. A fisherman's the name of Grace Pott, of the parish of Clements, had been in the habit of going down stairs every evening as she was half undressed to smoke. She did this on the evening of the 1st, 1744. Her daughter, who lay in bed with her, had fallen asleep, and did not miss her mother till she awoke the morning. Upon dressing her, going down stairs, she found her body lying on the right side, with her head against the grate, and extended her legs, with her arms on the deal table, appearing like a block of wood, and with a glowy fire without flame, reaching the fire with two bowls of coals. Her neighbours, whom the cries of the fire had brought in, were almost stifled by the smell. The trunk of the unfortunate man was almost burned to ashes, and lay like a heap of charcoal covered with white ashes. The head, arms, legs, &c. were also much burned. There was fire whatever in the grate, and the man was burned out in the socket of the neck, which stood by her. The clothes on one side of her, and a paper on the other, were untouched; and the floor was neither singed nor discovered. It was said that the woman had slept gently of gin overnight, in well-a daughter who had recently returned from Gibraltar."—pp. 323—325.

ze and brilliant assembly is engaged all-room: a lady with a superb amethyst necklace happens to be near a lamp; a loud as a cannon is heard in the end the lady near the lamp falls lifeless to the floor. No person can imagine the cause of this mysterious accident if such an accident did occur, and no means beyond the range of possibility would be susceptible of a satisfactory explanation. The amethyst, as well as minerals, not excepting the diamond, transparent fluids in cavities, which are not perceptible even to the naked eye, placed near a flame, the fluid will expand and burst the mineral with a tremendous explosion.

There are several subjects discussed in this work, which do not come strictly within the circle of natural magic. But this is no consequence if the subjects be interesting, as they all are without exception interesting and useful. There are numerous wood-cuts, to illustrate the various positions which the author has given of the operations of nature; and whether we regard the matter itself, or the style in which it is arranged, we may assert, without making tedious comparisons, that it is the most valuable work that has yet been published in the 'Family Library.'

The stranger whose felicity it has been to float between the shores of the Bosphorus, will often glance back with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction to the memory of those magical waters. This splendid strait, stretching from the harbour of Constantinople to the mouth of the Euxine, may be about twenty miles in length, and its ordinary breadth seldom exceeds one mile. The old Greek story is, that one might hear the birds sing on the opposite shore. And thus two great continents are divided by an ocean stream narrower than many rivers that are the mere boundaries of kingdoms. Yet it is strange that the character of these two famous divisions of our earth is no where more marked than on the shores of the Bosphorus. The traveller turns without disappointment from the gay and glittering shores of Europe to the sublimer beauty and the dusky grandeur of Asia.

The European side, until you advance within four or five miles of the Black Sea, is almost uninterruptedly studded with fanciful and ornamental buildings: beautiful villages, and brilliant summer palaces, and bright kiosks, painted in arabesque, and often gilt. The green back ground to the scene is a sparkling screen of terraced gardens, rising up a chain of hills, whose graceful undulations are crowned with groves of cypress and of chestnut, and occasionally breaking into fair and delicate valleys, richly wooded, and crossed by a grey and antique aqueduct.

But in Asia the hills rise into mountains, and the groves swell into forests. Every thing denotes a vast, and rich, and prolific land; but there is something classical, antique, and even mysterious, in its general appearance. An air of stillness and deep repose pervades its less cultivated and less frequented shores; and the very eagles, as they linger over the lofty peak of "the Giant's Grave," seem conscious that they are haunting some heroic burial-place.

I remember that one of the most strange, and even sublime, spectacles that I ever beheld, occurred to me one balmy autumnal eve as I returned home in my caique from Therapia, a beautiful village on the Bosphorus, where I had been passing the day, to Pera. I encountered an army of dolphins, who were making their way from the Aegean and the Sea of Marmora through the Strait to the Euxine. They stretched right across the water; and I should calculate that they covered, with very little interval, a space of three or four miles. It is very difficult to form an estimate of their number; but there must, of course, have been many thousands. They advanced in grand style, and produced an immense agi-

tation: the snorting, spouting, and splashing, and the wild panting rush, I shall never forget. As it was late, no other caique was in sight; and my boatmen, apprehensive of being run down, stopped to defend themselves with their oars. I had my pistols with me, and found great sport, as, although the dolphins made every effort to avoid us, there were really crowds always in shot. Whenever one was hit, general confusion ran through the whole line: they all flounced about with increased energy, ducked their round heads under water, and turned up their arrowy tails. We remained thus stationary for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and very diverting I found the delay. At length, the mighty troop of strangers passed us, and, I suppose, must have arrived at the Symplegades about the same time that I sought the elegant hospitality of the British Palace at Pera.

From the (London) New Monthly Magazine.

ORIENTAL SMOKING.

In India a hookah, in Persia a nargilly, in Egypt a sheesha, in Turkey a chibouque, in Germany a meerschäum, in Holland a pipe, in Spain a cigar—I have tried them all. The art of smoking is carried by the Orientals to perfection. Considering the contemptuous suspicion with which the Ottomans ever regard novelty, I have sometimes been tempted to believe that the eastern nations must have been acquainted with tobacco before the discovery of Raleigh introduced it to the occident; but a passage I fell upon in old Sandys intimates the reverse. That famous traveller complains of the badness of the tobacco in the Levant, which, he says, is occasioned by Turkey being supplied only with the dregs of the European markets. Yet the choicest tobacco in the world now grows upon the coasts of Syria.

What did they do in the East before they smoked? From the many-robed Pacha, with his amber-mouthed and jewelled chibouque, longer than a lancer's spear, to the Arab clothed only in a blue rag, and puffing through a short piece of hollowed date-wood, there is, from Stamboul to Grand Cairo, only one source of physical solace. If you pay a visit in the East, a pipe is brought to you with the same regularity that a servant in England places you a seat. The procession of the pipe, in great houses, is striking: slaves in showy dresses advancing in order, with the lighted chibouques to their mouths waving them to and fro; others bearing vases of many-coloured sherbets, and surrounding a superior domestic, who carries the strong and burning coffee in small cups of porcelain supported in

frames of silver fillagree, all placed upon a gorgeous waiter covered with a mantle of white satin, stiff and shining with golden embroidery.

In public audiences all this is an affair of form. "The honour of the pipe" proves the consideration awarded to you. You touch it with your lips, return it, sip a half-filled cup of coffee, rise and retire. The next day a swarm of household functionaries call upon you for their fees. But in private visits, the luxury of the pipe is more appreciated. A host prides himself upon the number and beauty of his chibouques, the size and clearness of the amber mouth-piece, rich and spotless as a ripe Syrian lemon, the rare flavour of his tobaccos, the frequency of his coffee offerings, and the delicate dexterity with which the rose-water is blended with the fruity sherbets. In summer, too, the chibouque of cherry-wood, brought from the Balkan, is exchanged for the lighter jessamine tube of Damascus at Aleppo, covered with fawn-coloured silk and fringed with silver.

The hills of Laodicea celebrated by Strabo for their wines, now produce, under the name of Latakia, the choicest tobacco in the world. Unfortunately this delicious product will not bear a voyage, and loses its flavour even in the markets of Alexandria. Latakia may be compared to Chateau Margaux; Gibel, the product of a neighbouring range of hills, similar although stronger in flavour, is a rich Port, and will occasionally reach England without injury. This is the favourite tobacco of Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. No one understands the art of smoking better than his Highness. His richly carved silver sheesha borne by a glossy Nubian eunuch, in a scarlet and golden dress, was a picture for Stephanoff. The Chibouquejee of the Viceroy never took less than five minutes in filling the Viceregal pipe. The skilful votary is well aware how much the pleasure of the practice depends upon the skill with which the bowl is filled. For myself, notwithstanding the high authority of the Pacha, I give the preference to Beirut, a tobacco from the ancient Berytus, lower down on the coast, and which reminded me always of Burgundy. It sparkles when it burns, emitting a bright blue flame. All these tobaccos are of a very dark colour.

In Turkey there is one very fine tobacco, which comes from Salonichi, in ancient Thrace. It is of a light yellow colour, and may be compared to very good Madeira. These are the choicest tobaccos in the world. The finest Kanaster has a poor, flat taste after them.

The sheesha nearly resembles the hookah. In both a composition is inhaled, instead of the genuine weed. The nargilly is also used with the serpent, but the tube

of glass. In all three, you inhale through se-water.

The scientific votary after due experience, will prefer the Turkish chibouque. He could possess many, never use the same for two days running, change his bowl with a pipe-full, and let the chibouque be cleaned every day, and thoroughly washed with orange flower water. All this requires great attention, and the paucity and cost of service in Europe will ever prevent any one but a man of large fortune from smoking in the Oriental fashion with perfect satisfaction of himself.

Puff.

From the (London) New Monthly Magazine.

ENGLISH SONG WRITERS.

SONGS BY BARRY CORNWALL.*

As the Constitution of a country should go often back to its first principles, so the literature of a people should frequently recur to its first authors. This maxim has been adopted within the last thirty years, and with great advantage to the feeling and variance of poetry—the vigour and variety of style. But in many instances it has been done superficially; the poet has resorted to particular authors, and imitated them without any knowledge of their contemporaneous literature, or the spirit of the age by which they were pervaded—hence we have had numerous imitations of old poets by men thoroughly unsaturated by the genius of the old poetry. In the History of Ancient Letters we find simplicity in the early authors, conceits in the latter. In the History of English and of French Letters it is exactly the reverse, the earlier authors (when the language became settled) abound in conceits. As we have progressed we have grown more simple—the great beacon to avoid in a recurrence to our ancient Writers, (Chaucer excepted) is therefore their artificiality—as in recurring to the Greek, it would be to avoid their homeliness. This is a new doctrine—but it is only new, because few who have written on our early literature have deeply examined its nature. The Italian of the middle ages was the model of the Elizabethan Poets.

The spirit of our English Songs is steeped in fancy and in tenderness—but there are few which do not affect ‘that turn and play of words’ which convert truth of feeling into ingenuity of phrase. The Scotch Poets insensibly did a vast service to Nature in the simple beauty of their songs; and Burns† above all writers has impregnated the English Muse with the divine poetical truth, that neither metaphor nor compliment is essential to the effusions of an honest and

deep love. Yet the critics of the day are reluctant to confess a merit which it requires no little effort to understand—the vast mass of books which the ordinary reviewer has to open prevents his reading any—he opens the page, and if not caught by a dazzling stanza, concludes that the performance is mediocre—and Poetry is therefore most fatally estimated by the value of a part—not its harmony as a whole. The people judge far more wisely; and the songs of Bayley—the most natural—the most tender of all modern song writers—are sung in every street, familiar under every roof—while they are sneered at by the young College Reviewer, fresh from Shelley, and stupified with Keats—for that very deficiency in abstruse fragmentary splendour, which forms their highest charm, and their surest passport, to the popular heart.

With all his fancy, and all his genius—the author of the Poems before us, has fallen unconsciously into the error of the critics, and is perpetually preferring the quaint to the natural—and often losing truth in searching after originality: he is imbued with the old Poets—he has their sweetness, their imagination, their grace—he has also their artificialities and their conceits. But his work altogether is one of singular merit—and not built of perishable materials. It will serve at once as a model and a beacon—a rare union—which no hand but that of a fine genius can accomplish: he has looked deeply into the realms of fancy, but not enough into the hearts of men—his verse wants homeliness. He will dissent from our next proposition, but it is nevertheless true:—in all writings that are extensively popular there is a strong dash of the common place.—Byron and Shelley were equal masters of the creative—equal Poets;—Byron appeals to the commonest feelings—Ambition—Satiety—Discontent—the Sense of Affliction—the Weariness of the World;—Shelley appeals only to the most subtle and the least stirring of our emotions: hence the difference of their popularity. The fame of Shelley will increase, but his popularity never.

Viewed as Songs—as an accession to the National Minstrelsy which thrill all alike, the Peasant or the Prince—the Ignorant Man and the Scholar, we therefore consider the present Work as in many respects deficient. But viewed as a collection of Poems, it is a most valuable, a most beautiful addition to our Literature. There are Poems in this book which the *minor* Poetry of no language—(save only that of Campbell and of Burns) may be said to surpass.

The following has been commonly selected by our contemporaries—but we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting again, one of those wild, vigorous effusions which unite, in the happiest spirit of the German Muse, the fearful and the grotesque.

* *Mazon*: New Bond-street.

† In his Preface the Author touches on this fact; yet Burns is the last Poet he seems desirous of resembling.

KING DEATH.

King Death was a rare old fellow !
He sat where no sun could shine ;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine.

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

There came to him many a Maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine ;
And Widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

The Scholar left all his learning ;
The Poet his fancied woes ;
And the Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.

Hurrah !—Hurrah !

Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !

The verses entitled a SERENADE are also
of rich and tender sentiment :—

Awake !—The starry midnight Hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight :
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower ;
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight !

Awake ! Awake !

Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—Soft dews will soon arise
From daisied mead, and thorny brake ;
Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break !

Awake ! Awake !

Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—Within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee :
Ah, come, and show the starry Hour
What wealth of love thou hidest from me !

Awake ! Awake !

Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake !—Ne'er heed, though listening Night
Steal music from thy silver voice :
Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice !

Awake ! Awake !

She comes,—at last, for Love's sweet sake !

In the next Poem our readers will per-
ceive at once the faults and the beauty (in
this instance, the last far excelling the first)
of the old Poets :—

LIFE.

We are born ; we laugh ; we weep ;
We love ; we droop ; we die !
Ah ! wherefore do we laugh, or weep ?
Why do we live, or die !

Who knows that secret deep ?
Alas, not I !

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye ?

Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly ?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die ?

We toil,—through pain and wrong ;
We fight,—and fly ;
We love ; we lose ; and then ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.

O Life ! is all thy song
“ Endure and—die ! ”

We regret that our limits will not allow
us to indulge in further quotation. Happy
indeed should we be if the success of this
little volume would induce the Author to
come once more before us with his soft and
melancholy Italian Tales. The Heaven of
Poetry has yet many mansions unfilled—
and we are convinced if the creator of Mar-
cian Colonna would but rouse himself from
the dreamy intoxication that somewhat
marred the effect of his earliest verse—if
he would plunge into the actual and living
stream of the Human Character and Hu-
man Passion—he might obtain a popularity
even in these prose times—that would far
surpass his present fame—but only keep
the promise of his genius.

From the *Athenæum*.

LAFAYETTE ET LA REVOLUTION
DE 1830.*

The French Revolution of 1830 forms a
remarkable epoch in the history of modern
nations. It was the triumph of civiliza-
tion—there was no sacrifice of life or prop-
erty beyond the urgent necessity—right
prevailed, and was content with its glory.

The revolution of 1789 was brought about
by the mere physical suffering of an ignorant
people—by the tyranny and the exactions of
feudality. The revolution of 1830 was one
of principle—it was the struggle of an en-
lightened people against that formidable
power over which the spirit of freedom for-
merly triumphed, but which was again
striving to raise its hideous and mutilated
form, and fix its fangs once more upon the
necks of the French people.

The part which Lafayette took in the first
of these revolutions, has long been matter of
public history ; but an accurate account of
his connexion with the last was wanting,
and has been ably supplied by M. Sarrans.
The long life of Lafayette, his services to
the American republic, his open and daunt-
less opposition to arbitrary power, the con-
sistency of his political principles, his high
and noble character in private life, and the
confidence felt in his integrity, not only by
his own nation, but by every disciple of

* Par B. Sarrans, jeune. 2 vols. Paris : Thoinier
Desplaces.

freedom throughout the civilized world, render him one of the most interesting characters of the present times. His views and motives have been called into question, but only by those men whose mean and shameless tergiversations make his consistent patriotism the more glorious; and M. Sarrans as come forward, not to rescue his name from suspicion—for Lafayette was never suspected—but to record those acts of high principle, in relation to the events of the last three years, with which the public generally are unacquainted.

And nobly has M. Sarrans fulfilled this task. He has thrown more light upon the occurrences of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, than any historian of that revolution. We were ourselves at Paris during those days, and mixed a good deal with the parties whose names are mentioned in this work. We can therefore personally vouch for the accuracy of most of M. Sarrans' statements. We knew of Perier's eagerness to uphold Charles X., and to become Prime Minister—we knew of Dupin's feeling on the same subject, and his impudent boastings afterwards—we knew the spirit which actuated Broglie, Guizot, and the doctrinaires; and we were not a little surprised, and certainly considered it a very bad omen for the future tranquillity of France, when Louis Philippe began his reign by placing power in the hands of such men,—when we saw a Guizot, who had been in office as *Censor of the Press* under the Bourbons, become the minister of a citizen King,—whose throne was to be surrounded by republican institutions,—and carry on a system of jobbing patronage, which would have put to the blush even the most profligate of his predecessors.

The first part of M. Sarrans' work, relating to the early years of Lafayette's public life, contains nothing that is not to be found in the numerous biographies already published;—his services in America, his declaration of rights at the states-general, his conduct during the subsequent part of the last revolution, his emigration and imprisonment. We shall, therefore, commence our details at a later period.

The following anecdotes are truly characteristic. They relate to the period of Napoleon's return from Elba:—

"During these events, as during the first restoration and the subsequent return of the emperor, Lafayette took no share in public affairs. His attitude was one of perpetual protest against the violation of the principles he supported. But when the congress of Vienna declared Bonaparte an outlaw, and the coalition of European powers was again arrayed against France for the avowed purpose of seating Louis XVIII. by force of arms a second time upon the throne, he had been compelled to vacate, Lafayette

emerged from his retirement. On this occasion, being invited by Prince Joseph in the name of freedom and his country to come and examine the sureties given to the nation, and thereby to foreign powers, he replied, that such an appeal during such a crisis admitted of no hesitation; but that he brought with him a large stock of incredulity, in compensation of his too great confidence in the year eight. * * *

"General Lafayette, in expressing a wish that the assembly should assume a character capable of inspiring the nation and all Europe with confidence, said that its conduct would determine whether it should be called *The Representation of the French People*, or simply, *The Napoleon Club*. * * *

"In the secret committee which sat the same evening, Lucien Bonaparte, the Emperor's Commissary, having made an allusion to the levity of the French character, Lafayette rose, and, in the most imposing and dignified tone, spoke as follows:—'It is a calumnious assertion which has just been made. How can any one dare to accuse the nation of levity with regard to the Emperor Napoleon? Did it not follow him over the sands of Egypt, and into the deserts of Russia, to fifty fields of battle, in his disasters as well as in his victories; and is it not for having so followed him, that we have now to deplore the loss of three millions of Frenchmen?' These few words made a profound impression upon the assembly, and Lucien himself respectfully bowed his head before the veteran apostle of liberty. * * *

"The British ambassador having expressed doubts of the legality of a Chamber of Deputies convoked by Bonaparte, 'I am surprised,' Lafayette answered, 'that a statesman of your nation should not see that the powers of a national assembly are derived, rather from those who elect its members, than from him by whom it is convoked. And as we are upon that topic, my lord, I must beg of you to recollect, that during the revolution of your own country, which I, as well as you and your countrymen, must term glorious, the situation of the army of James II. was somewhat different from the French army, in its relation to Louis XVIII. James had, himself, formed it, had fought at its head, and it owed him gratitude; but this did not prevent the troops composing it, together with the king's favourite, your great Marlborough, from deserting him in the night, not to place themselves under the national flag, but to join a foreign army, a foreign prince, and fight under a foreign banner.'

"The same ambassador having applied to Lafayette, informing him that there would be no peace, unless Bonaparte were delivered up to the allies; he said, 'I am surprised, my lord, that to make so base a proposal to

the French people, you should have applied by choice to a prisoner of Olmutz."

The following rapid sketch of the persons comprising the Polignac administration, is a spirited outline.

"Nevertheless, at this dangerous period, the nation assumed an imposing attitude, and faced with courage and indignation the impious faction, into whose hands its destinies were thrown. On all sides was heard the cry of anathema against the reviving generation of court minions, mistresses and flatterers, which absorbed the royal confidence.

"Public opinion then examined the individual claims of the new ministers, and found each of them foul with that political leprosy which, during three centuries, had afflicted France. And who, in effect, were these ministers? The first was a Roman prince [Polignac,] filled with ultramontane maxims, and whose unhappy destiny it seemed to be, to live and die in the practice of plots and conspiracies. The second was he of the categories of blood [Labourdonnaye,] the third that debonair prefect [Chabrol,] who, perceiving the guillotine in its progress of political murder, along the fertile banks of the Rhone, declared, that the errors of governments should always be buried in the bowels of the earth. The fourth was the spoiled child of the congregation of Jesuits [Montbel,] and his want of talent had become proverbial; the fifth [Courvoisier,] the promoter of the prevostal courts; the sixth [Bourmont,] a traitor, a turncoat, whose sword had branded with disgrace the French name; and the seventh—a Mangin.

"Such was the composition of this ministry. Here was hypocrisy and fanaticism; there violence; elsewhere treachery and servility; and every where, bad faith, and a hatred of our institutions. Acts soon stamped the men—every aristocratic passion was in ferment: there was no dormant resentment, which was not fanned anew into a blaze—no foolish expectation, which such a signal did not revive.

"What was to be hoped or feared from such a state of things? It could only hold out to the country a prospect of blood; for it was evident that despotism must be resorted to, by men without talent, and unable to use the resources of a representative government. In such a crisis, inaction would have been death; and a generous feeling of emulation sprung up, spontaneously, in the bosom of every citizen. Preparations were made on all sides to combat to the death this contempt for civilization, and the horror of freedom and national advancement, which formed the life-springs of the cabinet of the 8th of August. Alarmed by the cries of indignation which assailed them on all sides, in vain did they hesitate to have recourse to

arbitrary measures; in vain did they affect confidence amid the fears and terrors which devoured them; in vain did they protest that the nation had nothing to fear: the people knew that the public feeling against these ministers was but too well founded, and prepared on all sides to defend their threatened liberties. From the nucleus of the association formed to refuse the payment of taxes, diverging rays rapidly darted forth in every direction. The press, fully sensible of its high mission, waged a constant war against the measures of government; it excited the fear of *coups-d'état*, and filled each individual with the anticipation of danger near at hand. In short, every citizen in France, who had a heart to feel for his country, made preparations for a determined resistance."

The following account of the beginning of the revolution of 1830, shows the conduct and feelings of Casimir Perier upon this momentous occasion. It needs no comment.

"The struggle between the people and the king's troops commenced on the evening of Tuesday the 27th of July, and assumed the character of a regular insurrection. But what occurred on this day, was only a prelude to something more serious on the following days. It consisted only in two or three charges made by the gendarmerie, and the dispersion of some groups of young men and artisans, assembled in the Rue St. Honore, the Place Vendome, and the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal. * * *

"The first member of the Chamber of Deputies, who at the commencement of the struggle came forward and placed his head in jeopardy, was the Count Alexandre de Laborde. At that period the insurrection presented nothing but the probability of defeat and the prospect of a scaffold. Even on Monday the 26th, this courageous deputy took the chair at a meeting of the journalists, where the question of the protest and that of opposing resistance to the ordinances were publicly discussed and determined upon. There is not one of my former colleagues who does not recall with admiration to his mind the reply which M. de Laborde made to a deputation from the law school, charged to insist upon the necessity of resorting to arms. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'you are perfectly right. Our country does not now call for vain declamation; a unanimous, strong, and powerful action can alone save our liberties. Tell your comrades, that you found us animated with the same sentiments as yourselves, ready to fulfil the same duties and run the same risks. Go, gentlemen, and assemble in greater numbers this evening at ten o'clock; we will then make known to you what we have determined upon.'

"At the termination of this meeting of

e journalists, in which each individual edged his honour to use all the means in power to provoke resistance, and render an insurrection general, M. de Laborde called at his own house a meeting of the deputies then at Paris, and fixed the hour seven. At eight only a few members answered the call; and among the number were Messrs. Bavoux, Daunou, Marschal, De Schonen, Lefevre, Guard, and Villemain. Hurried on by haste, and perhaps tired waiting any longer for his absent colleagues, M. de Laborde opened the debate. Having stated the general feeling, and related what had occurred the meeting of the journalists, he showed the necessity of an energetic declaration in reply to the ordinances, and strongly urged that it should be drawn up, in the name of the Chamber of Deputies, by the members there present. M. Bavoux was of opinion that the deputies then in town could constitute themselves a national assembly. The venerable M. Daunou spoke with noble warmth of the duties which the emptiness of oppressive power had rendered incumbent upon the representatives of the nation. He said that the danger with which the performance of such duties might be attended, rendered them only more sacred and more imperative; that, as the liberty of the press was violated, *an appeal to the people* was the only means of safety left, and they must not hesitate to use it, or they would be dishonoured, and betray their public trust. M. de Schonen spoke in the same strain; he observed that the moment was decisive, that the liberties of the country were at stake, that the duty of the deputies was very clearly marked out, that on such an occasion all selfish feeling must cease, and if necessary a call be made to arms. Such were the unanimous opinions at this meeting, and M. Villemain had, I believe, just been requested to embody them in the form of a protest, when M. Perier's announcement. He had heard the last words of M. de Schonen, mentioning a *call to arms*, and his countenance expressed the most intense anxiety. 'Gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'what frenzy has seized you, and what are you going to do? Have you rested upon it? You are constituting yourselves a national assembly. A call to arms is needed!'

'I have motives of resentment against Perier, too well founded not to render it a point of duty in me, as a historian, to distrust my mind of the feelings to which such collections naturally lead. I shall, therefore, not record the word he used in opposition to the noble decision of his colleagues, but merely give a summary of his opinion. According to him, the chamber had been legally dissolved; the ordinances were binding more than the exercise of a power

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granted by the charter, and, since the publication of the *Moniteur* containing them, there really existed no deputies. But supposing the right of Charles X. were open to dispute—which he by no means admitted—he asked who was to judge between the government and the people. At all events, the chamber ought not to take the lead in passing events; and to excite insurrection would be an act of madness. That it was impossible the king would refuse to recall the ordinances, and it was in this sense that the declaration should be drawn up,—if indeed, a declaration were persisted in, to which however, he did not assent. As for the confidence gentlemen seemed to have in public opinion, he by no means took the same view of the case. Accustomed to express itself in a legal form, that opinion would not be inclined to arm itself with brute force; but if even it dared to do so, it would be overcome and annihilated;—witness what occurred in 1820, 1821, and 1827—witness likewise all the conspiracies hatched during the last fifteen years, and strangled in their birth. In fine, M. Perier thought that it would be but wise and patriotic in the deputies to wait for events, and regulate their conduct by circumstances.

"During this debate, Messrs. de Laborde, Villemain, and De Schonen, had joined the journalists, who had received an accession to their assembly in a great number of the electors of Paris. These three deputies had found all parties animated with the most ardent patriotism, and more than ever determined to oppose a strenuous resistance to the acts of the government. M. de Laborde, still under the excitement of the impression he had just received, told his colleagues in the most energetic terms that a longer hesitation on their parts would prove fatal to freedom—that the victory of the people depended upon the co-operation of the deputies with those citizens who had first come forward, and that the former then present ought forthwith to join the journalists. This opinion was combated by M. Perier, who adduced his former arguments against any measure, other than such as tended to bring Charles X. into a better course. Despairing, however, of persuading the deputies to adopt his opinion, he had recourse to other means, in which he was successful. He observed that it would be precipitate and improper to come to a decision of that nature without consulting all the deputies then at Paris, and he undertook to assemble them at his own house at an early hour the next day. In fact, summonses were sent by M. Perier to several members of the chamber. But, from the irritation displayed by the multitude, which went on increasing, and the hostile measures adopted by the citizens in the course of the night and

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the following morning, M. Perier deemed it prudent to countermand his invitations."

It happened, however, that the deputies agreed among themselves to meet at Perier's the next day at two o'clock. M. Sarrans thus describes the meeting which had been preceded by a scene of carnage and bloodshed in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, where a number of young men who had assembled in consequence of hearing that the deputies intended to meet, were surrounded by two detachments of cavalry, and cut to pieces.

"What was passing meanwhile at M. Perier's hotel? The deputies had assembled there in greater numbers than on the preceding day, and M. Labey de Pompieres was in the chair. From the very commencement of the debate they had been divided into two parties, one of which defended the dissolution of the chamber, proposed to maintain the royal authority of Charles X., urged the necessity of not going beyond the limits of the law, and proposed confining themselves to the obtaining of a repeal of the ordinances by means of respectful remonstrances supported by the manifestation of public opinion. The other party maintained, that the quality of deputy was not destroyed by the ordinance of dissolution; that, moreover, Charles X., by violating the charter in each of his ordinances, had forfeited his right to dissolve the chamber, and that from this very circumstance the deputies remained invested with the full powers given to them by their constituents; that it was absurd to invoke the law in favour of a power which had just set it at defiance; and that when the liberty or slavery of the nation—the existence of a representative government, or the tyranny of a single man—formed the point at issue, the safety of the commonwealth resided solely in the success of an open resistance.

"The former of these opinions had M. Dupin for its champion; the second was advocated by M. Mauguin, who was supported by Messrs. De Laborde, De Puyraveau, Bérard, Labey de Pompieres, Persil, Milleret, Bertin de Vaux, and Villemain; the two latter, however, maintaining that Charles X. must not be confounded with his ministers, or included with them in one common sentence of reprobation. Messrs. Sebastiani and Casimir Perier ranged themselves under the banner of M. Dupin."

When the ordinances appeared, Lafayette was absent from Paris, but the instant the news reached him, he set out for the metropolis. On the 29th he incurred considerable danger, which M. Sarrans thus describes:—

"The battle had recommenced at break of day, and as Lafayette was returning to his hotel, he was exposed to the fire of the roy-

alist detachment, who had taken possession of the Madeleine, and fired indiscriminately at every body attempting to pass. The General, however, escaped this danger, and, taking advantage of a retrograde movement, got to M. Lafitte's, accompanied by his grandson, Jules de Lasterie, M. Audry de Puyraveau, Colonel Carbonel, and Captain, now Colonel, Poque. Cannon and musquetry roared through the streets contiguous to the one through which Lafayette was walking. It was an affecting sight to behold the people recognize, with transport, the noble old veteran; but they uttered only, in an under voice, 'Vive Lafayette!' lest they should betray him to the king's soldiers, and hastily opened their shops in order that the barricades might form no impediment to his passage. It was thus that, amid a thousand dangers and a thousand proofs of popular solicitude, the General arrived at M. Lafitte's, whither several of his colleagues were likewise hastening, and where he found several deputations of brave citizens, waiting to escort him to the Hotel de Ville, which had just been carried, and was then occupied by the patriots."

The following is extremely interesting:—

"Whilst the military chiefs were taking measures to consolidate the victory obtained by the people without their aid, and the municipal committee and the commissioners in charge of the different departments of public service, were preparing to put the machinery of government again into motion, and whilst a fraction of the chamber of deputies assembled at M. Lafitte's was discussing the new order of things, a deputation, composed of Messrs. D'Argout, Sémonville, and Vitrolles, arrived at the Hotel de Ville, to treat in the name of Charles X., and announce to the committee the repeal of the ordinances, together with the appointment of a new ministry, of which Messrs. Perier and Gérard were to be members. These envoys were brought before the municipal committee, and Lafayette was immediately sent for. The answer to their proposition was not delayed; the people had fought to the cry of 'Down with the Bourbons!' and it was now too late—the Bourbons had ceased to reign. This was formally declared to the king's envoys by Messrs. Lafayette, Audry de Puyraveau, and Mauguin, in the presence of M. Perier, who remained silent. The envoys were about to withdraw, when M. de Sémonville having addressed himself to Lafayette, the latter asked whether the Bourbons had assumed the tricolor cockade; and upon his replying that this was a serious affair, Lafayette said, if they disliked it, there was no need of their doing it, for it was too late, and all was at an end that related to them.

"Next day M. de Sussy, bearer of a letter containing the repeal of the ordinances,

from M. de Montemart, the new minister of Charles X., found Lafayette surrounded by his officers and a crowd of citizens. 'We need not put ourselves to any inconvenience,' said the General; I am here among my friends, for whom I have no secrets; and, opening the packet, he read aloud the contents. 'Well,' said he to the people, 'what answer shall we give?'—'No more treaties,' was the cry all round. 'You have your answer,' said Lafayette, '*it is too late.*'

"Some time after, a patriot who went with a flag of truce to the regiments protecting the court, returned to say that the commander of the royalist forces at the bridge of St. Cloud complained that there had been no explanation since the repeal of the ordinances, and demanded a categorical answer; upon which Lafayette immediately sent the following note:—

"'Being called upon for an explicit answer respecting the royal family, since their last aggression against public liberty and the victory of the Parisian populace, I will give it with candour. All conciliation is impossible, and the royal family have ceased to reign.

'LAFAYETTE.'

"Finding their proposals rejected by the people at the Hotel de Ville, the envoys of Charles X. hoped to obtain a more favourable reception at M. Lafitte's. On the 9th,* at ten o'clock at night, M. d'Argout applied to the deputies there assembled, and declared that he came in the name of the king, his master, to announce the repeal of the ordinances, and the formation of a ministry composed of men agreeable to the country; that things were then in the same state as prior to the violation of the charter, and Charles X. had no doubt that the national representatives would interpose their mediation to bring the nation again under his authority. But M. Lafitte's answer was as peremptory as that of M. Lafayette at the Hotel de Ville. 'War has decided the question,' said he to M. d'Argout; 'Charles X. is no longer King of France.' M. d'Argout withdrew, after having in vain urged the inviolability with which, according to his view, the constitution still surrounded the king's person. A few minutes after, M. Forbin-Janson came, and stated that his brother-in-law, the Duke de Montemart, claimed a safe-conduct, in order that he might come to the meeting of the deputies. This was allowed, and M. Lafitte alone charged to discuss the overtures to be made by this new prime minister of Charles X.; but M. de Montemart did not make his appearance."

We shall continue our translations from these volumes.

From the (London) Athenæum.

A RAMBLE OF SIX THOUSAND MILES THROUGH THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

Much has been lately written on America, and yet we always read a new volume with satisfaction, especially if the traveller has good sense enough not to weary us with repetitions and statistical notices of New-York, Philadelphia, and the other sea-board towns. Now, Mr. Ferrall's work has this merit. The writer pushes at once into the great western states, and we have a plain straight-forward account of such things as interested him. There is no high seasoning in his descriptions—no caricature resemblances—nothing is done or written for effect; yet, he has many natural home scenes described with truth and fidelity, that let us at once into the simplicity of farm life on the Ohio—the following may be taken as a specimen:—

"When a farmer wishes to have his corn husked, he rides round to his neighbours and informs them of his intention. An invitation of this kind was once given in my presence. The farmer entered the house, sat down, and after the customary compliments were passed, in the usual laconic style, the following dialogue took place. 'I guess I'll husk my corn to-morrow afternoon.'—'You've a mighty heap this year.'—'Considerable of corn.' The host at length said, 'Well, I guess we'll be along,'—and the matter was arranged. All these gatherings are under the denomination of 'frolics,'—such as 'corn-husking frolic,' 'apple-cutting frolic,' 'quilting frolic,' &c.

"Being somewhat curious in respect to national amusements, I attended a 'corn-husking frolic' in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. The corn was heaped up into a sort of hillock close by the granary, on which the young 'Ohioans' and 'buck-eyes,'—lasses of Ohio are called 'buck-eyes,'—seated themselves in pairs; while the old wives and old farmers were posted around, doing little, but talking much. Now the laws of 'corn-husking frolics' ordain, that for each red ear that a youth finds, he is entitled to exact a kiss from his partner. There were two or three young Irishmen in the group, and I could observe the rogues kissing half-a-dozen times on the same red ears. Each of them laid a red ear close by him, and after every two or three he'd husk, up he'd hold the redoubtable red ear to the astonished eyes of the giggling lass who sate beside him, and most unrelentingly inflict the penalty. The 'gude wives' marvelled much at the unprecedented number of red ears

* *Quære the 29th.*

* By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. London: Wilson.

which that lot of corn contained: by-and-by, they thought it 'kind of curious' that the Irishmen should find so many of them—at length, the cheat was discovered, amidst roars of laughter. The old farmers said the lads were 'wide awake,' and the 'buck-eyes' declared that there was no being up to the plaguy Irishmen 'no how,' for they were always sure to have everything their own way. But the mischief of it was, the young Americans took the hint, and the poor 'buck-eyes' got nothing like fair play for the remainder of that evening. All agreed that there was more laughing and more kissing done at that, than had been known at any corn-husking frolic since 'the Declaration.'"

Another scene is little less graphic, though somewhat less pleasant.

"One day while getting our horse fed at a tavern in Indiana, the following conversation took place between the persons there assembled. We were sitting at the door, surrounded by captains, lawyers, and squires, when one of the gentlemen demanded of another if there had not been a 'gouging scrape' at the 'Colonel's tavern' the evening before. He replied in the affirmative; and after having related the cause of quarrel, and said that the lie had been given, he continued, 'judge knocked the major right over, and jumped on to him in double quick time—they had it rough and tumble for about ten minutes—as pretty a scrape as ever you see'd—the judge is a wonderfully lovely fellow.' Then followed a description of the divers punishments inflicted by the combatants on each other—the major had his eye nearly 'gouged' out, and the judge his chin almost bitten off. During the recital, the whole party was convulsed with laughter."

Many of our readers will, no doubt, recollect the excitement some years since, when Birkbeck having located in the prairies of the Illinois, gave notice of the *El Dorado* in sundry pamphlets. Birkbeck and Flowers were both men of property; they bought large tracts of land, and laid out much money in improvements. They are now both dead, and Mr. Ferrall informs us—

"Their property has entirely passed into other hands, and the members of their families who still remain in this country are in comparative indigence.

"The most inveterate hostility was manifested by the back-woods people towards those settlers, and the series of outrages and annoyances to which they were exposed, contributed not a little to shorten their days. It at length became notorious, that neither Birkbeck nor Flowers could obtain redress for any grievance whatever, unless by appealing to the superior courts,—as both the magistrates and jurors were exclusively of the class of the offenders; and the

'Supreme Court of the United States,' declared that the verdicts of the juries, and the decisions of the magistrates were, in many cases, so much at variance with the evidence, that they were disgraceful to the country. A son of the latter gentleman, a lad about fourteen years old, was killed in open day whilst walking in his father's garden, by a blow of an axe handle, which was flung at him across the fence. The evidence was clear against the murderer, and yet he was acquitted. Whilst I was at Vandalia, I saw in a list of lands for sale, amongst other lots to be sold for taxes, one of Mr. Flowers'. The fate of these gentlemen and their families should be a sufficient warning to persons of their class in England, not to attempt settling, in the back-woods; or if they have that idea, to leave aside altogether refined notions, and never to bring with them either the feelings or the habits of a gentleman farmer. The whole secret and cause of this *guerre a mort*, declared by the backwoodsmen against Messrs. Birkbeck and Flowers, was, that when they first settled upon the prairies, they attempted to act the *patron* and *benefactor*, and considered themselves entitled to some respect. Now, a west-country American would rather die like a cock on a dunghill, than be patronized after the English fashion."

Our readers will probably recollect a clever paper some time since in the *Athenæum*,* called the Last of the Boatmen; the following may pass as an interesting explanatory comment:—

"The usual time occupied in a voyage from Orleans to Louisville is from ten to twelve days, and boats have performed it in the surprisingly short space of eight days. The spur that commerce has received from the introduction of steam-boats on the western waters, can only be appreciated by comparing the former means of communication with the present. Previous to 1812, the navigation of the Upper Ohio was carried on by means of about 150 small barges, averaging between thirty and forty tons burden, and the time consumed in ascending from the Falls to Pittsburg was a full month. On the Lower Ohio and the Mississippi there were about twenty barges, which averaged 100 tons burden, and more than three months was occupied in ascending from Orleans to Louisville with West India produce, the crew being obliged to polle or *cordelle* the whole distance. Seldom more than one voyage to Orleans and back was made within the year. In 1817, a steam-boat arrived at Louisville from New Orleans in twenty-five days, and a public dinner and other rejoicings

* No. 241, 'Lights and Shadows of American Life,' edited by Miss Mitford.

celebrated the event. From that period until 1827, the time consumed in this voyage gradually diminished, and in that year a boat from New Orleans entered the port of Louisville in eight days and two hours. There are at present on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, 323 boats, the aggregate burden of which is 56,000 tons, the greater proportion measuring from 250 to 500 tons."

An excellent idea of the real nature of backwood travelling may be collected from this work; and the description of New Orleans is more full and satisfactory than any we remember to have read. On the whole, we recommend it to our readers, as a plain, sensible, and serviceable volume.

"A circumstance (says the author) occurred a few days previous to my arrival, in the Seneca reserve, which may serve to illustrate the determined character of the Indian. There were three brothers (chiefs) dwelling in this reservation. 'Seneca John,' the eldest brother, was the principal chief of the tribe, and a man much esteemed by the white people. He died by poison. The chiefs in council having satisfactorily ascertained that his second brother 'Red-hand,' and a squaw, had poisoned him, decreed that Red-hand should be put to death. 'Black-snake,' the other brother, told the chiefs that if Red-hand must die, he himself would kill him, in order to prevent feuds arising in the tribe. Accordingly, in the evening he repaired to the hut of Red-hand, and after having sat in silence for some time, said, 'My best chiefs say you have killed my father's son; they say my brother must die.' Red-hand merely replied, 'They say so,' and continued to smoke. After about fifteen minutes' further silence, Black-snake said, pointing to the setting sun, 'When he appears above those trees—moving his arm round to the opposite direction—'I come to kill you.' Red-hand nodded his head in the short significant style of the Indian, and said 'Good.' The next morning Black-snake came, followed by two chiefs, and having entered the hut, first put at the squaw; he then returned and stood before his brother, his eyes bent on the ground. Red-hand said calmly, 'Has my brother come that I may die?' 'It is so,' was the reply. 'Then,' exclaimed Red-hand, grasping his brother's left hand with his own right, and dashing the shawl from his head, 'strike sure!' In an instant the mahawk was from the girdle of Black-snake and buried in the skull of the unfortunate man. He received several blows before he fell, uttering the exclamation 'Hugh,' each time. The Indians placed him on the grass to die, where the backwoodsman who told me the story saw him after the lapse of two hours, and life was not then extinct,—with such tenacity does it cling to the body of an Indian. The scalping-knife was at

length passed across his throat, and thus ended the scene."

"At Lebanon there is a large community of the shaking Quakers. They have establishments also in Mason county, and at Covington, in Kentucky: their tenets are strictly Scriptural. They contend, that confessing their sins to one another is necessary to a state of perfection; that the church of Christ ought to have all things in common; that none of the members of this church ought to cohabit, but be literally virgins; and that to dance and be merry is their duty, which part of their doctrines they take from the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah. Their ceremonies are as follow:—the men sit on the left hand, squatting on the floor, with their knees up, and their hands clasped round them. Opposite, in the same posture, sit the women, whose appearance is most cadaverous and sepulchral, dressed in the Quaker costume. After sitting for some time in this hatching position, they all rise and sing a canting sort of hymn, during which the women keep time by elevating themselves on their toes. After the singing has ceased, a discourse is delivered by one of the elders, which being ended, the men pull off their coats and waist-coats. All being prepared, one of the brethren steps forward to the centre of the room, and, in a loud voice, gives out a tune, beating time with his foot, and singing *lal la la, lal la la, &c.*, being joined by the whole group, all jumping as high as possible, clapping their hands, and at intervals twirling round, but making rather ungraceful *pirouettes*: this exercise they continue until they are completely exhausted. In their ceremonies they much resemble the howling dervishes of the Moslems, whom they far surpass in fanaticism."

Of Mr. Owen's late settlement at Harmony the account is by no means favourable; and it seems our worthy philanthropist is in very bad odour with those he left behind him, some calling him fool, and some much worse. Mr. F. however notices that—

"Harmony must have been certainly a desirable residence when it was the abode of the many literary and scientific characters who composed a part of that short-lived community. A few of these still linger here, and may be seen stalking through the streets of Harmony, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, deploring the moral desolation that now reigns in this once happy place. Le Seur, the naturalist, and fellow-traveller of Peron in his voyage to the austral regions, is still here. The suavity of manners, and the scientific acquirements of this gentleman, command the friendship and esteem of all those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. He has a large collection of specimens connected with natural history, which the western parts of this country yield in abundance. The advantages presented here

for the indulgence of retired habits, form at present the only attractions sufficient to induce him to live out of *la belle France*. Mr. Thomas Say, of Philadelphia, who accompanied Major Long on his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, also resides here. He, too, is a recluse, and is now preparing a work on his favourite subject, natural history. His garden contains a tolerable collection of Mexican and other exotic plants."

"Some of Mr. Owen's friends in London say, that every thing went on well at Harmony until he gave up the management—that is, that he governed the community for the first few weeks, the short period of its prosperity, and that it declined only from the time of his ceding the dictatorship. Now Mr. Owen himself says, that he only interfered when he observed they were going wrong,—implying that he did not interfere in the commencement, but did so subsequently. These are contradictions which would require a good deal of mystification to reconcile in appearance. All the communicants whom I met in America, although they differed on almost every other point, yet agreed on this,—that Mr. Owen interfered from first to last during his stay at Harmony, and that at the time when he first quitted it nothing but discord prevailed. Very little experience of a residence in the back-woods convinced Mr. Owen that he was not in the situation most consonant with his feelings. He had been, when in Europe, surrounded by people who regarded him as an oracle, and received his *ipse dixit* as a sufficient solution for every difficulty. His situation at Harmony was very different; for most of the persons who came there had been accustomed to exercise their judgment in matters of practice, and this Mr. Owen is said not to have been able to endure. He would either evade or refuse answering direct questions, which naturally made men so accustomed to independence as the Americans are, indignant. The usual answer he gave to any presuming disciple who ventured to request an explanation, was, that 'his young friend' was in a total state of ignorance, and that he should therefore attend the lectures more constantly for the future. There is this peculiarity respecting the philosophy propounded by Mr. Owen, which is, that after a pupil has been attending his lectures for eighteen months, he (Mr. Owen) declares that the said pupil knows nothing at all about his system. This certainly argues a defect either in matter or manner. His followers appear not to be aware of the fact, that Mr. Owen has not originated a single new idea in his whole book, but has simply put forward the notions of Rousseau, Voltaire, Condorcet, Plato, Sir Thomas More, &c. in other language. His merit consists in this, and no small merit it is, that he has collated the ideas of these philosophers—arranged them

in a tangible shape, and has devoted time and money to assist their dissemination."

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

THE WOOD-GROUSE OR CAPERCAILZIE.*

THE almost recent extinction in Britain of the largest European bird of the gallinaceous order, is a remarkable fact in the geographical history of the species. Its reintroduction is also a circumstance of sufficient interest to deserve a detailed record.

The wood-grouse or capercailzie, was formerly a well-known and frequent inhabitant of the Scottish forests. It still occurs in considerable abundance among the wooded and alpine districts of Europe, especially in Scandinavia. It is rare in France, well-known in Germany, not unfrequent in Switzerland. It spreads through Russia into Siberia, and is very numerous in several districts in the north of Asia. It seems always to prefer mountainous forests, and is rarely met with in plains or flat countries, however richly wooded. Its favourite trees are pines, birch, and juniper. It feeds on the fruit of the last-named plant, and on the buds and tender sprays of the two former. Colonel Montagu found the crops of two females which he examined, to contain a species of berry similar to the cranberry, called in Norway, *Tytteboer*; and the tops of that plant, together with sprigs of the common heath, appeared to have been swallowed in considerable quantity. The gizzard was extremely strong and muscular, and contained a large mass of pebbles intermixed with the macerated food.† Many other alpine and woodland plants, no doubt, minister to its wants, and, in common with the rest of its order, insects of various kinds may be presumed to be sought after, especially by the young.

These birds are of polygamous habits, and consequently do not pair. During the breeding season, which commences as soon as the buds begin to expand, and continues throughout the rapid northern spring till the forests are clothed in their freshest green, the male is frequently seen perched on some tall pine, where he moves backwards and forwards, uttering at the same time a peculiar cry, which seems to attract the neighbouring females. His head, on these occasions, is red and swollen; his wings dependent, and his neck extended. His cry is said to commence with a loud explosion,

* Account of the Introduction of the Wood-Grouse or Capercailzie (*Tetrao Urogallus*) to the Forest of Braccmar. By James Wilson, Esq. F. R. S. E., M. W. S., &c. Communicated by the author.

† Supplement to the Ornithological Dictionary.

which is followed by a noise like that of the whetting of a scythe. This is heard at a great distance, and, as soon as the females are collected around the tree, the male descends from his "high estate," and joins their company.*

The last capercaillie recorded to have been killed in Scotland, was shot, about fifty years ago, near Inverness. For a considerable time anterior to that period, it had been of extremely rare occurrence, and, although a solitary remnant of the ancient stock may have contrived to maintain a precarious existence for a few succeeding years in some obscure recess of the umbrageous forests of Braemar or Rothiemurchus, it can scarcely be doubted that the species, ere long, ceased to exist as indigenous to Britain. It was known to have been extirpated from Ireland at a considerably earlier period.

When we consider the great size and beauty of this species of game, and its value as an article of food, we need not wonder that various attempts have been made to naturalize it for the second time in Scotland. I shall confine my present notice to the individuals which I have myself had an opportunity of observing.

I had last summer the pleasure of accompanying my scientific friends, Professor Graham and Dr. Greville, on a botanical excursion to the Valley of Clova. The discovery of *Astragalus alpinus*, till then unknown as a British plant, and of other interesting rarities, rewarded their zeal, and has been elsewhere recorded.† For myself, I chiefly plied the angler's trade, and had the satisfaction of providing my friends and their followers, (Professor Graham being accompanied by a detachment of his class,) occasionally with an agreeable addition to their dinner in regions where there were very few loaves, and, (but for my exertions,) no fishes. We afterwards crossed the Grampians, skirting the "dark Loch-na-gar" and other fine mountain masses of that neighbourhood, and, descending to the banks of the Dee, took up our residence for a time at the Castletown of Braemar.

I was wading down the Dee one fine afternoon, a little below Mar Lodge, and with a lighter pannier than usual, when I heard the cry of a bird to which I was unaccustomed, and my bad success in that day's angling induced me the more readily to diverge from the "pure element of waters," to ascertain what this might be. I made my way through the overhanging wood for a few hundred yards, and soon after reaching the road, which runs parallel with the river on its right side, I observed a wooden palisade,

or enclosure, on the sloping bank above me. On reaching it, I found it so closely boarded up, that I had for a time some difficulty in descrying any inmates, but my eye soon fell upon a magnificent bird, which at first, from its bold and almost fierce expression of countenance, I took rather for some great bird of prey than for a capercaillie. A few seconds, however, satisfied me, that it was, what I had never before seen, a fine living example of that noble bird. I now sought the company of Mr. Donald Mackenzie, Lord Fyfe's gamekeeper, the occupant of the neighbouring cottage. He unlocked the door of the fortress, and introduced me to a more familiar acquaintance with its feathered inhabitants. These I found to consist of two fine capercaillie cocks and one hen, and the latter, I was delighted to perceive, accompanied by a thriving family of young birds, active and beautiful. I made various inquiries on the spot; but the fatigues of angling, and of entomologising combined, prevented my writing down the result at the time, although I have still a distinct recollection of the leading facts.*

It was, however, with great pleasure that I availed myself, at an after period, of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's obliging offer to convey a series of queries to Mr. Cumming, Allanquohich, Braemar, Lord Fyfe's factor, from whom I received the substance of the following information.

The first importation of these capercaillies arrived from Sweden about the end of the year 1827, or early in January 1828. It consisted of a cock and hen, but the hen unfortunately died after reaching Montrose Bay. As the male bird alone arrived at Braemar, the experiment was judiciously tried of putting a common barn-door fowl into his apartment during the spring and summer of 1828. The result was, that she laid several eggs, which were placed under other hens, but from these eggs only a single bird was hatched, and when it was first observed it was found lying dead. It was, however, an evident mule, or hybrid, and showed such

* During our excursion we generally passed over the ground more rapidly than was consistent with entomological observation. The objects sought for by the botanists are generally of larger size, and being also lovers of light and sunshine, they are more easily distinguished than most of the insect tribes, so many of which court concealment and the shade. I was, however, fortunate in obtaining near the Spittal of Glenmaick the scarce heath-butterfly *Hipparchia Typhon*, which I had never before seen alive in Scotland; and in open glassy glades, among the woods which skirt the right bank of the Dee, between Abergeldy and Invercauld, I captured the rare and beautiful *Hipparchia Blandina*, commonly called the Scotch Argus, a species hitherto found chiefly in the island of Arran, and not previously known to occur so far north on the mainland. Of the rarer Diptera, *Pedicia rivosa* may be mentioned as not unfrequent among the woods of Braemar.

* Journal Economique, April, 1753.

† See this Journal, October 1831, p. 373.

unequivocal marks of the capercaillie character as could not be mistaken.

The second importation likewise consisted of a cock and hen, and arrived safely in this country in January or February 1829. The female began to lay in the ensuing April, and laying in general an egg every alternate day, she eventually deposited about a couple of dozen. She showed, however, so strong a disposition to break and eat them, that she required to be narrowly watched at the time of laying, for the purpose of having them removed, for otherwise she would have destroyed the whole. In fact she did succeed in breaking most of them, but eight were obtained uninjured. These were set under a common hen, but only one bird was hatched, and it died soon after. In the spring of 1830, the hen capercaillie laid eight eggs. Of these she broke only one, and, settling in a motherly manner on the other seven, she sat steadily for five weeks. On examining the eggs, however, they were all found to be addle. "It is to be remarked," Mr. Cumming here observes, "that in 1829 and 1830 the hen had access only to the cock that was brought home with herself."

In the early part of 1831, three apartments were ingeniously formed adjoining one another. The hen was placed in the central chamber, between which and the enclosure on either side, each of which contained a male, there was an easy communication; so contrived, however, that the female could have access to both the males, whilst they, from their greater size, could neither approach each other, nor disturb the female as long as she chose to remain in her own apartment. In May and June of that year she laid twelve eggs, seven of which were set under a common hen. Of these, four were hatched in an apparently healthy state, one was addle, and the other two contained dead birds. Of those left with the capercaillie hen, she broke one, and sat upon the other four, of which two were hatched, and the other two were found to contain dead birds. Of the two hatched one soon died. Both the barn-deer hen and the female capercaillie sat twenty-nine days, from the time the laying was completed till the young were hatched; and Mr. Cumming calls my attention to the fact, that there were birds in all the eggs of this year's laying except one.

My visit to Braemar took place about the first week of last August. I think all the five young were then alive, and although only a few weeks old, they were by that time larger than the largest moor-game. I had no opportunity of handling them, or of examining them very minutely, but the general view which I had of them, at the distance of a few feet, did not enable me to dis-

tinguish the difference between the young males and females. They seemed precisely the same at that time both in size and plumage, although I doubt not the male markings must have soon shown themselves on the young cocks. The single surviving bird of those hatched by the mother died of an accident, after living in a very healthy state for several weeks. Two of those hatched by the common hen died of some disease, the nature of which is not known, after lingering for a considerable time. It follows that there are only two young birds remaining. These are both females, and when I last heard of them some months ago, were in a thriving condition.

The whole progeny were fed at first, and for some time, with young ants,—that is, with those whitish grain-shaped bodies, which are the larvæ and crysalids in their cocoons of these industrious creatures, though commonly called ant's eggs. At that period they were also occasionally supplied with some tender grass cut very short. As soon as they had acquired some strength, they began to eat oats and pot barley, together with grass and the various kinds of moss. They are now fed like the three old birds, chiefly on grain and heather tops, with the young shoots, and other tender portions of the Scotch fir. I am informed that the distinction between the sexes had become very obvious before the death of the young males. The plumage of the latter was much darker, their general dimensions were greater, their bills larger and more hooked. These characters became very apparent during November and December.

The old males have never yet had access to the young birds, so that it has not been ascertained whether they entertain any natural regard for their offspring, or would manifest any enmity towards them. From the continued wildness of the old birds, especially the males, it was found difficult to weigh them, without incurring the risk of injuring their plumage. However, the male which arrived in 1829, and which then appeared to be a bird of the previous year, was lately weighed, and was found to be eleven pounds nine ounces avoirdupois. Judging from appearances, it is believed that the weight of the old hen would not much exceed one half. There is, indeed, a striking disparity in the dimensions of the sexes in this species.

I have not yet heard the result of this season's courtship. The intention is, as soon as some healthy broods have been reared in confinement, to liberate a few in the old pine woods of Braemar, and thus eventually to stock with the finest of feathered game the noblest of Scottish forests.

WOODVILLE, 6th June, 1832.

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1832.

The American public will fully sympathize with Great Britain and Europe, in the death of Sir Walter Scott.

We hoped to have had the happiness of seeing him in the United States. He would have been received here with a greater demonstration of popular respect, than has ever been shown to him in Europe. His progress would not have drawn from so great a distance, as did the visit of La Fayette, men, women and children; but he would have been surrounded, wherever he moved, by hearts swelling with admiration and love, and longing to do something in return, for one who has done so much for all.

Public meetings are called in some of our cities, for the expression of respect and sympathy. But is it not practicable to do something more? We beg leave to suggest the following manifestation of the respect which is felt by the whole nation.

1. That the legislature of each of the states should pass resolutions condoling with his family in the loss we have all sustained, and congratulating them upon the excellence of his private character, as well as the splendour of his literary career: and requesting the governor of each state, to transmit them with a suitable letter to the representative of the deceased.

2. That the same be done by Congress and the President.

3. That a grant of land be made to his unmarried daughter.

4. That the privilege of taking out a copy-right in America, for the life of his father-in-law, be granted to Mr. Lockhart.

We have long felt it an important blessing, to have lived during the publication of the works of Sir Walter Scott.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The blow is struck—the lyre is shattered—the music is hushed at length. The greatest—the most various—the most commanding genius of modern times has left us to seek for that successor to his renown which, in all probability, a remote generation alone will furnish forth. It is true that we have been long prepared for the event—it does not fall upon us suddenly—leaf after leaf was stripped from that noble tree before it was felled to the earth at last;—our sympathy in his decay has softened to us the sorrow for his death. It is not now our intention to trace the character or to enumerate the works of the great man whose career is run;—to every eye that reads—every ear that hears—every heart that remembers, this much, at least, of his character is already known,—that he had all the exuberance of genius and none of its excesses; that he was at once equitable and generous—that his heart was ever open to charity—that his life has probably been shortened by his scrupulous regard for justice. His career was one splendid refutation of the popular fallacy, that genius has of necessity vices—that its light must be meteoric—and its courses wayward and uncontrolled. He has left mankind two great lessons,—we scarcely know which is the most valuable. He has taught us how much delight one human being can confer upon the world;—he has taught us also that the imagination may aspire to the wildest flights without wandering into error. Of whom else among our great list of names—the heir-looms of our nation—can we say that he has left us everything to admire, and nothing to forgive?

It is in four different paths of intellectual eminence that Sir Walter Scott has won his fame; as a poet, a biographer, an historian, and a novelist. It is not now a time (with the great man's clay scarce cold) to enter into the niceties of critical discussion. We cannot now weigh, and sift, and compare. We feel too deeply at this moment to reason well—but we ourselves would incline to consider him greatest as a poet. Whether it be that to our earliest recollections he was most endeared by those mighty lays which called from antiquity all its noblest spirit, and breathed a life and nature into that literature, which was then languishing under the drowsiness of eternal imitation, and the trappings of a false and Gallic artificiality of school, at once burthensome and frivolous;—whatever be the cause of our differing from the world in general on this point, certain it is, that we think him even greater as a poet than a novelist,—and were it possible that time could wither up the interest of the world in either, we think that the

prose of Waverley might suffer before the verse of Marmion. Never, indeed, has there been a poet so thoroughly Homeric as Scott—the battle—the feast—the council—the guard-room at Stirling—the dying warrior at Flodden—the fierce Bertram speeding up the aisle—all are Homeric;—all live—move—breathe and burn—alike poetry, but alike life! There is this difference, too, marked and prominent—between his verse and his prose;—the first is emphatically the verse of Scott—the latter (we mean in its style) may be the prose of any one—the striking originality, the daring boldness, the astonishing vigour of the style, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, are lost in the Antiquary and Guy Mannering.

Scott may be said, in prose, to have no style. There are those, we know, who call this very absence of style a merit—we will not dispute it: if it be so, Scott is the first great prose writer from Bacon to Gibbon,—nay, from Herodotus, in Greek, to Paul Courier, in French—who has laid claim to it. For our own part, we think him great, in spite of the want of style, and not because of it. As a biographer, he has been unfortunate in his subjects: the two most important of the various lives he has either delineated or sketched—that of Dryden and that of Swift—are men, to whose inexorable baseness genius could neither give the dignity of virtue nor the interest of error. Nor, perhaps, if we may presume to say so, was the bent of the biographer's mind that of the judex: he had more of the spirit of veneration than that of inquiry. And in his estimate, both of men and of books, his reasoning seldom satisfies us so much as his enthusiasm charms. He was born not to compose criticisms, but to create critics; and the lessons he would draw from the lives and genius of other men,—the poet—the romancer—the critic—the philosopher of future ages—will deduce from his own.

As an historian, we confess that we prize him more highly than as a biographer: it is true that the same faults are apparent in both, but there is in the grand History of Napoleon more scope for redeeming beauties. His great, his unrivalled, excellence in description is here brought into full and ample display: his battles are vivid, with colours which no other historian ever could command. And all the errors of the history still leave scenes and touches of unrivalled majesty to the book.

As a novelist, Scott has been blamed for not imparting a more useful moral to his fictions, and for dwelling with too inconsiderate an interest on the chivalric illusions of the past. To charges of this nature all writers are liable. Mankind are divided into two classes; and he who belongs to the one will ever incur the reproach of not seeing through the medium of the other. Certain

it is, that we, with utterly different notions on political truths from the great writer who is no more, might feel some regret—some natural pain—that that cause which we believe the best, was not honoured by his advocacy; but when we reflect on the *real* influence of his works, we are satisfied they have been directed to the noblest ends, and have embraced the largest circle of human interests. We do not speak of the delight he has poured forth over the earth—of the lonely hours he has charmed—of the sad hearts he has beguiled—of the beauty and the music which he has summoned to a world where all travail and none repose: this, indeed, is something—this, indeed, is a moral—this, indeed, has been a benefit to mankind. And this is a new corroborant of one among the noblest of intellectual truths,—viz. that the books which please, are always books that, in one sense, benefit; and that the work which is largely and permanently popular—which sways, moulds, and softens the universal heart—cannot appeal to vulgar and unworthy passions; (such appeals are never widely or long triumphant!) the delight it occasions is a proof of the moral it inspires.

But this power to charm and to beguile is not that moral excellence to which we refer. Scott has been the first great genius—Fielding alone excepted—who invited our thorough and uncondescending sympathy to the wide mass of the human family—who has *stricken* (for in this artificial world it requires an effort) into our hearts a love and a respect for those chosen from the people. Shakespeare has not done this—Shakespeare paints the follies of the mob with a strong and unfriendly hand. Where, in Shakespeare, is there a Jeanie Deans? Take up which you will of those numerous works which have appeared, from "Waverly" to the "Chronicles of the Canongate,"—open where you please, you will find portraits from the people—and your interest keeping watch beside the poor man's hearth. Not, in Scott, as they were in the dramatists of our language, are the peasant, the artificer, the farmer, dragged on the stage merely to be laughed at for their brogue, and made to seem ridiculous because they are useful.

He paints them, it is true, in their natural language, but the language is subservient to the character; he does not bow the man to the phrase, but the phrase to the man. Neither does he flatter on the one hand, as he does not slight on the other. Unlike the maudlin pastoralists of France, he contents himself with the simple truth—he contrasts the dark shadows of Meg Merrilies, or of Edie Ochiltree, with the holy and pure lights that redeem and sanctify them—he gives us the poor—even to the gipsy and the beggar, as they really are—contented, if our interest is excited, and knowing that

nature is sufficient to excite it. From the palaces of kings—from the tents of warriors, he comes—equally at home with man in all aspects—to the cotta's hearth;—he bids us turn from the pomp of the Plantagenets to bow the knee to the poor Jew's daughter—he makes us sicken at the hollowness of the royal Rotheay, to sympathize with the honest love of Hugh the smith. No, never was there one—not even Burns himself—who forced us more intimately to acknowledge, or more deeply to feel, that

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold, for 't that."

And is this being, to whom intellect taught philanthropy, to be judged by ordinary rules?—are we to gauge and mete his capacities of good, by the common measure we apply to common men?—No! there was in him a large and Catholic sympathy with all classes, all tempers, all conditions of men; and this it was that redeemed his noble works from all the taint of party, and all the leaven of sectarianism; this it was that made him, if the Tory in principle, the all-embracing leader in practice. Compare with what he has done for the people—in painting the people—the works of poets called Liberal by the *doctrinaires*—compare the writings of Scott with those of Byron—which have really tended the most to bind us to the poor!—The first has touched the homely strings of our real heart—the other has written fine vague stanzas about freedom. Lara, the Corsair, Childe Harold, Don Juan, these are the works—we will not say of the misanthrope—at least of the aristocrat. Are Scott's so? Yet Byron was a Liberal, and Scott a Tory. Alas, the sympathy with humanity is the true republicanism of a writer of fiction. Liberal and Tory are words which signify nothing out of the sphere of the politics of the day. Who shall we select from the Liberal poets of our age who has bound us to the people, like Scott—Shelly, with his metaphysical refinings?—Moore, with his elaborate floridity of patriotism?—No, we feel at once that Nature taught Scott more of friendship with all mankind, than the philosophy of the one or the fancy of the other. Out of print, Scott might belong to a party—in print, mankind belonged to him. Toryism, which is another name for the spirit of monopoly, forsook him at that point where his inquiries into human nature began. He is not, then, we apprehend, justly liable to the charge of wanting a sound moral—even a great *political* moral—(and political morals are the greatest of all)—in the general tenor of works which have compelled the highest classes to examine and respect the lowest. In this, with far less learning, far less abstract philosophy, than Fielding, he is only exceeded by him in one character—(and

that, indeed, the most admirable in English fiction)—the character of Parson Adams. Jeanie Deans is worth a thousand such as Fanny Andrews. Fielding, La Sage, and Cervantes are the only three writers, since the world began, with whom, as a novelist, he can be compared. And perhaps he excels them, as Voltaire excelled all the writers of his nation, not by the superior merits of one work but by the brilliant aggregate of many. Tom Jones, Gil Blas, Don Quixote, are, without doubt, greater, *much* greater, productions than Waverly; but the *authors* of Tom Jones, Gil Blas, and even of Don Quixote, have not manifested the same fertile and mighty genius as the *author* of the Waverly Novels.

And *that* genius—seemingly so inexhaustible—is quenched at length! We can be charmed no more—the eloquent tongue is mute—the master's wand is broken up—the right hand hath forgot its cunning—the cord that is loosed was indeed of silver—and the bowl that is broken at the dark well was of gold beyond all price.

Death, of late, has been busy amongst the great men of the earth—the mighty landmarks of the last age, one after one, have been removed:—Cuvier, Mackintosh, Bentham, Goethe, and now Scott—there is something, as it were mysterious and solemn in the disappearance of so many lights of the age, within so short an interval of each other;—and happening, as it does, at a period when the old elements of society are shaken to the centre, it might have seemed to ancient superstition as if the world were preparing itself for an unexperienced era, and the removal of the chiefs of the past time betokened the advent of a new order of mind suited to the new disposition of events.

When a great man dies, he leaves a chasm which eternity cannot fill. Others succeed to his fame—but never to the exact place which he held in the world's eye;—they may be greater than the one we have lost—but they are not he. Shakspeare built not his throne on the same site as Homer—nor Scott on that whence Shakspeare looked down upon the universe. The gap which Scott leaves in the world is the token of the space he filled in the homage of his times. A hundred ages hence our posterity will still see that wide interval untenanted—a vast and mighty era in the intellectual world, which will prove how spacious were “the city and the temple, whose summit has reached to Heaven.”

THE AUTHOR OF “EUGENE ARAM.”

From the New Monthly Magazine.

INVOCATION.

WRITTEN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ABBOTSFORD.

SPIRITS! Intelligences! Passions! Dreams!
Ghosts! Genii! Sprites!
Muses, that haunt the Heliconian streams!
Inspiring lights!
Whose intellectual fires, in Scott combined,
Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind!

Ye who have o'er-informed and overwrought
His teeming soul,
Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought
From pole to pole;
Enlightening others till itself grew dark,—
A midnight heaven without one starry
spark,—

Spirits of Earth and Air—of Light or Gloom!
Awake! arise!
Restore the victim ye have made—relume
His darkling eyes.
Wizards! be all your magic skill unfurled,
To charm to health the Charmer of the
World!

The scabbard, by its sword outworn, repair;
Give to his lips
Their lore, than Chrysostom's more rich and
rare:

Dispel the eclipse
That intercepts his intellectual light,
And saddens all mankind with tears and
night.

Not only for the Bard of highest worth,
But best of men,
Do I invoke ye, Powers of Heaven and
Earth!

Oh! where and when
Shall we again behold his counterpart—
Such kindred excellence of head and heart!

So good and great—benevolent as wise—
On his high throne
How meekly hath he borne his faculties!
How finely shown
A model to the irritable race,
Of generous kindness, courtesy, and grace!

If he *must* die, how great to perish thus
In Glory's blaze;
A world, in requiem unanimous,
Weeping his praise;
While Angels wait to catch his parting
breath—
Who would not give his life for such a
death?

H.

PHILOSOPHICAL CHARACTER OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

An Estimate of the Philosophical Character of Dr. Priestley. By WILLIAM HENRY, M. D., F. R. S., &c. &c.*

THE principal source of the materials of the following sketch, is the work in which the discoveries of Dr. Priestley were originally announced to the public. It consists of six volumes in stavo, which were published by him at intervals between the years 1774 and 1786; the first two under the title of "Experiments and Observations on different kinds of Air;" and the last three under that of "Experiments and Observations relating to various Branches of Natural Philosophy, with a continuation of the Observations on Air." These volumes were afterwards methodized by himself, and compressed into three octavos, which were printed in 1790. As a record of facts, and as a book of reference, he systematized work is to be preferred; but as affording materials for the history of that department of science which Dr. Priestley cultivated with such extraordinary success, and, still more, for estimating the value of his discoveries, and adjusting his station as an experimental philosopher, the simple narrative, which he originally gave in the order of time, supplies the amplest and the firmest ground-work.

In every thing that respects the history of this branch of experimental philosophy, the writings and researches of Dr. Priestley, to which I have alluded, are peculiarly instructive. They are distinguished by great merits, and by great defects; the latter of which are wholly undisguised by their author. He unveils, with perfect frankness, the whole process of reasoning, which led to his discoveries; he pretends to no more sagacity than belonged to him, and sometimes disclaims even that to which he was fairly entitled; he freely acknowledges his mistakes, and candidly confesses when his success was the result of accident, rather than of judicious anticipation; and by writing historically and analytically, he exhibits the progressive improvement of his views, from their first dawnings to their final and distinct development. Now, with whatever delight we may contemplate a systematic arrangement, the materials of which have been judiciously selected, and from which every thing has been excluded that is not essential to the harmony of the general design, yet there can be no question that, as elucidating the operations of the human mind, and enabling us to trace and appreciate its powers of invention and discovery, his analytic method of writing has decided advantages.

* Read to the first meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, at York, September 23, 1831. A beautiful Biographical Memoir of Dr. Priestley, by Baron Cuvier, is printed in the Number for July 1827 of this Journal.

To estimate, justly, the extent of Dr. Priestley's claim to philosophical reputation, it is necessary to take into account the state of our knowledge of gaseous chemistry at the time he began his inquiries. Without underrating what had been already done by Van Helmont, Ray, Hooke, Mayow, Boyle, Hales, Macbride, Black, Cavendish, and some others, Priestley may be safely affirmed to have entered upon a field, which, though not altogether untilled, had yet been very imperfectly prepared to yield the rich harvest, which he afterwards gathered from it. The very implements with which he was to work were for the most part to be invented; and of the merits of those which he did invent, it is a sufficient proof that they continue in use to this day, with no very important modifications. All his contrivances for collecting, transferring, and preserving different kinds of air, and for submitting those airs to the action of solid and liquid substances, were exceedingly simple, beautiful, and effectual. They were chiefly, too, the work of his own hands, or were constructed under his directions by unskilled persons; for the class of ingenious artists, from whom the chemical philosopher now derives such valuable aid, had not then been called into existence by the demands of the science. With a very limited knowledge of the general principles of chemistry, and almost without practice in its most common manipulations;—restricted by a narrow income, and at first with little pecuniary assistance from others;—compelled, too, to devote a large portion of his time to other pressing occupations, he nevertheless surmounted all obstacles; and in the career of discovery outstripped many who had long been exclusively devoted to science, and were richly provided with all appliances and means for its advancement.

It is well known that the accident of living near a public brewery at Leeds, first directed the attention of Dr. Priestley to pneumatic chemistry, by casually presenting to his observation the appearances attending the extinction of lighted chips of wood in the gas which floats over fermenting liquors. He remarked, that the smoke formed distinct clouds floating on the surface of the atmosphere of the vessel, and that this mixture of air and smoke, when thrown over the sides of the vat, fell to the ground; from whence he deduced the greater weight of this sort of air than of atmospheric air. He next found that water imbibes the new air, and again abandons it when boiled or frozen. These more obvious properties of fixed air having been ascertained, he extended his inquiries to its other qualities and relations; and was afterwards led by analogy to the discovery of various other gases, and to the investigation of their characteristic properties.

It would be inconsistent with the scope of this essay to give a full catalogue of Dr. Priestley's discoveries, or to enumerate more of them than

tionable author of our first knowledge of oxygen gas, of nitrous oxide, of muriatic, sulphurous, and fluor acid gases, of ammoniacal gas, and of its condensation into a solid form by the acid gases. Hydrogen gas was known before his time; but he greatly extended our acquaintance with its properties. Nitrous gas, barely discovered by Dr. Hales, was first investigated by Priestley, and applied by him to eudiometry. To the chemical history of the acids derived from nitre, he contributed a vast accession of original and most valuable facts. He seems to have been quite aware that those acids are essentially gaseous substances, and that they might be exhibited as such, provided a fluid could be found that is incapable of absorbing or acting upon them.* He obtained, and distinctly described,† the curious crystalline compound of sulphuric acid with the vapour of nitrous acid, or, more correctly, of sulphuric and hyponitrous acids, which, being of rare occurrence, was forgotten, and has been rediscovered, like many other neglected anticipations of the same author. He greatly enlarged our knowledge of the important class of metals, and traced out many of their most interesting relations to oxygen and to acids. He unfolded, and illustrated by simple and beautiful experiments, distinct views of combustion; of the respiration of animals, both of the inferior and higher classes; of the changes produced in organized bodies by putrefaction, and of the causes that accelerate or retard that progress; of the importance of azote as the characteristic ingredient of animal substances, obtainable by the action of dilute nitric acid on muscle and tendon; of the functions and economy of living vegetables; and of the relations and subserviency which exist between the animal kingdoms. After trying, without effect, a variety of methods, by which he expected to purify air vitiated by the breathing of animals, he discovered that its purity was restored by the growth of living and healthy vegetables, freely exposed to the solar light.

It is impossible to account for these and a variety of other discoveries, of less importance singly, but forming altogether a tribute to science, greatly exceeding, in riches and extent, that of any contemporary, without pronouncing that their author must have been furnished by nature with intellectual powers far surpassing the common average of human endowments. If we examine with which of its various faculties the mind of Dr. Priestley was most eminently gifted, it will, I believe, be found that it was most remarkable for clearness and quickness of apprehension, and for rapidity and extent of association. On these qualities were founded that apparently intuitive perception of analogies, and that happy facility of tracing and pursuing them through all their consequences, which led to several of his most brilliant discoveries. Of these analogies

many were just and legitimate, and have stood the test of examination by the clearer light, since reflected upon them from the improved condition of science. But, in other cases, his analogies were fanciful and unfounded, and led him far astray from the path which might have conducted him directly to truth. It is curious, however, as he himself observes, that in missing one thing, of which he was in search, he often found another of greater value. In such cases, his vigilance seldom failed to put him in full possession of the treasure upon which he had stumbled. Finding by experience, how much chance had to do with the success of his investigations, he resolved to multiply experiments, with the view of increasing the numerical probabilities of discovery. We find him confessing, on one occasion, that he "was led on, by a random expectation of some change or other taking place." In other instances, he was influenced by theoretical views of so flimsy a texture, that they were dispersed by the first appeal to experiment. "These mistakes," he observes, "it was in my power to have concealed; but I was determined to show how little mystery there is in the business of experimental philosophy; and with how little sagacity, discoveries, which some persons are pleased to consider great and wonderful, have been made." Candid acknowledgments of this kind were, however, turned against him by persons envious of his growing fame; and it was asserted that all his discoveries, when not the fruits of plagiarism, were "lucky guesses," or owing to mere chance. Such detractors, however, could not have been aware of the great amount of credit that is due to the philosopher, who at once perceives the value of a casual observation, or of an unexpected result; who discriminates what facts are trivial, and what are important; and selects the latter, to guide him through difficult and perplexed mazes of investigation. In the words of D'Alembert, "*Ces hazards ne sont que pour ceux qui jouent bien.*"

The talents and qualifications which are here represented as having characterized the mind of Dr. Priestley, though not of the rarest kind, or of the highest dignity, were yet such as admirably adapted him for improving chemical science at the time when he lived. What was then wanted, was a wider field of observation;—an enlarged sphere of chemical phenomena;—an acquaintance with a far greater number of individual bodies, than were then known; from the properties of which, and from those of their combinations, tentative approximations to general principles might at first be deduced; to be confirmed or corrected, enlarged or circumscribed, by future experience.

* These charges, especially that of plagiarism, which had been unjustly advanced by some friends of Dr. Higgins, were triumphantly repelled by Dr. Priestley, in a pamphlet entitled, "*Philosophical Empiricisms*," published in 1775.

* Series i. vol. ii. p. 175.

† Series ii. vol. i. p. 26.

It would have retarded the progress of science, and put off, to a far distant day, that affluence of new facts which Priestley so rapidly accumulated. He had stopped to investigate, with painful and rigid precision, all the minute circumstances of temperature, of specific gravity, of absolute and relative weights, and of crystalline structure, on which the more exact science of our own times is firmly based, and from which its evidences must henceforward be derived. Nor could such refined investigations have then been carried on with any success, on account of any imperfection of philosophical instruments. It would have been fruitless, also, at that time, to have indulged in speculations respecting the ultimate constitution of bodies;—speculations that have no solid ground-work, except in a class of facts developed within the last thirty-five years, all tending to establish the laws of combination in definite and in multiple proportions, and to support the still more extensive generalization, which has been reared by the genius of Dalton.

It was, indeed, by the activity of his intellectual faculties, rather than by their reach or vigour, that Dr. Priestley was enabled to render such important services to natural science. We should look, in vain, in any thing that he has achieved, for demonstrations of that powerful and sustained attention, which enables the mind to institute close and accurate comparison;—to trace resemblances that are far from obvious;—and to discriminate differences that are recondite and obscure. The analogies which caught his observation lay near the surface, and were eagerly and hastily pursued; often, indeed, beyond the boundaries within which they ought to have been circumscribed. Quick as his mind was in the perception of resemblances, it appears (probably for that reason) to have been little adapted for those profound and cautious abstractions, which apply the only solid foundations of general laws. In sober, patient, and successful induction, Priestley must yield the palm to many others, who, though far less fertile than himself in new and happy combinations of thought, surpassed him in the use of a searching and rigorous logic; in the art of advancing, by secure steps, from phenomena to general conclusions;—and again in the employment of general axioms as the instruments of farther discoveries.

Among the defects of his philosophical habits, may be remarked, that he frequently pursued an object of inquiry too exclusively, neglecting others, which were necessarily connected with it, and which, if investigated, would have thrown great light on the main research. As an instance, may be mentioned his omitting to examine the relation of gases to water. This relation, of which he had indistinct glimpses, was a source of perpetual embarrassment to him, and led him to imagine changes in the intimate constitution of gases, which were in fact due to nothing more than an interchange of place between the gas in the water and that above the water, or between

the former and the external atmosphere. Thus he erroneously supposed that hydrogen gas was transmuted into azotic gas, by remaining long confined by the water of a pneumatic cistern. The same eager direction of his mind to a single object, caused him also to overlook several new substances, which he must necessarily have obtained, and which, by a more watchful care, he might have secured and identified. At a very early period of his inquiries, (viz. before November, 1771,) he was in possession of oxygen gas from saltpetre, and had remarked its striking effect on the flame of a candle; but he pursued the subject no farther until August, 1774, when he again procured the same kind of gas from the red oxide of mercury, and in a less pure state, from red lead. Placed thus a second time within his grasp, he did not omit to make prize of this, his greatest discovery. He must, also, have obtained chlorine by the solution of manganese in spirit of salt; but it escaped his notice, because, being received over mercury, the gas was instantly absorbed.* If he had employed a bladder, as Scheele afterwards did, to collect the produce of the same materials, he could not have failed to anticipate the Swedish philosopher, in a discovery not less important than that of oxygen gas. Carbonic oxide early and repeatedly presented itself to his observation, without his being aware of its true distinctions from other kinds of inflammable air; and it was reserved for Mr. Cruickshank of Woolwich to unfold its real nature and characters. It is remarkable also, that in various parts of his works, Dr. Priestley has stated facts that might have given him a hint of the law, since unfolded by the sagacity of M. Gay-Lussac, “that gaseous substances combine in definite volumes.” He shows that

1 measure of fixed air unites with 1 6-7 measure of alkaline air,

1 measure of sulphurous acid with 2 measures of do.

1 measure of fluor acid with 2 measures of do.

1 measure of oxygen gas with 2 measures of nitrous, very nearly;

and that by the decomposition of 1 vol. of ammonia, 3 vols of hydrogen are evolved.

Let not, however, failures such as these to reap all that was within his compass, derogate more than their due share from the merits of Dr. Priestley; for they may be traced to that very ardour of temperament, which though to a certain degree a disqualification for close and correct observation, was the vital and sustaining principle of his zealous devotion to the pursuit of scientific truth. Let it be remembered, that philosophers of the loftiest pretensions are chargeable with similar oversights;—that even Kepler and Newton* overlooked discoveries, upon the very confines of which they trod, but which they left to confer glory on the names of less illustrious followers.

* Series ii. p. 253.

or negligence of truth. Nor was he more remarkable for the zeal with which he sought satisfactory evidence, than for the fidelity with which he reported it. In no one instance is he chargeable with misstating, or even with straining or colouring, a fact, to suit an hypothesis. And though this praise may, doubtless, be conceded to the great majority of experimental philosophers, yet Dr. Priestley was singularly exempt from that disposition to view phenomena through a coloured medium, which sometimes steals imperceptibly over minds of the greatest general probity. This security he owed to his freedom from all undue attachment to hypotheses, and to the facility with which he was accustomed to frame and abandon them;—a facility resulting not from habit only, but from principle. “Hypotheses” he pronounces, in one place, “to be a cheap commodity;” in another to be “of no value except as the parents of facts;” and so far as he was himself concerned, he exhorts his readers “to consider new facts only as discoveries, and to draw conclusions for themselves.” The only exception to this general praise is to be found in the pertinacity with which he adhered, to the last, to the Stahlian hypothesis of phlogiston; and in the anxiety which he evinced to reconcile to it new phenomena, which were considered by almost all other philosophers as proofs of its utter unsoundness. But this anxiety, it must be remembered, was chiefly apparent at a period of life, when most men have a reluctance to change the principle of arrangement, by which they have been long accustomed to class the multifarious particulars of their knowledge.

In all those feelings and habits that connect

in perfect consistency with the temper which has been ascribed to it may be remarked also, that he enlarged views of the scope and objects of Natural Science. In various passages he has enforced, with warm and in consequence, the considerations that fit the contemplation of those arrangements of the natural world, which are not only peculiar to themselves, but are essential parts of a harmonious design. He strenuously experimental philosophy as an agreeable employment that excites the mind without overstrain the attention; and he promotes the young, the high-born, and the affluent, of pleasure unalloyed with the anxieties of public life. He regards the results of its investigations, not merely as an acquirement of new facts, however valuable; nor yet in the deduction of principles, however sound and important, having a necessary tendency to increase intellectual power and energy of man to the highest dignity to which human nature is susceptible. The springs of such knowledge are inexhaustible; and that may be gained by successive knowledge, as in themselves “truly glorious.”

Into our estimate of the intellect of an individual, the extent and the vivacity of his studies must always be an essential element. Of Dr. Priestley it has been justly affirmed, that few men have so much range over the vast and diversified field of knowledge. In devoting, through

id the original qualities, or acquired habits, of is mind fit him to excel in the exact sciences. In the whole, though Dr. Priestley may have been surpassed by many, in vigour of understanding and capacity for profound research, yet it could be difficult to produce an instance of a writer more eminent for the variety and versatility of his talents, or more meritorious for their valour, unwearied, and productive employment.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

SIERRA LEONE.

Dr. Boyle, in his interesting work on medical topography of the western coast of Africa, says, "There are very few parts in the tropical world which at first sight hold out more allurements, even to the experienced traveller, than Sierra Leone. Its splendid scenery, and its beautiful river, together with its extensive, commodious, and generally secure harbour, and pleasant-looking town and villages, are calculated to excite the most flattering hopes in respect of health and enjoyment, notwithstanding strong previous impressions with regard to the country. On making Sierra Leone from the north, the mountains from which the peninsula was named, first excite attention. They are lofty, perpetually clothed, from their summits to their bases, in all the fertile gaiety of Nature's verdant scenery; and there is a pleasing and endless variety in the outline of their countless peaks and declivities. As the ship draws in with the shore, signs of cultivation appear, and increase with rapidity, both in number and attractiveness. Freetown, and the lately formed villages in its neighbourhood, at first appear like anomalous patches in the view; but on a nearer approach, they add greatly to its beauty and its interest. When the ship has arrived just at that point of distance from which a person may see all the broad outlines and apparent characteristics of an extensive scene, without being able to discern the minute details, the effect is magnificent. On the left hand is the Bullooh shore, low, but covered with luxurious and richly coloured bush, an occasional palm and pullom tree, rising in graceful form above the neighbouring mangroves:—in appearance it seems to embody the notions formed of fairy-land, but its realities most sadly illustrate the folly of such dreams. The middle ground also occurs on the left hand, and it gives a variety to the view. In front are the spacious river, extending farther than the eye can reach, and the north side of the peninsula, with its lofty mountains, and Freetown, running to the water's edge, and surmounted by the barracks, and protected by a handsome fort, and a coast, forming small and convenient bays, from the town to its termination at the Cape, which runs boldly into the sea. On the right is the Atlantic. That a scene, composed of such ostensible material fea-

tures, is grand and imposing, may readily be supposed; but those who are ignorant of the peculiarities of a tropical climate, and its seductive influence on a stranger, can form no adequate notion of the character and extent of its actual power. For the moment home is forgotten; or if remembered, the remembrance is accompanied with a desire it should be situated in such a seeming paradise. In thus speaking of the view on arriving at Sierra Leone, we are supposing the settlement to be made on a fine clear day, when the atmosphere is bright and comparatively devoid of malaria, and the river runs its natural course, unswollen, and free from discoloration. Should the arrival, however, happen at a different period, when the atmosphere is dense, oppressive, and fraught with deleterious exhalations, and the rains are deluging the face of the country, and once augmenting the river, and destroying its beauty, then Sierra Leone presents a very different appearance; there is nothing to excite a pleasing anticipation, but there is a world of causes for apprehension and for dread. The realities of the scene are, of course, unaltered, for the two periods are the property of the climate, and must be alike endured by the colonists; but the appearances present a melancholy and fearful contrast."

The seasons at Sierra Leone are divided into the wet and the dry. The latter is generally ushered in by the explosion of two or three tornados, which, although formidable in themselves, are still so long connected with the approach of a pleasant time, as that the inhabitants have some times prayed for their appearance. One of those strange commotions of nature is thus described by Mr. Boyle:—"A violent tornado appears to strangers a most appalling visitation, and produces an extraordinary effect upon their feelings. It consists of successive flashes of the most vivid lightning, tremendous shocks of thunder, rapidly and alarmingly reiterated, impetuous gusts of wind, deluging rain. This terrific combination of the elements sweeps along the whole of the coast under consideration; but it occurs with peculiar force on what is called the windward coast, especially at Sierra Leone. Its denomination is derived from the Portuguese, it being a corruption of the word *trueno*, which means thunder-storm. Its approach is first discernible by the appearance of a small clear silvery speck, at a high altitude in the heavenly expanse, which increases and descends towards the horizon, with a gradual and slow, but visible motion. In its descent it becomes circumscribed by a dark ring, which extends itself on every side, and as soon as the silvery cloud approaches the horizon, veils it in impenetrable gloom. At the moment the elements seem to have ceased their operation, and the very functions of nature to be paralysed; the atmosphere appears to be deprived of the spirit of vitality, and a sensation of approaching suffocation pervades and oppresses the physical system. The mind is wrapped in awe and suspense, but the latter is speedily relieved by the dark horizon

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being suddenly illuminated by one broad blaze of electric fluid; peals of distant thunder then break upon the ear, and rapidly approach, and increase in fervency and violence, till the shocks become appalling; when the thunder is at its loudest, a tremendous gust of wind rushes with incredible and often irresistible vehemence from the darkened part of the horizon, not rarely in its course carrying away roofs of houses and chimney-tops, blowing down or uprooting trees, and laying the stoutest and largest ships on their beam ends, or sinking them under weigh or at anchor; and to that succeeds a furious deluge of rain, which falls in one vast sheet, rather than in drops, and concludes this terrible convulsion. The lightning is of the most vivid description, and, contrary to what has been reported of it, seldom sheet-lightning, but forked and piercing, and often extremely destructive, both to things animate and inanimate. Its apparently doubtful, wild course, is sometimes directed to a large and lofty tree, and the foliage, at the points of contact, is blasted on the instant, the exposed branches are severed from the trunk, and probably the enormous trunk itself is rent to its basis and destroyed. When it comes in contact with a house, it frequently leaves it as great a wreck as ships have been seen to be on coming out of a severe action, or after a destructive storm; and, occasionally, the building entered by it may happen to remain untouched, and its inmates, some, or all of them, as the author has known to occur, perish under its scorching influence. Occasionally the spindle of a ship's mast, the most elevated part of it, may appear to be the point of attraction, and it will sometimes dart among the spars and cordage harmless, descending till it reach the deck, when it suddenly quits the vessel by some aperture, and rapidly returning through another, seems to have acquired a new character with incredible velocity; for, steering its strange and rapid course into the maindeck or hold, it will kill, maim, or injure every animate or inanimate with which it comes in contact. Much good has unquestionably been effected by conductors; but those who have watched the progress of the electric fluid, will hold the theorist in no estimation, who does not make the atmosphere the first and most important point of consideration. The heavy peals, or rather the terrifying shocks, of thunder which follow the lightning, frequently not only shake the buildings at Freetown, but the very foundations on which they stand; and the reverberations from the surrounding mountains increase, if possible, the awe excited by elementary commotion. The succeeding rain, or rather deluge, is happily of short duration, and rushing down the various inlets and indentations in the adjoining mountains, it forms into streams even a few minutes after its commencement, which sweeps through the streets of Freetown with astonishing velocity, bearing with them all the exposed vegetable and other matter, in a state of putridity or decay. Such is the tornado, and it is by the preponderat-

ing power of its gusts, and the atmospheric influence of lightning and its rains, that noxious exhalations from the earth, and deleterious miasmata, before confined to the neighbourhood of their origin by opposed or light currents of air in the day, or attracted by the land (the more lofty the more attractive) in the night, are removed, and consequently, the indescribably distressing feelings occasioned by a foul atmosphere, are superseded by those comparatively pleasurable and enlivening sensations which have been already noticed, pp. 40—42. The average time for the tornados to set in, is the termination of the month of September, from which time until Christmas, tolerably calm weather may be expected. At Christmas, the periodical winds called the harmatan commence, and continue to blow for six or ten weeks. It is very curious, that whilst to the natives, and to the Europeans, who, from long residence may be said to be acclimated in the settlement, these winds are exceedingly annoying, the Europeans newly arrived consider them as refreshing and salubrious. But during the raging of the harmatans, the furniture of every house is covered with fine sand, and tables and chairs crack under their influence. Mr. Boyle concludes this part of his subject by a diary of the weather at Sierra Leone, for the term nearly of a year—a document that will be read with extreme interest by all the cultivators of meteorological science.

From the London Literary Gazette.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, AND THEIR PUBLICATIONS.

We have for a considerable time intended to call the public attention to the literary and publishing proceedings carried on under the sanction of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—or at least, of the high and honourable names which adorn the list of its committee; but, like most tasks not altogether agreeable to be performed, we have postponed and postponed it, till much of our original impulse has evaporated—though we trust what we may have lost in this respect will be compensated by the more dispassionate consideration which pause and reflection have enabled us to bestow upon the subject. It is one of very great importance, whether we take into view the efforts produced upon individual interests, upon literature in general, or upon the population for whose instruction these efforts are announced to be made; and therefore, if long avoided, we feel it to be a duty which we ought not entirely to neglect, candidly and fairly to submit our opinions upon it to our habitual readers and to the world at large. We are sure we shall not be betrayed into any willing misrepresentation—into any censure not apparently

sounded in truth—or into any expression calculated to give offence to any one of the parties concerned in this system. With many of them we have the gratification of being on terms of friendly intimacy, and for others we have a very sincere respect and admiration; but as an associated body, we think them liable to very serious objections; and these we venture, in all good temper, to bring forward, even for their own calm notice and deliberate rumination.

We have now before us, issuing from this Society—

1. The Library of Useful Knowledge, Monthly Parts, 8vo. volumes.
2. The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Monthly Parts, 12mo. volumes.
3. The Quarterly Journal of Education, 8vo.
4. A cheap Cabinet Atlas.
5. The British Almanac, annually.
6. The Companion to the Almanac, annually.
7. Gallery of Portraits, monthly.
8. The Penny Magazine, weekly.
9. The Working Man's Companion, in periodical pocket volumes.
10. The Results of Machinery.
11. Cottage Evenings, a series of volumes for the Agricultural Classes.
12. The Rights of Industry; Political Economy.
13. The Physican. 1. The Cholera; a Medical Series.
14. Frugal Cookery.
15. The History of the Church, in some twenty parts, and going on.

Besides other small and separate publications, which we are not sure that we can correctly enumerate, and must consequently blend with the mass already sufficiently exhibited by the preceding catalogue.

It is now five years, Feb. 1827, since the Society commenced its publishing operations, thus announcing its purpose:—"The want of elementary treatises for instructing all classes of the community in the various branches of knowledge, particularly in the sciences and the arts connected with them, having been long experienced by the friends of general education, the Committee for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have adopted such measures as appeared best calculated to supply the defect." And they accordingly advertised a series of treatises, to remedy an evil which we grant existed in a certain degree, but by no means to the extent assumed—for our language abounded with many elementary works of the highest value and merit; and one popular publication alone, Pinnock's Catechisms, nearly supplied the desideratum here insisted upon. The treatises were to appear in sixpenny parts, and at the rate of two per month—so that the charge would not fall heavily even upon the poorest classes; and so far, perhaps, there was rather merit in than any objection to the proposed plan, which was, how-

ever, ushered in with a palpable eye to Trade, and the ordinary principles of profit and loss; for an Introductory Discourse upon the Advantages and Pleasures derived from the Pursuits of Science, from no less an authority than the present Lord High Chancellor of England, was given *gratis* with the first No.; and reading societies, mechanics' institutions, and education committees in the country, were attracted by the offer of being "furnished with supplies at a liberal discount."

We have said, and we repeat,* that this design was rather to be approved of than condemned; since a systematised and able set of elementary essays of the kind proposed could not fail to disseminate useful information throughout the kingdom upon such topics as were specified, viz.: astronomy, mechanical powers, practical mechanics, anatomy, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, optics, electricity, magnetism, millwork, geometry, algebra, land surveying, navigation, chemistry, geology, meteorology, dyeing, bleaching, and other useful arts; natural history, agricultural buildings and machinery, farming, &c. &c. &c. But having begun well, and announced a laudable object fairly, we cannot justify the ulterior encroachments upon almost every branch of literary property which the Society have since been induced to commit. In the first place, it strikes us that the bare mention of the publications is enough to show that they have departed from the fundamental principles of their establishment; secondly, that they have, under the weight of eminent names, injuriously interfered with individual capital most honourably employed, and invaded individual right which ought to have been protected both by law and by patriotic feeling; thirdly, that they come in worse than a questionable shape as competitors into the market; and, fourthly, that their extended operations are now, and likely permanently to be, hurtful to the trade, the literature, the intelligence, and the prosperity of the country.

The existing aspect and condition of the Society is, in truth, neither more nor less than a huge Manufacturing Monopoly, turning out works of every sort and description, and underselling the fair trader by the aid of patronage and subscription funds, which never could have been meant to perpetuate the wrong done by this, their misapplication. Let us see how the matter stands broadly in this respect between the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and publishers previously in business. Of the latter, every man and firm must have risen to respectability and consequent business by the expenditure of much capital, and by long years of assiduous toil and good conduct. It is rather hard upon such to have a powerful rivalry started, not only without the risk of one shilling of cost, or

* By reference to the *Literary Gazettes* for the last five years, it will be seen that we have reviewed many of the publications, as they appeared, with warm praise.

one hour of labour, or one act of liberality, but sheerly brought into repute and force by the announcement that such distinguished persons as Lord Chancellor Brougham, Lord John Russell, Lord Althorp, Lord Auckland, Lord Dover, Sir John Parnell, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Mr. Spring Rice, besides many literary and scientific men, who had all made their reputations and characters by different pursuits, were concerned in and at the head of the new undertaking. In a limited object, the array of great established names against existing individuals is likely enough to produce individual distress, every portion of which affects the community and the whole body politic; but when this imposing array is pushed into almost every branch and department of a very important division of national industry and commerce, it is not easy to calculate the evil which it must produce.

As general argument cannot demonstrate this so clearly as particulars, we will shortly touch upon some few of the details which, at once, rise to our mind upon the question.

The Libraries of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, of which some of the volumes have been worthy, and some (looking at the auspices under which they appeared,) not very worthy of approbation, have materially affected the first production of this class, Constable's Miscellany: and thus (not, as we have remarked, by the usual competition between man and man, but by the help of adventitious and unbought advantages,) diminished the provision of a family, thrown out of employment printers, paper-makers, &c. &c. in Edinburgh, and changed relations the continuance and consistency of which were of value to society. In a similar way, these "Useful Knowledge" performances have seemed to run against private enterprise, with all the odds we have mentioned in their favour, and without a single superior claim to popularity, tending to subvert that spirit from which alone the public can expect sustained merit or excellence in so essential a concern as is involved in the literary productions of England. We see, for instance, that Mr. Murray has just published the "Trials of Charles I. and of some of the Regicides," as No. XXXI. of his Family Library, against which Lords Brougham, John Russell, Althorp, Dover, Ashley, Auckland, Suffield, and Co. bring out as a piece of their Entertaining Knowledge, the "Criminal Trials," a rifacimento of the old State Trials, so well known under a variety of forms, and at this very moment republishing in penny or twopenny numbers, by Strange, of Paternoster Row. Now, by the by, of these new editions we do not think that any one of them is congenial to the professed objects of the publications to which they belong; except, indeed, Mr. Strange's, which has no professed object, and can only be surmised by its companionship with the ultra unsettling periodicals that issue from the same press. But if this guess be well founded, how can a like work be fit for "Entertaining"

the people? Nor can we conscientiously say that Mr. Murray's selection of subject is the best and wisest for the appellation of Family Library. The Draco code of our criminal laws, the cruel deeds committed by tyrannical kings, and the sanguinary outrages of successful rebellion and revolution, are all well to be viewed amid the historical events of which they constitute a part; but to draw them out into a separate and conspicuous light, and thus teach every one to dwell upon, and by dwelling upon, imbibe a taste for their sin and horror, is, to say the least, bad taste; and instead of either amusing or useful instruction, a corrupting means of familiarizing the public mind to things which had far better be left in shade and oblivion. The spectacle of executions never afforded a beneficial lesson; hanging human carcasses in chains is but a disgusting barbarity; and the gibbeting of murdered monarchs or sacrificed subjects in lettered descriptions is quite as unlikely to improve the reader. Nevertheless, we perceive, by a recent newspaper paragraph, that "A charter of incorporation has been granted by his Majesty, on the petition of W. Tooke, Esq. F. R. S., to this Society (for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,) the objects of which are thereby designated to be, to cause to be composed, compiled, and written, treatises, and works, and elementary tracts, on, or relating to, arts, sciences, and letters; and also causing to be made, engraved, and constructed, prints, maps, plans, models, and instruments connected with arts, sciences, and letters; such treatises, works, tracts, prints, maps, plans, models, and instruments, to be printed, made, and published, in an economical manner, and to be sold at a reasonable price. The London general committee is by such charter recognised as the governing body of the Society, and of which committee the Lord Chancellor is constituted the first chairman, Lord John Russell the first vice-chairman, and Mr. Tooke is named as treasurer of the Society." This is truly comprehensive enough; and we should be glad to learn where there is any property, though for a century vested in any of the lines of publication engrossed by this charter, which can now be considered safe from the unfair competition so embodied against it.

Let us look again, for example, at such persons as Mr. Arrowsmith or Mr. Cary. Both have expended vast sums and unremitting pains upon geographical improvements, and, through their exertions, the latest discoveries, and the most accurate observations, have made English maps, charts, and topographical works generally, articles of sale and consumption in every civilized country. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have not contributed a single iota to this; but they step in, avail themselves of all that has been done by spirited individual exertion, and they issue from the press their low-priced maps, &c., at once robbing and maltreating those to whom they are indebted for their value. We have been told that Mr. Cary alone has a stock of 50,000*l.* in copperplates and copy-

lights, consigned to waste in consequence of this invasion.

The Almanac and Almanac Companion was another inroad; but as it touched only another and a wealthy corporation—the Stationers' Company—and induced improvements in these Almanacs, we shall not discuss the principle in reference to them. But not so the latest of the Society's process towards the universal business of bookmakers and booksellers—the Gallery of Portraits. Here the design is evidently taken from the superb work, Lodge's Portraits, published by Harding and Lepard, and already imitated in the National Portrait Gallery, published by Fisher, Son, and Co. In the first of these undertakings, Messrs. Harding embarked the fortunes of a respectable house, gave (like Boydell of a former date) immense encouragement to the fine arts and artists, and, as was to be wished and expected from their merit, prevailed in producing a publication the worth of which was duly appreciated by the public. As success is sure to engender competition, Messrs. Fishers took up a similar, though, in the subjects, more modern design, and in a similar manner laid out a very considerable sum on paintings, engravings, and literary effort. They, too, were lucky enough to please, and to meet their reward. But either of these parties might have lost ruinously by their expensive speculations; and it must never be forgotten, that it is such speculation which, in the aggregate, give bread to thousands and hundreds of thousands of the working classes, invigorate our commerce, support the government, and embellish and enrich the country. Can we, then, deem it either just or proper, that, stepping widely out of their original prospectus, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge should also add this other iron to the multitude they had already in the fire? We are decidedly of opinion, that in so doing they trespass on private enterprise, in a way detrimental to the public interests: for they cannot, with the widest views, hope to supply all demands; and when, by grasping at too much, they have destroyed the springs in which supply depended, abuses, want, and confusion, must inevitably ensue. The manufacturer and shopkeeper, who was wont to keep up the stock, will no where be found; and the Monopoly, with all its guarantee of names, will deteriorate in its articles, and be at the same time inefficient to meet the consumption required. With regard to other points, this case is still stronger against the Society on this account: while Messrs. Harding and Lepard, and Messrs. Fishers, often gave large prices for original portraits, and even copies by clever draughtsmen, the Society, by its patrons and subscriptions, are enabled to go into the field without expense; and engraving mostly old pictures, or, through favour, new ones, they endeavour, very unhand- somely, to undersell and supersede publications which possess, and well deserve to possess, the liberal support of the country. Let us add, that

this work is irreconcilable with their avowed design; for it is not elementary, nor can it be held to be calculated for the diffusion of such knowledge as is fittest for the lower orders: it is neither more nor less than a bookselling job.

Come we next to the Penny Magazine—an anomaly which has set the Stamp-office and the stamp-laws at utter defiance; and which we know, from our own experience, is doing that in the name of the Lord Chancellor of England which it has cost us, at the dictation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, above 30,000*l.* simply to avoid infringing! When we state this, we can assure our readers that we are not in the slightest degree sore upon the raw; but we mention it merely for the oddity of the fact, and to show that, while dabbling in every thing, this Society is possessed of very unfair and injurious arms—arms not to be tolerated in a new monopoly at a period when all old monopolies are crumbling to dust under the “march of intellect,” with “the schoolmaster abroad” at the head of the forces. This Penny Magazine, too, has not only to answer for itself, but for the host, bad and good (and some of them are bad enough, wicked, inflammatory, and obscene,) of periodicals of the same kind, which must be tolerated so long as it is published by the lords, savans, and literati, &c. whose names grace the commission of managers of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

We need not, we trust, for the elucidation of our subject, go farther into minutiae; and therefore we will just allude to one or two of the other productions of the Society, which cannot so well be reconciled to their ostensible declarations as to the mere mercantile contest with private persons and houses in the publishing trade. The Journal of Education is in direct competition with several periodicals; the majority of volumes of the two Libraries, from the subjects chosen, are liable to the same censure; the Physician is a piece of the hour, run against several medical publications; and a cheap Cookery Book is almost a climax;—alas! for Mrs. Glasse, Mrs. Rundell, Dr. Kitchner, and Meg Dods, when the Lord Chancellor and Co. descend to the kitchen, with the most frugal receipts for chops and cutlets. How our friend Louis Eustache Ede must despise their low pretensions!

As we have said (and we trust not to be misunderstood,) we highly appreciate many of the performances which have issued from the press of the Society: what we denounce is the principle on which they have extended their traffic, in a manner, we do not hesitate to assert, inconsistent with the character and station of those whose names are paraded to vouch for it to the public, and injurious to private and national interest. The subscriptions to that fund never were nor could be intended to put it in the power of any person or persons to employ them in partial and unfair contention against individuals who had set their all upon the chance of the business

to which they had devoted their lives and energies: there is nothing on earth more repulsive to British sense and feeling. All our institutions are hostile to it; and the responsibilities of and restrictions on trading companies breathe the constitutional jealousy of overwhelming monopolies, which destroy all below and around them, without flourishing themselves. But here is a monopoly without bound or tie; raised on other grounds, supported as a benevolent or patriotic institution, and yet calculated to crush honest exertion, impair private fortunes, and deteriorate the true cause of letters and knowledge.

Cheapness is desirable, but not the cheapness which withers honest competition—cheapness sustained by accident against character acquired by long and patient industry, and against real property—and cheapness which, withal, must thrive (if it thrive to any extent) on the inferiority of the article supplied. This catchword of cheapness has already done much mischief to our literature. What have we now, with very few exceptions, to support our character as an intellectual people among the nations of the earth? Monthly compilations of the most ordinary kind, and plenty of penny and catchpenny ephemera. There were no great harm if they did not supersede works of a higher cast; but they suffice for the appetite flattered with the silly assurance that they convey untaxed knowledge. If there were ever so heavy a tax upon knowledge, few of them would have any duty to pay. Now the booksellers are beginning to find out that the little concoctions with which they have inundated the public have taken away the public taste for sterling and standard productions, and that all they can do is to be-pictorial and be-puff temporary trifles into notice, which, after all, seldom repay the cost, while they fill the space of genuine and lasting literature.

Hawking and peddling is another of the arts of modern publishing; and we hear with regret that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge condescends to employ even an itinerant lecturer to travel from place to place and lecture upon the merits of their books. This is sad work; though we were amused, the other day, by an account of the lecturer (Mr. Fry, of the late firm of Tipper and Fry—and a very clever and well-spoken person he is) being perplexed by the members of the Mechanics' Institute at Birmingham, who, instead of receiving his discourse as gospel, turned upon him and convicted some of the Useful Knowledge tracts of all sorts of practical error and blundering.

The History of the Church is another trading speculation, utterly removed from the original and declared intentions of the Society. Obviously consulting the feelings of the hour, and addressed to a political purpose, we should like to know if Lord Brougham, or Lord John Russell, or Mr. Fowell Buxton, or Mr. Hallam, or Mr. Vigors, or Mr. Z. Macaulay, or Dr. Maltby, or Mr. Merivale, or any other individual belonging to the committee, holds himself responsible

for this publication, which has already in extent outstripped and thrown into shade the avowed design of the Association?† If any or all of them admit that such proceedings have their sanction and authority, as they appear to have by the advertisements, we will undertake to prove that they are, instead of benefit to the country, forcing on a great national evil. They cannot suppose, however sounding their names, that the whole people will yield obedience to the inquisitorial power of giving instruction which they have assumed. It is a necessary consequence, that other opinions will seek other organs; and thus, instead of fair and general competition, the land will be divided into rival masses and opposing factions. Indeed, this is already the case; and the religious party have combined to meet their Penny Magazine by a similar periodical, on counter principles.‡ The tendency of this is not merely individually, but nationally, injurious; and it will be well if the growth of the mischief can be stopped.

But we have devoted as much as we can spare of our room to the desultory discussion of the matter in hand, which it is not improbable we may have occasion to resume. In the mean time, we hope we need hardly repeat the professions of the unfeigned regard and esteem in which we hold many of the committee, of whose joint acts we have felt ourselves, as independent literary journalists, compelled to take this notice.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

LIVES OF BALBOA AND PIZARRO:‡

THE most magnificent addition ever made to the power, opulence, and dominion of Europe, was the discovery of Columbus. The most brilliant episodes in the history of European conquest were the expeditions of Cortes and Pizarro. The old theory of empire seems to lay it down as a principle that it has passed from east to west; but the truer theory is, that to every great nation of Europe a period has been assigned, in which it received a sudden and vast extension of authority, from circumstances which appear but slightly

* When things are ill in themselves, rumour commonly makes them worse. Thus it is currently asserted, but which we cannot for an instant believe, and we trust the Society will contradict it, that the Committee sells its name and authority to particular parties, for a bonus or profit on works with the preparation and publication of which it has no concern whatever.

† The Saturday Magazine, published under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

‡ Lives of Vasco Nunez de Balboa and Francisco Pizarro, from the Spanish of Don Manuel Josef Quintana. By Mrs. Hodson. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1832.

connected with its own merits. On what grounds its accession may have been suffered or imported, may be among the mysterious portions of that higher Government which regulates all things by its own will. Whether for the purpose of showing that with Providence all is impartiality, or the less important purpose of showing, that the vilest indulgence of human ambition is neither for the happiness of man, nor for his faculties; perhaps it may even be one of the great expedients for conveying, in its images of stateliness and grandeur, some impression and foretaste of a time when the earth shall be relieved from the struggles of contending sovereignties—when one just and sublime authority will restrain, guide, and exalt all; and, when, in the midst of splendours yet unwitnessed by the human eye, in the development of powers that overwhelm the roughest imagination of man, and with an exuberant and superb felicity that exceeds his utmost passion of happiness, the perfection of government will be administered by rulers untainted with human weakness, and displaying in themselves the embodied virtues and glories of a purified and sacred human nature.

Spain, Germany, and France, even Portugal and Holland, have been thus suddenly raised in successive times to a sudden and singular influence in the affairs of mankind. Vast accessions of wealth and territory have been given into their hand; the gates of dominion have been opened to them, as if by the work of miracle; and they have stood the objects of fear or wonder to the world. This brilliant supremacy has been enjoyed for a brief period, and then has come their fall by a descent almost as sudden and unaccountable as their rise. It is equally an object of interest to observe, that the history of European empire seems to recognise a process of providential government, but slightly allied with the course of ancient dominion. The old empires of the East and West were evidently constructed and shaken more in conformity with the natural progress of things. A man of ability or courage gathered the scattered tribes of his country, formed a government, made war on some less ably organized state, conquered it, and thus laid the foundation of a power which his successors augmented by the same rude but natural policy. In a few generations a profligate successor, squandering the wealth of the state, relaxing the authority of the government, or insulting the feelings of the people, excited the ambition of some satrap, or roused the wrath of some neighbour nation. His empire was invaded, his person seized, and with the despot died the empire.

The most frequent source of the ruin was to be found in the instability of the rights of succession, and of this in the profligate habits of the Oriental palace. Polygamy at once increased the number of claimants to the paternal diadem, extinguished the paternal care, and sent the sons into the world trained only in the jealousies, the discontents, and the ignorance, and the passions of a voluptuous prison.

The Roman empire, a most stupendous monument of the faculties of man for the construction of power, a mighty building of the mighty masters of mankind, whose summit threatened to pierce the heavens, and whose ruins, even to this hour, exhibit the loftiest monument of human presumption, was a second form of the original principle. It rose by the simple process of force. The indefatigable perseverance of the national character, the rigid martial education of the higher ranks, the superior regularity of its government, sent it into the field with irresistible strength against the disunited nations of the West, the scattered and barbarian rudeness of the North, and the dissolute opulence, blind haughtiness, and infirm luxury of the Oriental world. The rise of this boundless dominion was in the course of nature. It was merely the illustration of that general law, by which it is decreed that the strong shall be masters of the feeble, and the brave of the unpurposed. But its fall was strangely precipitate. A new impulse was let loose to break down those stately battlements of human supremacy. Barbarism, for the first time, smote civilization, and smote it to the dust, and the soil was cleared of the noble relics of the noblest work of human policy and fortune, to be covered over with the hasty fabrics of barbarism.

Without straying into the attractive speculations that tempt us, in a view of later history, it is to be remarked, that since the formation of the system of modern Europe, no empire has been destroyed—unless Poland be an exception. All have suffered the contingencies of war in their turn, but there has been no extinction of a great European power; nothing similar to the overthrow of the ancient dynasties of the East. A new principle of dominion has palpably been introduced; and mankind has for a thousand years been secured from those hideous catastrophes, which, like the fall of a mountain into a lake, were felt in a general swell of destruction on the borders far and wide.

But even this principle may be on the eve of giving way to another, well calculated to awake the fears of nations. The providential means by which the solid form and substance of the kingdoms of Europe have been sustained through all their trials, were the fuller establishment of hereditary succession—the fuller rights of the intelligent, educated, and opulent ranks of society to govern the multitude, and the general recognition of a balance of power. By the first, they escaped the seeds of conspiracy and war, thick sown by a disputed succession, the fatal evil of the Oriental dynasties. By the second, they provided against the perpetual anxieties and final fall of democracies in all ages; and by the third, introducing into national law the rules of private justice, and into the concerns of rival kingdoms, something like the band which connects children of the same blood, they at once repelled the grasping and sheltered the weak, taught the ambitious to feel the policy of peace, and forced the insolent to discover the wisdom of moderation.

are necessary to a just estimate of his philosophical habits and character. He was the unques-

Another great experiment is probably about to be made in the constitution of the European system. Two of those barriers have been already broken down by France, the most powerful, active, and influential of the continental monarchies. The hereditary succession has been changed in an instant, and the crown seems virtually elective. The natural superiority of the opulent and educated has been utterly discarded for the superiority of the multitude; physical force decides the government, and with a million and a half of peasantry in arms, all questions of the stability of the throne must depend entirely on the caprice of that million and a half. The sole remaining barrier against general convulsion, is the balance of power, and this is to be sustained only by the vigilant guard exercised by sovereigns on the movements of each other—their instant remonstrances against encroachment—their vigorous combination against aggression of even the slightest kind—and, more than all, their religious adherence to the principles of good faith, justice, and sincerity.

The brilliant age of Spain began with the expulsion of the Moors by Ferdinand and Isabella, and closed with the ruin of the Armada. A single century rounded the supremacy of this most warlike and stately of modern kingdoms. And of this age the most brilliant portion was that which commenced with the first voyage of the great discoverer of the New World, and ended with the conquest of the capital of the Incas by Pizarro.

Columbus had first seen land in the new world on the 12th of October 1492, when he landed on the island of Guanahani after a voyage of little more than two months, he having sailed from the port of Palos in Spain on the 3d of August. It was six years later, when he surveyed the coast of the continent by Paria and Cumana. With the nobler mind of Columbus territory was the grand object, and colonization the means. With the fierce and narrow spirit of the times, gold was the object, and the sword the means. But the natives of the islands first discovered were found poor; their gold was chiefly confined to the ornaments of their persons. The Spaniards who landed on the continent were equally disappointed. They saw before them a magnificent country, yet nearly in a state of nature, vast forests, mighty rivers, ranges of mountains; all the features of a dominion wide enough for the widest ambition of conquest, or the richest enjoyment of life; but no treasure. Still their avarice was kept in a perpetual fever by the Indian stories of gold in profusion, farther to the west, and beyond a sea which stretched to the extremities of the globe. Yet all the various expeditions which were sent to penetrate into these lands of opulence, were defeated, and the chief part of the adventurers perished by the diseases of the climate, by the inclemency of seasons, alternately the most tremendous storms and the fiercest sunshine, or by the perils of the seas, which to this hour severely

try the skill of the seamen. But the "empire of the west" were still the cry of the Indians, and fresh troops of daring adventurers hurried forward year by year, to throw away their lives on the swamps and shoals of the New World. Time, however, produced experience, and the vigour of discovery was gradually turned to the means of reaching those golden regions by sea. The Indians persevered in the report, that the nearest access to this great highway to the treasures of America was across the mountain range of Darien, and at length a Spaniard was found bold enough to attempt once more, and fortunate enough to achieve, a task which had baffled so many of his intrepid countrymen, and which was destined to give a well deserved immortality to his name. Vasco Nunez de Balboa was born at Xeres de los Caballeros. His family was of the order of Spanish gentry. He commenced his career, at an early age, in that mingled character of trader and soldier which characterized all the first voyages to America. After some experiments in the general pursuit of wealth, which failed, he settled in Hispaniola, where he cultivated a farm. But Balboa was not of the order of spirits who are content with the quiet indulgence of life. A new expedition was announced for the west. He determined to follow it. But he was loaded with debt, and the governor had published an express ordinance that no debtor should be suffered to leave the island. Balboa was rolled on board one of the brigantines in a cask, and made his appearance on deck only when the ship was far out at sea. The commander of the expedition was indignant, and threatened to send him back; but Balboa, handsome and active, intelligent and plausible, was not a man to be repelled, in the day when every Spaniard had his value, and he soon rose into favour. A colony had been already established at the celebrated Isthmus, on its eastern side. Balboa within a short period became its governor, and there he distinguished himself by all the talents of command. His position singularly required them. Columbus had found the Islanders a timid and innocent race, being in a state of primitive simplicity. But the adventurers who had pierced the continent often found themselves encountered by daring tribes, with some knowledge of discipline, and sometimes capable of returning their losses by bloody revenge. The tribes which surrounded the colony of Darien were the most daring, disciplined, and vigorous, which the Spaniards had ever met; and nothing but incessant vigilance, and the display of the most desperate intrepidity in the field, could secure the invaders.

It is curious to trace the similitude of these tribes, in customs and conceptions, to the Islanders of the South Sea, who are probably their descendants. The Darien Indians fought with the club, the wooden sword, and the arrow. But they neither poisoned their arrows, nor devoured their prisoners; habits which distinguished them, to their honour, from the Indians stretching along their surrounding coasts. They simply extracted a tooth from the captive

who was thenceforth a slave. Severe wounds in battle rendered the sufferer honourable. He became a noble; and was rewarded with a portion of land, a wife, and rank among their warriors. They had chieftains, to whom they paid a higher reverence than was customary among Indians. They had physicians; priests, who delivered a kind of oracles, and a deity, Tuira, whom they worshipped with offerings of bread, fruits, and flowers. They built houses of curious workmanship. Their chieftains wore mantles of cotton. They lived much on fish; and both sexes were remarkable for their skill in swimming, and their fondness for the exercise.

The darker side of the picture, in which, however, the similitude still holds, was the moral corruption of the people. Abortion, procured by herbs, was common. Drunkenness, by a liquor extracted from maize, was a favourite vice; and parties for dancing and intoxication were the great delight of the people. The dead were preserved from decay by drying the remains, and were placed in a room dedicated to the purpose, with their ornaments and arms. A dance, or perhaps a society for the dance, called *aricito*, was national and licentious; and combined with this mixture of savage good and evil, and throwing some colour of European civilization over all, was the remarkable courtesy of the people.

Indian rumours of the golden country continued to inflame the Spaniards, and all hearts were at length stimulated to attempt the conquest of a king, Dabaibe, who was said to be living in a city filled with treasure, and who worshipped an idol of solid gold. Distance, disease, mountains covered with eternal snows, and oceans tossed by perpetual storms, could not now restrain the adventurers; and Balboa put himself at the head of his countrymen, whose prize was to be the measureless plunder of this king and his temple. But the surrounding Caciques must be first conquered; and their daring and continued resistance cost long hostilities. Still, the Spaniards advanced; and even from their encounters with the natives, they derived new stimulants for their frenzy of gold. An alliance with Comogre, a gallant mountain chieftain, at the head of three thousand warriors, gave them additional confidence. His son met the Spanish troops with a present of sixty slaves, and four thousand pieces of gold. A picturesque incident now occurred. Balboa, after deducting the fifth of the treasure for the King, ordered the rest to be weighed and distributed among the troops. Some dissatisfaction arose, and swords were drawn. The young Indian looked on, first with astonishment, and then with scorn. Advancing to the scales, with a contemptuous smile, he threw them on the ground, exclaiming, "Is it for this trifle that Spaniards quarrel? If you care for gold, go seek it where it grows. I can show you a land where you may gather it by handfuls."

This intelligence brought all the Spaniards round him, and he proceeded to detail his knowledge.

"A Cacique, very rich in gold," said he, "lies to the south, six suns off." He pointed in the direction. "There," said he, "you will find the sea. But there you will find ships as large as your own, with sails and oars."

If this announcement made the Spaniards pause, his next must have kindled them into all their original flame.

"The men of these lands," said he, "are so rich, that their common eating and drinking vessels are of gold."

This was their first knowledge of Peru!

The time was now come, when the second great discovery of the Western World was to be made. Balboa, formally appointed governor of the Darien, determined to ascertain for himself and the world the wonders that lay beyond the mountains. He rapidly collected a hundred and ninety Spanish soldiers, a thousand Indians, and with some bloodhounds, which were deemed a necessary part of an Indian enterprise, and which sometimes proved a formidable one to the unfortunate natives, he marched into the wilderness.

The Indian tribes were instantly roused; and the Spaniards had scarcely reached the foot of the Sierra, when they found their warriors, headed by their Caciques, drawn up in a little army. The Indians, like the ancient Greeks, first defied the enemy by loud reproaches and expressions of scorn. They then commenced the engagement. Torecha, their king, who, if the Indians had found a bard or historian, might have been a Hector or a Leonidas, stood forth in front of his people, clothed in a regal mantle, and gave the word of attack. The Indians rushed on with shouts; but the Spanish crossbows and muskets were terrible weapons to their naked courage. The Indians were met by a shower of shafts and balls, which threw them into confusion. They saw before them the bearers of what to their conceptions were the thunder and lightning, followed by a more certain and sweeping death than was inflicted by those weapons of angry Heaven. Their heroic king, and six hundred of their warriors, were soon left dead on the spot; and over their bodies Balboa marched to the plunder of their city.

Balboa now commenced the ascent of the mountains. The distance from sea to sea is, at its extreme width, but eighteen leagues, and, at its narrowest, but seven. The distance to the Pacific from Careta, the commencement of their march, is but six days' journey; but with them it cost twenty days. The great mountain chain, which forms the spine of the New World from north to south, composes the Isthmus; and the march of the Spaniards was impeded by all the difficulties of a mountainous region, in a burning and unhealthy climate, and in a soil overgrown with the wild and undisturbed vegetation of ages. But the moment that was to repay, and more than repay, all these fatigues was at hand. Of all the strong and absorbing pleasures of the human mind, there is none equal to the pleasure of new knowledge. Discovery, in whatever form of sci-

ence, fills the mind with something more nearly approaching to an ecstasy, than any other delight of which our nature is capable. The sudden opening of these portals, which have hitherto hopelessly excluded us from the peculiar knowledge that we longed to possess—the vast region of inquiry, feeling, fame, and truth, that often seems to be given for our especial dominion by a single fortunate step—the new and brilliant light that flashes over the whole spirit of man, in the sudden seizure of one of those great principles which are the key to knowledge, altogether make a combination of high and vivid impulses, unrivalled in the history of human enjoyment. Philosophers and kings might envy the feelings of Balboa, when, after toiling through forests that seemed interminable, his Indian guides, the Quaquepona, pointed out to him, among the misty summits of the hills before him, the one from which the object of all his toils, the Pacific, was visible. Balboa, proudly reserved the honour of this magnificent discovery for himself. He commanded his troops to halt at the foot of the hill. He ascended alone, with his sword drawn, like a conqueror taking possession of a citadel won after some arduous siege, and, having reached the summit, cast his eyes around. The Pacific spread out before him.

The fierce religion of the Spaniards mingled in all the transactions of the time, and they were superstitious in the midst of massacre. But the view which now opened on the heroic discoverer's eyes—the multitude of visions and aspirations of grandeur, dominion, and honour, called up with that view—the sight of these waves, which led to realms richer than all that the Old World had dreamed of wealth, and teeming with strange and splendid products of every kingdom of nature—the waves, on whose borders lay Mexico and Peru almost at his feet, on whose remoter shores lay China and Hindostan, countries which nature and fable had alike delighted to fill with wonders, the seat of mysteries, of wealth, religion, kingly state, and fantastic, yet high-toned superstition—all justified the influence of a noble feeling, the gratitude of a heart astonished and overwhelmed by his high fortunes. Balboa fell on his knees, and weeping, offered his thanksgiving to Heaven, for the bounty that had suffered him to see this glorious sight. His troops had watched his ascent of the mountain with the eagerness of men who felt their fates bound up in his success, but when they saw his gestures of delight and wonder, followed by his alling on his knees, and prayer, they became incapable of all restraint; they rushed up the hill, exultingly saw the matchless prospect for themselves, and, sharing the spirit of their leader, offered up their thanksgivings along with him. Balboa's address to the troops was worthy of his vigorous mind; brief, bold, and powerful, it touched upon all the true points of excitement, and was the sounding of the trumpet to those victories which were yet to transfer the wealth of Mexico and Peru into the hands of his country.

"Castilians," exclaimed he, "there lies the object of all your desires, and the reward of all your labours. There roll the waves of that ocean of which you have so long heard, and which enclose the incalculable wealth that has so long been promised to you. You are the first who have reached these shores, and looked upon these waves. Yours alone, then, are the treasures, yours alone the glory of bringing these immense and untravelled dominions under the authority of our king, and to the light of our holy religion. Onward, then, and the world will not see your equals in wealth and in glory!"

This stately ceremonial was not yet at an end. A great tree was cut down upon the spot, stripped of its branches, formed into a cross, and fixed on the summit of the mountain, in sign of the faith of Spain.

But the coast was still to be reached. Balboa fought a battle with the Indian chief who defended the lower passes of the Cordillera, defeated him, and at last stood upon the shore of the ocean. On the rising of the tide, the Spanish leader, in complete armour, with his unsheathed sword in one hand, and a banner in the other, on which was painted the Virgin, with the arms of Castile at her feet, marched into the surges, crying out, "Long live the high and mighty sovereigns of Castile! In their names I take possession of these seas and regions; and if any other prince, whether Christian or Infidel, pretend any right to them, I am ready and resolved to oppose him, and assert the just claims of my sovereigns."

Balboa had still one brilliant moment of life to come, the reception by his countrymen. On the 19th of January, 1514, he reached his colony of Darien; his expedition had occupied four months and a half; his triumph was complete. The whole population poured down to the shore to meet him, to hail him as the honour of the Spanish name, as the author of their fortunes, as less a man than a gift of Heaven, to guide them into the possession of glories and riches incalculable. All the titles of Spanish admiration were lavished on the hero, and a popular homage, never more nobly employed, proclaimed him Conqueror of the Mountains, Pacificator of the Isthmus, and Discoverer of the Austral Ocean; not, like other warriors of the Old World or the New, the vanquisher of men, but the conqueror of nature.

It is but justice to this celebrated man, to acknowledge that he exhibited himself worthy of his splendid popularity. Success only invigorated his high natural qualities; prosperity never made him arrogant, power tyrannical, nor wealth avaricious. He was singularly respected by his people, and beloved by the Indians, during his whole career. Long after its close, it was said of him, that in conciliating the general esteem, "no captain of the Indies had ever done better than Vasco Nunez."

But the jealousy of the Court of Spain, at all times the most incapable of governing by the generous qualities of power, soon marked Balboa for its vengeance. His virtues and talents were

his accusers. His authority was now superseded by the arrival of Pedrarias, a man of singular craft and cruelty. Whether his indignation at this insult was his crime, or the determination of the Court to ruin him drove him into treason, is still doubtful. But after a long train of angry remonstrance on his side, and sullen artifice on that of the new governor, in the course of which Pedrarias even gave him his daughter, Balboa, with some of his principal friends, was beheaded "as a traitor, and usurper of the dominions of the Crown." He died at forty-two. His country, with the usual tardiness of public gratitude, did him honour when it was too late, and Spain has ever since reckoned him among the most memorable of those memorable men who gave her a new world.

Francisco Pizarro was born of an unknown mother, and his birth, the old birth of the founders of kingdoms, was, like that of an ancient hero, adorned with romance. It was said that he had been left exposed at the gate of a church in Truxillo, and in that state was found and suckled by a sow. His first occupation was that of a swineherd; but it is more certain that his education was totally neglected. To his last hour he could not write his own name; he probably could not read. It was said, too, as an extraordinary instance of the chance of life, that his first idea of the Western World arose from his fear of returning to the owner of the swine which he tended, some of them having strayed. He found four travellers on the road, who were going to Seville, then the emporium of all Spanish discovery. He followed them, formed his resolution, embarked for St Domingo, and commenced his sanguinary but splendid career.

But Garcilosa, more jealous for the fame of his distinguished countryman, declares him to have been the son of Captain Pizarro, by a known mother, though a dishonoured one, Francisca Gonzales, a native of Truxillo. It is also affirmed that he began his career in the Italian wars. Like many of the famous men of Europe in his birth, he was unlike them in his long obscurity. Pizarro, though involved in the most enterprising of all services, was unheard of till he was past thirty; when, in the last expedition of Ojedo to Terra Firma, he was appointed to command as his lieutenant, in the colony of Uraba. He was now at length emerging, for the trust implies known fidelity and courage. Still, for fourteen years, he continued active, acquiring experience, unconsciously fitting his mind for his great achievement, but still subordinate.

The Spaniards, as we have seen, had already crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and, under Balboa, one of the most gallant adventurers of a time of universal adventure, had looked down from the mountains upon the mighty expanse of the Pacific. The discovery of a new ocean was next in grandeur to the discovery of a new world; but

the romantic imagination of time had filled this ocean with wonders. The Spaniards now looked upon waters which washed the golden shores of Cathay. India, the mother of splendid monsters, lay under the setting sun which they daily saw covering the sky and the deep with an effulgence before unknown to European eyes, and of itself filling the mind with visions of unmeasured opulence and beauty. The land of silk, diamonds, and pearls, lay only awaiting the first bold prow that plunged into the noble expanse beneath their feet, and whose singular serenity was a new wonder, and pledge of those new laws of nature which seemed to govern all this enchanted region. An old tradition of the settlement of the Ten Tribes in the mountains and valleys of Hindostan, the masters in a region which was described as formed in the prodigality of nature, but guarded from the unhallowed feet of the surrounding paganism by something of a Divine protection, increased the mystery with which all ages had delighted to invest India. A tradition, still more interesting to the fierce faith of the Spaniards, placed a mighty empire in the North, governed by an imperial priest, professing Christianity, and combining in his government the pomps of the East with the policy of Europe and the principles of Rome.

But what was to set bounds to the imagination of men once let loose to wander among the dreams of the New World? Far to the west, among a group of islands worthy of the primeval innocence of man, lay a central island, in whose depths, embosomed in groves of indescribable beauty and perpetual fragrance, an Eden in the midst of an unstained creation, glittered a fountain that recalled the lost paradise, a fountain of immortality. The lip that tasted of its waters, instantly felt a more delicious sense of existence from the touch; the frame, in the last stage of decay, suddenly felt a more vivid life rushing through its veins. Unfading youth, beauty superior to time, and existence which defied the grave, wore the gifts of this mysterious draught; and mankind were at last within reach of a true treasure, worth all gold and gems, which extinguished all that was painful in the casualties of human nature, ennobled and elevated the human form, and transmuted the troubled, disordered, and brief career of life, into exhaustless tranquillity, delight, and duration.

In this tradition, said to have been derived from the Indians themselves, we may recognise the native knowledge of those groups of islands studding the Southern Pacific, which we attribute to modern discovery. The old Platonic visions of the Atlantic Island, added their share to the description of this region of enchantment, if even those visions were not the result of those rumours of another world in the west, which seem to have reached Europe in the earliest ages of navigation. The question of the first discovery of America is still involved in the clouds that have fallen on almost the whole of ancient science but some new explorer of the records of

Phœnicia or Carthage, or the opening of some tomb of the Hannos and Hamilcars, may yet put us in the possession of the truth, and give a rival even to Columbus.

The Pacific Ocean, and the path which led through it to the shores of India, was the grand object of all Spanish aspirations; but gold was the first essential to their immediate existence. The Indians whom Balboa found on the western side of the hills of Darien, pointed to the immense sweep of country visible from their summits as filled with gold; the course of adventure instantly rushed towards this famous and fortunate region. But the barriers which guarded the treasure were formidable. The Spanish sword was irresistible against the rude weapons, and ruder discipline of the natives; but they found sterner enemies in the climate, the soil, and the storms of a region which seems made to display all the beauties and all the terrors of nature. They were withered by intolerable sunshine, congealed by cold, against which no contrivance of man could find a defence; tempests, that seemed to mingle heaven and earth, blasted, deluged, and slew them; diseases of the most hideous kind lurked round them at every step; and fatigue and famine followed them. A multitude of the boldest explorers of the time thus perished, until even Spanish intrepidity became disheartened, the love of fame died away, and the love of gold, the most insatiable and indefatigable passion of the human heart, and the especial idol of the Spanish heart in America, seems to have slept. Mammon saw his altar almost left without a worshipper. But the floodgates of gold and gore were to be speedily thrown open, and for ages.

Pizarro, who had retired to Panama, after years of thankless service, was suddenly roused from his obscurity by the proposal of a "contract" for a voyage of adventure in the south. His partners were an ecclesiastic, Hernando du Lucque, who supplied the money for the expedition, 20,000 *ouzas* of gold, and Diego de Almagro, a soldier of remarkable spirit, sagacity, and daring. A few volunteers were soon procured among the disbanded adventurers who still lingered on the shores of Darien; but their first attempts were baffled by a succession of storms, which reduced them to the extremities of famine. The Governor of Panama, moved by the remonstrances of the sufferers, sent a vessel to the Island of Gallo, to bring back all who were willing to return.

On this occasion Pizarro proved himself by one of those striking acts which characterize the man made for great enterprizes. He stood in front of the soldiers, already tumultuous with the hope of escaping the horrors of their situation.

"Go!" he exclaimed, "to Panama, you who desire the labour, the indigence, and the contempt, that will there be your portion. I grieve that you should thus cast away the fruits of your struggle, at the moment when the land, announced to us by the Indians of Tumbez, awaits your appearance to load you with wealth and

glory. Go, then, but never say that your Captain was not the first to confront all your dangers and hardships, and was not always watchful of your safety at the expense of his own."

This gallant appeal failed. The recollections of the island were fearful. Pizarro saw that he was on the point of being abandoned, and he made a last effort, at least to save himself from being involved in the general shame. Unsheathing his sword, he drew a line with it on the sand from east to west, and pointing southward, exclaimed, "This way leads to Peru and to gold—that to Panama and beggary. Let all good Castilians make their choice."

With these words he strode across the line. Thirteen only followed. There are few facts more striking in history, than the simple means by which an imperishable fame may sometimes be obtained. The names of these thirteen obscure men are recorded as those of heroes; to this hour they share the homage of their country.

At the close of a year spent in desperate effort, in unparalleled hardship, and continual anxieties from the restless and disaffected spirit of his crews, Pizarro returned to Panama as poor as at the commencement of his voyage, but with all the merit due to skill and courage, and with the incomparable hope of having at length achieved the discovery of the true land of the precious metals, Peru.

The narratives of those eccentric and stirring days spread rapidly through Europe, and formed a substitute for the decaying glories of the tales of chivalry. The human imagination has seldom been left without a supply of its natural banquet, from the earliest periods of mankind. Even the first settlers in the Assyrian plains had the terrors and changes of the Deluge, for their recollection, and mingling with those the rich conceptions of the antediluvian world, they formed a mythology at once the most vivid and appalling, the most magnificent and the most mysterious, ever transmitted to man. The second era of human progress, the discoveries of the Phœnician voyagers, combining with the wild adventures of the first colonists of Greece, half Asiatic and half Egyptian, formed a tissue of traditions preeminently subtle, captivating, and susceptible of poetic beauty. When these perished under the influence of a new religion, the crusades once again re-enforced the mind of Europe with the achievements, the voluptuousness, and the barbarian grandeur of Eastern despotism, yet all turned into fantasy and loveliness by the Persian traditions of fairies and genii. But the age of reality was approaching. The East was exhausted, the new stream of imagery was to flow from the West; and the romancers of Europe, wearied with the languid repetitions of Oriental dreams, found a vigorous and animated refreshment in the stern trials, bold ambition, and boundless discovery that characterized the career of the Spaniard in the New World.

It may be hopeless now to trace the fictions on which the most illustrious of all bards raised his

eternal temple, but on what treasure of fancy did not Shakspeare seize, and transmute it into the materials of immortality? Yet, in his Tempest, of all the sports of his genius, the fullest of the most delicate and picturesque loveliness, the very caprice of poetic beauty, he probably had in view the Isle of the South Seas, and for its inhabitants some of those unsettled and insubordinate beings, of whom every voyage to the South supplied examples, and of whom every Spanish story of the time is full. Pedro Alcon probably gave the first idea of Trinculo.

On Pizarro's return along the coast towards Panamá, he had been received with signal hospitality by the Indians of a tribe bordering on the ocean. Their queen, Capillana, welcomed Pizarro, the chieftain, and his companions, with delight and wonder; and, as it was his policy to avoid offence for the time, he repaid their courtesy with all the resources of European gratitude. But the scene maddened one of his warriors, Pedro Alcon, a man of some personal attractions, which he cultivated with a care that had often excited the ridicule of his fellow adventurers. On his landing, he instantly fell in love with the Indian queen, by whom he imagined that his passion was returned. To leave a queen to despair was forbidden by all the laws of gallantry, and Pedro Alcon demanded that he should be suffered to take up his residence in her dominions. Pizarro was inflexible, and the brain of the man of gallantry instantly took fire; but his flame was now changed from love to ambition. He declared against all further obedience, flourished round the shore with a broken sword, with which he threatened to conquer his companions, and pronounced them "villainous usurpers of the land which belonged to him and the king his brother." But his sceptre was remorselessly wrung from his hand; his royal person was seized in all its finery of velvet doublet, gold-net head-dress, and metallard cap; he was fettered and placed under the deck. This judicious treatment, which might have been advantageously tried with many a candidate for empire, cured Alcon of both love and glory. He returned with his companions to Panamá, was "vicerey over the king" no more, and the reign of Trinculo was at an end.

Pizarro was now to re-enter the world on a statelier scale. He sailed for Europe, armed with the rights and fame of a great discoverer, the most resistless claim of the age to the respect of kings and people. His demands were in proportion. He required the government of the newly-discovered lands for himself, the Captaincy for his companion Almagro, and the Bishopric for his partner, Hernando Lucque.

His first reception in Spain was an ill omen. He was arrested at the suit of an individual, for a debt incurred by the settlers of Darien; but Pizarro had not sailed across the Atlantic to perish in a Spanish prison. He applied to the government, by whom he was released, and when free he journeyed direct to the presence of Charles the Fifth at Toledo. There was no sovereign of

his day on whom fortune had so long, so steadily, and so munificently poured her favours. But this period found Charles at the height of his prodigality. France had just fallen before him at the battle of Pavia; Italy was his conquest, the French king his prisoner, the Pope his vassal; and he was on the point of receiving the imperial crown at Bologna. At this moment Pizarro came, to confer on this Master of Europe, and its iron strength, the supremacy of a kingdom, almost its equal in size, and overflowing with the richest produce that earth offers on its surface, or in its bosom. Cortes and Pizarro, the brother-conquerors, had come to deposite at the foot of the throne the keys of Mexico and Peru. Pizarro's handsome figure, bold countenance, and dignified demeanour, won for him the universal admiration of a court crowded with all that was noble, brave, or lovely, in Europe. His address to the Emperor was full of the grave magnificence that habit and nature have taught the Spaniard to feel beyond all other men. Charles suffered his reserve to give way, and the hero was named Pacificator of the new empire, without a superior, and without an equal.

Pizarro, now at the fountain head of honours, determined to slake his thirst to the full, if the ambition of such a man was ever to be satisfied. To obtain for himself the order of St. Jago, and a coat of arms which exhibited in a singular degree his conception of his own high merits, he adopted the imperial device of the Black Eagle grasping the two Pillars of Hercules; and as an emblem of his South American triumphs, the city of Tumbez, walled and towered, with a lion and tiger at its gates, and in the distance the sea on one side, with the rafts of the country, and on the other the flocks and herds. Round the blazon was the inscription—"*Caroli Caesaris auspicio, et labore ingenio, ac impensa Ducis Pizarro, inventa, et pacata.*" This extraordinary stream of fortune, flowing in upon an obscure individual may entirely excite our wonder. But there was a moment of his triumph which may justly excite our envy. In the interval of preparation for his return to Peru, Pizarro made a visit to the place of his birth. His parents were still living, and their gallant and fortunate son had the rare delight of giving them honour in the sight of mankind. He found his four brothers in Truxillo, offered them all appointments, and subsequently took them all with him to Peru, in chase of wealth and honours like his own.

Still, those honours were for a conquest that existed only in anticipation. And when Pizarro at last sailed from Panamá, he could muster for the conquest of one of the mightiest regions of the globe, but three small ships and 183 men.

The empire which Pizarro now sailed to conquer, was the most extensive, powerful, and civilized of the south; extending from north to south along the Pacific more than 2000 miles. All the nations of Paganism begin their history by a fable, yet the fable has some features of strong resemblance in them all. A legislator, a soldier, or prophet suddenly appears, from some

unknown region, suddenly reconciles the people to civilization, instructs them in the useful arts, furnishes them with a government and laws, and then as suddenly takes wing, leaving the world to wonder whence he came, or whither he goeth. Manco Capac and Mama Oello were thus the beneficent Genii of Peru. They came from an unknown country. Manco taught the people to till the ground, and Mama taught them to spin flax. They founded the city of Cuzco. The tradition went further, that they built a temple to the Sun, established his worship, and gave a code of laws. They transmitted the kingdom to a line which pronounced themselves to be the pure blood of the Sun, and preserved the purity of their blood by the extraordinary precaution of marrying their own sisters, the offspring of those unnatural unions being alone eligible to the throne.

In the course of four centuries from the days of Manco Capac, the Peruvians counted twelve princes, who continued to conquer the provinces adjoining to Cuzco, until Huayna Capac, the prince contemporary with the arrival of the Spaniards in America, completed the empire by conquering Quito. The empire now extended from Chili to Quito, and the vigorous administration of the Inca promised to civilize the rude tribes which composed the chief population with great rapidity. His reign was said to have been the means of establishing three great features of civilization—a common language, a chain of posts for the conveyance of the government orders through his kingdom and high-roads, two great lines of communication which reached from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of more than 1500 miles, passing over mountains, through marshes, across deserts, and furnished at intervals with caravanseras large enough to contain thousands of troops; and so far was this system of accommodation carried, that in some instances these caravanseras were furnished with the means of repairing the equipments and arms of the troops and travellers.

One of the most curious questions of the antiquarian, though one with which the present volume does not perplex itself, is the origin of those vast nations. That America was peopled from the north of Asia seems now beyond all doubt. The discoveries in the higher latitudes by our own immortal Cook, and by his adventurous and scientific followers, establish the perfect facility with which a navigation, even canoes, could be carried on between the northern dominions of Russia and the west coast of North America. The intercourse even now is common, as it has probably been from the earliest ages. The Russian colonist settles as freely on the American shore as in Siberia; and the Esquimaux is in every feature, in every traditional remembrance, the twin brother of the Tartar. The common stimulant of early emigration, hunger, might easily drive successive hordes of the Siberian wanderers to seek for food on the coast covered with the beauties of nature, and which they continually reached in their fishing excursions; and the settlement once made, the young fertility of

the continent must have drawn them constantly towards the south.

But America seems palpably to have owed its inhabitants to at least two distinct races of progenitors, as it contains two totally distinct classes of mankind; one portion exhibiting the most inveterate rudeness, savage ferocity, and repulsion of all improvement; the other, inventive, luxurious, plastic. The former poor, hating the cultivation of the soil, and living in a state of fierce disunion; the latter opulent, covering the soil with produce, and assembling in great politic communities. Nothing can be a stronger contrast than the whole scale of manners, pursuits, and principles of the Americans of the North, and the Americans of the regions bordering on the line, and to the south of the line: the Red man, athletic, violent, and sanguinary, living in the forest, incapable of living in community, making perpetual war, but making it on the most isolated and individual scale, a wanderer, destitute of a settled place of worship, of a legislature, or of a king; and the sallow son of Mexico and Peru, slight, patient, and peaceable, living in large quiet villages, or regularly ordered cities, seldom making war, but then making it by armies, and not for revenge, but for conquest; building great temples, with a numerous priesthood, and observance of high public sanctity, with known codes of law, and with hereditary successions of kings, held in the most solemn and Oriental reverence. Their passion for personal ornament, the gaudier parts of painting and sculpture; their religion the worship of the heavenly bodies; their writing hieroglyphic; all are full of the evidences of an Oriental origin; but of an origin derived from nations of the south of Asia. Humboldt quotes an old Chinese tradition of a tribe of their nation, which, having revolted, had marched to the north, and had never been heard of after. The South American visage is certainly not Chinese; but in the convulsions of the immense and unknown territories which lie to the east and south of China, and which have shared in the convulsions of that empire, nothing is more probable than the total emigration of one of the nations of Birmah, Pegu, Malacca, or even of the Japanese territories to the north, where no enemy would be likely to pursue them, from the north with its snows and tempests to the new region on the opposite shore of the ocean, and from the north of that new region down successively to Russia, and the regions below the Isthmus. By this conduit the arts, laws, and worship of Asia might have gradually passed through the New World, until they found their establishment in the fertile, and especially the metalliferous regions of the south. The interior of North America still contains evidences of the dwelling, or rather of the passage of great multitudes of men, in a land long almost destitute of inhabitants; the mounds and remnants of intrenchments in the country west of the Mississippi are indications of the sojourn, though probably a brief one, of nations who were making a progress to the

south. There are no remnants of the massive and formal architecture of cities. All is the temporary fortification, the rough mound, which was necessary for the defence of the settlement against rival migrations, or, in some instances, was raised as barriers against the inundations of the numerous lakes and rivers. The descendant of the Tartar remained in the forest, both because he there found the location best suited to his original savagery, an easily formed habitation, and food for the trouble of killing it, and because, at the moment of emerging from the forest, he found himself in the presence of nations, his superiors in civilization, his masters by discipline, and possessing resources for war to which his rude and dislocated assaults were utterly unequal. The more intelligent Asiatic, on the contrary, continually passed on from region to region, establishing kingdoms until he had reached that point beyond which he must again descend into a wilder, poorer, and more repulsive country. Thus, as the Mexican founded his empire in the rich region to the north of the Isthmus, the Peruvian fixed his royal seat on the table-land to the south, and there, under a horizon of clouds, which by one of the simplest, yet most singular contrivances of nature, perpetually shields him from the fervour of the vertical sun, and on an elevation which gives him health and freshness, in the midst of a region of pestilential vapours and airs of fire, he has built cities which rival some of the noblest in the Old World.

Among the traditions of the original settlements is one, that the lost tribes of Israel, after the fall of the Babylonian dynasty, had revolted, marched in a body to the north-east of Assyria, plunged into the vast inscrutable deserts and forests of the polar circle, and disappeared only to emerge in North America. A considerable number of observances, in which the Jews and the Indians curiously coincide, have furnished a ground-work for speculations on the subject, which seem, however, destined to rest for ever in conjecture. But here antiquarianism finds what it best loves, an endless field for its labours, a history without facts, to substantiate a theory without foundations, obscurities that defy all research, and probabilities that no investigation can strengthen, and no reasoning overthrow.

The long delay of the Spanish invasion was among the most memorable instances of that fortune which gave the New World into the hands of the Old. A few years earlier would have found Peru under the government of a vigorous, sagacious, and warlike king, by whom the adventurers might have been extinguished at a blow. But they came in at the time of a disputed succession. The mighty empire of Peru was laid open to them by a civil war. An inexperienced sovereign, a doubtful title, and a divided allegiance, broke down the chief barriers against the foreign enemy, and Spanish arms, and Spanish thirst of gold, did the rest.

The history of the succession and the overthrow alike prove that man is the same every

where, and that the same causes will produce the same disasters at the Line as at the Pole. Huayna Capac, the conquering monarch, in whose reign the empire had risen to its greatest height, left at his death the sceptre to Huascar, his son, by the Coya or empress; and the province of Quito to Atahualpa, an elder, but illegitimate son by the daughter of the chief Cacique of Quito. Atahualpa raised the standard of rebellion in Quito, was overthrown, and flung into chains. From these he got free, pretending that the Sun, father of his fathers, had changed him into a lizard, and thus enabled him to escape. He now raised an army, marched to Cuzco, and took Huascar prisoner. At this period the usurper received the first intelligence of the approach of the Spaniards, against whom he marched without delay. Pizarro, after two months, occupied in a march which, in later times, has occupied scarcely more than a week, entered the Peruvian city of Caxamalca on the 15th of November, 1532. A formidable vision now rose before him on the range of the mountains; the army of the Inca lay encamped to bar his progress to Cuzco, and encamped with a regularity that told him he was at last to encounter an army that might task all his powers.

But Pizarro had probably even now intended to trust to a more effective weapon with a simple and generous people than the sword. Establishing his quarters in the principal square of the city, which, from its being surrounded with a high wall, served as a citadel, into this fortress he formed the design of alluring the Inca; and the steps by which he proceeded are well calculated to exhibit the remorseless craft and dexterous audacity of this celebrated man. Sending two of his officers with detachments of cavalry to bear his homage to the Inca, Atahualpa came forth in his pomp to meet these warlike envoys. Seated on a throne of gold and jewels, he sent to demand the purpose of their entering his country. They answered, that their captain, Don Francisco Pizarro, greatly desired to be admitted to his presence, to give him an account of his reasons for coming to Peru, and to entreat him to sup in the city on that night, or dine with him on the following day. The Inca replied, that it was then late, but that he would enter the city on the following day;—that he should enter with his army, a measure, however, which ought not to disconcert the Spaniards.

That day was a memorable one in the annals of the Incas. Atahualpa, probably excited by a hazardous curiosity, proceeded to the city at the head of 20,000 of his warriors, attended by a multitude of women, as bearers of the luggage. The person of the sovereign was a blaze of jewels. He was borne on a litter plated with gold, overshadowed with plumes, and carried on the shoulders of his chief nobles. On his forehead was the Borla, the sacred tuft of scarlet, which he wore as the descendant of the Sun. The whole moved to the sound of music, with the solemnity of a religious procession. At this mo-

ment there was remaining a chance of averting the fall of the empire. The slowness of the procession had brought it late into the evening, and the Peruvians began to pitch their tents in evident preparation for halting for the night. But Pizarro had made preparations for treachery, which could scarcely fail of being discovered by a multitude suffered to remain so close to the spot. He had placed musketry in ambush, planted his cannon so as to command the gates, divided his cavalry into squadrons, under his principal officers, for the attack; and, forming a body-guard of twenty shield-bearers, prepared to capture, or destroy, his unhappy guest. Some of the Spanish historians, solicitous for the honour of their country, argue, that the Inca was only caught in his own snare, that his object was to destroy the Spaniards, and that his request that the horses and dogs might be tied up, was a proof that he contemplated violence. But Spanish honour ought to be sustained on firmer grounds. The Inca's request that these animals should be kept out of sight, which most alarmed his people, and of course most easily disposed them to retaliation, was a perfectly natural one. His dismissal of three-fourths of his escort was a sign of peace, when he might have brought his whole army with him. His personal entrance within the walls was an obvious risk, which he must have felt, and might have avoided by awaiting Pizarro in his camp. And the true place for practising any violence against the Spaniards would as obviously have been the open field; for, defective as Peruvian warfare might be, the Inca was a soldier, and must have known how much more important numbers are in the open field, than in narrow streets and among walls. The natural conclusion evidently is, that the unfortunate Indian was stimulated to his ruin by his curiosity; that he put himself in hazard to see a race of men who appeared to the Indian eye the most powerful, strange, splendid, and exalted of mankind; a race who, coming from the rising sun, were the direct inheritors of his fire, his lustre, and his supremacy.

On the Inca's entering within the fatal gates from which he was never to return, this curiosity was his chief emotion. Forgetting the habitual Oriental gravity of the throne, he started up and continued standing as he passed along, gazing with marked eagerness at every surrounding object. Valverde, the Dominican friar, now approached, bearing a cross and a Bible. The friar commenced a harangue which must have been singularly repulsive to the native ear. He declared that the Pope had given the Indies to Spain; that the Inca was bound to obey; that the book which he carried contained the only true mode of worshipping Heaven; and that the new Governor of Peru offered its Inca peace, unless he would see his country the victim of war.

"Where am I to find your religion?" said the Inca.

"In this book," said the priest.

The Inca declared that whatever might be the

peaceful intentions of the Spaniards, "he knew how they had acted on the road, how they had treated his Caciques, and burned his villages." He then took the Bible, and turned over some of the leaves, put it eagerly to his lips, and said, "This," said he, "has no tongue; it tells nothing."

With these words he flung it contemptuously on the ground. The friar exclaimed at this impiety, and called on his countrymen for revenge. The Inca soon felt the danger of his situation, and turning, spoke some words to his people, which were answered by murmurs of indignation and vengeance. At this moment Pizarro gave the signal to the troops; a general discharge of cannon, musketry, and crossbows, fell and smote down the unfortunate Peruvians. The cavalry were next let loose, and they broke through the king's guard at the first shock. There was now come to consummate this bloody treachery. While the Inca was in the first confusion and astonishment, Pizarro rushed forward, at the head of his shield-bearers to seize him. He saw the unfortunate sovereign surrounded by a circle of soldiers, singularly displaying the passive fortitude and devoted loyalty that characterize the Indians of the East to this hour. They never move except to throw themselves upon the Spanish sword. They saw that their prince was doomed, and they unresistingly gave themselves up to him. The circle rapidly thinned, and the Inca, who might have perished by the happier death of a warrior, was left alone. But Pizarro felt the importance of such a prize, and he determined to seize him. Calling aloud to his soldiers to lift no hand against the Inca, he forced his way to the litter, grasping Atahualpa's mantle, suddenly drew him to the ground. The Peruvians, seeing their chief fall in the midst of a crowd of Spanish soldiers, conceived that he was slain; and, by another display of Oriental customs, instantly gave up the battle. With the supposed death of the sovereign, all struggle was at an end. The effort now was for flight. The multitude, overcome by force of despair, burst through one of the gates and fled over the open country. Two thousand Peruvians lay dead within the gates. The surprise had been so complete, that not a single Spaniard was fallen; and but one was wounded, Pizarro himself, whose hand had been struck by the sword of one of his own soldiers, in the general rush to seize the person of the Inca.

The scene of triumph, plunder, and glittering anticipation that followed, is unrivalled in the dreams of Spanish avarice were now to be done no more. They had played a sanguinary game; but they were now to reap its gains, to a degree never enjoyed by invaders before. The captive prince, at length learned the true purpose for which the invaders came, to treat for his ransom. He offered to cover the floor of the chamber, in which the Spaniards assigned his quarters, with wedges of gold and silver; but on seeing that his jailers received his offer with the laughter of incredulity, whi

constrained into the laughter of contempt, he started haughtily on his feet, and stretching his arms as high as it could reach, told them that he could give them that chamber full, to the mark which he then touched with his hand. It is still remembered that this chamber was twenty-two feet long, and sixteen wide, and that the point which he touched on the wall was nine feet high. The offer implied a quantity of wealth almost incalculable. Pizarro hesitated no longer, but instantly despatched three of his soldiers with the Inca's messengers to hasten the arrival of this unparalleled ransom.

The chief treasure of the land had been stored in the temples, and the prince's order had been directed to the priests, to send it without delay to Cuzamalca. The Spanish collectors were received, through the long route of six hundred miles to Cuzco, with all but divine honours. And their own astonishment was not less excited by the contrast of the noble and lovely country through which they now travelled, with the rude deserts and inhospitable tribes on the borders of the empire. They were compelled perpetually to admire the breadth and excellence of the roads, the neatness of the cottages, the richness of the cultivation, and the magnitude, regularity, and wealth of the cities. All these impressions must have derived a part of their force from the memory of the rude parts of Spain, and of the desolate and death-dealing regions through which the early adventurers had toiled their way to the barriers of Mexico and Peru. But nothing can account for the recorded sustenance of the multitudes of Peru, their wealth, their laws, their fabrics of cotton, and even their attempts in science and literature, but the existence of a wise and ancient frame of government, the recollections of a civilized origin, and the intelligence of a sagacious, peaceful, and active public mind.

The profligacy of the Spanish messengers defeated their mission. The Indians had no sooner discovered that their new gods were less than man, than they buried their treasures. The ornaments of the temples were concealed by the priests, and the messengers were eluded, until Pizarro was compelled to send his brother Hernando with twenty horse to secure the performance of the treaty. Even this resolute and keen plunderer was comparatively baffled. But he brought back with him twenty-six horse loads of gold, and a thousand pounds weight of silver. Additional treasure was brought by some of the captive Caciques and generals of the Inca, and Pizarro at length proceeded to make the first division of this magnificent spoil.

After deducting the fifth for the king, the portion to each horse-soldier was 9000 pesos (ounces) of gold, and 300 marcos (eight ounces each) of silver. The share allotted to the commander-in-chief amounted to 57,220 pesos of gold, and 2350 marcos of silver, besides the gold tablet from the litter of the Inca, valued at 25,000 pesos. This was the full triumph of avarice; the next crisis was to be the struggle of ambition; a fierce, fruit-

less, and gloomy struggle, which, after cheating these daring men with gleams of success, and compelling them to feel the whole misery of precarious power, laid them all in succession in a bloody grave. The government of the empire was next to be seized. Pizarro had hitherto practised the dexterous policy of governing by a fallen king; but ambition blinded him, and he resolved to seize the empire in his own name. The Inca was charged with fomenting insurrection, and by a foul blot upon even the blotted name of Spanish honour, he was put to death. His Caciques and nobles shared his fate, or were scattered through the continent. A boy, the son of the Inca, was substituted a puppet on the throne; and Pizarro, after a series of battles, in which the Peruvians proved at once their despair, their devotedness, and their inferiority to the Spanish discipline and arms, in the November of 1533, took possession of the royal city of Cuzco.

A new scene of riot and plunder ensued on this new triumph. But the spoil of Cuzco was to be divided among 480 claimants. Still, each individual received 4000 pesos; enormous opulence! but the curse of guilty gain was upon it. The value of the treasure, of course, rapidly diminished, with its accumulation. It was soon given into the hands of the multitude who follow in the skirts of an army to plunder the plunderers. The common necessities of life became beyond the power of purchase; and the Spaniard was seen at once tottering under loads of gold, and perishing for want of bread.

Avarice had now been banqueted on the most lavish feast ever offered to the love of gold. Ambition, too, had been banqueted on a mighty empire. Personal honour, the third great stimulant of minds capable of being influenced by the feelings of the world, were now to be lavished on Pizarro and his associates. Never were obscure men so long and magnificently indulged by fortune. Hernando brought back for himself the order of St. Jago, the title of Admiral and a patent for raising a new army; for the Marshal Almagro, the government of a territory of six hundred miles along the coast; and for his brother the title of Marquis, and an extension of sixty leagues to his government, including the city of Cuzco. The friar, Valverde, was appointed Bishop of Cuzco by the Pope.

Pizarro had now ascended the height from which all change must be descent. He quickly felt the calamity of having nothing more to hope, and having every thing to fear. Sudden and desperate dissensions broke out in the empire, which continued to put him in peril, and hazard the extinction of his entire authority, at a period when he longed only for rest. A still more formidable peril arose from the indignation of his associate, Almagro, a man of great sagacity and bravery, but an unequal match for Pizarro in craft and self-command. Civil war commenced, and the Indians saw with delight the rival lances couched, which were to avenge them on their tyrants. In the decisive battle, in which Almagro, incapacita-

ted by illness, gave the command to Orgonez, the troops of Pizarro, commanded by his brother Hernando, totally defeated those of the Marahal. Almagro, unable to sit upon his horse, was the unhappy spectator of the defeat from the side of the mountain, and flying to the Cuzco, was taken prisoner, tried for treason, and strangled in prison at the age of sixty-three. But there were other spectators of this memorable engagement—the Indians, who crowded the hills, and as the two armies advanced against each other, expressed their joy by wild gestures and shouts which rent the air. And at the close of the battle, when the field was left silent, and covered with the fallen Spaniards, they poured down, like troops of wild beasts, to make havoc of the corpses, and insult and mutilate the remnants of those whom they knew only as murderers and oppressors. A still deeper vengeance was at hand. Hernando Pizarro had been sent to Europe with a new instalment of treasure for the King. But the reports of the civil war had already reached the royal ear—the ambition of his family probably sharpened the sense of royal justice—and it became politic to coerce the most powerful and daring brother of a man, who might take the first advantage of his situation to place himself on the throne of Peru. Hernando was ordered to stand his trial at the demand of Diego de Alvarado, the friend of the dead Almagro. His sentence was that of imprisonment. He was removed from prison to prison, until at length he was placed in the castle of La Mota de Medina, where he languished forgotten till the year 1560.

Pizarro, now Marquis de las Caschaz, unmoved by the fate of his brother, proceeded in a course of violence and haughtiness, which hourly increased the hostility of his enemies and the disgust of his friends. Diego, the son of Almagro, was growing into reputation, and his sword already longed to avenge the blood of his father. A conspiracy was formed in Lima among the partisans of Almagro, and the discontented soldiers of the governor. Pizarro was in vain warned of designs, which soon became obvious to every eye but his own. The conspirators, at noonday, rushed into his house, found him with but two of his friends and two pages, and killed all who were in the room; after a long struggle, Pizarro, who had been brought to the ground by a thrust in the throat, and found himself dying, asked only for a confessor. His only answer was a pitcher of water violently flung in his face. He fell back and died, closed his famous career at the age of sixty-five—a course of the most memorable fortune, sustained by the most heroic daring, the most dexterous sagacity, and the most persevering determination; but degraded by the most unhesitating fraud, and stained by the most remorseless cruelty. In the age of Paganism, Pizarro would have been ranked among the immortals as a hero. In the middle ages, he might have been characterized as possessed by a fiend. In our more sober time, we can only lament the perversion of noble powers, and still

nobler opportunities, the waste of genius and valour in the service of rapacity and crime.

The volume which has led us to these notions of the early exploits of discovery, is the Spanish History of Quintana; for the translation of which, the public are indebted to Mrs. Hodson, a lady well known to literature as Miss Holford, author of "Wallace," and other very spirited and graceful performances. It must be almost superfluous to speak of the translation by such a pen, as being intelligent, animated, and accurate; the Spanish idiom is purified, without being altogether extinguished; the narrative is conducted with the ease of an accomplished English writer; and the translator is entitled to all the gratification of knowing that she has added to our literary treasures a volume which singularly combines the genius of romance with fact; and, while it supplies us with curious details of countries already rising to the rank of European civilization, and bearing a sudden and important influence in European affairs, gives us examples of energy and intrepidity, vigour of enterprise, and force of character, that elevate the standard of the human mind.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

On the Vitality of Toads enclosed in Stone and Wood. By the Rev. W. BUCKLAND, F. R. S., F. L. S., F. G. S., and Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Oxford. Communicated by the Author.

IN the month of November 1825, I commenced the following experiments with a view to explain the frequent discoveries of toads enclosed within blocks of stone and wood, in cavities that are said to have no communication with the external air.

In one large block of coarse oolitic limestone, (the Oxford oolite from the quarries of Hedington) twelve circular cells were prepared, each about one foot deep and five inches in diameter, and having a groove or shoulder at its upper margin fitted to receive a circular plate of glass, and a circular slate to protect the glass; the margin of this double cover was closed round, and rendered impenetrable to air and water by a luting of soft clay. Twelve smaller cells, each six inches deep and five inches in diameter, were made in another block of compact siliceous sandstone, viz. the Pennant Grit of the Coal formation near Bristol; these cells also were covered with similar plates of glass and slate cemented at the edge by clay. The object of the glass covers was to allow the animals to be inspected, without disturbing the clay so as to admit external air or insects into the cell. The limestone is so porous that it is easily permeable by water, and probably also by air; the sandstone is very compact.

On the 26th of November 1825, one live toad was placed in each of the above-mentioned twenty-four cells, and the double cover of glass and

is placed over each of them and cemented with the luting of clay; the weight of each and in grains was ascertained and noted by Dr. Anbony and Mr. Dillwyn, at the time of their being placed in the cells; that of the smallest was 15 grains, and of the largest 1185 grains. The large and small animals were distributed in equal proportion between the limestone and the sandstone cells.

These blocks of stone were buried together in my garden beneath three feet of earth, and remained unopened until the 10th of December 1826, on which day they were examined. Every toad in the smaller cells of the compact sandstone was dead, and the bodies of most of them so much decayed, that they must have been dead some months. The greater number of those in the larger cells of porous limestone were alive. No. 1, whose weight when immured was 924 grains, now weighed only 698 grains. No. 5, whose weight when immured was 1185 grains, now weighed 1265 grains. The glass cover over his cell was slightly cracked, so that minute insects might have entered; none, however, were discovered in this cell; but in another cell, whose glass was broken, and the animal within it dead, there was a large assemblage of minute insects, and a similar assemblage also on the outside of the glass of a third cell. In the cell No. 9, a toad which, when put in, weighed 988 grains, had increased to 1116 grains, and the glass over it was entire; but as the luting of the cell within which this toad had increased in weight was not particularly examined, it is probable there was some aperture in it, by which small insects found admission. No. 11 had decreased from 936 grains to 652 grains.

When they were first examined in December 1826, not only were all the small toads dead, but the larger ones appeared much emaciated, with the two exceptions above mentioned. We have already stated that these probably owed their increased weight to the insects which had found access to the cells and become their food.

The death of every individual of every size in the smaller cells of compact sandstone, appears to have resulted from a deficiency in the supply of air, in consequence of the smallness of the cells, and the impermeable nature of the stone; the larger volume of air originally enclosed in the cells of the limestone, and the porous nature of this stone itself (permeable as it is slowly by water and probably also by air) seems to have favoured the duration of life to the animals enclosed in them without food.

It should be noticed that there is a defect in these experiments, arising from the treatment of the twenty-four toads before they were enclosed in the blocks of stone. They were shut up and buried on the 26th of November, but the greater number of them had been caught more than two months before that time, and had been imprisoned altogether in a cucumber frame placed on common garden earth, where the supply of food

to so many individuals was probably scanty, and their confinement unnatural, so that they were in an unhealthy and somewhat meagre state at the time of their imprisonment. We can therefore scarcely argue with certainty from the death of all these individuals within two years, as to the duration of life which might have been maintained had they retired spontaneously and fallen into the torpor of their natural hibernization in good bodily condition.

The results of our experiments amount to this; all the toads both large and small enclosed in sandstone, and the small toads in the limestone also, were dead at the end of thirteen months. Before the expiration of the second year, all the large ones also were dead; these were examined several times during the second year through the glass covers of the cells, but without the removing them to admit air; they appeared always awake with their eyes open, and never in a state of torpor, their meagreness increasing at each interval in which they were examined, until at length they were found dead; those two, also, which had gained an accession of weight at the end of the first year, and were then carefully closed up again, were emaciated and dead before the expiration of the second year.

At the same time that these toads were enclosed in stone, four other toads of middling size were enclosed in three holes cut for this purpose, on the north side of the trunk of an apple tree; two being placed in the largest cell, and each of the others in a single cell; the cells were nearly circular, about five inches deep and three inches in diameter; they were carefully closed up with a plug of wood, so as to exclude access of insects, and apparently were air-tight; when examined at the end of a year, every one of the toads was dead and their bodies were decayed.

From the fatal result of the experiments made in the small cells cut in the apple tree, and the block of compact sandstone, it seems to follow that toads cannot live a year excluded totally from atmospheric air; and from the experiments in the larger cells within the block of oolite limestone, it seems probable that they cannot survive two years entirely excluded from food; we may therefore conclude, that there is a want of sufficiently minute and accurate observation in those so frequently recorded cases, where toads are said to be found alive within blocks of stone and wood, in cavities that had no communication whatever with the external air. The fact of my two toads having increased in weight at the end of a year, notwithstanding the care that was taken to enclose them perfectly by a luting of clay, shows how very small an aperture will admit minute insects sufficient to maintain life. In the cell No. 5, where the glass was slightly cracked, the communication though small was obvious: but, in the cell No. 9, where the glass cover remained entire, and where it appears certain, from the increased weight of the enclosed animal, that insects must have found admission, we have an example

of these minute animals finding their way into a cell, to which great care had been taken to prevent any possibility of access.

Admitting, then, that toads are occasionally found in cavities of wood and stone, with which there is no communication sufficiently large to allow the ingress and egress of the animal enclosed in them, we may, I think, find a solution of such phenomena in the habits of these reptiles, and of the insects which form their food. The first effect of the young toad, as soon as it has left its tadpole state and emerged from the water, is to seek shelter in holes and crevices of rocks and trees. An individual, which, when young, may have thus entered a cavity by some very narrow aperture, would find abundance of food by catching insects, which like itself seek shelter within such cavities, and may soon have increased so much in bulk as to render it impossible to go out again, through the narrow aperture at which it entered. A small hole of this kind is very likely to be overlooked by common workmen, who are the only people whose operations on stone and wood disclose cavities in the interior of such substances. In the case of toads, snakes, and lizards, that occasionally issue from stones that are broken in a quarry, or in sinking wells, and sometimes even from strata of coal at the bottom of a coal mine, the evidence is never perfect to show that the reptiles were entirely enclosed in a solid rock; no examination is ever made until the reptile is first discovered by the breaking of the mass in which it was contained, and then it is too late to ascertain without carefully replacing every fragment (and in no case that I have seen reported has this ever been done) whether or not there was any hole or crevice by which the animal may have entered the cavity from which it was extracted. Without previous examination it is almost impossible to prove that there was no such communication. In the case of rocks near the surface of the earth, and in stone quarries, reptiles find ready admission to holes and fissures. We have a notorious example of this kind in the lizard found in a chalk pit, and brought alive to the late Dr. Clarke. In the case also of wells and coal pits, a reptile that had fallen down the well or shaft, and survived its fall, would seek its natural retreat in the first hole or crevice it could find, and the miner dislodging it from this cavity to which his previous attention had not been called, might in ignorance conclude that the animal was coeval with the stone from which he had extracted it.

It remains only to consider the case, (of which I know not any authenticated example,) of toads that have been said to be found in cavities within blocks of limestone to which, on careful examination, no access whatever could be discovered, and where the animal was absolutely and entirely closed up with stone. Should any such case ever have existed, it is probable that the communication between this cavity and the external surface had been closed up by stalactitic incrustation

after the animal had become too large to make its escape. A similar explanation may be offered of the much more probable case of a live toad being entirely surrounded with solid wood. In each case the animal would have continued to increase in bulk so long as the smallest aperture remained by which air and insects could find admission; it would probably become torpid as soon as this aperture was entirely closed by the accumulation of stalactite or the growth of wood; but it still remains to be ascertained how long this state of torpor may continue under total exclusion from food, and from external air: and although the experiments above recorded show that life did not extend two years in the case of any one of the individuals which formed the subjects of them, yet, for reasons which have been specified, they are not decisive to show that a state of torpor, or suspended animation, may not be endured for a much longer time by toads that are healthy and well fed up, to the moment when they are finally cut off from food, and from all direct access to atmospheric air.

The common experiment of burying a toad in a flower-pot covered with a tile, is of no value, unless the cover be carefully luted to the pot, and the whole at the bottom of the pot also closed, so as to exclude all possible access of air, earthworms, and insects. I have heard of two or three experiments of this kind, in which these precautions have not been taken, and in which, at the end of a year, the toads have been found alive and well.

Besides the toads enclosed in stone and wood, four others were placed each in a small basin of plaster of Paris, four inches deep and five inches in diameter, having a cover of the same material carefully luted round with clay; these were buried at the same time and in the same place with the blocks of stone, and on being examined at the same time with them in December, 1826, two of the toads were dead, the other two alive, but much emaciated. We can only collect from this experiment, that a thin plate of plaster of Paris is permeable to air in a sufficient degree to maintain the life of a toad for thirteen months.

In the 19th Vol. No. 1, p. 167, of *Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts*, David Thomas, Esq. has published some observations on frogs and toads in stone and solid earth, enumerating several authentic and well attested cases; these, however, amount to no more than a repetition of the facts so often stated and admitted to be true, viz. that torpid reptiles occur in cavities of stone, and at the depth of many feet in soil and earth; but, they state not any thing to disprove the possibility of a small aperture, by which these cavities may have had communication with the external surface, and insects have been admitted.

The attention of the discoverer is always directed more to the toad than to the minutiae of the state of the cavity in which it was contained.

In the *Literary Gazette* of March 12, 1831, p. 169, there is a very interesting account of the

of a tame male toad, that was domesticated and fully observed during almost two years by F. C. Huxenbeth. During two winters, from November to March, he ate no food, though not become torpid, but grew thin and much less than at other times. During the winter of 1828, he gradually lost his appetite and finally recovered it. He was well fed two summers, and after the end of the winter, on the 23rd of March, 1829, he was found dead. His death was apparently caused by an unusually long continuance of severe cold, which seemed to exhaust him before his appetite returned. He could not have died of starvation, for the day before his death he was as lively as fly.

Johnson also, in his tracts on Natural History, (London 1799,) records a series of observations which he made on tame frogs, and some toads; these were directed chiefly to ascertain the absorbent power of the skin of these animals, and show that they take in and reject through their skin alone, by a rapid process of absorption and evaporation,—a frog absorbs sometimes in half an hour as much as its own weight, and in a few hours the whole weight of water, and nearly as rapidly it gets off when placed in any position that is dry and removed from moisture. Dr. T. Constantine remarks that the frog tribe never drink water, and must be supplied by means of absorption through the skin. Both frogs and toads have a large bladder, which is often found full of "whatever this fluid may be, (he says,) it is as distilled water and equally tasteless; as sweet as well as that of the toad which I have tasted, as that of frogs."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Scriptorum Historiæ Byzantinæ: Editio novior et copiosior, consilio B. G. Niebuhr instituta: viz. Syncellus, 2 tom.; Theophanes, 1 tom.; Chronicon Paschale, 2 tom.; Theophylactus, 1 tom.; Dexippus, Eunapius, &c., 1.; Constantinus Porphyrogenitus, 2 tom.; Leo Diaconus, 1 tom.; Nicephorus Callistus, 2 tom.; Cantacuzenus, 3 tom. 15 8vo. Bonnæ, 1828—1832.

fortunes of the Byzantine or Eastern Empire present phenomena unparalleled in the history of the human race: no other government has we have either read or heard could have for half a century the operation of any single causes that during a thousand years led for its destruction. Externally superior by force superior in number, in discipline in valour, it seemed as if its safety was secured by cowardice, and its security by defeat. Internally were at work all those causes that usually effect the destruction of perfidy and profligacy triumphant in the East.—Vol XXI.

palace, ferocious bigotry based at once on enthusiasm and hypocrisy ruling the church, civil dissensions equally senseless and bloody distracting the state, complete demoralization pervading every rank of society from the palace to the cottage—such were the elements of ruin, not antagonized but combined, whose destructive energies slumbered not during ten centuries, and were yet resisted during that long lapse of ages by an empire, which, to call feeble, would be sadly to overrate its strength. Constantinople, designed by its founder to be the capital of an empire that should unite the power of the western and eastern world, and make its rulers successors at once of Cæsar and Cyrus, combined in its government all the faults of Roman and Persian despotism, possessed the merits of neither, and surpassed the duration of both. The centralization of feeling which made every citizen through the vast extent of the Roman dominions regard the City of the Seven Hills as "the home of his soul," was lost when the palladium of empire was removed from the banks of the Tiber to the shores of the Bosphorus; but craft, cunning, fraud, treachery, and all the vices of unlicensed despotism accompanied the court, and were the only faithful companions of its enervation. The tinge of eastern habits and feelings which the imperial government received by its closer approximation to Asia, brought to the monarch no additional assurance of safety; the submission of the Asiatic is blind and unreasoning, a prostration of intellect as well as of body; he submits to tyranny as he would to fate, and regards the decrees of despotism as fixed as those of destiny. In outward form the Greek crouched as low as the Persian, the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance fell more glibly from his tongue; but there was a mental reservation in his loyalty, a secret condition understood in his allegiance, and he hesitated not to join in conspiracy or revolt, if the emperor professed an obnoxious doctrine, disregarded the reveries of some favoured theologian, or admired the blue more than the red chariots of the circus. The problem to be solved in the history of most dynasties is "why they fell," but the Byzantine alone perplexes us with the inquiry, "why it did not fall," a difficulty of which it is by no means easy to obtain a satisfactory solution.

Explanations indeed of this extraordinary "life-in-death" are offered to us in countless abundance; every historian has his own favourite theory on the subject, some poetic, some prosaic, some ingenious, some absurd; some whimsical, some argumentative; but all unfortunately unsatisfactory. The truth is, that the conservative agency must have been just as diversified as the destructive; simplicity of causation lends more grace to theory than verity to history; there is scarcely a recorded fact, and certainly no succession of facts, that has not resulted from the combination of many circumstances, and therefore he who endeavours to give to historical science the simplicity, the precision,

and the certainty of mathematical, "dat operam ut cum ratione insanias;"—he is metaphysically mad. The life of an individual cannot be reduced to abstract propositions of cause and effect; let any one make the effort for himself, and he will find occurrences in his own personal experience that violate all ordinary rules, and are explicable by no common formula of calculation; the history of a nation must necessarily present more and greater anomalies, for many matters that in their consequences exercised wondrous influence, may appear, and frequently have appeared at the time of their occurrence, too trivial to be recorded.

The causes separately assigned for the continuance of the Byzantine empire are insufficient to account for the phenomenon, though we have no doubt that each had some share in its preservation; and as their effects can be traced by a double analysis, (for the same causes now operate in maintaining the Turkish power in the very same localities,) they are not unworthy of a brief examination. One writer eloquently tells us that the impregnable situation of the capital is a complete solution of the entire mystery. "When," says he "the barbarians thundered at the gates of Constantinople, when its walls quivered beneath the battering engines, and its battlements were swept by the towers of the besiegers, then was the existence of the empire periled, then did the pillars of its temple bend, and the ark of its safety trembled in the shrine; but when it was found that the walls, though shaken, could not be levelled, that the battlements, though cleared, could not be mounted, the baffled barbarians withdrew, and the forces of the empire rallied once more to the centre of dominion, where they found the ark still preserved, the temple uninjured and unimpaired." Unfortunately this theory is far more remarkable for poetic beauty than sober reason;—capital, temple, shrine and palladium, all fell before Baldwin and before Dandolo—but the Byzantine empire survived the catastrophe, and seems to have suffered little in its stability from the shock. Stability indeed is a term little suited to the tottering power of the successors of Constantine, but language has not as yet supplied us with a proper designation for the strength of weakness, and the vitality of decay.

But we by no means wish to deny that the position of Constantinople contributed in no small degree to protect the duration of the empire; the appearance of the Russian cross on the dome of Saint Sophia would now be the Ichabod of the Mahomedan reign, and the combatants during the late war felt a thorough conviction that Turkey would cease to exist when "the dogs of Moscow" had entered the gates of Stamboul. There are certain feelings of hereditary respect, certain reminiscences of glory, that sometimes take the name and not unfrequently produce the effect of patriotism, and these are for the most part identified with localities, and lead

to a mental union of the fate of the metropolis with the fate of the kingdom.

Another and perhaps more plausible theory accounts for the continuance of the Byzantine empire, by the unity of purpose which it derived from the completeness of its despotism. The Cæsars, it is said, were limited monarchs compared with the successors of Constantine, and the Russian autocrat a constitutional sovereign when contrasted with the rulers of Byzantium. We more than doubt the existence of this perfect despotism; both the clergy and the populace claimed and often exercised a control over the emperors; there was, we grant, always an autocracy in theory, but it was rarely to be found in practice. Still we do not in this instance deny the conservative energies of despotism; no other form of government can possess a centralizing power in periods of weakness and demoralization, when patriotism is an empty name, honour a mockery, and virtue regarded as a delusive dream—let not despotic power be deprived of its legitimate boast, it is the only support of vicious weakness, and the last stay of an empire in its decline. We do not reject it wholly from the causes that maintained a tottering throne, but we doubt if, unaided by other matters, it would have been able to support it alone.

Pride in the Roman or Grecian name is generally rejected by historians from the list of causes assigned for the duration of the Byzantine empire, but, as we think, on very insufficient grounds. Every page of the historians of the lower empire proves that they claimed as their own the proud recollections both of Greek and Roman story; that Alexander and Cæsar were equally regarded as authors of their claims to dominion, and that they clung to these delusive shadows as if memory had been identified with hope, as if the past were certain to be renewed in the future, and the fortunes of their nation a revolving cycle, which should restore all former pride, pomp and circumstance, when its revolution was completed. It is true that these claims were wholly unfounded, "dream of a dream and shadow of a shade," that on examination they would be found as futile and ridiculous as the claim of the Britons to descent from Trojan ancestors, or the boast of the Irish that they possessed civilization before the deluge. But the truth or falsehood of the claim is a matter indifferent to the issue, because national pride is equally strong whether founded on fact or fiction; it is *not* true that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, but it *is* true that the belief in so flattering a proposition has often contributed in no small degree to the triumph of the British arms; it is *not* true that a troop of Houris are ready to escort to Paradise every follower of Mohammed that dies in the service of the faith; it *is* true that this creed has not been the least influential of the causes that made the crescent wave in so many fields of victory. The effect

of this "gilded halo hovering round decay" was that which we have witnessed in another country within the memory of the present generation; it engendered a passive obstinacy, a dogged endurance, infinitely more dangerous to an invader than courage and active exertion. Spain and Greece amply illustrate the workings of pride in a degraded nation: it made them insensible of dishonour and reckless of defeat; it changed the sabre to the dagger; it moulded the soldier into an assassin; the battle-field was the least of the victor's dangers, and the only mode left him of destroying national existence was national extermination. Twice were the French taught this lesson; once when their counts founded a Latin empire in Constantinople, and again when Napoleon placed a new dynasty in Madrid.

There were certain prophecies current among the Byzantines, which the Turks seem to have inherited with the dominions. These all declared that a fatal day should arrive when Constantinople should fall before the men of the north, and a Scythian prince sit on the throne of the Constantines. It required a marvellously small share of inspiration to predict such an event, when tribe after tribe of barbarians passed the frontier lines of the empire and ravaged both Thrace and Greece at their pleasure; but it is curious to find this guess, originally founded on an estimate of probabilities, assuming the form of an inspired prediction, and becoming a part of the traditionary creed of two nations. We allude to it, however, principally as a probable conservative cause; in their wars with the Saracens and the Turks, the courage of the Greeks was supported by the belief that these were not the people whom fate had destined to be their conquerors; on the other hand, the Turks to this hour point out the gate through which the victorious Russians shall enter Constantinople.

The study of Byzantine history is much more popular on the continent than in England, simply because it is much more intimately connected with the annals of continental nations. Germany, France, Italy, and, more than all, Russia, find in the Greek writers illustrations of some important periods of their history; we do not, therefore, assent to the reasoning of those who deem it a blot on the literary fame of our country that England can show no such work as the collection of the Byzantine historians in thirty-six folio volumes, published in France during the reign of Louis XIV., nor any attempt to form such a *corpus* as that before us. The sketch of the eastern empire, given by our eloquent historian Gibbon, and which in the main merits the praise of accuracy, is fully sufficient for the purposes of ordinary historical students; still there is much interesting and important matter that he has left untouched, or at least very partially noticed, and will amply reward the labours of research. The eastern empire is the link between the history, the social condition, and the literature of ancient and modern Europe. When Godfrey

and his crusaders stood before the throne of Alexis, the representatives of feudalism and chivalry were contrasted with the possessors of classic civilization, and the decaying relics of imperial Rome brought into contact with the germs of the system that succeeded to that power. They mutually passed sentence on each other, and proved that their co-existence was impossible. It is infinitely amusing to compare the historians of both sides, and see their reciprocation of contempt and misrepresentation, each abusing in no measured terms the customs of the other, generally without understanding them, sometimes even without ascertaining their existence.

The ecclesiastical antiquities of the Byzantine empire are topics of more painful interest; they are little more than the annals of controversies on subjects transcending human reason, in which the violence and fury of the controversies are in direct proportion with the ignorance and folly of the controversialists. Plato and Aristotle, who have every reason to curse all their followers and commentators, have respectively to answer for about nine tenths of the heresies in the eastern and western churches; the natural tendency of the Greeks to mysticism led them to adopt the dreamy speculation of the Alexandrian Platonists, while the colder Westerns found exercise for perverted ingenuity in the dialectics of Aristotle. Of the theological rancour between the Greek and Latin churches we find some very strange instances, especially in the history of Nicephorus; but that the Latins were by no means inferior to the Greeks in the art of hating, the notes extracted from the French editions of those histories amply testify. A list of the topics discussed by the several polemics would compel Heraclitus himself to relax his muscles in a smile, while even Democritus would shed a tear to see the gospel of peace perverted into an arsenal of war, and hatred of the creature deduced from the love of the Creator. We shall, however, touch but lightly on the intellectual degradation of the eastern theologians, for there is too great a tendency in the present age to visit the follies and sins of the ministry, on the holy religion of which they are the teachers, and by whose precepts bigotry and violence are more emphatically condemned than by any system that has yet been devised by the self-named philosophers. We regret that the editors did not consign a large portion of these theologians to unhonoured oblivion.

Nor is this the only fault we have to find with the managers of the new edition of the Byzantine historians; *Oedipus* himself would be at a loss to assign a reason for the confusion that appears in the order of publication. It has been said that the British government erected the Martello towers in Ireland for the special purpose of puzzling posterity; the proceedings of the German publishers of this series seem to be dictated by the same benevolent design towards critics. There is not a symptom of any thing like arrangement or classification in the series;

it seems to have been resolved that each successive volume should be as remote as possible both in period and subject from that which preceded it, and there is, therefore, scarcely an opportunity of collecting from the published volumes any connected view of some one interesting period of history or useful portion of Byzantine literature. By an exquisitely absurd management, also, the least valuable authors are those which have obtained precedence of publication. Procopius, Anna Comnena and Nicetas have been postponed for the chronologies of Malalas and Syncellus, and the treatise on ceremonies by Constantine the Porphyrogenete: as if it had been determined to fill the public with previous disgust, in order to enhance the value of future excellence. The notes and dissertations of the Paris edition are preserved without alteration; no small part of them is employed in explaining matters that are now familiar to schoolboys of the lowest form, and there is an equally large supply of topics that have just as much to do with the explanation of lunar geography as Byzantine history. A note of six pages to prove that the capture of Constantinople was an act of divine vengeance on the Greek church, for rejecting the supremacy of the pope; and another of the same length, on the Lutheran heresy, were assuredly not requisite to swell a series whose volumes will be counted by the hundred. When it shall please the editors to bring before us the more valuable historians, we shall be better enabled to give our readers some sketch of those periods in Byzantine history that are most intimately connected with the general history of Europe; until then we write

“Sic

Ut quimus aiunt; quando ut volumus non licet.”

The volumes before us do not treat exclusively of Byzantine history; a large portion of them are Chronographies, or attempts to exhibit the history of the world in synchronistic annals; the works of Agathias and the tracts on the Legations belong to the old Roman rather than the eastern empire; the imperial author Constantine, the Porphyrogenete, treats only of the ceremonies used in the Byzantine court; and the writers whose works best accord with the general title of the series are Leo Diaconus, Nicephorus Gregoras, and the Emperor Cantacuzenus.

The chronologists demand our attention, not so much for their intrinsic merits, as for the value of the materials inserted in their compilations. Fragments of Sanchoniaton, Manetho, Berosus, Hecataeus, and other authors, the loss of whose works leaves ancient history like the maps of ancient Africa—either a total blank in the middle, or filled up by vague traditions and fanciful conjectures, are found in these chronologies, and amply repay the toil of wading through the trash with which they are encompassed. There are few literary tasks requiring such vast and varied learning as the synchronizing of the different eras used by the nations of antiquity; if we are to judge from the

specimens that some of the Byzantines and of the Fathers have left us, it would seem that the execution of the task was frequently entrusted to the most incompetent. Before the Christian era, many writers, of whom diodorus Siculus appears to have been the most meritorious, laboured to reconcile the chronology of the Asiatic and European dynasties; but new difficulties arose after the introduction of Christianity, for it was deemed necessary to reconcile both chronologies with the canon of time which the Fathers imagined they had discovered in the Old Testament. We say “imagined,” because a little consideration will suffice to show that no system of chronology can be based on the history of the Bible, nor indeed should it be expected; that holy book is an account of the manifestations of the divine will to a chosen people, and beyond that its revelations do not extend. It no more contains a perfect ancient history or chronology, than it does a perfect system of geology or astronomy, which, by the way, the Dutchinsouians, in the last century, sought to extract from its pages. Like most other Eastern nations, the Israelites reckoned loosely by generations, and not exactly by years; they were regardless of fixed eras, and they took no notice of celestial phenomena; and they have, therefore, left us no sufficient data for determining whether any of the successive generations may have been omitted by careless or ignorant transcribers. Another difficulty arises from the frequent use of round numbers by the sacred writers; they constantly use the word forty in the same loose way that we do a dozen or a score, and, in fact, the Hebrew *arba* seems, from its similarity to *ayn* to have signified primarily an indefinite multitude. Finally, the numerical annotation of the Hebrews is even more imperfect than that of the Greeks and the Romans, and the liability to error, from the similarity between several of the Hebrew letters, must have led to frequent mistakes, even among exact copyists. Hence the chronologies of the Hebrew and Samaritan text are irreconcilable with that of the Greek version, and with each other; nor are we able to discover which was preferred when the books of the Old Testament were revised and collected by Ezra.

The first Christian writer that composed a synchronistic canon of the Biblical and Gentile chronologies was Julius Africanus, who flourished in the early part of the third century; he seems, judging from the fragments of his work that have survived the wreck of time, to have brought to his task great industry, a habit of diligent research, and no ordinary talent, but to have wanted critical sagacity in estimating the value of doubtful authorities, and assigning a preference to the best supported contradictory statements. Hence his work was full of inconsistencies, and the dates assigned in his tables utterly irreconcilable with the authorities he quoted. Africanus was followed by Eusebius, and as plagiarism seems to have been deemed no crime by the Greek writers of chronology,

the latter appropriated to himself the entire chronicle of his predecessor, transcribing it into his own work without amendment or alteration. Of the Eusebian chronicle, known only to us through the medium of imperfect translations, little need be said; it scarcely differed in style or substance from the work of Syncellus, of which we shall soon have occasion to speak more particularly. The Greek chronologists and compilers of chronicles perceived that the sacred Scriptures were not designed to gratify human curiosity with respect to remote antiquity, and they filled up the bold outline of the Pentateuchal archives with the apocryphal narratives devised by the Alexandrian Jews and their Christian imitators. These romances, if indeed they deserve even that name, are quoted by Syncellus almost with as much respect as the works of the inspired writers. The Life of Adam, the Little Genesis, the Prophecy of Enoch, and others of the same class, afford him "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ;" it would be, of course, idle in the present day to demonstrate their utter absurdity, but from the influence they exercised over the Fathers of the Christian Church, it would be equally absurd to pass by their fragments as unworthy of attention. The Alexandrian Jews and Christians anticipated the folly of the Hutchinsonians in attempting to obtain a system of physical philosophy from the Pentateuch; and Syncellus furnishes us with the orthodox cosmology and geography which for several centuries were deemed essential articles of faith. In refuting the extravagant claims of the Egyptians and Chaldeans to a remote antiquity, he astounds us with the assertion, that "previous to the deluge the world was uninhabited," and labours to prove it by an appeal to the then established system of the universe.

"The sacred Scripture says, 'He expelled Adam, and placed him opposite the Paradise of delight;' but Babylonia and all our earth is at a great distance from Eden, which lies in that eastern clime where we place Paradise. And that we should quote an inspired evidence for this assertion, let us summon as a witness the divine Ephraim, that tongue rolling an ocean of eloquence, who in his dogmatic orations speaks thus about Paradise:—'Paradise is higher than all the lofty pleasant places of the earth, the waters of the deluge only reached its foundations. But the men older than the deluge dwelt between the ocean and Paradise: the offspring of Cain indeed inhabited the land of Nod, which signifies 'tremulous'; the sons of Seth dwelt on the higher ground in obedience to the command of Adam, that they should not mix with the offspring of the fratricidal Cain. The descendants of Cain were of a low stature, on account of the curse pronounced upon their progenitor, but the children of Seth were giants, and like the angels of God in the upper regions. But the daughters of Cain going to them with various musical instruments, brought them down from the upper regions and married them, and contempt of the law increasing, the deluge arose.

And God brought Noah's ark to Mount Ararat, and thenceforward men dwelt on this earth. From whence it is evident that the earth now cultivated was then deserted, for, by the mercy of God, men dwelt before the deluge in regions near Paradise, between Paradise and the ocean. But the outward darkness of which Christ speaks lies beyond Paradise. For Paradise with the ocean goes all round the earth; Eden is on the eastern side, and the two lights of the sun and moon rise within Paradise, and having traversed it set outside.'"

The almost perfect identity between this and the geographical system adopted by Homer, will at once be recognised by every classical scholar, and may probably lead him to the conclusion that both were derived from oriental sources. The history of the Egegori, or angelic watchers before Paradise, who fell in love with the daughters of men, is transcribed by Syncellus from the Prophecy of Enoch, and he strenuously labours to prove the truth of the narrative by Scripture testimony, laying particular stress on Saint Peter's allusion to the punishment of the fallen angels. The apocryphal books of the Old Testament were more valued by this writer than by any other of the chronologists; the books of Judith, Esdras, and the three Maccabean histories, he receives implicitly as inspired, and with singular inconsistency he attributes the books of Maccabees to Josephus. In the Gospel history Syncellus adopts the legends of Abgarus, and the miraculous portrait sent him by Christ; he alludes with apparent respect also to the anecdotes contained in the Protangelium. His account of the four Gospels is worthy of being noticed; he says that several of the apostles and disciples kept notes or Journals of the life of Christ, and that after a careful examination of their merits, those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were alone adopted by the church. To this we may add, that the belief of St. Matthew's Gospel having been originally written in Hebrew, and St. Mark's in Latin, was very general among the Eastern writers.

Syncellus confined his attention principally to biblical and ecclesiastical history; indeed his chief contribution to profane history is his collection of the various accounts given of the foundation of Rome; accounts so utterly inconsistent with the ordinary narrative, and with each other, as to prove fully, that the origin of "the eternal city" was to the ancients a matter of total uncertainty. A wide range is taken by his followers, Malalas and the compilers of the Psephal Chronicle. Malalas, or John of Antioch, as he is sometimes called, aspired to the honour of writing a universal history: with eastern antiquities he seems to have been tolerably familiar, but of the western languages and literature he exhibits an ignorance absolutely ludicrous. He informs us that Cicero and Sallust were the most illustrious of the Roman poets—he tells us that Manlius Capitolinus was appointed dictator by the senate for having compelled the Gauls to

raise the siege of the capitol, and slain Brennus with his own hand—he favours us with a circumstantial narrative of the murder of Pompey by Julius Cæsar in Egypt—he declares that Lucullus was sent to wage war against Tigranes by Augustus Cæsar—and finally astounds us with the information, that Britain was a city built by Claudius Cæsar on the borders of the ocean!! His acquaintance with the Latin language is nearly on a par with his knowledge of Roman history; he informs us that *consilia* signifies “the day of largess;” having favoured us with the novel information that the four factions of the circus were instituted by Romulus, he tells us that the green faction was called *præne*, which in Latin signifies “permanent;” finally, he thus explains the story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf:—“Shepherdesses among the Romans were called ‘lupæ,’ because they dwelt (‘inter lupos’) amid the wolves.” From these specimens it will be seen that the republication of Malalas reflects little credit on the discrimination of German editors; all that is valuable in the volume is a few pages of the contemporary history of Justinian, which would have formed a very good supplement to the history of Agathias; the rest might and ought to have been omitted, more especially as three-fourths of it are faithfully transcribed into the Paschal Chronicle.

The errors made by Malalas, even in the contemporary history of Justinian, are so great, that Hædus is inclined to transfer the author to a later age; but his reasoning does not appear to us conclusive, especially as the errors are of that nature into which authors who trust to common report usually fall. But Justinian has been singularly unfortunate in his historians, both ancient and modern. Gibbon’s life of that prince is the greatest blot in his mighty work; relying on the Secret History of Procopius, a libeller self-convicted of falsehood, the English historian has not hesitated to disgrace his pages by an ostentatious display of all the filthy slanders that a disappointed statesman had ranked together. The piety of the emperor was a crime for which his formation of the civil code could not atone; the monstrous indecencies charged against his empress are received as indisputable facts, on no better authority than that of a witness who, by his own testimony, had for ever forfeited the character of an honest man. As the works of Procopius have not yet been published in this series, they may be said to be *coram non judice*; but it is scarcely possible to allude to Justinian’s reign, without condemning an author who, in his public history of that prince, was the most fulsome of flatterers, and in his secret anecdotes the most licentious of libellers. The history of Agathias is professedly a continuation of that of Procopius, and it is no bad specimen of the absurdly disorganized system adopted by the publishers of this series, that the continuator’s work has been published more than three years, while the primary history has not yet made its appearance. Inferior to Proco-

pious in talent and information, Agathias is infinitely his superior in straight-forward honesty. Unluckily for his historic fame, he was both a poet and rhetorician, or at least a maker of verses and a manufacturer of speeches. Of his qualifications in both respects he entertained no humble opinion, and anxiously laboured to exhibit them in his history. “The curse of a love of fine writing is upon him;” an Ossianic admixture of poetic phraseology, with the most threadbare prose, bombastic nothings, archaisms containing a jumble of all the dialects, pompous announcements of trivial and common-place sentiments, make the respectable author so frequently ridiculous, that we almost forget the merits concealed under the meretricious mask that he so fatally assumed. Yet is this history one of the most valuable in the series; indeed the greatest blockhead that ever scrawled paper could not have written the annals of Justinian’s reign without being interesting. There were the heroic deeds of Belisarius and Narses, recalling for a brief space the hours of Roman glory; there was the Pagan religion, and there was the Pagan philosophy, beautiful in their falsehood, struggling in the last throes of mortal agony; Christianity, long victorious, was about to become permanently triumphant; the empires of Byzantium and Persia were “towering for the last time in their pride of place;” the twilight of civilization and literature, fondly lingering after a long and glorious day, was fast going down the sky, and leaving the way for gloom interrupted only by meteoric flashes, “like angel visits, few and far between.” The impartiality of Agathias atones for many of his errors; so little does he favour either sect or party, that it is impossible to determine from his writings whether he was a Heathen or a Christian. The monkish commentators, with characteristic simplicity, infer from this that he was a Pagan, because, say they, “no Christian would have written so tenderly respecting Pagan opinions and superstitions;” but as we believe in the possible existence of Christianity without bigotry, and of religion unsullied by intolerance, we do not acknowledge the cogency of their inference. Not only was Agathias well acquainted with the policy and condition of the Byzantine court, but he had an extensive and accurate knowledge of its eastern contemporaries. His account of the celebrated Chosroes (or Nushirvan, as he is called by the Asiatics,) displays more acuteness in the development of character, a more intimate acquaintance with eastern usages, and a greater readiness to do justice to an illustrious enemy, than was to be expected from the historian’s age or nation. Chosroes was one of those fortunate individuals who have obtained immortal fame rather by their comparative than substantial merits. A despot in the worst sense of the word, he secured his power by the murder of his brethren, and rewarded the general to whom he owed his crown with a cruel death for performing an act of humanity: but in the eyes

of the slavish Orientals, the firmness, stability and impartiality of his government more than atoned for its rigour; and his military prowess inspired respect among the Greeks, who had witnessed too many instances of imperial iniquity to be shocked by these examples of royal cruelty. A smattering of knowledge was magnified by the ignorance and flattery of the Persian courtiers into the consummation of terrestrial wisdom, for "blessed are the one-eyed in the city of the blind;" and not only the barbarians, but the Greeks themselves, adopted the belief that a half-educated prince was the very incarnation of intelligence. This mistake led to one of the most whimsical events recorded in history. Seven Athenian philosophers, wearied by Christian persecution, and pained at witnessing the downfall of their dynasty, resolved to visit Persia, where they expected to see the golden dreams of Plato amply realized. Agathias gives us an amusing account of their adventures.

"These seven, the topmost bloom, to speak poetically, of modern philosophers, displeased with the belief of a Superior Intelligence that prevailed among the Romans, deemed that the polity of the Persians was much superior, persuaded by the narratives, so extensively circulated, how the government was the most just, and what Plato describes, a perfect union of empire and philosophy. The obedience of subjects also was wise and decorous; neither thieves nor robbers existed, nor was any species of fraud perpetrated; if a person should leave the most precious article in a desert place, there it would remain, though unguarded, until the owner's return."

To this moral Eldorado the seven philosophers hastened with lofty hopes and high-wrought anticipations; but they were doomed to meet with disappointment.

"First they found that those who were in authority were proud and ostentatious beyond measure, and these they immoderately detested: then they beheld many house-breakers, robbers, and thieves, of whom some were taken, and others escaped. They saw every species of injustice flourish, for the rulers oppressed their inferiors, and behaved with great cruelty and inhumanity. And what was still more opposed to right reason, though each could marry as many wives as he pleased, and the privilege was freely used, yet adulterers were by no means uncommon. For all these reasons, the philosophers were grieved, and bitterly repented of their migration."

Thus disappointed, the illustrious seven returned to Greece; but it is gratifying to find that Chosroes, pleased with the confidence they had shown him, stipulated with Justinian for their future security.

The collection of the tracts on Legations is connected with this period of Roman history; we say Roman, for until the establishment of Charlemagne's empire in the West, we consider the

Eastern empire as Roman rather than Byzantine. The volume contains many curious particulars of the negotiations between the emperors and the various tribes of barbarians with whom a shortsighted policy induced them to form alliances; alliances productive of temporary benefits and permanent injuries. Here, for the first time, we find mention made of the Turks, a tribe of Tartars distinguished for the simplicity of their manners and the ferocity of their courage, just beginning to press on the swarms that had previously quitted the Scythian hive. Little did the Eastern emperor, who first received the deputies of this tribe, and encouraged them to wage war against the Persians, deem that the representatives of the future possessors of Constantinople stood before him. The specimens of ancient diplomacy contained in this volume will well repay the student's toil; unfortunately they are preserved in too imperfect a form to interest the general reader, without longer explanations than our limits will allow.

The two volumes of Constantine the Porphyrogenete, contain a long and minute, but not a very interesting, account of the ceremonies used in the Byzantine court; such a history of childish form and unmeaning ritual it has never before been our fate to see, and we are utterly at a loss to discover how the volumes came to be introduced in this series. The imperial author, born to empire, as the epithet Porphyrogenete imports,* is, both as a sovereign and an author, a specimen of hopeless, helpless imbecility. His uncle, his mother, a usurping general, that general's sons, and the empress Helena, successively assumed the management of the state, while Constantine was writing bad books on the theory of government, and leaving to the several administrations worse practice. We cannot agree with the editors in their estimate of the instruction to be derived from this ponderous farrago; it may be, indeed it probably is true, that many usages of the Augustan court were preserved in Constantinople, but they were so mixed and adulterated with others of meaner growth, that it would be scarcely possible to disentangle them from the mass, and even if it were, the result would not be worth the trouble. It is also true that in these volumes we find a description of the splendid ceremonials and imposing forms of the Eastern church, in its high and palmy state, and that many of the observances here described are still preserved in the Russian church; but it needs not much toil to acquire the knowledge that the purity of Christianity has been sullied and obscured by ostentatious folly in every age, and that mummary will beget mummary to the end of the chapter. There is one topic which the imperial writer might have made interesting, the

* Literally "born in the purple or porphyry chamber," an apartment in the Byzantine palace reserved for the use of the pregnant empresses.

description of the factions of the circus, which, by a strange concatenation of events, became a kind of order in the state; on this head, however, though we have many words, we have but few facts; the Porphyrogenete is as dull, dry, and unsatisfactory as he well can be, and his faithful commentators, "regis ad exemplar," contrive to leave the subject just as obscure as they found it.

As we proceed, the series begins to improve, the volume containing the works of Leo Diaconus being both the most interesting and the most complete in the collection. The period of which it treats is that in which the Byzantines, under the guidance of Nicephorus Phocas and John Tzimisce obtained a momentary glimpse of former glory, when laurel wreaths once again covered the arches that had been bare for centuries, and the notes of triumph awoke echoes that had long ceased to respond to such sounds. Subjoined to the volume are, the Tract on military skirmishing, drawn up under the direction, and probably at the dictation of Nicephorus; the Acroasis of some court poet on the capture of Crete, which does not rise beyond the ordinary level of a laureate's verses; an account of an Embassy sent from the western to the eastern emperor, and the Arabic accounts of the Asiatic campaigns of Nicephorus. Leo's style is florid and inflated, but his matter compensates for the faults of his manner; he displays an undeviating honesty of purpose and a manly candour, which we should scarcely have expected from the contemporary of despot. A comparison of his narrative of the Syrian war with the accounts given by the Arabic historians, proves that he did "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," but executed his task with strict and stern fidelity. But the account that Luitprand, the ambassador of the emperor Otho, gives of the Byzantine court, and his reception by Nicephorus, is the gem of the volume. Luitprand was sent to demand the hand of one of the Byzantine princesses for his master, but Nicephorus imprisoned the unfortunate ambassador, overwhelmed him with the grossest insults when he dared to complain, half poisoned him with the abominations of Constantinopolitan cookery, and shocked his religious prejudices by sundry observances, which one church regarded as mortal sins, and the other as absolutely essential to salvation. Luitprand took a characteristic revenge; he scrawled some barbarous hexameters, vituperating Byzantium and all that it contained more bitterly than poetically; he wrote to his master a lengthy epistle descriptive of his sufferings among "the beasts in semi-human shape," to whom he had been sent, and quitted Constantinople with a fierce malediction on a capital so inhospitable and heretical. It is curious to compare his description of Nicephorus with that of Leo; the outlines of both portraits are the same, but the general effect of the pictures is as different as possible.

"He was," says the Byzantine, "of a com-

plexion more dark than fair; his hair was long and black; his eyes black and thoughtful, shaded by heavy brows; his nose neither large nor small, a little hooked at the extremity; his beard was trim and regular, but a few gray hairs were on his cheeks; his form was round and firm, his breast and shoulders were broad; in strength he seemed another Hercules. In prudence, in moderation, and in singular readiness of wit to take immediate advantage of every opportunity, he excelled all his equals."

Luitprand gives a less favourable description.

"I found him," says the enraged prelate, "a man perfectly monstrous, pigmy-sized, fat-headed, mole-eyed, with a short, broad, coarse and grayish beard, covered like Jopas with long thick hair; an Æthiopian in colour, one whom you would not like to meet at midnight; pot-bellied, with thighs disproportionately long, legs very short, and splay-footed; clad in a woollen dress of a dirty white colour that stunk from age and filth, wearing Sicyonian shoes, insolent in speech, a fox in cunning, a Ulysses in perjury and lying."

A still more ludicrous portraiture is given when Luitprand proceeds to give his master a flattering interpretation of a popular prophecy which it appears was current both in eastern and western Europe. This Delphic prediction was, "the lion and the cub shall destroy the wild ass" which the Greeks understood to signify that the eastern and western emperors should destroy the Saracens. Luitprand indignantly rejects this explanation, proves indisputably that Nicephorus was not a lion, but rather a wild ass, and that the lion and cub were beyond doubt Otho and his son, to whom he promises a speedy victory over the ass Nicephorus, as soon as they should turn their arms against the east. The good bishop's valediction to Constantinople must not be omitted.

"On the second of October, at ten o'clock, having departed from that city, once most opulent and flourishing, but now starved, perjured, deceitful, lying, fraudulent, rapacious, covetous, avaricious and vain-glorious, after forty-nine days of ass-riding, walking, horse-driving, hungering, thirsting, sighing, groaning, weeping and scolding, I came to Napatia."

The western bishop seems to have been very unfavourably disposed to his episcopal brethren of the eastern church. He says,

"In all Greece I did not find one hospitable bishop. They are rich, but they are also poor; rich in gold pieces, but poor in their utensils. They sit down by themselves to a naked table, serving up for their food ship-biscuit, sipping, not drinking, from a moderate glass. They are buyers and sellers, porters and door-keepers, butlers and grooms, capons and capons, (inn-keepers,) &c."

He proceeds to account for this by mentioning several exactions to which they were subjected by the emperors.

history of Nicephorus Gregoras, in two and that of the emperor Cantacuzenus in three, contain all the particulars of the exciting discussions which agitated the Greek under the dissolution of the Latin empire in Constantinople, respecting the light on Mount Tabor. The fourteenth century was not altogether unproductive of learned men; the patronage of the elder Andronicus filled the Byzantine with orators and philosophers, not worthy, however, of the olden times of Grecian fame, but superior to any that had appeared since the fall of Justinian. Nicphorus Gregoras, a young man of noble birth, was enrolled in the number of the equippers of the court, and soon rendered himself conspicuous by proposing that reform in the calendar which Pope Gregory XIII. had lately adopted. The deposition of his uncle, the elder Andronicus, involved Gregoras in difficulties, which were greatly aggravated by his share in the Taborian controversy. He held that some dreaming monks had affirmed that they could see divine light with their eyes; some equally wise people denounced this as blasphemous; Palamas, on the other hand, asserted it to be scriptural; and that the light seen during the transfiguration of Mount Tabor, as at once eternal uncreated light. Gregoras took the side opposed to Palamas, and for a long series of years the church was diligently engaged in a very warm discussion, that did not always confine itself to words on this whimsical topic. The heretic, blasphemer, traitor, and every other name which the abundant resources of invective could supply, were liberally applied on both sides; synods and councils assembled, with no other effect than to add to the contest. The accession of Cantacuzenus, who had been the pupil of Gregoras, drove the Anti-Taborians with hopes of victory, but they were doomed to be disappointed; Cantacuzenus had got hold of some metaphysical respecting what the schoolmen were wont to term "the immateriality of visibility," and stated the uncreated light of Mount Tabor as equally as Palamas. Gregoras declared that the death of the Emperor's son was a punishment from heaven on the imperial heresy; a profaneness paralleled by the commentaries notes the editors have thought fit to add, who very gravely ascribes the downfall of the eastern empire to the rejection of papal authority. The controversy lasted through the reign of Gregoras, and the rancour of his enemies survived his death; they refused his rites of burial, and ordered it to be executed by dogs and birds.

Cantacuzenus is at once the critic and confessor of Gregoras; he composed his history, a vindication of the empire, as a vindication of his life and actions. It is, indeed, rather an apology for the life of an ambitious man than a history, but it contains many passages and graphic descriptions wor-

thy of the writers of a better age." His account of the spasmodic cholera which devastated Europe in the fourteenth century, would, with but little change, serve for a description of the disease which still holds its course through England.

"This plague," he says, "originating among the Hyperborean Scythians, spread over all the maritime coasts of the habitable world, and destroyed a vast multitude of people. For it not only passed through Pontus, Thrace, Macedonia, Greece Proper, and Italy, but also all the islands, Egypt, Libya, Judæa, and Syria, and wandered over almost the entire circuit of the globe. But so incurable was the disease, that neither any system of dietetics, nor any strength of body, could resist it; for it prostrated all bodies alike, the weak as well as the strong; and those who were attended with the utmost care died, as well as those who were wholly neglected. That year, indeed, was remarkably free from other diseases, but if any person had been previously indisposed, his sickness assumed the types and character of this disease. The entire art of medicine was found unavailing. Nor did it similarly attack all; for some holding out but for a very brief space, died the very same day, some the very same hour. But those who held out for two or three days were first attacked by acute fever; the disease then ascending to the head, they became dumb and insensible to all occurrences, and so drooped off as into a profound slumber. But if any by chance came to themselves, they made attempts to speak, but the occipital nerves being paralyzed, the tongue refused to perform its office, and so, muttering inarticulately, they quickly expired. In some the disease attacked, not the head, but the lungs; soon their inward parts became inflamed, their breasts were racked with violent pains, and they vomited matter tainted with gore, and having a very fetid smell. The jaws and tongue were parched with heat, and became black and gory; it made no difference whether they drank much or little. They could take no sleep, but were tortured by continual pain. Abscesses and ulcers of various sizes seized on the arms and arm-pits of some; others had them in the cheeks and various parts of the body, but with these the ulcers were smaller, like black pimples. In some, black spots, like brands appeared over the whole body, varying in size and intensity. But all of these died alike. Some had all these symptoms together, some only a few, but with most the appearance of any one of these signs was deadly. The few who escaped were never again mortally seized with the disease, so that when attacked a second time they retained their confidence. Great abscesses were sometimes formed in the arms and thighs, which being opened discharged a very foul pus, and thus the virulence of the disease was carried off. Several, though attacked by all these symptoms escaped, contrary to general expectation. No certain remedy could be possibly discovered; for what was salutary to one patient was fatal to another. He that cured another generally took the disease, and funerals were multiplied, so that many houses were left completely deso-

late, even domestic animals dying with their masters. But nothing was more wretched than the general despair. For when a person was taken sick, he at once resigned all hope, and not a little strengthening the violence of the disease by his utter dejection speedily expired. The species of this malady cannot therefore be described; whence we may clearly understand that it was not any plague natural or common to mankind, but a fearful chastisement inflicted by Providence; and many, converted by its means, amended their lives and determined to forsake their sins; not only those who were mortally attacked, but even those who recovered from the pestilence. Laying aside their vices, they devoted themselves to the study of virtue, and many, even before they were attacked by the disease, bestowed all their goods to feed the poor. But if any found themselves affected, there was none so flinty-hearted or obdurate that did not repent him truly of his former sins, and by sincere contrition afford the Deity an occasion of showing mercy at his gracious tribunal. Of this pestilence vast numbers perished at Byzantium, and among others Andronicus the son of the emperor.

We cannot take our leave of this series without expressing our regret that the editorial cares have been, for the most part, limited to the republication of the Parisian volumes with a more correct text; we would gladly have hailed a good critical apparatus of notes and glossaries, the condensation of the prefaces and commentaries of the Parisian editors, and in many instances rejection of what, for want of a better term, we must call "twaddle." Even of the originals a great part might have been safely omitted, for we cannot discover any reason for our being condemned to read the same absurdity, in the same words and syllables, both in Malalas and the Paschal Chronicle.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Den Danske Billedhugger BERTEL THORVALDSEN, og hans Værker. Ved J. M. Thiele, Professor, Secretair ved det Kongelige Akademie for de skønne Kunster. Første Deel, med 81 Kobbervæbne. Kiøbenhavn. (The Danish Sculptor Thorvaldsen,* and his Works. By J. M. Thiele, Professor, Secretary to the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts. Vol. I. with 81 Engravings. Copenhagen.) 8vo. 1832.

It does not often fall to our lot to derive from a work sent for our notice, so much gratification as, under various points of view, we have received from this of Professor Thiele. In the first place we greet with pleasure every biographical notice of remarkable men; and in that chapter of the

book of Fame which is dedicated to the Fine Arts, what living name can compete with Thorvaldsen's? Perhaps, we might exchange the epithet "living" for that of "modern;" for we believe none but Italians now even question the Danish artist's superiority to Canova himself: but we wish to waive for the moment all comparison of those two worthy successors of the great Hellenic masters, inasmuch as such discussion will find a more appropriate place when we shall have gone through the volume before us. To return to the cause of our gratification from the said volume, (or rather volumes, for there is one of letter-press and one of engravings,) we are highly pleased with the talent displayed by Danish artists in the engravings, which present us with outlines of some of Thorvaldsen's best statues and *bas-reliefs*; we are delighted with such a proof, as the undertaking itself, and the list of subscribers to it, exhibit, of Danish enthusiasm for compatriot genius; and we rejoice that those lovers of the arts who are not free to roam over Europe in search of the widely dispersed productions of Thorvaldsen, should be afforded some means of estimating his merits and the character of those productions.

Our anticipations of biographical enjoyment, however, we must confess Professor Thiele has not fully realized. With the exception of the artist's genealogy and a few anecdotes of his boyish days, the life consists of little more than an account of his works, and the order in which they were undertaken and executed. We learn nothing of his manners, of his domestic and daily habits, and almost the only *trait* of character occurs in the preface, when the author explains how he came to write his book. We will not, however, waste our pages with complaints of what we think wanting in the Professor's volume,—a deficiency which, by the way, the second volume may perhaps, supply,—but proceed to give our readers a brief abstract of what it does contain.

Professor Thiele, as he tells us in his preface, was a constant frequenter of Thorvaldsen's studio during a visit to Rome. At length he was about to return home, and says:—

"One of my last days at Rome I passed in the little garden which is surrounded by Thorvaldsen's three lesser studios, in order to enrich my book of recollections with the image of a place so dear to me. Unexpectedly the artist stood behind me, and of his own accord led the conversation to the object then nearest my heart. 'I regret,' said Thorvaldsen, 'that no one has yet thought of my biography.' And at these words I was seized with the idea, which, for the six following years, pursued me amidst my dearest labours. I declared that I would gladly devote the requisite time, and such abilities as were given me, to the fulfilling in some measure of his and my own wish, upon condition, however, of his frank communication and assistance to my work. But here difficulties already met me. He averred that he knew but little, the occupations of his later life

* The Germans and French write Thorwaldsen; we prefer to follow the Danish orthography.

living year by year drawn the veil closer over the unimportant occurrences of his quiet youth; either could his now engaged thoughts busy themselves with such matters; but I might apply to the friends of his youth."

From that source, the archives of the Copenhagen Academy, and what could be in any way distorted from Thorvaldsen himself, Professor Hiele has concocted the short account, of which we are about to extract the pith and marrow.

From an annexed genealogical table, it appears that Thorvaldsen descends by females from the royal blood of Scandinavia. His family had long been settled in Iceland, and in that *Ultima Thule* his ancestors had gradually sunk lower and lower in circumstances, until his father, Gottalk Thorvaldsen, emigrated or immigrated to Copenhagen, where he earned his livelihood by carving in wood, and that not in the highest style. He appears to have been chiefly employed by shipwrights, and not to have ventured to attempt the figures that usually ornament a vessel's head, until his son was able to assist him by correcting his blunders. But despite this his lowly condition, Gottalk married the daughter of a clergyman, who, on the 19th of November, 1770, bore him a son, christened Bertel, the Scandinavian form of Albert.

The boy early discovered a turn for sketching and modelling, in consequence of which he was admitted as a student into the Copenhagen Royal Academy of Fine Arts. His progress through the different schools was rapid. His father, as we have said, rose in his occupation by his son's aid; and in the year 1787 Bertel won the lowest prize of the academy, the small silver medal. At this period he was preparing for the church ceremony of confirmation, and, engrossed by his professional pursuits, had perhaps not devoted much time or thought to religious duties.

"According to his own account, he sat low down amongst the poorer boys, and did not particularly distinguish himself by his knowledge. But, as it happened, the examining clergyman was brother to the Secretary of the academy. Upon hearing the boy's name, he became attentive, asked, 'Are you a brother of him who won the silver medal?'—and when Thorvaldsen replied, 'That was myself!' the clergyman was so surprised at the answer, that he placed him above the other boys, and thenceforward called him Monsieur Thorvaldsen."

In 1789 our young student won the larger silver medal, and in 1791 the small gold medal, upon which occasion we have a striking instance of his innate modesty. Notwithstanding his previous success, the idea of the contest for this gold medal, given for the best historical *bas-relief*, alarmed Thorvaldsen, that not only did it require the utmost importunity of his friends and companions to induce him to present himself amongst the competitors, but even after the subject was given out, and the candidates were separately locked up to prepare their sketches, he

attempted to make his escape, and was only prevented by accidentally meeting one of his masters. In 1793 he similarly, but without compulsion, won the larger gold medal, in a contest of the same kind. The three prize *bas-reliefs*, which are still preserved at Copenhagen, are given amongst the engravings, and even in these early efforts we may perceive the germ of future excellence. The subjects are boldly conceived, and the stories well told.

The successful candidate for these prizes was further entitled to be sent for three years to Rome at the academy's expense. But for this invaluable boon our young artist had to wait until the student, then enjoying the allowance, should have completed his term; and in the interval he continued to study hard, whilst he earned his livelihood by teaching drawing and taking likenesses.

Thorvaldsen had proposed to visit Dresden and Vienna in his way, as if to prepare himself gradually for the miracles of art awaiting him at Rome. But the disturbed state of the continent in 1796, when he was to set forth, together with his own delicate health, induced his friends to recommend a sea voyage in preference. He embarked in a Danish frigate, and after a (to him) tedious cruise, landed at Naples, without having set foot in Germany. A fact which we notice merely to correct a mistake made by Madame de Staël in her *Allemagne*, where she enriches wealthy Germany at the expense of humbler Denmark. These are her expressions, and we insert the whole passage to remind our readers of the high estimate formed of Thorvaldsen by so able a judge:—

"A Dane, Thorvaldsen, educated in Germany, now rivals Canova at Rome; and his Jason resembles him whom Pindar describes as the handsomest of men; a fleece (why not the fleece?) is on his left arm, he holds a spear in his hand, and repose and force characterize the hero."

Thorvaldsen reached the Eternal City on the 8th of March, 1797, and ever afterwards, when asked for his birth-day, named that day as the epoch of his real entrance into existence. As such it was accepted by his friends, and has been frequently honoured with birth-day celebration, instead of the common-place 19th of November.

We need only recollect the state of Europe during Thorvaldsen's three years at Rome, beginning with 1797, to perceive that they were little likely to afford a young artist much encouragement. The continent was distracted, war desolated with war, and English wealth was sedulously excluded. Accordingly Thorvaldsen studied with unwearied diligence, copied antiquities, and sent the Academy proofs of his industry and improvement, which last is strikingly manifest in the very first of his Roman compositions; but he earned nothing, hardly even reputation, we believe. In consequence of the unfavourable circumstances of his allotted term, he solicited and obtained two additional years. But

these likewise elapsed without pecuniary advantage, although in the course of them he produced the model of the Jason, eulogized by Madame de Stael, and which seems first to have established his fame. This model gained the approbation of the most critical *connoisseurs*, and won from Canova, then at the height of unrivalled celebrity, the acknowledgment, "this work of that young Dane is executed in a new and grand style." But Thorvaldsen, though crowned with praise, found his purse empty, and a second model of Jason was in danger of sharing the fate of the former, which he had broken in despair. The first assistance he received was from a countrywoman of his own, an admired poetess, Madame Brun, then at Rome. The lady supplied him with means to take a plaster of Paris cast of Jason, but more she could not do for him; and he was about to abandon Rome, in despair, for Copenhagen, when, the peace of Amiens having temporarily opened the Continent to British travellers, the late Mr.* Thomas Hope entered Thorvaldsen's studio.

Mr. Hope, the possessor of a magnificent statue gallery, was too familiar with the exquisite remains of Hellenic sculpture, not to be struck with the lofty excellence of the Jason, and he inquired what would be the price of the statue in marble. The artist, who at that moment had scarcely an object in life beyond the power of thus executing his splendid conception, answered 600 sequins. The generous and just appreciator of genius objected that the sum was too small for such a production, offered 800, and immediately supplied Thorvaldsen with the means of going to work. War broke out again before the Jason was completed, and, from apprehension of danger in working for a Briton, he was neglected. When the pacification of the world upon Napoleon's downfall removed these difficulties, Thorvaldsen felt himself so much improved that he wished to have substituted for Jason some later production; but as Mr. Hope preferred his original purchase, he proceeded to finish it. When, in 1828, Jason was at length despatched to England, he was accompanied, in token of the artist's gratitude, by two beautiful *bas-reliefs*—a *genio lumen*, and an Anacreon and Cupid—together with busts of Mrs. Hope and her daughters.

Well might Thorvaldsen feel gratitude to his British patron, for Mr. Hope's visit was the crisis of his fortune. From that moment, abundant employment and ample remuneration were his. His fame soared high and wide; he was the acknowledged rival of Canova; every academy was eager to enrol him amongst its members; honours of every kind poured in upon him, and his society was courted by the high-born, the wealthy, and the talented. We shall not fol-

low our author through his detail of the works of the next ten years, which fills the remainder of his volume, but to pass to Thorvaldsen's grand *bas-relief*, perforce, however, pausing on our way to mention his first order from his northern home. This was a font, with which Countess Schimmelmann and her brother Baron Schnobarth wished to present the church of Brahe-Trolleborg in Fyen, or Funen, as the name of the island is usually written in English. This font, adorned with four beautiful *bas-reliefs*, namely, the baptism of our Saviour, a Holy Family, Christ blessing the little children, and three hovering angels, was exhibited and duly valued at Copenhagen, and then sent to its appointed destination. A copy, wrought with equal care, was designed by the artist as his offering to the deserted land of his fathers, a gift to Myklahye church, in distant Iceland. We learn from a note, nevertheless, that this font did not, like its predecessor, reach its destination, having been purchased by a northern merchant, whereupon the artist immediately began another copy in Carrara marble to supply its place. We know not whether this third edition of the font actually adorns Myklahye church, or is, perchance, the one with which Lord Caledon has enriched the British empire.

We are now to speak of the magnificent frieze, upon which rests Thorvaldsen's acknowledged supremacy in the *bas-relief* branch of statuary. Late in the autumn of 1811, Napoleon ordered a papal palace upon the Quirinal hill to be prepared for his reception against the month of May following. Great exertions were made by the Roman artists to complete the requisite decorations, but it was not until the beginning of March that a proposal was made to Thorvaldsen to contribute his share to the embellishments of the intended imperial residence. Three months only could be allowed him to complete his task. Short as was the period, he gladly undertook a frieze for one of the spacious saloons, and selected for its subject the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon. This is no place for a detailed description; but we may briefly state that the subject is divided into three sections, or series of groups; the first series representing the Babylonians in expectation of the conqueror's triumphant approach; the second, the *magi* and great men going forth in procession with their offerings to meet and propitiate him; the third, Alexander attended by his army; and that the spirit, boldness, and freedom of the various groups, so far surpass all modern competition, that should we seek a comparison, we could only refer to the Elgin marbles, with which no modern artist aspires to rivalry. This frieze procured Thorvaldsen, from the Italians themselves, the title of Patriarch of *Bas-Reliefs*.

Thorvaldsen anxiously desired that his native land should possess a marble copy of this his master-piece, and Denmark cherished a corresponding wish. Financial difficulties delayed its gratification; but they were at length overcome, and in the course of the years 1829, 30, and 31,

* The Danish Professor, like most foreigners, unable to comprehend our English system of names and titles, calls him Sir Thomas Hope.

the frieze, with some additions, required by the greater size of the hall for which this copy was intended, was completed in marble, and it is now, we believe, the glory of the Knights' Hall in the castle of Christianborg. Another marble copy is in the *Palazzo* of Count Sommariva, upon the Lago di Como; and in this last Thorvaldsen has introduced a group, representing himself delivering the work to the Count. The head of this small figure bears a much stronger resemblance to the artist, than do the other busts and portraits amongst the engravings, but none of them give an idea of the commanding genius that lives in his eye, or of the sweetness and simplicity that characterize his rough features.

We have gone through Professor Thiele's first volume, the only one that has reached us, or we believe yet seen the light, and should now proceed to speak of the opinions entertained by less partial and perhaps more adequate judges than our author, of the relative merits of Thorvaldsen and Canova; but the remarks and statements into which we have been already led, leave us but little to add. By way of peroration, however, and for the especial advantage of such unfortunate wights, if any such there be in these travelling times, as have had no opportunity of comparing the mighty masters of the north and of the south, we may as well put those scattered opinions into form. The Dane, then, is generally esteemed a truer imitator of nature, and far chaster in his taste than the Italian, who had some little taint of Gallic affectation, while Thorvaldsen is pure and simple, with a sense of the beautiful that is even pathetic. On the other hand, Thorvaldsen is held inferior to Canova in what is technically termed the manipulation of the marble; his flesh is not as perfect flesh; and, indeed, if the deceased pride of Italy had a rival in this respect, we suspect it is our own admired and admirable countryman Chantry. *Bas-relief* has been usually considered as Thorvaldsen's peculiar forte; but Mr. Baring possesses a Mercury from his chisel, which may well dispute the prize with the renowned frieze itself, and render doubtful in which branch of the plastic art he most transcends. This Mercury, for grace of attitude, truth of drawing, beauty of form and ice, and indeed every other excellence than can belong to a statue, is allowed, we believe, by the unanimous verdict of artists and *connoisseurs*, to be the very finest production of modern genius. There are several other statues of Thorvaldsen's in England, which, with this, will probably be celebrated by Thiele in a subsequent volume, and perhaps we ought to apologize for thus forestalling our author; but we confess we could not ring ourselves to conclude our observations relative to this great artist, without telling our readers that his master-piece adorns the dwelling of an English private gentleman.

From the Christian Observer.

LETTER FROM THE RECTOR OF EYAM DURING THE PLAGUE IN 1666.

To the Editor of the Christian Observer.

THE following interesting letter, written during the time of the plague which raged at Eyam, in Derbyshire, in the year 1666, is copied from a manuscript which was lately shewn to one of your readers after visiting that delightful village.

Out of about 350 persons, its then population, 259 were speedily carried off by the devouring pestilence. On an eminence above the village, called Riley-Grave-stones, large numbers were buried. The rector (the excellent Mr. Mompesson) in this season of dismay remained at his post, daily praying with and visiting the sick. He directed his parishioners to meet for the purpose of Divine worship in a little dell near the village, and there did this rival of Marseilles' good bishop address his afflicted flock from the arch of a perforated rock, which has since obtained the name of Cucklet Church.

It was after he had himself suffered one of the most grievous calamities that flesh and blood is heir to—the loss of an amiable wife, the mother of his two children, in the twenty-seventh year of her age—and when all hope and expectation of being long spared himself seems to have vanished, that he wrote the following truly pathetic letter to his friend and patron, Sir George Saville.

Eyam, September 1, 1666.

"Honoured and dear sir,—This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write,—the destroying angel having taken up his abode within my habitation. My dearest wife is gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Indeed, had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days; but she was resolved to die a martyr to my interest. My drooping spirits are much refreshed by her joys, which I think are unutterable. Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever, and to bring you my humble thanks for all your noble favours; and I hope you will believe a dying man: I have as much love as honour for you, and I will bend my feeble knees to the God of heaven, that you, my dear lady, and your children, and their children, may be blessed with temporal and eternal happiness; and that the same blessing may fall on Lady Sunderland and her relations.

"Dear sir, let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and to your family, 'that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears, like a living pious life;' and pray ever remember this rule, 'Never do any thing upon which you dare not first ask God's blessing.'

"Sir, I have made bold in my will with your name for executor, and I hope that you will not take it ill. I have joined two others with you, who will take from you the trouble. Your favourable aspect will, I know, be a great

comfort to my distressed orphans. I am not desirous that they should be great, but good; and my next request is, that they may be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

"Sir, I thank God, I am contented to shake hands with all the world, and have many comfortable assurances that God will accept me, on account of his Son. I find the goodness of God greater than ever I thought or imagined, and I wish from my heart it were not so much abused and contemned.

"I desire sir, that you will be pleased to make choice of a humble, pious man to succeed me in my parsonage; and could I see your face before my departure hence, I would inform you in what manner I think he may live comfortable among his parishioners, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die.

"Dear sir, I beg the prayers of all about you, that I may not be daunted by the powers of hell, and that I may have dying graces. With tears I beg, that, when you are praying for fatherless orphans, you would remember my two pretty babes. Pardon the rude style of this paper, and be pleased to believe that I am, dear sir, your humble friend and servant,
William Mompesson."

Though when this letter was written not a ray of earthly hope remained to cheer the spirit of this excellent man, yet did he escape the perils that surrounded him; and from his great merit, evinced on this trying occasion, there was scarcely any preferment in the church to which he might not have aspired. All that he accepted was prebends of York and Southwell, and the rectory of Eakrigg in Nottinghamshire, where he closed a long and useful life. In consequence of an arrangement, suggested by him to the Duke of Devonshire, the inhabitants of Eyam were prevailed upon by his influence to confine themselves within the limits of their village, being supplied with the necessaries for their use (left at certain places;) so that the infection did not spread beyond it, though it remained there for seven months W.

From the Eclectic Review.

The Consistency of the whole Scheme of Revelation with Itself and with Human Reason. By Philip Nicholas Shuttleworth, D.D., Warden of New College, Oxford, and Rector of Foxley, Wilts. fcap 8vo. pp. xvi. 370. Price 6s. (Theological Library, No. 2.) London, 1832.

"ALL partial evil universal good." This sentiment has rarely been more strikingly illustrated, than in the history of the Atheistical and Deistical controversies. The attacks which have from time to time been made on the sublime mysteries of Revelation, (though doubtless attended with most fatal consequences to many,) have been the chief means of provoking the champions of truth to exert all their prowess in its defence. The consequence is, that every point of the long frontier of argument which the Christian evidences

present, has been most diligently fortified, and such a mass of proof collected as may safely defy all the future assaults of infidelity. And who shall say that such results have not been cheaply purchased, notwithstanding the temporary evils attending this fierce controversy? *The task is done*; and it is obvious, that no lapse of years, no change of circumstances can rob us of the benefits of this great achievement. A series of works destined to live through all time has been produced, in which we may see every device of sophistry and untiring slander which the wily advocates of infidelity could employ exposed, and in which their refutation is recorded for ever. But more than this: not only has this assault already led to the construction of bulwarks which no enemy can force or scale; but we see them, each year, towering to a still greater height, and presenting a more imposing aspect. The unbeliever, on the contrary, is limited, from the very nature of the case, to the same mode of assault, and the same futile weapons. A moment's consideration will show that we do not speak without reason, when we affirm, that infidelity has already exhausted every mode of attack and played off its whole stock of miserable stratagems; and that it has not even a plausible conjecture on which to build another tolerable hypothesis. The reason of it is this. Christianity, upon the supposition of its falsehood, is given to the infidel as a curious problem, as a most singular phenomenon, which is required to explain. Now there are but three or four theories at most, which have even a *prima facie* appearance of plausibility to sustain them; all which may be shown to lead to difficulties and contradictions as inextricable and absurd as though the imagination had been allowed its full swing of paradox, and had constructed its theories without any regard even to plausibility. Thus, as the infidel has to spin all his cobweb theories out of his own spider-store, and as these are ruthlessly demolished as soon as they are spun, that time must soon arrive, when even his ingenuity must be exhausted. It is pitiable to see how he will have to traverse heaven and earth for one poor argument. Now he may be seen scouring illimitable space, just to show that the grandeur and vastness of the material universe, give the lie to that system of revelation which attaches such disproportionate importance to a world so insignificant as ours: anon he descends from the clouds, diving into the bowels of the earth, engages to *prove* from certain antediluvian antiquities, that that false *modern* Moses is out in his chronology. Then, if any doubts still lurk in your mind, after such demonstration, he will carry you off to the musty archives of China and Hindostan, and show you the records of the perfect civilization of those nations millions of years before the Flood. And then you will see him (such is his intense hatred of Christianity) manifesting a credulity which leaves your sober faith infinite leagues behind it; a credulity which gulps down the most apocryphal documents, whole mountain-loads of palpable fiction; and

why? For the mere purpose of rejecting facts which are supported by every species of argument that can commend itself to the attention of a reasonable being. Truly, *that* cannot be said of these far-fetched and laboured hypotheses of infidelity, which is the chief glory of revelation,—“The word is *nigh* thee.”

But, while these outrageous hypotheses evidently show that the ingenuity of scepticism is almost exhausted, the field of the Christian evidences, on the other hand, is daily enlarging. The *creative* faculty is not called into action here; we are not to construct theories; we are only called to study the magnificent one constructed to our hands. Our duty consists in working that mine of unfathomable treasures which Divine Wisdom has opened to us; a range for investigation and discovery as exhaustless and as ample as that which nature opens to the experimental philosopher. We have only to apply our faculties to this subject, and we must daily arrive at new *facts*, and consequently new proofs. The controversy as to the truth of Christianity, stands, in this respect, upon the same footing with that relating to the being of a God. In the latter case, only two or three hypotheses *other than the true one*, can be constructed, bearing even the *semblance* of plausibility; while the arguments the theist may employ are cumulative and perfectly inexhaustible; every new fact which implies design, being an additional proof of the being of a God. It is just thus with the infinitely varied field of the Christian evidences. That of historical testimony is indeed more nearly exhausted than any other; but the subject of prophecy has been only partially investigated, while the shaft has but just been opened into the internal evidences; (we use the words here in their widest application;) yet from which such an immense mass of treasure has been already drawn. Independently of all which, Christianity has made provision, in the scrolls of prophecy, for a vast accumulation of new evidence. Upon their dark pages, every age will throw a stronger light, and gradually enable us to decipher the mystic characters which lock up, at present, the inscrutable purposes of Deity. Such are the relative positions occupied by Christianity and her assailants: *she* must increase, but *they* must decrease. She will be continually strengthening and enlarging her defences, till her hopeless opponents (like kindred hosts after a similar discomfiture in an equally unholy cause) shall look up in despair to the immeasurable height of the “crystal battlements,” and feel that nothing but malice is left them.

At the Reformation, when the Bible was first dragged from the “dusty nooks and corners into which profane falsehood had thrown it,” men were so much occupied with the great, the overwhelming verities which the Reformers proclaimed as absolute novelties—for they were such to that age, though drawn from the sacred page—to inquire much into the foundation of their faith. It was not till near the middle of the seventh cen-

tury, when metaphysical science began to be so ardently pursued, that this great controversy commenced. And verily, “it began at the beginning;” for the daring philosophers who pursued speculative science, hesitated not to push their principles to the very wildest conclusions, and to involve the very first principles both of morals and religion in the same confusion. It was then that Clarke and others stepped forth to rebuke the follies of Spinoza and Hobbes. The deistical controversy, however, did not (properly speaking) begin till quite the latter end of the seventeenth century. It raged with unremitted fury from that period till the middle of the eighteenth; it then slept for some years; but has been revived with equal obstinacy in our own times.

It was during the first half of the last century, however, that the storm spent almost all of its wrath. It was then that, almost simultaneously, infidelity attacked Revelation at nearly every point,—changing its weapons and its mode of attack with most Protean facility. Now it gravely called in question the historic testimonies; now set in formidable array the apparent discrepancies of Scripture. Here, it took high *a priori* ground, and pronounced a revelation to be needless, and that every man was a revelation to himself: there, on the same ground, it proved miracles to be impossible. Now it assailed the prophecies, and showed that they had had but a *figurative* fulfilment; while some of its champions—the desperate *forlorn hope*—denounced even the *morality* of the Bible! The defenders of Revelation were not a whit behind their assailants: from every one of these “refuges of lies,”

“The parting genius was with sighing sent.”

It will be sufficient to mention a few of their names who met in battle on that field, to show that it was one of the most fiercely contested which the adventurous history of controversy presents. On the one side appear Conybeare, Chandler, Leland, Lardner, and BUTLER—himself a host; while on the other side were ranged Chubb, Tindall, Collins, Bolingbroke, Morgan, and many others. So exhausted was the controversy, at least on the infidel side, that though Christianity has gained much, since that day, by a more happy distribution and arrangement of evidence, as well as by the occupation of much new territory, infidelity has done nothing but vamp a new long-demolished theories;—except when, in quest of something like novelty, it hits upon one of those paradoxical absurdities to which we have already referred. And even for the new ground which Christianity has occupied, we are largely indebted to those great men who defended her in that conflict,—to the extensive application of principles which they had already partially employed. In how many forms, for instance, has the one great principle which gave birth to the book of Butler, been applied! And what a treasury of facts for Paley were Lardner's Testimonies! It reminds one of David laying up the materials of which Solomon was to build the temple. The

first part of Paley's admirable work on the evidences, is universally known to be little more than a happy condensation of Lardner's great work.

The volume which has given rise to this train of remark, is occupied *principally* with the Internal Evidences—that department, which, as we have already intimated, still presents inexhaustible materials for further argument. By the words *internal evidences*, we conclude all those arguments which may be derived from the *sacred volume itself*, whether historical or of any other kind; whether directly, or by a comparison of its various parts. To mention a few particulars; we include, that general air of truth and reality with which the whole narrative of the sacred volume irresistibly impresses the mind, and which is resolvable into a vast number of particulars, many of which it is impossible by any analysis to detect and classify, but which unconsciously influence the mind;—we include, the harmony and keeping of the sacred narrative, (viewing it merely as a piece of history,) a harmony which, considering the infinity of details, the endless particularity which the sacred volume presents, could never have been kept up in a work of imagination, and for which nothing but its truth will enable us to account;—we include, the congruity that is so apparent in the whole volume, viewing it as one continuous system of truth, the gradual revelation of divine wisdom; an argument multiplied ten thousand fold in force, when we recollect the many ages during which it was slowly developing, the many instruments by which it was unfolded, and the disjointed, *unsystematic form* in which, after all, it is handed to us; rendering the very idea of concert not only absurd but impossible. With respect to the character of the Revelation itself, we include the superhuman sublimity of many of its disclosures; the inimitable simplicity with which the profoundest moral truths are enunciated; the extraordinary nature of the *principal* doctrines, so far remote from any which human imagination would be likely to invent;—the argument from fact, that this book reveals the profoundest depths of our moral nature, and proffers a system of doctrines which by experience is found to be exactly adapted to it; a system of doctrines capable, in a way no other system ever was, of elevating and purifying the soul;—the argument from a diligent analysis of this system of doctrines, which, the further it is carried, the more clearly explains the fact just alluded to, and reveals an exquisite mechanism in the gospel, nicely calculated to operate with overwhelming power upon every spring of action within us:—all which arguments again are to be multiplied by the produce of the following arguments derived from the improbability that such a Revelation (abstractedly unlikely to be invented under *any* circumstances) should have been conveyed in such a mode and by such instruments. As to the *instruments*, they were *men*, therefore no more likely than other religious impostors (sup-

posing them, for argument's sake, to have been such) to invent a system so pure, holy, self-denying and spiritual; they *were* illiterate and ignorant; therefore *infinitely* unlikely to invent a system (merely regarding it as every one must admit it to be) so singularly *original*, as well as *beautiful* and *sublime*. Then as to the *mode*; they have, in addition to the inconceivable difficulty of constructing such a system at all, chosen just the most difficult of all possible methods of expounding it; not in a straight-forward, didactic, ethical way, but by what, when well done, is the highest of all intellectual achievements; we mean, embodying a system in examples—in the words and actions of a living character—himself a combination of all wonderful and, one would at first think, heterogeneous qualities, and yet, blended together here so as to form a character, full of harmony, grandeur, and purity; at other times expounding their doctrines in *fragments*, just as incidental circumstances elicited them; and again, adding to all these difficulties, the additional and gratuitous one of *imagining* a fictitious course of narrative and writing a series of feigned letters, in all which an inconceivable variety of petty circumstances (just where fiction so soon betrays itself by its inconsistency) must be attended to, while the main plot is still developing in all its intricacy and complication. But there are a thousand other topics included under this large head of internal evidences, which the time would fail us to mention; and then, when they have been all put forth, and their *individual* force estimated, they are to be viewed *collectively*, and in *relation to one another*; and the probability is to be estimated, (who with merely a mortal mind *could* fully estimate it?) that such a system, in which such complication and variety of evidence converges to one point, should be false? When a mind that has fairly traversed the ground of the evidences of Christianity, can believe this, he is just fit to believe the atomic theory.

It is obvious, that the field of the *internal evidences* is so large as not soon to be exhausted. As each part of the Bible may be viewed in relation to every *other* part, and every part to the whole, it is plain that innumerable analogies will be constantly presenting themselves, which may form the foundation of a striking argument, perhaps of a whole *series* of arguments. What a happy thought was that which suggested to Paley, a comparison of the Acts of the Apostles with St. Paul's Epistles. What a fruitful source of vast numbers of convincing coincidences? And who shall say how far it may be carried? Nay, how far has it already been carried both in reference to the Old and New Testament!

But we must proceed to speak of the volume which has given rise to the above remarks. We are disposed to regard it, on the whole, as one of the most valuable contributions which modern scholarship has presented to that important branch of theology with which it is occupied. Before proceeding to point out those parts of the

Volume which we deem most interesting, we shall make a few remarks on its general character, and on one or two defects with which we think it chargeable. We cannot help thinking, then, that very many of its readers will charge it with obscurity; not in parts, but as a whole; not in detail, but as regards the general object which the Author has in view. How is this to be accounted for? It does not arise from any obscurity in the several parts of the reasoning; for the Author is evidently gifted with one of the clearest and most logical understandings; nor from a faulty style, for there is, in this respect, the utmost purity and perspicuity, the Writer expressing himself with that concise elegance which is the most felicitous vehicle in which philosophy can possibly convey her thoughts. But this obscurity convey her thoughts. But this obscurity may be felt, even where each separate argument is valid; 1st., if too much is attempted in a small space, and not sufficient room is given for the development of the author's design: 2nd., when arguments of very various strength are injudiciously thrown together, or arguments which are intended for one class of readers, are mixed up with others which only apply to another. As Dr. Whately very properly observes, arguments which are intended to remove, or at least to diminish, many scriptural difficulties, may have much force with the *candid mind*—a mind already predisposed to believe—but yet shall have no force whatever with an infidel. The more closely, therefore, a writer aims at presenting one class of arguments for a given purpose, the more definite will be his object, and the greater unity of purpose will there appear about his work. This is the inimitable charm of Butler's Analogy. His book was intended for a certain class of readers, and he eschews every argument which does not immediately tell. He might have pressed into his cause a thousand questionable arguments, and some scarcely questionable—but he would have weakened the general impression by so doing. He would have diluted his reasoning. But his is no mixture of iron and clay. This defect, perhaps, strikes one more forcibly in our present Author, as his title, as well as certain passages in his preface, would naturally lead the reader to suppose that his design was much more limited than it appears to be; in fact, much the same as that of Butler. But more of this presently.

The great cause of obscurity, however, is that we first mentioned; namely, that *too much is attempted in the space*. This little work, in fact, traverses the whole length and breadth, not only of the deistical, but of the Socinian controversies: the whole scheme of revelation consistent with itself and with human reason—a most magnificent project, it is true, but surely not to be achieved in a 12mo volume of 369 not very closely printed pages. It may be said, that it is an elementary work, and therefore could not be spread out to the extent which would have been required to do the subject justice. We grant it;

and therefore contend that our Author should have limited himself to such a train of arguments—in fact, such a *section* of the subject—as would have been compatible with the limits assigned to him. As this is an elementary work, it was the more necessary; for supposing there had been more evident unity of purpose about the volume than most readers will perceive, yet, *elementary* works should not consist simply, or even chiefly, of the results of extensive and profound reasoning; of great general conclusions, or even of the *general* reasoning on which these conclusions rest. But let us not be misunderstood. We like these comprehensive abstracts, these '*outline maps*,' as Dr. Shuttleworth calls them, for those who have already made no mean progress in the branch of science to which they refer. But works of an *elementary* character and intended for a popular series, must be of a different character. Some considerable detail, and a consequent contraction of the field, are necessary. Dr. Shuttleworth brings forward, it is true, at the conclusion of his volume, an ingenious illustration by which he defends an opposite course.

'In this respect the design of the comprehensive survey of the theory of Christianity here attempted, will bear some resemblance to that of the blank outline maps which we place in the hands of young students in geography, by the aid of which the grouping and relative connexion of the several districts are rendered more easy of apprehension, than would be the case, were they to commence by entangling themselves in minute questions of detail.' p. 357.

Surely a moment's consideration must satisfy any one of the marked difference between the two cases, and therefore the fallacy of the illustration. For it is evident, that what confounds the memory in closely crowded maps is, that there is a great multiplicity of details to be remembered, with no other aids for that purpose than the most arbitrary associations; each place being, to one ignorant of the country, no more worthy of remembrance than another. But that which enables us to see the force of comprehensive principles, and their mutual bearings and relations, are those very trains of detailed reasoning by which we first arrived at them, or trace their connexion with one another. The mind is, in this case, assisted by that detail which would only perplex in the other, simply because the very perception of the conclusions, depends upon a knowledge of the train of arguments which lead to it. There is an edition of Paley's and of Locke's works, now in course of publication, which professes to give the *cream* of their writings, by presenting an abridgment of their reasoning, or rather the mere results of it. The consequence is, that many pages of these volumes exhibit little else than meagre catalogues of naked dogmata, with little of that reasoning by which they are severally established or by which they are connected. Neither Locke nor Paley

was very prodigal of words, and he must be a *short-hand* thinker indeed who will venture to abridge them.

It is true, indeed, that the extent of detail with which it is desirable to go into any given subject, must be determined by the judgment of the author; but of this we are quite sure, that he must not fill too large a sphere for effective though not unnecessarily minute detail. All those works which have been most extensively useful, have been eminently distinguished by their definiteness and precision of aim, yet more, if possible, than by the strength of several parts. Butler's *Analogy*, Paley's *Evidences*, his '*Natural Theology*', his '*Horæ Paulinæ*', and others, are distinguished by this quality. It is by dividing and subdividing the intellectual territory, and cultivating each well, that the greatest amount of produce can be obtained. This is, in fact, only one of the many applications of that invaluable principle—the division of labour.

From the title of our author's book, but still more from the first two sentences of his preface, one is led to suppose that he was about to confine himself to the same line of arguments as Bishop Butler; that is, to show that the greater part of the objections of the unbeliever against Revelation, will apply with equal force to other modifications of religious belief.

'The object of the following dissertation is to do justice to the internal evidences of Christianity, by disincumbering them of the weight of that class of objections, which, though in popular discussion generally considered as affecting the cause of revelation exclusively, stand in reality in no need of refutation, for the plain and simple reason, that they are applicable in exactly the same degree to every possible modification of religion whatever.' p. v.

One would infer from this, that our Author intended to have little to do with the *positive* evidences for the truth of Revelation. But he proceeds to show that he has a further design; for he sometimes attacks specific objections in a most powerful manner, by showing that such is the amount of positive evidence, that, formidable as many of the objections of the infidel may be, it requires a less magnanimous effort of the understanding to admit the latter, than to reject the former. This is a very beautiful thought, and is very often illustrated with remarkable felicity and effect. But then, to do the argument justice, the Author should not confine it, as he professedly does, to the *internal* evidences; (although we admit they are the strongest for his purpose;) he should take the whole amount of evidence from *any* source in favour of Christianity, or, which is the same thing, the whole amount of the difficulty which the unbeliever is called on to reconcile, if he rejects the solution which the supposition of the truth of revelation affords. And then, the question is, whether he will retain his objection, (which may be susceptible of a very satisfactory answer, though he

cannot discover one,) and believe that such an immense multiplicity of *positive* proofs is a fortuitous circumstance; or whether, admitting the evidence of revelation to be conclusive, he will abandon his objection. We wish our Author, leaving every other train of argument, had confined himself solely to this class of objections; we are sure he would have acquitted himself admirably. He might have taken up, first single portions of the argument and gone into details, and then given a comprehensive view of the whole.

There are several chapters, (especially in the latter part of the book, in reference to certain points of the Socinian Controversy,) which we think would have been as well omitted altogether. We cannot understand on what principles of procedure previously laid down as the basis of his arguments, they are constructed. We allude more particularly to the two short chapters on the Divinity of Christ and the Personality of the Holy Spirit.

Having thus spoken our minds freely on some of the defects of this volume, considered as a continuous piece of reasoning, we shall proceed to the far more agreeable task of pointing out its excellencies. Of the style and manner, we have already spoken. It has however, far higher merits than these. Many *insulted* trains of reasoning are fully equal, both in point of originality and force, to any thing that has appeared since the days of Bishop Butler. Take the following passages, in which the reasoning and the eloquence are equally felicitous. Our Author is speaking of the '*difficulties*' which belong to natural, not less than to revealed religion, and of those which belong exclusively to Christianity; and he shows that, admitting the difficulties of Christianity to be both numerous and great, we must calculate, as a *set-off* against this, its solution of many of the difficulties in which natural religion left us involved; and he then contends, that the *remaining difficulties* are not greater than might be expected from the enlargement of the sphere of intellectual vision which Christianity furnishes; each extension of our knowledge being at the same time an extension of our ignorance:—a fact not only true in religion, but in experimental philosophy.

'The rationalist may, indeed, shut his eyes and choose not to see, or he may otherwise occupy his thoughts, and may really be not aware of the darkness involved in the foregoing questions, but most certainly that darkness is as old as philosophy itself. If the Christian is more perplexed by discussions of this nature than the mere Theist, it is only because, from the tremendous importance of his creed, his mind has been rendered more anxious and contemplative, that reflections has become a more momentous duty, and the current of his thoughts, in consequence, been more systematically turned in that direction. True, indeed, it is, that the mysteries here alluded to are far from comprehending all that are involved in the admission of the truth of Christianity. All that is now asserted is, that

It is both unfair and illogical to lay exclusively to the charge of that peculiar form of belief, perplexities which it shares in common with every other modification of theistical enquiry, and from which the adoption of the gross absurdities and inconsistencies of even Atheism itself would scarcely afford us a shelter. Without, then, pretending to deny that the Gospel revelation has difficulties really and especially its own, we would merely urge, that it is those specific and peculiar difficulties, and no other, which suggest a legitimate subject of discussion to the sceptic. By a sober investigation of them, then, let it be tried. The result, we are satisfied, will be, that the additional enigmas which it proposes, beyond those attaching to natural religion, are not more in number than might be fairly anticipated from the wider survey of the Divine arrangements which it affords to our minds, and the consequent necessity for the supply of new matter for wonder which this last supposition involves. We may add, also, that if the perplexities which Christianity may thus appear to have superadded to the religion of nature be found, as assuredly many of them will be found, to explain and remove some of those which previously encumbered the principles of Theism; such explanations ought in fairness to be taken, so far as they may go, as a set-off against the new difficulties thus introduced, and as a diminution of their total amount. This act of justice, infidelity will, perhaps, never be found to have voluntarily conceded, but it is obviously claimable upon every sound principle of argument. Let us illustrate this observation by what, we know, occurs every day in the pursuits of experimental philosophy. If we might venture to speculate upon what might be presumed *a priori* to be the probable effect of sudden illumination of the human mind, on the subject of the great principles of religion, we should naturally be disposed to expect a result perfectly analogous with that which we know from experience accompanies every similar enlargement of our apprehensions of the objects of physical science: that is to say, the mind would gain a step in advance, and occupy a wider area of knowledge than before; but at the same time the current effect would be, that whilst some pre-existing difficulties would be partially, and others perhaps satisfactorily, explained, the accumulation of new facts, thus occasioned, would necessarily bring with it an accession of perplexity, of which we were not aware in the earlier stage of our progress. In the present state of the human faculties, one source of doubt is removed only by the inevitable introduction of another. A phenomenon in chemistry or in natural history may be explained by the discovery of some hitherto unknown principle; but that fresh discovery, whilst it serves as a key to unlock former subjects of doubt, is itself quite as perplexing as those which it has removed. It is impossible to deny that Newton has truly explained the phenomena of the planetary system, by referring them to the universal law of gravitation. But this discovery has only put us in possession of one link the more in the eternal chain of consequences, so that, instead of ask-

ing any longer what it is which retains the heavenly bodies in, and gives regularity to, their respective courses, our question now is, what is the principle which gives to all matter whatever, its power of mutual and reciprocal attraction. The subject matter of our knowledge is increased, but our final ignorance remains the same. Our intellectual horizon shifts as we advance, but the same mass of clouds hangs to the last on its extreme verge.

With regard, then, to the admitted difficulties of Christianity, it may be confidently asserted, that in this respect the sceptic does not argue the matter fairly. He assumes that a Divine Revelation ought necessarily to operate as a universal solution of pre-existing doubt, whereas the infinite and stupendous nature of the problems with which it has to do, and the admitted fact of the very limited faculties of the human mind, ought naturally to have suggested to him the directly opposite conclusion. The idea of a religion without mystery involves, in fact, little less than a contradiction in terms.' pp. 27—30.

This is only another way of urging the lessons, capable of such inexhaustible applications, which the whole volume of Butler is intended to inculcate; namely, the necessary ignorance of man on many most important points, and the consequent folly of rejecting *any thing* on the ground of its being *mysterious*. Our life is made up of mystery, and is itself a mystery; and we cannot pursue one of the many avenues of knowledge without soon arriving at those impassable barriers which convince us of our incurable ignorance. Yet, we are so familiarized with that theatre of wonders in which we live and move and have our being, that it ceases to appear wonderful. But could we imagine some being of transcendent powers becoming acquainted with the stupendous facts which are hourly transpiring around us, without passing through that slow and initiatory process which (before it is over) familiarizes us with the wonders so much, that, when they are felt and seen, they cease to *seem* wonderful,—what would he say, but that imagination could not conceive a more ridiculous thing, than that creatures, every moment of whose lives furnished a refutation of such folly, should refuse to believe propositions (established by appropriate evidence) because they deemed them in other respects too mysterious. Yet, this is the basis, not only of Deism, but of Socinianism; and the great lesson to be taught those who embrace the errors of either, is their ignorance and their littleness.

Though it is true, as our Author argues, that our ignorance enlarges with our knowledge, that it is, as it were, the shadow that tracks its progress, yet, there is this advantage connected with more comprehensive views, that they produce not only an acquiescence in what is proved to be incurable ignorance, but that humility of mind which, taught by past experience, will not presume to dogmatize on what is unknown, or rashly decide upon what is and what is not within the sphere of possibility, or reject proffered

truth, simply because invested with mystery. In heaven, doubtless, this disposition will be perfect. While making eternal advances in knowledge, we shall in all probability be attaining at the same time only profounder views of the extent of our ignorance, of the infinite depths which still lie, in night, unexplored beyond us; nay, of transcendental mysteries which it shall never be given to created mind to penetrate, while, subdued into humility, instead of flattered into pride, by ever-expanding prospects, we shall only fall with the lowlier prostration before the throne of Him who 'alone dwelleth in light,' and that light inaccessible, and with whom alone are 'hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' This much is certain; that on earth, those who have attained the most comprehensive views of things, are just those who have been the most deeply impressed with their own ignorance, who have been the most cautious in forming their judgments, or in pronouncing their opinion, and whose natures have been most abhorrent from that coxcombical affectation of despising *mysteries*, which is the certain characteristic either of half learned or second-rate minds.

Our review has already extended far beyond the limits we had assigned it; and we have only room for the following extracts from the 17th chapter, entitled, 'Of the tendency of the Prophetic Books of the Old Testament.' It contains many beautiful observations.

'The object of this dissertation being chiefly to point out the general congruity of the Holy Scriptures with themselves, and with the universally acknowledged phenomena of human nature, in other words, to dwell more immediately upon the internal evidence which they bear of their own authenticity, it will scarcely fall within its design to dwell upon the very strong confirmation afforded by prophecy to the truth of Christianity. In a work so limited in compass as the present, it were impossible to do justice to so extensive a subject, and which has already been cogently illustrated in many first-rate standard works: nor would the minute and circumstantial detail, which such an examination would require, accord with the very general view of the more superficial and popular objections to the credibility of our religion, which is all that is now attempted to be taken. With regard, therefore, to this truly important branch of the Christian evidences, it will be our object to dwell chiefly upon the more broad and general character of the writings of the Jewish prophets, as forming a kind of intermediate dispensation between the Levitical institutions, the strict and formal letter of which they are calculated to spiritualize, and the covenant of the Gospel, of the real nature and destination of which they gave the first clear intimations.

'Now, among the foremost impressions left upon our minds by their perusal, is that of the internal proof which they bear of their own authenticity, from the total want of system and definite purpose which they display, and the entire absence of any personal interest or advantage to their respective authors, if we

put out of the question the appropriate position which they are calculated to occupy between a religion of types and one of antitypes, between one of ritual expiations and one of spiritual holiness; and the strong testimony which they thus afford retrospectively to the truth of the Mosaic, and prospectively to that of the Christian covenant. It would most assuredly be impossible to account for the composition of the larger and more prominent proportion of these truly remarkable documents, by referring it to the ordinary human motives of self-interest, or of national or personal vanity. That they were not written for the purpose of giving an additional sanction to the Levitical institutions, is obvious from the fact, that they frequently speak of them in language so deprecating, as almost to imply a spirit of hostility; whilst, on the other hand, that their object was not that of casting any slur upon the authenticity of that ritual is equally evident, from the fact that they explicitly assert its Divine origin, and attribute the severe visitations which befel their countrymen to the wrath of Providence, for their continued violation of its enactments. Now, admitting that the Jewish prophets were sent into the world at their respective epochs, for the purpose of weaning the public mind gradually from the provisional establishment of Moses, and preparing it for the reception of evangelical truth, all these characteristics which mark their writings are precisely what might have been expected; but, we repeat, no other solution with which we are acquainted would meet the case. Any idea of personal aggrandizement, as the motive of the line adopted by their authors, was again obviously out of the question. To the Jewish community they must have appeared, from their continued anticipations of national calamity and discomfiture, any thing rather than patriotic; and by the uncompromising censure with which they lashed the vices of the sovereign of the day, they must have expected to draw down, as we know that they actually did, the most violent persecution upon their own heads. Yet, with all these apparently unpopular characteristics, their books (such we must presume was the unanswerable evidence of their inspiration at the time of their production) have been received as infallible oracles by the very people whose crimes they denounced, whose religious prejudices they offended, and whose political ruin they foreboded; and, from that day to the present, have been reverentially transmitted from father to son, through every change of evil and good fortune, and referred to in their original language by that inflexible people under almost every possible modification of manners, and in almost every climate of the earth.

'The gradual preparation for a new and better system than that of the provisional institutions of Moses, as hinted at by himself, and slowly developed in the subsequent writings of the prophets, seems to have been admirably contrived by Providence, according to the continually shifting circumstances of the Jewish people. Moses, it has been already remarked, alludes to the eventual abrogation of his own ritual by the substitution of the covenant of the Gospel, in language sufficiently

satisfy us that he was fully aware would be the fact; though in a manner prominent as to derogate from the claimed for his own enactments, by more broadly than was expedient character. But as time advanced, after a course of successive ages, rites had been sufficiently long to have completely identified them with the national habits, the Almighty purposely to have become more and more in his intimation of his ultimate

The substitution of spiritual, in of ritual, holiness; the one efficient of sin, destined to be once for all completed in the sufferings and glorifying of the Messiah, and annunciation of the blessings of the Gentiles equally with the expressly alluded to so early as of David, in many of the Psalms at that monarch and his contemporaries obviously calculated to subvert the then existing reliance upon the sacerdotal sacrifice.

portion as the completion of the time intended by Providence drew nearer, this to derogate from the effectiveness of the ritual, and to anticipate a more stem still hidden in the womb of futurity becomes more and more evident in the of the later prophets. And accordingly that in consequence of these resolutions, all bearing prospectively to point, and more especially of those in the Book of Daniel, the appearance of Prince and Saviour was an object of expectation among the Jews at the time of the redeemer's birth; though from feelings of hostility they were disposed, in direct opposition to the very prophecies to which he was intended, to restrict the object of his mission to his own peculiar nation. Now it is denied that, upon the presumption of intentions of Providence were what the Christian supposes, this gradual repeal of the old covenant, and preparation of the mind for the promulgation of that which was to displace it, was wisely contrived. It was pursued as like that which we see in some of the common operations of nature, where the effete animal organ, to be superseded by the substitution of a more complete, detaches itself slowly and imperceptibly, and finally drops off in the process for the production of that which is to follow is completed. Another, and an advantage, also, was obtained for the advancement of Christianity by this arrangement; namely, the confirmation of its authenticity subsequently to its promulgation, by the evidence of previously received prophecy. The same writings which, in the proclamation of the Gospel covenant, have been intended only for the single purpose of weaning the minds of the Jews from their strong attachment to the mere ceremonial law, and of inculcating principles of substantial holiness, served, after the coming of Christ, to afford the most irrefragable proofs of the reality of his mission. In

consequence of this double purpose, which has been answered by the prophetic writings, it is that their importance, as means of instruction, is at this moment as great to the society of Christians as it was originally to the people for whose use they appeared to be more immediately intended: a circumstance in which we trace again another close analogy with the general economy of the Creator, almost all of whose visible works are adapted for the promotion of other and secondary purposes, after the first more ostensible object has been attained.' pp. 200—209.

Many, very many passages of the same admirable character are scattered through the volume. We need not say, therefore, we most cordially recommend the work to general perusal.

From the Spectator.

HE that has the fortune or the misfortune to be roused from pleasant slumbers on a moonshiny night by the angry cries of a couple of tom-cats, and who, making a virtue of necessity, adopts the resolution of watching from his window the progress of the deadly fight which such awful notes of preparation seem to portend, must not be surprised if he find in both combatants a disposition to treat but slightly the rule of the great dramatist, which teaches players to suit their actions to their words. The spit of disdain, the purr of defiance, the yell of rage, the eyes darting fire, and the paws threatening annihilation, he will find for the most part associated with a most pertinacious avoidance of collision. Nor must he be disappointed, after a number of flank movements, each accompanied with an increase of clamour, if, at the moment when he is led to expect an instant assault, with one sudden whisk, either or both of the challengers should bound from the field of battle with all the elasticity and courage of a hare.

The position of England in respect to the brother Princes of Portugal, is not very different from that of the waked-up sleeper and the cats. The call to the battle between Pedro and Miguel had sounded so loud and so long, that the eyes of the slumberers were at length unsealed, and we looked forth with eager interest to behold a struggle which every symptom told us must be deadly and decisive. The force on both sides were drawn out; the trumpet sounded to the charge; but neither advanced. The one sidled away, the other sidled away—PEDRO to the town, MIGUEL to the country—war in their aspect, and peace in their hearts, the only point on which both agreed being to separate. To keep a crown or to snatch one, has been generally deemed a sufficient excuse for achievements of greatest hazards; but the Portuguese Princes have adopted the Hindoo fashion instead of the Gothic, and to strive to gain the object of their wishes not by lance and bow, but by sitting Dhurna; the contest being who shall do least, not who shall do most.

Under such circumstances, we are called on not to report the progress, but the standing of the parties. We have only to say, PEDRO still sits and MIGUEL still sits. In the course of the week, some sixteen hundred recruits have embarked for Oporto. Whether when they arrive there, PEDRO will rise and fight, and MIGUEL rise and run, we do not pretend to guess; but our hopes incline that way.

REPORT OF THE SECRET COMMITTEE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND CHARTER.

THE Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of renewing the Charter of the Bank of England, and into the system on which Banks of Issue in England and Wales are conducted; and to whom the petition of certain Directors of Joint Stock Banking Companies in England was referred; and who were empowered to report the Minutes of Evidence taken before them,—have agreed upon the following Report.

Your Committee have applied themselves to the inquiry which the House has committed to them, by calling for all the accounts which appeared to them necessary for the purpose of elucidating the affairs of the Bank of England; and have examined evidence, for the purpose of ascertaining the principles on which it regulates the issue of its notes, and conducts its general transactions. They feel bound to state, that the Directors of the Bank of England have afforded to them every facility in their power, and have most readily and candidly answered every question which has been put to them, and produced every account which has been called for. The Committee have also examined such witnesses as appeared to them, from their practical knowledge and experience, most likely to afford information on the important subjects under their consideration, who have all been ready to give the Committee the most ample information.

The principal points to which they have directed their attention, are—

First. Whether the Paper Circulation of the Metropolis should be confined, as at present, to the issues of one bank, and that a commercial Company; or, whether a competition of different banks of issue, each consisting of an unlimited number of partners, should be permitted.

Secondly. If it should be deemed expedient that the Paper circulation of the Metropolis should be confined, as at present, to the issues of one bank, how far the whole of the exclusive privileges possessed by the Bank of England are necessary to effect this object.

Thirdly. What checks can be provided to secure for the public a proper management of banks of issue, and especially whether it would be expedient and safe to compel them periodically to publish their accounts.

With respect to the circulation of paper in the Country, the Committee have examined—first, into the effect produced by the establishment of the Branch Banks of the Bank of England; and se-

condly, into the expediency of encouraging the establishment of Joint Stock Banks of issue in the country.

On all these, and on some collateral points, more or less information will be found in the Minutes of Evidence; but on no one of them is it so complete as to justify the Committee in giving a decided opinion.

The period of the session at which the Committee commenced their labours, the importance and extent of the subject, and the approaching close of the session, will sufficiently account to the House for the limited progress of the inquiry, and for the incompleteness of the materials which have been collected, for the purpose of forming an opinion. They have thought it better, therefore, to submit the whole of the evidence which they have taken, with a very few exceptions, to the consideration of the House.

In their opinion, no public inconvenience will arise from this publication. The only parts of the evidence which they have thought it necessary to suppress, are those which relate merely to the private interests of individuals.

The House will perceive that the Committee have presented as part of the evidence which they have taken, the actual amount of bullion at different times in the hands of the Bank of England. This information has never before been given to the public. It is, however, very essential to a complete knowledge of the subject; and if it had been suppressed by the Committee, many parts of the evidence would have been unintelligible, and a false impression would have been produced in the minds of the public, that the Bank were not as well provided with bullion as is desirable, which might have a very injurious effect. The House will, however, observe, that the Bank is amply provided with bullion at the present time; and it does not therefore appear to the Committee that this information being now given to the public can be productive of any injurious consequences.

The Committee, however, by no means wish it to be understood, from their having felt themselves called upon to include this evidence in their Report, that they have formed any opinion as to the propriety of periodically publishing the affairs of this or of any other bank of issue. There appears to be a difference between a publication of the affairs of the Bank when an inquiry is instituted for the purpose of deciding whether the Bank Charter shall be renewed or not, and a periodical publication during the course of its ordinary transactions.

Of the ample means of the Bank of England to meet all its engagements, and of the high credit which it has always possessed, and which it continues to deserve, no man who reads the evidence taken before this Committee can for a moment doubt; for it appears that, in addition to the surplus rest in the hands of the Bank itself, amounting to 2,880,000*l.*, the capital on which interest is paid to the Proprietors, and for which the State is debtor to the Bank, amounts to 14,553,000*l.* making no less a sum than 17,433,000*l.* over and above all its liabilities.

11th August, 1832.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE PAPER CIRCULATION AND STORED BULLION OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND FOR THE LAST FORTY-FOUR YEARS.

compiled from a table in the Bank Charter Committee's Report, which occupies 12½ pages folio.]

		Circulation.	Bullion.			Circulation.	Bullion.
1778, Feb. 28	..	£7,440,330	..	£2,010,600	1805, Aug. 31	£16,388,400	£7,624,500
Aug. 31	..	6,758,070	..	3,128,420	1806, Feb. 28	17,730,120	5,987,190
1779, Feb. 28	..	9,012,640	..	3,711,150	Aug. 31	21,027,470	6,215,020
Aug. 31	..	7,276,540	..	3,983,300	1807, Feb. 28	16,950,680	6,142,840
1780, Feb. 28	..	8,410,790	..	3,581,060	Aug. 31	19,678,360	6,484,350
Aug. 31	..	6,341,600	..	4,179,370	1808, Feb. 28	18,188,860	7,855,470
1781, Feb. 28	..	7,092,450	..	3,279,940	Aug. 31	17,111,290	6,015,940
Aug. 31	..	6,309,430	..	2,862,590	1809, Feb. 28	18,542,860	4,488,700
1782, Feb. 28	..	8,023,880	..	2,157,860	Aug. 31	19,574,180	3,652,480
Aug. 31	..	6,759,310	..	1,956,550	1810, Feb. 28	21,019,600	3,501,410
1783, Feb. 28	..	7,675,090	..	1,321,190	Aug. 31	24,793,900	3,191,850
Aug. 31	..	6,307,270	..	590,080	1811, Feb. 28	23,360,220	3,350,940
1784, Feb. 28	..	6,202,760	..	655,840	Aug. 31	23,286,850	3,243,300
Aug. 31	..	5,592,510	..	1,539,830	1812, Feb. 28	23,408,320	2,983,190
1785, Feb. 28	..	5,923,090	..	2,740,820	Aug. 31	23,026,880	3,099,270
Aug. 31	..	6,570,650	..	5,487,040	1813, Feb. 27	23,210,930	2,884,500
1786, Feb. 28	..	7,581,960	..	5,979,090	Aug. 31	24,288,120	2,712,270
Aug. 31	..	8,184,330	..	6,311,050	1814, Feb. 28	24,801,080	2,204,430
1787, Feb. 28	..	8,329,840	..	5,626,690	Aug. 31	28,368,290	2,079,680
Aug. 31	..	9,685,720	..	6,293,000	1815, Feb. 28	27,261,650	2,036,910
1788, Feb. 28	..	9,561,120	..	5,743,440	Aug. 31	27,248,670	3,409,040
Aug. 31	..	10,002,880	..	6,899,160	1816, Feb. 28	27,013,620	4,640,880
1789, Feb. 28	..	9,807,210	..	7,228,730	Aug. 31	26,758,720	7,562,780
Aug. 31	..	11,121,800	..	8,645,860	1817, Feb. 28	27,397,900	9,680,970
1790, Feb. 28	..	10,040,540	..	8,633,000	Aug. 30	29,543,780	11,068,260
Aug. 31	..	11,433,340	..	8,386,330	1818, Feb. 28	27,770,970	10,055,460
1791, Feb. 28	..	11,432,900	..	7,869,410	Aug. 31	26,202,150	6,363,150
Aug. 31	..	11,672,320	..	8,053,510	1819, Feb. 27	25,126,700	4,184,620
1792, Feb. 28	..	11,307,380	..	6,468,060	Aug. 31	25,252,690	3,595,360
Aug. 31	..	11,006,300	..	5,347,380	1820, Feb. 28	23,484,110	4,911,050
1793, Feb. 28	..	11,888,910	..	4,010,680	Aug. 31	24,299,340	8,211,080
Aug. 31	..	10,865,050	..	5,322,010	1821, Feb. 28	23,884,920	11,869,900
1794, Feb. 28	..	10,744,020	..	6,987,110	Aug. 31	20,295,300	11,233,590
Aug. 30	..	10,286,780	..	6,770,110	1822, Feb. 28	18,665,350	11,067,150
1795, Feb. 28	..	14,017,510	..	6,127,720	Aug. 31	17,464,790	10,097,960
Aug. 31	..	10,862,200	..	5,136,350	1823, Feb. 28	18,392,240	10,384,230
1796, Feb. 28	..	10,729,520	..	2,539,630	Aug. 31	19,231,240	12,658,240
Aug. 31	..	9,246,790	..	2,122,950	1824, Feb. 28	19,736,990	13,810,060
1797, Feb. 28	..	9,674,780	..	1,068,170	Aug. 31	20,132,120	11,787,430
Aug. 31	..	11,114,120	..	4,089,620	1825, Feb. 28	20,753,760	8,779,160
1798, Feb. 28	..	13,095,830	..	5,828,940	Aug. 31	19,398,840	3,634,320
Aug. 31	..	12,180,610	..	6,546,100	1826, Feb. 28	25,467,910	2,459,510
1799, Feb. 28	..	12,950,800	..	7,563,900	Aug. 31	21,563,560	6,754,230
Aug. 31	..	13,389,490	..	7,000,780	1827, Feb. 28	21,890,610	10,159,020
1800, Feb. 28	..	16,844,470	..	6,144,250	Aug. 31	22,747,600	10,463,770
Aug. 31	..	15,047,180	..	5,150,450	1828, Feb. 28	21,980,710	10,347,290
1801, Feb. 28	..	16,213,280	..	4,640,130	Aug. 30	21,357,510	10,498,880
Aug. 31	..	14,555,110	..	4,335,260	1829, Feb. 28	19,870,850	6,835,020
1802, Feb. 28	..	15,186,880	..	4,152,950	Aug. 31	19,547,380	6,795,530
Aug. 31	..	17,097,630	..	3,891,780	1830, Feb. 27	20,050,730	9,171,000
1803, Feb. 28	..	15,319,930	..	3,776,750	Aug. 30	21,464,700	11,150,480
Aug. 31	..	15,983,330	..	3,592,500	1831, Feb. 28	19,600,140	8,217,050
1804, Feb. 28	..	17,077,830	..	3,372,140	Aug. 31	18,538,630	6,439,760
Aug. 31	..	17,153,890	..	5,879,190	1832, Feb. 28	18,051,710	5,293,150
1805, Feb. 28	..	17,871,170	..	5,883,800	Aug. 7	18,819,000	7,154,000

From the Athenæum.

The Refugee in America. By Mrs. Frances Trollope. London: Whittaker & Co.

The extraordinary avidity with which Mrs. Trollope's work on America was devoured by all parties, naturally enough makes the public eager for a sight of this forthcoming novel, the scene of which is laid in that country—we have, therefore,

great pleasure in offering our readers, thus early, a glimpse into its pages. We shall, of course, reserve all comment until the work is published. Our opinion of the writer, as a writer, is on record. Although none more admired her clever, skilful, caricature sketches than ourselves, or laughed more heartily over the scenes so graphically described, we were conscious enough of our critical duty to look grave, and seriously to admonish her and warn

Englishman's question, 'and I'll just answer him like a Yankee. We never calculates to take no more trouble than what's needful. If I takes the horses off, I guess I shall have to put 'em on again; and that's what I don't reckon to do, unless I can't help it. * * *

"It soon became apparent that the stage was not in a condition to proceed. In raising its ponderous body, the wheel whose sudden descent had caused the overturn, being firmly fixed in the hole it had entered, was shattered to pieces in the effort to extricate it. * * *

"When this was done, the driver declared that there was not a shanty snug enough to shelter 'a possum,' within five miles, 'and how English folks,' he added, 'what wants their bread buttered on three sides, is to win through the night, is considerable beyond my comprehension to settle. What say you, Mr. Hicks?'

"If they won't be after giving themselves no monarchical airs, I calculate as they may carry their truck, along with their live cargo, to Silas Burns' clearing. 'Tis not much over two miles, I expect, off this road; and if they is tolerable 'cute, they may find the way right straight, if they will turn in round that big hickory tree yonder, and just mind the notches what Silas made with his axe when he first went into the bush.'

"And where do these notches begin, my friend?" said Mr. Gordon, 'we have little light left for seeing them. Do you know the road?'

"Mayhap I may," replied Mr. Hicks.

"Can you not lead us to the settlement you mention?"

"I calculate, Mister, that would not take me far on my road; 'cause Silas Burns' clearing happens to lie south-east, and my business just north-west of this here spot.'

one's friends, I expect,' answered with a knowing wink to his companion, was quizzing the simple confidant, or only his language, in a side. A night's shelter, how moment much more import their luggage; and Mr. Gordon assisted his daughter to a shall hope to find our trunks a

"But Mr. Hicks having not at all disposed to hurry h

"During these dilatory gave the first symptom he mentally present to the scene. he bit his lip, and stepping forward of command, 'On, fellow.'

was well pronounced, the fee expression of it, was past; quietly to his former position.

"Mr. Hicks followed him looking at him steadily for 'Was you thinking of speaking?'

"Lord Darcy shook his head that's all right. I comprehend you had better not.'

"Having made this speech rest of the party, as if waiting

"Which way are we to go don.

"Why, as to that, sir, I am able to say.'

"Good God! did you not guide?"

"I never says nothing as keep to, Mister.'

"Then why do you tell know the way?"

on as you ought to perform your part on first.'

'Heaven! are we waiting for that?' said he, drawing out his pocket-book; 'I believe this note is for five dollars; but there is no use to see.'

'To travel without a power of lighting my matches,' said Mr. Hicks; and then with a deliberation, which made Caroline laugh, noting her deplorable condition, he obtained a match, communicated to a match, enabled the important words, 'United States—'

Then extinguishing the light, he deposited in his pocket-book, adding, with a hesitancy than he had yet spoken, 'All now, sir, I am ready to do my part.' He stepped from the road, and taking his way 'big hickory tree,' entered the forest, forward at a pace which soon obliged him to follow to cry for mercy. * * *

He stopped here, saying, 'Now we begin at Mud Creek; so you must just be wary here you step. There's no great matter, I expect, but the depth of mud is considerable.'

Mr. Hicks, who had darted forward a few paces, now returned, exclaiming eagerly, 'Wait, Mr. Gordon, you must wait till I light a fire; here are pines that will do, and give us a light.'

He then thought of, Edward; and placing under shelter of the trees, Mr. Gordon, Lord Darcy and the servants, soon collected sufficient for the purpose.

Mr. Hicks stood perfectly still while this was done; and when they had completed the business, Mr. Gordon in his usual manner—'It is no bad thought, that, of the way as far as having a light goes. There is no doubt as we shall see how to cross the Big River, all the better for a blaze; and the way would be in an ugly fix if she happened on the one side or the other. The river is a considerable narrow. But it is but a moment, before commencing, that stopping to cut branches, and lighting fire, and the way in no way make part and parcel of our business, as I guess you can't have a doubt it is not much over an hour, according to calculation, since the words was spoke, Mr. Hicks would just pay my time 'twixt Silas Burns' clearing and back again; but no way include stopping to make a fire.'

'Five dollars more content you, sir? And I will use the use of the phosphorus? It is difficult to find mine.'

'I am contented of me,' said Mr. Hicks, 'I don't expect that you'll find no one more to content in this country than me. The people, Mister, and all sets a value on it. In respect of the five dollars additional, I say but it might be suitable enough, though were sure to burn kindly; but I don't, I expect, that if they don't, it

ought to make a difference. And a good deal will rest with the young woman, as to whether she is particular as to waiting for a great blaze, or whether she will content herself with a little one.'

'Charge what you will,' said Mr. Gordon, 'inexpressibly provoked, 'only for Heaven's sake make haste with your match.'

'We don't much calculate in this country that haste in business is approvable: we count that it seldom answers; and as we are all free, and speak what we conclude to be the truth, I must remark that I in no ways understood you to include the use of the matches when you commenced your new proposal.'

'I have told you that you might name your own price,' repeated Mr. Gordon; 'ask what you will, only do not keep us here.'

'I have no particular desire to stay here myself,' observed the impenetrable Mr. Hicks, 'for the evening is noways agreeable; but the first duty of man is business. Now the opening matches, when the trees is drip, drip, drip, as you hears, and, I calculate, feels to, sir, cannot be done without considerable risk to the whole batch. I would on no account take advantage of a gentleman's hurry to drive a hard bargain—our country, sir, is free and fair, fair and free—but in conscience; and in justice to my family, I expect I cannot take less than a dollar, thirty-seven and a half cents, for the matches, phosphorus, and trouble of fetching 'em out of my long coat pocket.'

'Agreed, agreed! now let us have them, and we shall see a blaze in a moment.'

'You knows my way of doing business, sir.'

Again Mr. Gordon pulled out his pocket-book, and again the match was kindled for the examination of the note. Lord Darcy, unable longer to control his impatience, seized the lighted match, and the wood they had collected was already in a blaze, before Mr. Hicks had at all recovered his astonishment at the suddenness of the proceeding. Having finished the important business of securing the note in his pocket-book, he said, with much solemnity, to Mr. Gordon, 'if that young varment expects to make his fortune in the United States, you must learn him different ways of getting the better in a bargain, than what that is, or may be he'll get gouged before he finds his pockets full. He's got the better of me for the one dollar, thirty-seven and a half, that's a fact; but he may not fare never the better for it, in the end.'

Mr. Gordon then produced a handful of silver, and begged he would pay himself, which he did slowly examining every coin, and concluded the operation with the remark that the youngster thought to have come over him. * * *

'Would it not be possible to camp here for the night?' said Mr. Gordon, 'Are there any bears, or noxious snakes likely to annoy us?'

'For the matter of bears, they have been pretty considerably driven back by the improvements; them's a creature what hates improvement; but for the serpents, 'specially the copper-heads,

girls. The elder of the men stepped forward to receive them, with an air of quiet civility, saying, 'English be they? Well, no matter for that, sit down, sit down.'

"Mr. Gordon apologised politely for having disturbed the family so unceremoniously, stated briefly the accident which had befallen them, and added, that Mr. Hicks, who was their fellow-passenger by the coach, had led them to hope they might be accommodated with a night's lodging under their roof.

"That follows, sir: no one is ever turned out in the forest.' * * *

"Put on the kettle, Benjamin Franklin; fetch down the maple sugar from the shelf, Sally; bring over all the mugs, Monroe, my man. Pray make yourselves at home, gentlemen.'

"Sit here, sir,' said the squire to Mr. Gordon; and 'sit there, sir,' said his brother to Mr. Hicks. * * *

"Set the spider here, Ophelia, and give me a spoonful of grease; Euphrosyne, hand me over that oven, my daughter. Don't be afeared, young woman, she won't hurt your head. Just run and fetch the venison, Monroe, 'tis hung in the elder bush. Here's capital coals on the hearth, and 'twill be done in no time. Stir the hominy my daughter, and give the Johnny cakes a turn; mind the gurdle, Euphrosyne, and I'll set the table.'

"Though most of these orders were unintelligible to the English travellers, they seemed to give very agreeable promise of refreshment; and Caroline, whose spirits were completely restored, enjoyed exceedingly the novelty of the scene. * * *

"When the smoking venison cutlets, hominy, eggs and fried ham, were placed on the board, the

and for certain they could get there is more nor better thing Union.'

"You must doubtless have terest strangers.'

"You may say that, Mr. C

"You do then allow, M beat the old country?"

"We have really been s America, that it would be qu form a judgment.'

"Not at all, not at all; s you ever see any thing so here state of New York? Sa

"Indeed, sir, the country tiful.'

"And the factories, Mr. C institutions? and the buildin together work upon your mi a surprise.'

"Mr. Gordon bowed, and

"But Squire Burns was no he chuckled complacently, an on that of Mr. Gordon, sa guess I read your mind.

conscience deny us our supe too much of an Englishman Hey, Mr. Gordon? I have h the head, I expect?"

"It may be so, and there excuse my answering more f

"Surely, sir, surely; we man, let him come from wl than just to own that we ar and after that, we grant him rest of his thoughts to hims

to what point may you be tr

"To Rochester, sir.'

lose round the fire, and we are favoured
ttle bye chat between Caroline Gordon
laughter of the family :—

re you lived here long, Miss Euphro-
he began.

have been in the bush better than six
answered Miss Euphrosyne.

! interrupted Miss Ophelia, 'why, sis,
years this fall.'

d how do you like the life?

xpect 'tis pleasant enough by times."

you see many people?"

! I guess not indeed; 'tis sometimes a
ut, 'twixt time and time that we sees a

you go to church?"

, we ar'n't Christians.

u are not Christians? How is that?"

hy, how can we be Christians, living in
so?"

hen Ophelia is married,' said the other

as she counts to be next month, then I

: will both be Christians; for she is to

Avon, and we shall be of the Baptist con-

on.' * * *

metimes, when father goes to market, we

the waggon with mother, to sell the

g, and to buy coffee and the like.'

re you not delighted to go?"

es, I like it very much when I have got a

nnet.'

ell, I think I should be delighted, if I had

bonnet at all.'

xpect the English don't mind, but the

an young ladies had rather bide at home

ly to eternity, than show themselves when

n't jam.' * * *

d now Mrs. Burns, having finished her

away, joined the female group, and told

ordon, that the best sleeping place she had

her, was just to lie between Ophelia and

sync.

his 'ere bed,' she continued, 'is what I, and

sband, and Sally sleeps in; and the other

which is altogether as big as this, have got

ds in it: one will be for my two girls and

id t'other for Benjamin Franklin and little

c.'

this arrangement Caroline's English feel-

jected; and her father, taking Mr. Burns

ad little difficulty, with the aid of a 'Uni-

ates—five dollars," of having somewhat

—

ome, wife, stir about; see to have a good

n t'other room. The boys is to turn out,

u is to turn in with miss and the girls;

ind to have clean linen on one of the beds,

boys ar'n't to go in; that's the bargain, I

, Mister?"

Exactly, sir,' said Mr. Gordon.

rs. Burns cast a glance of no very pleasant

sion towards Caroline. 'Why, 'tis as

a hurricane to lodge English folks. They

may have some other fancy when I've done
finished.' * * *

"Here the 'squire took his lady by the sleeve;
and, drawing her out of the room, conversed
with her for about two minutes; after which
she re-entered, and the stipulated arrangements
were speedily made, without any more grum-
bling.

"As soon as it was announced that the fire
was 'well alight' in the other room, Caroline pre-
pared to retire. * * *

"The pretty foresters willingly undertook the
office of Abigails, and seemed well satisfied by
being permitted to ransack the night-bag in re-
turn. The night-gown, the night-cap, the combs,
the brushes, were all seized upon, and all tried.
Even the little Sally would not be contented till
she had seen how she looked in the 'strange
woman's cap.' Caroline submitted to all these
novelties with great resignation; nay, the fair,
smiling young faces so conquered her aristocracy,
that she said to Ophelia, 'Either you or Euphro-
sync must sleep with me; the bed is quite large
enough, and I shall not mind it at all.'

"But I shall though,' cried Mrs. Burns, sud-
denly breaknig the silence she had maintained
since the private conversation with her husband.
'I mind it, if you do'n't; folks what gives five dol-
lars to get a girl a bed to herself, must know there
is some reason for it. My girls shall all three
sleep with me this night, please the Lord.'

"Well, then,' said Caroline, smiling, 'good
night to you all; I am very sleepy;' and in a few
minutes the fair wanderer was fast asleep."

We have used our utmost skill in abridging
these scenes, yet they occupy so much room as
to compel us to defer some others which we
intended to extract.

From the Spectator.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

THE territory of the United States, winding
along the shores of the Atlantic from the Bay of
Fundy to the Mouths of the Mississippi, embraces
in its long arms every description of clime from
the frigid zone to the torrid. The citizens are of
every possible variety, from the grave and steady
Quaker of Pennsylvania to the headlong Ken-
tuckian. There are two strong bonds of union
among the several States—their common lan-
guage and their common freedom: but in nearly
all things besides, the points of difference between
the Southern and Northern States are so many,
and the points of resemblance so few, that it
seems strange, not that they should contemplate a
separation, but that they should have so long re-
mained united. The people of South Carolina
have been the first to advocate openly an entire
separation of Government, where there is, in the

nature of things, an entire separation of interests. The Tariff—that most ignorant and ill-judged law, which went to impoverish the whole of the Union, but more especially the Southern part of it, for the sake of a few insignificant manufactures, which the war with England had created—is the immediate cause; but we believe there has long been a growing feeling in the comparatively young settlements in the South, that their voice was borne down by that of the older establishments of the Middle and North. The proposal to separate South Carolina from the Union, which has been made gravely and considerably, seems to have caused much excitement among the people of New York. The *New York Inquirer* of the 30th July thus speaks of it—

“Surrounded at all points by the ravages of a fearful pestilence, we cannot but feel a comparative insignificance of any or all plagues affecting individual life, when a danger now rises up before our eyes, menacing the glory of a great people—the march of free principles—the safety and happiness of millions yet unborn.

“The document to which are affixed the names of R. Y. Hayne, George M'Duffie, and their associates, is the first open, palpable deliberate step yet attempted in this country since the foundation of the Government, to set aside the Constitution, to break up the Union, and to throw all this happy country into a cluster of bloody and warring sovereignties. The tone of moderation which pervades this momentous paper is not more fearful and ominous than the alternate action which is left half disclosed to the excited feelings of a chivalric people. It is calm, dignified, historical, simple, and full of nerve and resolution. They appear to speak in sincerity and truth—from the fulness of the heart—from an acute, but partially imaginary sense of wrong and injustice, which will stop at no half-way measures to reach what they call redress and vengeance.

“We had supposed that the passage of the late Tariff law would have calmed the discontents of South Carolina. How vain the expectation! The party which promulgates the appeal to force—the Nullification party—which also possess the government of the State—deliberately dashes the cup of hope to the ground, stands forth to the world, and avows their determination to test the great question of the durability of the Union. The eyes of the whole country will now be fixed on South Carolina. The crisis has come upon us.”

There can be no doubt, that the dissolution of the Union, though long anticipated, will be attended with many fears on the part of those who can find no perfection but in the plans of their ancestors.

The Pope has signed a brief, calling on all Polish Catholics to obey the ukases which may be issued by the Emperor Nicholas for their guidance. The Poles at Rome represented to the old man the folly as well as injustice of this rescript, which went to compel them to adopt the faith of the

Russians in calling on them to obey decrees which their religious instructors are pers and thousands of their children had been into exile, where they must necessarily e the creed of their masters: but the old m deaf to their entreaties. He is cutting himself and the tree, like many others political world of the present day.

Men of great parts unfortunate in business.
Men of great parts are unfortunate in business because they go out of the common road. Once desired Lord Bolingbroke to observe the clerks used an ivory knife with a edge to divide paper, which cut it even requiring a strong hand; whereas a sharp knife would go out of the crease and divide the paper.—SWIFT.

From the Examiner.

By recent accounts from Germany, it is that the Diet has hitherto been successful warfare against the Journals: but we are that in the same proportion that the open p tions have been suppressed, political disqui have been clandestinely circulated, and ha received with a degree of avidity which i but the warfare of the authorities could ha duced. All appearances, however, show t agitation throughout Germany will be e and that no popular insurrections can be e According to several accounts the Diet is to remove some of the more potent cause content, by improvements in the fiscal sys the several states. The patriots of Ge whilst they “bate nothing of heart or hop manifest the absence of any confidence of diate or successful internal resistance, b appeals to foreign aid and sympathy. may be assured however, that the more ex diffusion of liberal views and sentiments appears likely to result from the violent m of the Diet, will produce a state of feeli will oblige the Government to make conce or ensure their defeat. For it has alway found, that wherever any considerable pro of a nation has so far risen above the abject poverty and brutish ignorance as sess leisure and entertain curiosity res passing events and controversies, such at to suppress opinion are uniformly d The endeavours to suppress opinion extention or curiosity, and consequently mand for the work pursued by the auth and this demand ensures the supply: sh accomplish it, men are always to be found necessities render them more vigilant police. This has always been the conse of the prosecution of opinion in England; so in France during the *ancien regime*. vigorous pursuit was instituted by the against any particular work, the prices r high as to tempt the very agents of the G ment to become agents for the circulation o copies which they seized.

From the Forget-Me-Not.

THE SKYLARK,

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Addressed to a Lady: on hearing that bird's song early in the morning of February 27, 1832, when the ground was covered with hoar-frost, and the small pools were plated with ice.

O warn away the gloomy night!
With music make the welkin ring;
Bird of the dawn! on joyful wing,
Soar through thine element of light,
Till nought in heaven mine eye can see
Except the morning-star and thee.

But speech of mine can ne'er reveal
Secrets so freely told above;
Yet is their burthen joy and love,
And all the bliss a bird can feel,
Whose wing in heaven to earth is bound,
Whose home and heart are on the ground.

Unlike the lark be thou, my friend!
No downward cares thy thoughts engage;
But, in thine house of pilgrimage,
Though from the ground thy songs ascend,
Still be their burthen joy and love!
Heaven is thy home, thy heart above.

O welcome in the cheerful day!
Through rosy clouds the shades retire;
The sun hath touch'd thy plumes with fire,
And girt thee with a golden ray;
Now shape and voice are vanish'd quite,
Nor eye nor ear can track their flight.

Might I translate thy strain, and give
Words to thy notes, in human tongue,
The sweetest lay that e'er I sung,
The lay that would the longest live,
I should record upon this page,
And sing thy song from age to age.

From the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.

THE SETTLERS.

A DIALOGUE.*

Ellen.—Maria.

Maria.—Now, Ellen, let us move the sofa closer to the hearth, and let us put our feet in the fender, and talk by fire-light, till we are called into the back-parlour to tea;—but, first, I will let down the window-curtains.

Ellen.—How comfortable and pleasant your house always seems! It is so large and so handsome, and has so many conveniences!

Maria.—You could not have said so, had you visited us ten years since. Our house was then a log-cabin.

Ellen.—A log-cabin?

Maria.—Yes, indeed. My father was the first settler in this place, which was then a wilderness, and is now a thriving village.

Ellen.—And did you ever live in a log-cabin? Why, your father is now in Congress, and is considered one of the most

wealthy men in the country; and your brothers are at college, and you have been at boarding-school.

Maria.—True: our circumstances are now very prosperous, and we have every thing that we desire; but you can have no idea of all the privations we endured when we first emigrated from Pennsylvania. My grandfather was a wealthy farmer, but he had nine children, and at his death, when his property was equally divided, the portion that fell to each child was not very great. My father and my uncle Robert determined to improve their condition, by selling the small farms allotted to them and buying a large tract in one of the new states, where land was cheap, with the intention of removing thither and settling on it.

Ellen.—I wonder your mother consented to go to a place, which, at that time, was certainly the backwoods.

Maria.—Her love for my father, and her devotion to his interest, would have induced her to accompany him even beyond the rocky mountains, had he judged it expedient to remove thither; and she had excellent health and spirits, and a disposition to make the best of every thing. She was certainly very sorry to part from her friends, and to leave the neighbourhood in which she had lived from her infancy; but, then, the objects of her warmest affection, her husband, and her four children, were still with her.

Ellen.—Have you any recollection of the journey?

Maria.—I remember it perfectly—I have a very good memory, and I often hear my parents and my uncle talk of our little adventures on the road, and the manner in which we lived for some time after our emigration.

Ellen.—I suppose you travelled in the stages and steam-boats, as our family did when we came hither, a few weeks since?

Maria.—No: on the route we took, there were then neither stages nor steam-boats.

Ellen.—Then you came in your own carriage?

Maria.—Our own carriage was our own waggon.

Ellen.—How dreadful it must have been to travel several hundred miles in a waggon!

Maria.—On the contrary, we enjoyed the journey. My two brothers were fine healthy boys, my sister Fanny was one of the happiest little things in the world, my father and mother are both naturally cheerful, and I believe, we were all disposed to think as lightly as possible of the inconveniences which we knew to be unavoidable. We were accompanied by my uncle Robert, who had bought some land adjoining to my father's new tract, and who had a waggon of his own. We all loved our uncle very much, as he was the sort of person that children are always fond of—my brothers, in particular, were his warm friends and favourites.

No. 126—3 A.

* By Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia.

Ellen.—But how could you be comfortable in the waggon?

Maria.—We thought ourselves very comfortable—the canvass cover sheltered us from the sun; the bottom of the waggon was covered thickly with straw; we sat or reclined upon the beds we were bringing with us; and for tables we used the tops of chests and boxes. Though the waggons were heavily laden, we had a sufficient number of horses to draw them without difficulty. The boys generally rode in my uncle's waggon, and my mother, my sister, and myself, sat in my father's, with Phillis, the faithful black woman whom we brought with us from Pennsylvania, and who is now our cook.

Ellen.—And who were the drivers?

Maria.—My father and my uncle Robert, each riding one of the horses of his own team.

Ellen.—And did they continue to dress like gentlemen?

Maria.—To tell the truth, their clothes had never been of a very fashionable cut; but, during the journey, they wore gray jackets and brown linen trousers faced with black leather. My mother, my sister, and myself, had dark gingham dresses, with sun-bonnets of the same, and gray cloth cloaks. The boys were in full suits of homespun.

Ellen.—What a contrast to your present manner of dressing! Your father and uncle now look like gentlemen,—and, indeed, all the family make as good an appearance as if you lived in a city. I wish I could have seen you all on the road.

Maria.—Can you not imagine those waggons—one painted blue, the other red, with their feeding-troughs behind, and a half-bushel measure lying in each; a pot of grease swinging below, for the benefit of the wheels, and a mastiff walking underneath; though my brothers generally managed to keep the dogs so much in their vehicle, that the animals rode more than they walked. I think I see that waggon now, with sometimes a boy's face and sometimes a dog's face peeping out of the aperture at the back part of the cover.

Ellen.—Did you always find stopping-places, where you could eat and sleep?

Maria.—Not always; and the farther we proceeded the fewer they became. These stopping-places were generally log-huts, called taverns. Some of them were so open that the light shone through between the logs; and they were scarcely better in appearance than large corn-cribs. At many of these taverns they had nothing to set before travellers but Indian cakes, bacon, and whisky. In the yard of one of them we saw a girl preparing green apples for pies; she laid them, without paring or coring, on a broad flat stone, and chopped them in pieces with an axe. Her mother, at a table under a tree, was preparing the paste, which she

rolled with a black bottle instead of a rolling-pin. This pie-crust was made of rye-meal, mixed with fat skimmed from the bacon-pot; and, instead of sugar, the apples were sweetened with a little wild honey.

Ellen.—What horrid pies! Surely you did not taste them?

Maria.—Yes, we did—our appetites were not fastidious; and I can assure you we were quite impatient till they came out of the oven. My mother afterwards reminded me of a naughty tantrum I had at about four years old, when I threw a nice piece of cranberry tart on the floor, and stamped on it, because I did not think it sufficiently sweet; and now I was glad to eat the coarsest of coarse pies.

Ellen.—And did you always find beds in these taverns?

Maria.—No; we generally depended on those we brought with us, which we took out of the waggons, and spread on the floor, the fatigues of the day causing us to sleep soundly. On arriving one night at a tavern, we preferred sleeping in the waggons, as in the only room of the house a ball was going on.

Ellen.—A ball?

Maria.—Yes: we saw something of it, as we looked out of the waggon. The room was lighted with pine slips stuck in potatoes, in which a hole had been cut for the purpose. An old negro sat on a stone in the capacious chimney-place, playing on the banjo, which you know is a hollow gourd, with strings stretched across it; and the dancers (among whom we saw no females) were men of the roughest appearance. They wore blanket coats, and danced with their hats on their heads, and segars in their mouths. Their shuffling and stamping, as they seemed to beat the tune into the earthen floor, my brothers then thought most excellent dancing; and they stood at the door and looked in at them, while our dogs barked in chorus with astonishment.

Ellen.—What would Monsieur Pirouette say upon such an occasion? He would shut his eyes, stop his ears, and run away in horror.

Maria.—We once passed the night in the cabin of a hunter, which we discerned at a great distance, illuminated by the fire on the hearth, which shone most brilliantly through the openings between the logs that formed the walls, and through the loose boards that covered the roof. This hut had no other door than a curtain of buffalo-hide, and no other furniture than two bedsteads of rough logs, with boards laid over them (the bedding being of bear-skins,) a sort of table, and a bench of the same description, a large iron pot, and a shelf, with a few tin cups and earthen plates. A rifle stood in one corner, and an axe in the other. The wife and daughter of the hunter had buck-skin gowns,

and the man himself was also dressed in skins. We found them cooking venison, which was cut into steaks, and stuck on long forked sticks; and thus they held it to the fire, and roasted, or rather toasted it. On inquiring if we could have supper and lodging, they readily assented, and the daughter began to set the table, wiping the dust from the plates with a handful of leaves pulled from a tree, whose branches came almost in at the door. After supper the hunter related various adventures he had met with in the course of his profession, to which my brothers listened with a deep interest and almost breathless attention. The mother then told the daughter to go out and feed the bear. We children all followed the girl, and found a young pet bear chained to a tree behind the house: he appeared to be very tame, and played with her just like a dog, as she said, though I never saw a dog play in so rough and clumsy a manner. My brothers immediately became familiar with him; but Fanny and I were afraid to go very near, and preferred patting the hunter's fine hound. At bed-time the family would have given up their beds to us, but we chose rather to spread our mattresses on the floor; and as we looked up, we saw the stars through the broken roof above our heads.

Ellen.—What could you do when you found no house to stop at?

Maria.—We depended then on the provisions we always kept in the waggon in case of emergencies, such as biscuits, cheese, dried venison, and gingerbread; and we had tin cups, with which, when we were thirsty, we dipped water from the springs and brooks. Sometimes, when we stopped to rest in the shade, we made a fire and cooked a wild turkey, or some squirrels, or wild pigeons, which had been shot by my uncle, who had his gun with him, or by one of the boys with my father's gun. We found a great deal of wild fruit in the woods, such as papaws, mandrakes, mulberries, fox-grapes, blackberries, and huckleberries.

Ellen.—Were you not afraid of snakes and wild beasts?

Maria.—The boys killed several snakes; among them a copper-head, which they found charming a bird, by fixing his eyes steadily upon it, and by some unknown power of attraction compelling the poor little thing to fly nearer and nearer, till it would have fallen into his open mouth, if Harry had not despatched him by a well-aimed stone, directed at his head. As soon as the snake fell, the bird (who had been chirping all the time in the most terrified manner) was released from this incomprehensible fascination, and flew joyfully away.

Ellen.—Did you meet any bears or panthers?

Maria.—We saw a bear at a distance, turning over some decayed logs in search of

worms, and another rolling about in the long grass; but before we came up, they had gone into the thicket. We got to a place where a tornado had, at some former period, torn up hundreds of trees by the roots, and they were now lying prostrate, covering the ground almost as far as we could see. We were obliged to take a considerable circuit round, as it was impossible to pass through them. They looked as if they might shelter vast numbers of wild animals; and as we approached, we actually saw the eyes of a panther glaring upon us from under the fallen branches.

Ellen.—How dreadful!

Maria.—One day we saw a deer start out from amidst the trees a little before us; and as he went bounding along the road, a woman who was spinning at her door ran into the cabin, and bringing out a rifle, pointed it at the animal, and immediately shot him dead. When we came up, she told us it was not the first time she had done such a thing; and that her husband being often absent on long journeys, she was compelled, in self-defence, always to keep a loaded rifle in the house; and that before she had taken this precaution, she was one day obliged to beat off a bear with no other weapon than a frying-pan.

Ellen.—Were you ever under the necessity of sleeping in the open air?

Maria.—Yes, we several times camped out, as it is called, when we were unable to reach a house, and when it was too warm and close to sleep in the waggons. We then ignited some dry leaves, with sparks produced from the gun-flints, and kindled a fire against the trunk of a fallen pine tree, which served for a back log, and was sometimes set in a blaze from one end to the other. Here we cooked and ate our supper, having with us both coffee and chocolate, which we drank out of our tin cups, after boiling it with water from the nearest brook. We spread blankets on the ground, suspending a sheet or coverlet to the branches of a tree above us, or fixing an umbrella over our heads, to keep off the dew; and putting our feet to the fire, we slept comfortably till day-light, assured that the light of the flame would frighten away the wild beasts.

Ellen.—Did you never meet any other travellers on the road?

Maria.—Very frequently. Sometimes we met a western storekeeper going to one of the Atlantic cities to buy goods, riding thoughtfully along on horseback, with a blanket under the saddle, another upon it, and a great coat and umbrella strapped behind, and sometimes a daughter or sister on another horse beside him, in a calash and riding habit. We were once much amused all day by a Yankee tin-man, who drove his little cart beside our waggon, and from whom we bought a few articles of tin-ware. His

name was Increase Penny, and he had all the words and phrases peculiar to the lower class of his countrymen; he was, besides, a very acute and entertaining fellow, and had travelled with his tin-cart nearly all over the United States. We often met other waggons loaded with settlers; and once we saw a family that carried nearly their whole property upon a horse, on which the wife and child were perched on the top of a scanty bed, with a bag and a basket behind them; the husband walking beside with his axe and his gun, and a cow following after.

Ellen.—Those must have been the very poorest of settlers.

Maria.—They were what are called squatters—people who, having no means of buying land, go into the new country, and establish themselves upon any unoccupied tract they find convenient. There they clear the ground, build a dwelling, raise crops, and live rent free, till the land is claimed by the right owner, or till they hear of another place that they like better.

Ellen.—But how did you always find your way through the wilderness?

Maria.—What was intended for the road had been blazed; that is, the trees were marked by having a piece of the bark hewn off with an axe.

Ellen.—How did you employ yourselves on this tedious journey?

Maria.—We had some books with us. My mother and Phillis knit stockings, and Fanny and I made patch-work, as we sat in the waggon. When we were tired of riding, we got out and walked. The boys generally rambled on far a-head with the guns, and were very successful in shooting. In the evening, when it was too dark to do any thing else, Fanny and myself generally crept to the back part of the waggon, beside Phillis, who entertained us with long stories, of which she had an inexhaustible variety.

Ellen.—How glad you must have been when you arrived at the end of your journey!

Maria.—We were indeed, though we had not found our journey unpleasant. When we came to our own land, there was no habitation to receive us. My father had hired two men, as we came along, to assist in cutting down trees and building a log-house; and till this was accomplished we lived out of doors and in the waggons. My father took his axe, and struck the first stroke in cutting down the first tree. My uncle attacked another, and soon levelled it with the ground: the hired men were very industrious, and sufficient employment was found for my brothers. The logs were stripped of their bark, laid on each other, and the interstices filled with clay. A chimney, with a very large fire-place, was constructed of stone, and shingles and boards were brought from a saw-mill about twenty miles distant. In a short time the house was completed. It had but

two rooms, and there was no upstairs, not even a loft. As we sat at table we looked up to the joists of the slanting roof; and as we stood in the corner of the wide chimney we could raise our eyes and see the sky.

Ellen.—What sort of furniture had you?

Maria.—We had brought with us as many articles as could conveniently be packed in the waggons; and my father and uncle (who are both very ingenious) made us some pine tables and shelves; and the boys, following their example, constructed benches and stools. Blankets and quilts were nailed up round the walls to keep off the damp of the clay plastering. During the day we lived almost out of doors, when the weather was fine; and we generally breakfasted and dined at a table set under the shade of the trees. Fortunately there was a spring of excellent water close to the house, which supplied a never-failing brook that ran before the door. The remainder of the season was devoted to clearing the ground for cultivation. Cows, pigs, and poultry, were purchased at the nearest settlement, and also corn, which had to be carried twenty miles to be ground.

Ellen.—And what did you generally eat?

Maria.—The first summer our food was coarse enough, consisting chiefly of bacon, Indian cakes baked on the gridle, and mush and milk; but we had no vegetables, no wheat-flour, and no fruit but such as we found in the woods. Sometimes the boys went out with the guns, and brought home wild turkeys and other birds, and my uncle and father shot several deer. We were once put to great inconvenience for want of Indian meal, having used all we had, and the waters being so swelled by a freshet that there was no crossing them to get to the mill.

Ellen.—What could you possibly do?

Maria.—In the yard, near the door, was the stump of a tree, which the boys hollowed out by burning a deep cavity in it. The corn was put in this, which served for a mortar, and it was pounded with a large heavy stick, made of the branch of a tree. It was very laborious work, and we all took our turn at it. For several days this pounded corn was our only substitute for Indian meal.

Ellen.—I wonder you were able to eat it.

Maria.—In the autumn, when the cold obliged us to live more within doors, we found our house rather small; but we soon got accustomed to that inconvenience. Many things that were not in constant use we were obliged to keep in the yard; and a box containing our china, and my mother's silver tea-set, remained all winter in the adjoining woods; for there was no danger of thieves, and we had no room for it in the house.

Ellen.—Were there no wild beasts in the surrounding wilderness?

Maria.—We were not troubled with them in the summer; but in the long winter nights,

when they rove every where in search of prey, they frequently came very near our habitation. The howling of the wolves was sometimes terrible, and we often heard them prowling round the house, and scratching at the doors and windows to get in. Our dogs were afraid of them, and shrunk silently into their kennels.

Ellen.—Oh! how dreadful! I am glad there are none in the neighbourhood now.

Maria.—We often, in the morning, found their tracks in the snow. One night, when we were all at supper, we heard a great noise like wood falling down, and running to the door, we saw by the light of the moon a large bear, who had scrambled to the top of the wood-pile, and was trying to reach the owls that roosted on a tree which grew over it. Harry immediately ran in for a gun, and making a very accurate aim, he fired, and the bear fell down dead in a moment, bringing half the wood-pile with him. Next day some of the bear's meat was cooked for dinner; but we found it very coarse, and did not like it much; the lean was like hard beef, and the fat like hard pork. The boys made wolf-traps, something like large rat-traps, and two wolves were caught in them in the course of the winter.

Ellen.—Did any Indians ever come about the settlement?

Maria.—Often, though none lived within fifty miles of us; but we treated them well, and always, as soon as they entered the house, we set before them the best food we had; and my father often purchased furs of them, which he afterwards sold advantageously. Several times two or three Indians passed the night with us, lying on the floor wrapped in their blankets, with their feet to the large fire that blazed all night in the chimney, and their tomahawks by their sides. These tomahawks they used also as pipes, the handle being hollow to afford a passage for the smoke, and communicating the back of the hatchet with a bowl or pocket which contained the tobacco. My father and uncle smoked these pipes with them, in token of friendship; and we all took care to offer them our hands as soon as we saw them. They often brought us maple sugar, very nicely put up in small baskets of coloured chip. We bought buck-skinoccasins of them, which we found very comfortable and convenient.

Once we had a visit from two Indian men, accompanied by a squaw, who carried on her back a little child or papoose, with its head peeping out from under her blanket. It was seated in a sort of small cradle of basket-work, made concave, that the child might fit in; its arms being stretched down close to its sides, and confined with buck-skin bands, so that it could not move. When the squaw came in, she stood the cradle with the infant in it against the wall, and shortly afterwards she

passed a string through the handle at the top, and hung it up to the branch of a tree before the door, that the child might have the benefit of the air and shade, and be amused with what was passing in the yard.

Ellen.—We had once some old-fashioned bed-curtains, pictured all over with William Penn's treaty with the Indians; and there was on them a squaw nursing a papoose, tied in a cradle of that description. I have often, when a little girl, gazed, as I lay awake in the morning, on these bed-curtains; and it was from them I acquired my first ideas of William Penn and of the origin of Philadelphia.

Maria.—Yes, the scene engraved for this calico was taken from a fine picture by Mr. West. It would advance the improvement of children, if the practice still prevailed of selecting the devices for furniture chintz from good historical pictures.

Ellen.—Was not the Indian baby pretty? I think I could kiss a little Indian.

Maria.—I did kiss him. There was a play-thing of beads and shells suspended from the top of the cradle; but while his arms were tied down he could only look at it. His mother fed him with maple sugar.

Ellen.—Perhaps that very child will grow up a great warrior.

Maria.—In an opening of the woods, about half a mile from our house, was a mound or burial-place, where in former times a great number of Indians had been interred; I suppose, according to their custom, wrapped in skins and sitting upright. All the Indians that came within twenty miles of the place, repaired to this mound to lament their forefathers, who had been buried there perhaps a century before. And here they bewailed them so loudly, that we frequently heard their lamentations as far as our house; and they seemed to mourn them as deeply and sincerely as if they were their own parents, and had recently died. We took care not to disturb the mound, as that would have drawn on us the resentment of the Indians. In ploughing, my father and uncle frequently turned up arrow-heads of flint, broken tomahawks, and other things of a similar description.

Ellen.—How far were you from any other settlers?

Maria.—The nearest house was a store, nine miles off, inhabited by a very good family, whom we thought it pleasant to visit occasionally on horseback. Here a post-office was kept; and every Saturday one of my brothers went there for the newspaper and letters. You may be sure the paper was a great treat to us all; though, by the time it reached our part of the country the news was not of very recent date.

Ellen.—In what manner did you generally pass your time.

Maria.—Our time was never tedious, for

we were always fully occupied. My mother, myself, and Phillis, sewed and attended to the household affairs; and little Fanny was soon old enough to become useful. My father, my uncle, and my brothers, were constantly engaged in clearing and cultivating the ground, and the soil was found to be the finest imaginable. My father, you know, is a man of strong sense, and has made the very best use of an excellent plain education. He took great pleasure in instructing us of evenings, and his method was so judicious that it was impossible for us not to improve. We had brought some books with us, and we sometimes got new ones from the store.

Ellen.—What a happy event the arrival of a new book must have been to you!

Maria.—It was indeed. My father had great success in his farming, and found it very profitable; so also did my uncle. After a while we were able to build a better house. Other settlers came into the neighbourhood; other houses were built; and eventually a town was laid out on my father's land. The place grew and flourished; and now, instead of a forest, we have a long street of good houses, and three cross streets. We have stores, a church, a market-house, a court-house, a female school, a fine hotel, several taverns, and no scarcity of lawyers and doctors.

Ellen.—And in the spot where your log-cabin once stood is now your father's large stone mansion, handsomely furnished, and replete with every thing necessary to the enjoyment of life, even unto a fine library. Your uncle Robert is making the tour of Europe, the boys are at the University, and your father is at Washington, attending his duty in congress.

Maria.—Such is the career of hundreds who have sought their fortunes in the backwoods of a country, where the road to prosperity and distinction is open to all who are intelligent, industrious, and enterprising.

From Friendship's Offerings.

GAÏETE DU CŒUR.

They tell me that love is a folly;
They tell me that hope is vain;
That life is all uncertainty;
Yet, woman, I ne'er repent.
I dance with the Spring when she calleth;
I laugh at the bright June day;
And when she wold Autumn's billows,
I look for the Christmas gay.
I'm not with the ever new thing
Away like the swallow-tail cloak;
I'm not with the ever new thing
Away like the swallow-tail cloak.
Oh, why should we sail those back?
The wind, it should gladden the seamen,
Should strengthen the heart in pain;
And so, and the voice bright woman,
Sweet woman, I ne'er repent.

From Friendship's Offerings.

A HYMN.

When morn awakes our hearts,
To pour the matin prayer;
When toil-worn day departs,
And gives a pause to care;
When those our souls love best
Kneel with us, in thy fear,
To ask thy peace and rest—
Oh God our Father, hear!

When worldly cares without,
And evil thoughts within,
Stir up some impious doubt,
Or lure us back to sin;
When human strength proves frail,
And will but half sincere;
When faith begins to fail—
Oh God our Father, hear!

When in our cup of mirth
The drop of trembling falls,
And the frail props of earth
Are crumbling round our walls;
When back we gaze with grief,
And forward glance with fear;
When faithless man's relief—
Oh God our Father, hear!

When on the verge we stand
Of the eternal clime,
And Death with solemn hand
Draws back the veil of Time;
When flesh and spirit quake
Before Thee to appear—
For the Redeemer's sake,
Oh God our Father, hear!

T. P.

From Friendship's Offerings.

CARL BLUVEN, AND THE STRANGE MARINER.

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

On that wild part of the coast of Norway that stretches between Bergen and Stravanger, there once lived a fisherman called Carl Bluvén. Carl was one of the poorest of all the fishermen that dwelt on that shore. He had scarcely the means of buying materials wherewith to mend his net, which was scarcely in a condition to hold the fish in it; still less was he in a condition to make himself master of a new boat, which he stood greatly in need of; for it was so battered and worn, that while other fishermen ventured out into the open sea, Carl was obliged to content himself with picking up what he could among the rocks and creeks that lay along the coast.

Notwithstanding his poverty, Carl was on the eve of marriage. His bride was the daughter of a wood-cutter in the neighbouring forest, who contrived, partly with his hatchet, and partly with his gun, to eke

out his livelihood; so that the match was pretty equal on both sides. But Carl was in a sad dilemma on one account; he had nothing to present to the minister on his marriage,*—not a keg of butter, nor a pot of sausages, nor a quarter of a sheep, nay not even a barrel of dried fish; and as he had been accustomed to boast to his father-in-law of his thriving trade, he knew not in what way to keep up appearances. In short, the evening before his wedding day arrived, and Carl was still unprovided.

So dejected had Carl been all day, that he had never stirred out of his hut; and it was approaching night-fall. The wind had risen, and the hollow bellowing of the waves, as they rolled in among the huge caverned rocks, sounded dismally in Carl's ear, for he knew he dared not launch his leaky boat in such a sea; and yet, if he caught no fish, there would be nothing for supper when he should bring his wife home. Carl rose, clapped his hat on his head, with the air of a man who is resolved to do something, and walked out upon the shore. Nothing could be more dismal than the prospect around Carl's hut; no more desolate and dreary home than Carl's could a man bring his bride to. Great black round-headed rocks, partly covered with sea-weed, were thickly strewn along the coast for many miles: these, when the tide was back, were left dry, and when it flowed, their dark heads, now seen, now hidden, as the broad-backed waves rolled over them, seemed like the tumbling monsters of the deep.

When Carl had left his hut, the rising tide had half covered the rocks; and the waves, rushing through the narrow channels, broke in terrific violence on the shore, leaving a wide restless bed of foam, as they retreated down the sloping beach. The sun, too, was just disappearing beneath the waves, and threw a bright and almost unnatural blaze upon the desolate coast. Carl wandered along, uncertain what to do. He might as well have swamped his boat at once, as have drawn it out of the creek where it lay secure; so, after wading in and out among the channels, in the hope of picking up some fish that might not have been able to find their way back with the wave that had thrown them on shore, he at length sat down upon a shelving rock, and looked out upon the sea, towards the great whirlpool called the Maelstroom, of which so many fearful things were recorded.

"What riches are buried there," said Carl to himself half aloud. "Let me see,—within my time, six great ships have been sucked down; and if the world be, as they say, thousands of years old, what a mine of wealth must the bottom of the Mael-

stroom be! What casks of butter and hams—to say nothing of gold and silver—and here am I, Carl Bluvén, to be married to-morrow, and not a keg for the minister. If I had but one cask from the bottom of the Maelstroom, I would"——But Carl did not finish the sentence. Like all the fishermen of that coast, Carl had his superstitions and his beliefs; and he looked round him rather uneasily, for he well knew that all in the Maelstroom belonged to Kahlbrannar, the tall old mariner of the whirlpool;* and after having had the hardihood to entertain so bold a wish, Carl felt more uncomfortable than he cared to own; and seeing the night gathering in, and the tide rising to his feet, while the spray dashed in his face, he was just about to return to his solitary hut, when a high crested wave, rushing through the channel beside him, bore a cask along with it, and threw it among the great stones that lay between the rocks.

As parts of wrecks had often been thrown upon this dangerous shore, Carl was not greatly surprised; and the circumstance having greatly allayed the superstitious fears that were beginning to rise, he had soon his hands upon the cask, getting it out from among the rocks in the best way he was able; till, having reached the sand, he rolled it easily up to the door of his dwelling; and having shut to the door, and lighted his lamp, he fell to work in opening the cask to see what it contained. It proved to be the very thing he wanted; a cask of as fine butter as ever came out of Bergen, and as fresh as if it had been churned a month ago. "This is better," said Carl, "than a cask from the bottom of the Maelstroom."

Next morning betimes, Carl Bluvén was on his way to his wedding, rolling the cask before him, with the larger half of the butter in it for his marriage fee. With such a present as this, Carl was well received by the minister, as well as by his father-in-law, and by Uldewalla the bride, who, with her crown upon her head, the Norwegian emblem of purity, became the wife of the fisherman; and he, after spending a day or two in feasting with his new relations, returned with Uldewalla to his hut on the sea shore, carrying back with him a reasonable supply of sausages and brandiwine, and Gammel Orsk cheese, and such like dainties, as the dowry of his wife.

For some little time all went well with Carl. What with the provisions he had brought home, and the remains of his butter, the new married couple did not fare amiss; even although the fisherman rarely drew a net; for Carl wished to enjoy his

* The fees paid to the clergy in Norway, at births, marriages and burials, are always paid in kind.

* This is one of the oldest and most inveterate superstitions of the western coast of Norway. Scarcely a fisherman lives on that shore who has not a story to tell of the Tall Mariner paddling in his small boat, previous to the loss of a ship in the Maelstroom.

honey-moon, and not be wading and splashing among the sea-green waves, when he might be looking into the blue eyes of Uldewalla. At length, however, the sausage pots stood empty, and even the Gammel Orsk cheese was reduced to a shell: as for the butter, Carl and his wife had found it so good, that the cask had been empty long since.

Carl left his hut, taking his net and his oars over his shoulders, leaving Uldewalla picking cloudberry; and unmooring his boat, paddled out of the creek, and began throwing his nets; but not a fish could he take: still he continued to try his fortune, in and out among the creeks, till the sun set, and dusk began to creep over the shore. The tide had retired, so that Carl's boat was left dry a long way within water-mark, and he had to walk a dreary mile or more, over the shingle and sand, among the black dripping rocks that lay between him and his own dwelling. But there was no help for it: so, mooring his boat the best way he could, he turned towards the coast, in somewhat of a dejected mood, at his want of success.

As Carl turned away, he noticed at a little distance, close to the water, a small boat, that well he knew belonged to no fisherman of that coast: it was the very least boat he had ever seen, such as no seaman of Bergenhuus could keep afloat on such a sea; and the build of it, too, was the queerest he had ever beheld. But Carl, seeing from the solitary light that shone in the window of his hut, that Uldewalla expected him, kept his direct course homeward, resolved next day to return and examine the boat, which, he had no doubt, had been thrown ashore from some foreign wreck. But Carl had soon still greater cause for wonder: raising his eyes from the pools of water, in which he hoped to find some floundering fish, he observed a tall figure advancing from the shore, in the direction of the little boat he had seen, and nearly in the same line which he was pursuing. Now Carl was no coward; yet he would rather have avoided this rencontre. He knew well that no fisherman would walk out among the rocks towards the sea, at the fall of night; and, besides, Carl knew all the fishermen within six leagues, and this was none of them; but he disdained to turn out of his way, which, indeed, he could only have done by wading through some deep channels that lay on either side of him; and so he continued to walk straight on, his wonder, however, and perhaps his uneasiness, every moment increasing, as the lessening distance showed him more distinctly a face he was sure he had never seen on that coast, and which was of that singular character, which involuntarily raised in the mind of Carl certain uncomfortable sensations.

"A dreary night this, Carl Bluven," said the strange mariner to our fisherman, "and likely for a storm."

"I hope not," said Carl, not a little surprised that he should be addressed by his name; "I hope not, for the sake of the ships and the poor mariners."

"You hope not," said the other, with an ugly sneer; "and who, I wonder, likes better than Carl Bluven, to roll a cast-a-way cask to his cabin door?"

"Why," returned Carl, apologetically, and still more suspicious of his company, from the knowledge he displayed, "what Providence kindly sends, 'tis not for a poor fisherman to refuse."

"You liked the butter I sent you, then?" said the strange mariner.

"You sent me!" said Carl.

But Carl's rejoinder remained without farther explanation. "Ah ha!" said the tall mariner, pointing out to sea in the direction of the Maelstrom, "she bears right upon it—the *Frou*, of Drontheim, deeply laden. We'll meet again, Carl Bluven." And without further parley, the tall strange mariner brushed past Carl, and strode hastily towards the sea. Carl remained for some time rooted to the spot, looking after him through the deepening dusk, which, however, just enabled Carl to see him reach the little boat, and push off through the surf—but farther he was unable to follow him.

As Carl walked towards his own house, as fast as the huge stones and pools of back-water would permit him, he felt next thing to sure, that the tall mariner he had encountered was no other than Kahlbrannar; and a feeling of satisfaction entered his heart, that he had made so important and useful an acquaintance, who not only could, but had already shown his willingness to do him a kindness; and just as Carl had come to this conclusion, he reached the water-mark opposite to his own house, and, at the same time, his foot struck against a cask, lying high and dry, on the very spot where the other had drifted. Carl guessed where it came from; and was right merry at so seasonable a present; and rolling the cask to his own door, he was soon busy staving it, and drawing out, one after another, some of the choicest white puddings,* and dried hams, that ever left the harbour of Bergen. "Here's to Kahlbrannar's health," said Carl, after supper, taking his cup of corn brandy in his hand, and offering to hobernob† with his wife. But Uldewalla shook her head, and refused to hobernob, or to drink, and Carl fancied, and no doubt it was but

* A favourite article of the Norwegian kitchen.

† Either in drinking with each other, or in drinking toasts, every one in Norway touches his neighbour's glass with his own.

heard a strange laugh outside as he raised his eyes, he the tall mariner draw back. Carl, however, tossed feeling rather proud of the ahlbrannar.

had a singular dream that night, that, looking out of the , he saw the little boat he t evening, lying beyond the e, and that he walked out to nd being curious to know id steer so very small a boat, o it; and leaning forward, sail at the bow, the only d when he turned round to e saw the tall mariner sit- an. Away shot the boat, launted at the company he railty of the vessel, for the ed with wonderful dexterity, v along like a sea-bird skim- . Not a word was spoken, while, the steersman point- id, "There she is, as I told of Drontheim, bearing right troom, as my name is Kahl-

be down to the bottom be- now looked out a-head, and sight: the sea, a league a boiling caldron, whirling d and round, and gradually, elving down to the centre, eared a huge hole, round er wheeled with an awful ough to suck in all the fleets the seas. A gallant three- s within the whirlpool; she wered the helm, but flew id the cauldron, gradually tre, which she soon reached, ost, rushed down the gulph, her up. But notwithstand- of the Maelstroom, and the spectacle, Carl did not yet is dream. The little boat,

tall mariner, flew directly rlpool to its centre—down, ey sunk; and the next mo- d himself walking with his the ribbed sea-sand at the Maelstroom. What a sight of Carl! Mountains of f all that ships have carried, cked in from the beginning ks of a thousand vessels, l, scattered here and there, ones of the mariners, thick- grave-stones in a church- at mainly attracted the eyes gold and the silver that lay tiful as pebble-stones; all h, though ever so old; for d upon some of the coins ed up, the name of Cluff king of Norway.

"Now," said Kahlbrannar, after Carl had feasted his eyes awhile upon all he saw, "what would you give, Carl Bluvén, to be master of all this?"

"Faith," said Carl, "it's of little use lying here; but, save and except the silver and gold, that which has lain in the salt water so long can be worth little."

"There you're wrong," said Kahlbrannar, taking up a large pebble stone, and beating out the end of a cask, out of which rolled as fine fresh sausages as ever were beaten, grated, and mixed by any *Frou* of Bergenhuus; "just taste them, friend; and, besides, have you forgotten the casks I sent?"

Carl tasted; and found them much to his liking. "You know," said he, "I am but a poor fisherman; you ask me what I would give for all I see here; and you know I have nothing to give."

"There you're wrong again," said Kahlbrannar; "sit down upon that chest of gold, friend, and listen to what I am going to propose. You shall be the richest butter-merchant, and ham-merchant, and spirit-merchant, in all Bergenhuus, and have more gold and silver in your coffers than King Christian has in his treasury; and in return you shall marry your daughter to my son."

Carl having no daughter, and not knowing whether he might ever have one, tempted by the things about him, and the prospects set before him, and half thinking the offer a jest, said, "a bargain be it, then;" at the same time grasping the hand of the tall mariner; and just as he thought he had pronounced these words, he fancied that the water in which he had up to this time breathed as freely as if he had been on shore, began to choak him; and so, gasping for breath, while Kahlbrannar's laugh rung in his ears, Carl awoke, and found himself lying beside Uldewalla.

Carl told Uldewalla all that he had dreamed; how that he had walked with the strange mariner at the bottom of the Maelstroom, and seen all the wealth, and gold and silver; and of the offer Kahlbrannar had made, and how that he thought he had closed a bargain with him.

"Thank God, Carl, it is but a dream!" said Uldewalla, throwing her milk-white arms about his neck: "have nothing to do with the tall mariner, as he is called; no good will come of the connexion;" and it was this morning, for the first time, that Carl learned his prospect of being by-and-bye made a father. Carl thought more of his dream than he cared to tell his wife; he could not help fancying that all he had seen in his dream was real; and having already had substantial proof of Kahlbrannar's good disposition towards him, he saw nothing incredible in the idea, that he might become all that riches could make him.

and looked through the small window, and saw her husband, in the grey of the morning, walk out among the black rocks (for the tide was back;) and, although her eye was unable to follow all his turnings out and in among the channels, she could see him afterwards standing close to the low water line, and another of taller stature standing by him. Uldewalla's eyes filled with tears; and when she wiped away the dimness, she could perceive neither her husband nor his companion.

Carl, however, was not long absent; a terrific storm soon after arose, and in the midst of it he arrived, rolling a huge cask up to the door.

"It is singular," said Uldewalla, "that fortune should so often throw prizes in your way, Carl: for my part, I would rather eat some fish of your own catching, than the stores of poor shipwrecked mariners." But Carl laughed, and jested, and drank, and feasted, and was right merry; and swore that fishing was a poor trade; and that he thought of leaving it, and setting up for merchant in Bergen. Uldewalla thought he was making merry in his cups, and that he only jested; but she was mistaken. Next day Carl told her he was discontented with his manner of living—that he was resolved to be a rich man, and that the very next morning they should depart for Bergen. Uldewalla was not sorry to leave the neighbourhood, for more reasons than one; and besides, being a dutiful wife, she offered no opposition to her husband's will.

The same evening Carl walked out along the coast for the last time, that he might consider all that had passed, and all that

emerging upon the sea and night they reached the side of that ran many, many leagues. Uldewalla looked up in her as if to ask how they were to go. Carl pointed to a small cove among them, where lay the very queerest shaped, that Uldewalla had ever seen: and Carl helped her to land her over. Uldewalla bade her husband to moor the boat, that she might find it again; but Carl, with a look, said, "Trust him for that." So the boat drifted down the coast into the sea; and Carl and his wife, on their journey, arrived the same day at Bergen.

Carl led Uldewalla to a house facing the harbour, where, to her surprise, every thing was prepared for their reception. A neighbour who had brought the key, telling that the fire was lighted, for a tall fellow engaged the house, had ordered to be got ready that evening. "The quantity of goods in this warehouse this day, is the greatest I have seen in Bergen: they've been carrying boats could land them, and as many as the boatmen, the more the better; and the boatmen, the more the better, as like to each other as one hand is to another."

Never, indeed, was there so much stored than Carl Bluvén's; casks of rein-deer hams, casks of spirits, jars of grated meat, salted fish, all ready for sale, were piled in rows, one above another, besides all that there was

all his payments were made in old coin, or strange coin, and not in the current money of the country. But prosperity always rises up enemies, and there are whisperers in Bergen, as well as elsewhere. And Carl's gold was good gold, and none the worse for its age; and his payments were actual; and so he soon rose above these slanders.

To Uldewalla all this was a mighty agreeable change; in place of being a poor fisherman's wife, clad in the coarse stuff of a scullion, she was the *frou* of the richest merchant in Bergenhuus; with her silks from France, and her muslins from England, and her furs, the richest that could be bought in the Hamburg markets. And in good time Uldewalla became the mother of a girl so beautiful, that she was the admiration of her parents, and the wonder of all in Bergen. About the time of this event, a cloud might be seen upon Carl's brow; but it wore off; and he was as fond and as happy a father as any in all Bergenhuus; and as Uldewalla never gave him but this one, he was the prouder of the one he had.

Well might any one be proud of the little Carintha. The purest of hearts was mirrored in the most beautiful of faces. But there was a seriousness in the depth of her large mild blue eyes, that was remarked by all who looked upon her; and in her gentle and courteous speech, there was a sadness, that never failed to reach the hearts of those upon whose ears her accents fell. And Carintha grew into greater beauty, and more and more won the affection of all who knew her; and at length she reached the verge of womanhood, and grew lovelier still, every day disclosing new charms, or adding another grace to those that had accompanied her from her infancy.

For the first fifteen years after Carintha was born, Carl was not only a thriving, but a right merry merchant. His dealings grew more and more extensive; and in respect of wealth, he distanced all competition. Carl enjoyed himself also: he had his five meals every day; sour black bread was never seen in his house; he had his wheaten bread and his dainty rye bread, sprinkled with caraway seeds; and his soup, with spiced balls in it; and his white puddings, and his black puddings, and his coffee, aye, and his wine and his cognac; and he hobernobbled with his neighbours; and sung *Gamle Norge*;^{*} and, in short, enjoyed himself as the first merchant in Bergen might. But as Carintha grew up, Carl grew less merry: and when she had passed her sixteenth summer, and when Uldewalla, some little time after this, spoke to her husband about settling Carintha in the world, any one, to have looked in Carl's face at that time, would

have seen that something extraordinary was passing within.

It was about a year after this that the son of the governor of Bergenhuus, Hamel Von Storgelven, cast his eyes upon Carintha, and became enamoured of her. She, on her part, did not rebuke his advances, except with that maidenly timidity that is becoming; and all Bergen said there would be a wedding. The governor liked the marriage, though Carintha was not a *Froken*;^{*} calculating upon the wealth that would pass into his family: and as for Carl Bluvén, rich as he was, he was elated at the thoughts of so high a connexion; for Carintha having now passed her seventeenth year, and having heard nothing of a certain person, he began to treat all that had once passed as an old story; and seeing his money bags about him, and his warehouses full of goods—(goods as well as money all new and current—for he had long ago parted with all his first stock, in the way of trade)—there was nothing to remind him of his hut on the sea coast, and what had happened there, and nothing but what might well breed confidence in any man; so that when sitting in his substantial house, with his substantial dinner before him, and his substantial townsmen round him, he would have thought little matter of tossing a glass of corn brandy in Kahlbrannar's face, if that individual had made so free as to intrude upon him. But the fancied security of the merchant was soon to be disturbed.

It was now the day before that upon which Carintha was to espouse Hamel Von Storgelven. The affair engrossed all Bergen; for Carl Bluvén was chief magistrate of the city, and never before were such preparations witnessed in Bergenhuus. Carl, above all, was in high spirits; for although the bargain he had once made would sometimes intrude upon his thoughts, he had taught himself the habit of getting quickly rid of the recollection; and, indeed, the multifarious business of the chief magistrate, and first merchant in Bergen, left him little leisure for entertaining the remembrance of old stories.

It was a fine sunshiny day—the day, as has been said, before the celebration of Carintha's nuptials—and Carl Bluvén was standing on the quay with the other merchants, looking at the cheerful sight of the ships passing in and out, and the bales of goods landing, and chatting about city matters, and trade, and such like topics,—every one paying to Carl Bluvén the deference that was due to one who was on the eve of being allied to the governor,—when suddenly all eyes were directed towards the harbour; Carl's eyes followed the rest, and sure enough he saw something that might

^{*} *Gamle Norge*, the national song of Norway.

^{*} *Froken*, young lady of quality.

well create wonder in others, and something more in him.

"Where does it come from?" said one.

"What a singular build!" said another.

"Never was such a boat seen in Bergen harbour," said a third.

"And look at the helmsman," said a fourth; "he's taller than the mast."

"The seamen who were aboard the ships, hurried to the sides of their vessels, and looked down as the small boat glided by with the tall mariner at the helm; the porters laid down their burdens, and stared with wondering eyes; even the children gave over their play, to look at the strange boat and the strange helmsman. As for Carl, he said nothing, but remained standing with the group of merchants. Meanwhile, the boat touched the landing place, and the tall mariner stepped out and ascended the steps that led to the quay. There was something in his appearance that nobody liked; and every one made way and stood back; and he, with a singular sneer in his face, walked directly up to Carl Bluvén, who had not fallen back like the rest, but manfully stood his ground, and was, therefore, a little apart from his companions. No one could distinctly hear what passed between the tall old strange mariner and the chief magistrate, though it may well be believed that the conference created no small wonder; it was evident, however, that angry words passed between the two; the countenance of the mariner grew darker and darker; Carl's grew flushed and angry; and the by-standers thought things were about to proceed to extremities, when the mariner, darting a menacing scowl at his companion, turned away, and descended into his boat, which he paddled out of the harbour, while every one looked after it, and asked of his neighbour the same question as before, "Where does it come from?" But no other than Carl Bluvén could have answered that question.

"I served him right!" said the chief magistrate, as he walked homewards: "fulfil my bargain, indeed! No, no; if he was such a simpleton as to fill my warehouse with goods, and my coffers with cash, upon a mere promise, I'm not such a fool as to keep it. Let me but keep on dry land, and I may snap my fingers at him; and by the ghost of King Kyrre, if I catch him again on the quay of Bergen, I'll clap him in the city gaol."

So spoke the chief magistrate; and to do Carl Bluvén justice, he had no small liking to his daughter Carintha; and if even he had had no prospect of so high an alliance, he would never have entertained the thought of decoying his child into the power of Kahlbrannar. He now, however, knew the worst. His promise could not bind Carintha in any way, who would be secure even

against treachery, so soon as the wedding ring was placed upon her finger. But the mariner had told him, as plainly as words could, that having consented to her marriage with another, he had no mercy to expect; and bade him remember the white bones he had seen lying at the bottom of the Maelstrom.

It was Carintha's marriage day; and a beautiful bride she went forth; her eyes were blue, and deep, and lustrous, as the heavens that looked down upon her; her smile was like an early sunbeam upon one of her own sweet valleys; her blush, like the evening rose-tint upon her snowy mountains; her bosom, tranquil, and yet gently heaving, like the summer sea that girded her shores. Carintha went forth to her nuptials, having first recommended herself to God, who took her into his keeping; and the ring was placed upon her finger, and she was wed; and from that moment, the danger that hung over her from her birth being for ever gone by, the seriousness that all used to remark passed away for ever from her countenance and from her speech.

There is little doubt, that if Carl Bluvén had kept his promise to the strange mariner, and decoyed Carintha into his power, God would have saved the child and punished the unnatural father, by delivering him early into the hands of him with whom he made so sinful a bargain. But, although it was wicked in Carl to make such a bargain, it would have been more wicked still to fulfil it: and Carl's refusal to do this, as well as the good use which he made of his money, and the creditable way in which he discharged the duties of chief magistrate, had, no doubt, the effect of weakening the power of Kahlbrannar over him, and of, therefore, preventing the success of the many stratagems resorted to for getting Carl into his power. And so for more than twenty years after the marriage of Carintha, Carl Bluvén continued to enjoy his prosperity, and to exercise, at due intervals the office of chief magistrate: and he saw his grand-children grow around him; and at length buried his wife Uldewalla. But the penalty of the rash promise had yet to be paid.

It chanced that Carl Bluvén,—who, by the bye, was now Carl Von Bluvén, having long ago received that dignity,—was bidden to a feast at the house of a rich citizen, who lived just on the opposite side of the harbour. Although it was nearly half a league round the head of the harbour and across the draw-bridge, Carl walked round, rather than trust himself across in a boat; a conveyance which, ever since his interview on the quay, he had studiously avoided. It was a great feast; many bowls of bishop* were emptied, and many a national song

* *Bischof*, a kind of mulled wine.

in chorus; so that Carl, as well as all of the guests, began to feel the effect of their potations. In the midst of conviviality, and when it nearly approached midnight, the merriment was suddenly interrupted by the hollow beat of the drum; and all hastily arising, and going to the window, which looked out upon the harbour, Carl saw that his own house was in flames. Carl was not aware of being a rich man, and so with some hasty expressions of dismay, he fled from the banquet, and ran at full speed towards the harbour. It was, as has been said, half a league round by the draw-bridge: the merchant saw his well-stored house within a stone throw of him, and fled away—the fumes of wine were in his head—and without further thought, he jumped into a boat that lay just below, and rowed across.

Carl had Carl Blüven done this, when he collected his danger. Paddle as he could, the boat made no way: what exertions the merchant made, and what were his feelings, no one can tell. Some seamen were called by loud cries for help; and some, who fell out of their hammocks, told how they saw a boat drifting out of the harbour. Three or four days after this event, the *Marke*, free trader, arrived in Bergen, Iceland, and reported, "that but for a northerly breeze, she would have been sucked into the Maelstrom; that before sunset, when within two leagues of the whirlpool, a small boat was seen, empty; and that soon after another, the smallest and strangest built boat that was seen, passed close under their bows, paddling in the direction of the Maelstrom; that two mariners were in it; he at the helm of an exceeding stern, and singular countenance; that they cried out for help; upon which they ran to, and manned a boat with four oars; but that with all their exertions they were unable to gain upon the little boat, which was worked by a single paddle; that the boatmen, fearing they might be sucked into the whirlpool, returned to the ship, and that, just at sunset, they could see the small boat, by the help of their lanterns, steering right across the Maelstrom, as if it had been a small pond," which extraordinary facts, the master "Tellemarke" made a deposition before the chief magistrate who filled the place after Carl Blüven had disappeared in an aculous manner.

From the Forget-Me-Not.

MOONLIGHT OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ABDY.

! gaily, in Life's morning bright,
Love speeds the rosy hours,
fuseum—Vol. XXI.

Illumes each scene with smiling light,
And strews each spot with flowers:
Around his shrine young Hope and Joy
Their fairest gifts impart;
Nor doubts can chill, nor fears destroy,
The Sunshine of the Heart.

Those flowers will droop, those beams must wane,
But, when their glories cease,
A softer spell will still remain,
To soothe the soul to peace;
For then shall Friendship's tranquil rays
A hallowed charm impart,
And cast o'er Life's declining days
The Moonlight of the Heart.

NEW FACES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces!
I've seen those around me a fortnight or more;
Some people grow weary of things or of places,
But persons to me are a much greater bore;
I care not for features—I'm sure to discover
Some exquisite *trait* in the first that you send;
My fondness falls off when the novelty's over—
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

My heart is as genial as Italy's summers,
Attachments take root, and grow green in a day;
Like bloom on the plum, there's on all the new-comers
A charm—that must sooner or later decay;
The latest arrival seem'd really perfection,
But now—for some reason I can't comprehend—
She wearies me so, I must cut the connection—
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

To-day I may utter a tender expression
To one I to-morrow may probably drop,
But Friendships should come "*hot and hot*," in succession,
Just like mutton-pies at a pastrycook's shop.
The gardener, too, with *new* crops is provided,
When *one* crop of marrowfats comes to an end;
And why should my new crop of Friends be derided?
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

Mama would persuade me my Friends do not vary,
But that I have fickle vagaries forsooth!
Discernment ought not to be called a *vagary*,
I deem it a virtue precocious in youth.
"Be civil," she says, "to a common acquaintance.
Rash Friendships are sure prematurely to end;"
Oh cold hearts may credit so frigid a sentence!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

I am not to blame if I seize the most striking
And very *best* points about people at first;
I am not to blame if they outlive my liking,
And leave me at leisure to point out the *worst*:
I am not to blame if I'm somewhat less gracious
To some I so fluently us'd to commend;
To *feel* that they bore me is really vexatious!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. A. came here my joy was uncommon,
I never was happy when not by her side;
"Oh! what an agreeable, sweet little woman!
She will be a great acquisition," I cried.
I called there so often, so fondly I sought her,
My calling so seldom I fear must offend;
But, dear me, she's not *half* so nice as I thought her!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. B. came I forgot *her* completely,
For we became just like two leaves on one stalk;

She looked and she spoke so uncommonly sweetly,
Unless we met daily, how dull was my walk !
I thought that her manners were simply enchanting,
But now—what false colours can novelty lend !—
A slight indescribable something is wanting !
I want a new face for an intimate friend.

Miss D. was delightful, till Mrs. E. proved her
By force of comparison flaunting and free ;
Then came Lady F.—oh, how fondly I loved her,
Until I was dazzled by dear Mrs. G. !
Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces !
Let novelty sweeten each sample you send ;
A fortnight would rub off all grace from the Graces !
I want a new face for an intimate friend.

FAME.

Say what is Fame ? Is it per chance to raise
Such monuments as those of ancient days,
Which, on thy banks, mysterious Nile, withstand
The unceasing ravage of Time's ruthless hand ?
These, towering o'er old Egypt's sands, proclaim
The utter nothingness of earthly fame.
Who rear'd those giant piles ? We know it not !
Their planners, founders, uses, all forgot.
Or, is it fame to dare the martial strife,
Reckless of right and prodigal of life,
To wade to triumph through a sea of gore,
To conquer the round world and weep for more ?
True glory—can it be Ambition's meed ?
Ask "Macedonia's madman or the Swede,"
Ask him of late who made and hurled down kings,
Swept like a whirlwind on Destruction's wings,
All-grasping—and now owns a narrow grave
In yon lone isle amid the Atlantic wave.

S.

JACK SHADDOCK.

BY ISABEL HILL.

Of all pen-feathered songsters, blest her fate
Who shall preserve sweet Concord with her Mate.

"He deserved to have sat to Sir Walter for his Altamont Bunce, though 't is certain he was never heard of by so great an author !" exclaimed I, as I accidentally stumbled on some long-haired scrawls, which reminded me of a departed original.

At my hearer's request I became the oral historian of this poor lad, with some effect. On paper I may not succeed so well ; as many a tale which, aided by a tolerable imitation of its hero's manner, may amuse a fireside circle, would ill stand the test of pen and ink, the ordeal of type, or the disenchanting voice of an unconcerned reader. This constitutes, I suppose, the distinction between wit and humour ; little as I may have of the latter, I possess not half so much of the former, but feel its infinite superiority.

The reported jests of celebrated wits we take on faith. Great names dazzle us all ; but the oddities of an unknown tar may prove dull enough, when narrated by an obscure chronicler, like myself ; though I can

assure my readers that "they made laugh at the time."

Much as hath been done for naut venturers, the differences of time, pl individual fate and nature, will ever va portraiture of the same class ; and, years ago, the merchant-seamen of boasted many characteristic peculiari

Liverpool was not then what it is, was in its warm cradle—the tea-kett were at war with France and Americ West India traders sailed under c Their masters (not unfrequently also) were called captains. To bec the sons of respectable families w prenticed, and quite as much disti from those who worked more for hi promotion as are the midshipmen in war. Their elders, even while inst them in their duties, usually preserv show of deference. "Sharp there, Gardner !—Mind your eye, Master —Mr. Robinson, sir, bear a hand !— you young gentlemen !" —was the c cry. So ceremoniously were they all

On shore there was much buckisin these youths. They cultivated coral brooches, sported pink-stripe sers, short, but fringed, full, compa pantaloons, tight, in reference to c Their shining buckled shoes, the fitting jackets, adorned with gala metal buttons, their smartly ribande hats, and their loosely knotted bla handkerchiefs, set off to no mean ad the personal merits so liberally best the boys of the West. My betters them as equals. I was a child, and up to them. They had seen so muc world, that is, had travelled so far earth, that I fancied they must kno deal of life and human nature. And r they thought so too, forgetting that notony of ship-board, the necessary ment with a limited number of bein formly mechanised by discipline, t resemble Wordsworth's "forty ox ing like one," does—no matter w wards increasing a man's stock of i it gives him a good one of himself own experience.

There was one ship's crew—why I conceal what can reflect no disc any party concerned, while secure o from my friends and fellow-citizens not "tell the tale as 'twas told to me Concord, then, was as trim a sea ever swam ; well fitted for the acco tion of passengers, and the envy o from the high rank of her guests. was the hour when the Warner an "the good ship's return ;" and well was the Nigger who first informed badian dames, that "him see de sar o' de fleet makin Carlisle Bay."

Her commander, William Wils

thinks I see his lovely daughters now, and his son, who I suppose reigns in his stead—was a peppery little personage, who would be obeyed, and see his work done; but so brave, skilful, honest, warm-hearted, yet withal so well-bred, that there was not a true man in his service but would have died for him. Three Shaddocks graced his holy-stoned deck. This is no “purser’s name.” That race had borne it long ere one of them had even heard of the tropical fruit, with some reference to which it must, notwithstanding, have originally been conferred. George, the first mate, was a large, dark man, of excellent character, who is still, I believe, afloat, though where I know not.

His brother John, second ditto, for symmetry, grace, and comeliness, had few equals; he was rather picturesque and sparkling than majestic, being a slight, agile creature, with a pretty foot, elegant, just rosy hand, deep-hued but shining curls, eyes longer than full, but shapely, clear, and of a liquid grey, curtained by black lashes. His teeth and forehead were splendidly white, his blooming cheeks scarcely freckled, his entire self, in spite of his undaunted spirit, “too fine for working-day wear.” His was the candid foppery which burlesques itself, assumed under the confidence of meeting in others a mood as kindly as his own. This was softened by a dash of sentiment, an enthusiasm for poetry, music, and the charms of nature, a sensibility to the good and beautiful, as well as to the ludicrous. Add to this that he was very temperate, moral, and modest, with a piety of his own, which enabled him to defy superstition; that he never swore, though his exclamations had all the mergy of oaths: can we then wonder that he was the idol even of those whom he lagued the most, and that his conquests extended from our White Ladies (the house which sheltered the fugitive Charles II.) to those of Barbadoes?

Edward, the youngest Shaddock, was making one voyage, as a hanger-on or follower, preparatory to his apprenticeship. Besides these relatives, “Jack,” with his familiars, had a sworn brother a-board, Thomas Cooke, from his passion for spouting Shakespeare dubbed Horatio by our self-elected Hamlet: this appellative, however, had been so corrupted by the black steward, that its bearer was better known as “Old Rascal.” Then there was Peter Jones, the Welsh prentice, called, of course, Blue Peter, remarkable for his mountaineer aversion to shoes and stockings; and, finally, added to this human live stock was an amphibious whelp, the size of a (young) donkey, tutored to obey his leader’s every word, tone, gesture, and look.

Thus protected, at sea and in port, Jack rose in favour by the very scrapes into and out of which it pleased him to get himself

and friends. Was any thing to be smuggled, a more daring yet ingenious agent could not be trusted, as “Doctor Barber,” the officer, were he still alive, would confess. Oft as that worthy defeated the contraband schemes of Jack’s compeers, for Jack himself the able functionary was no match.

Among the lads of the Venus, Jack had one prime crony, Master Chubb; and once, when he and his shipmates were puzzling themselves, like loyal subjects, how to cheat the revenue, Jack, having previously settled all such matters for the Concord to general satisfaction, volunteered a mischievous diversion in favour of his darling goddess’s less fortunate votaries. Accordingly, about noon, he took care to be detected by Mr. Barber, in assisting Blue Peter to hurry through the by-lanes about our quay, carrying a large and heavy sugar-bag. As soon as they were hailed, the young men bore away, till heat and laughter obliged them to rest their burdean, and let the enemy gain upon them.

“I zaay, what be a doin wi this zack-measter?” panted forth the pursuer.

“Zackerdang! castn’t guess!” shouted Jack; “’t is full of preserves, and I’ll preserve ’em.”

“I’d want know thy right to ’t, Jan Shaddock.”

“Says th’ exciseman, let’s see your permit,” hummed John.

“I tell ee, if you war a gwayn to the Cussom-ous, you oud n’t run—”

“T’other way, likely not. Sure sign that duty’s paid, or the article not liable, my hearty.”

“That cock ont vight—what be ’t?”

“Stuff that may have been made in England, though one of its names be outlandish. Just my own case; you’d as good seize me.”

“Can’t tell but I may, when I’ve a auveraul’d thee a bit, like; down we’t, de hire! put un in thic carner, dreckly, mun!”

“I should n’t wonder, and yet again I should. ‘To do a great good do a little wrong.’ ‘Here’s money for my meat.’”

“I wunt be bribed, nor outarg’d, this time, lad, I’m ’terminated. I’d know thee tricks, drat tha! gi’et ta l!”

“I’d see you sky-high first, and then I would n’t.”

“Dang it, then, I zeize!”

Barber would have felt as much pride in uttering those words over a pound of tamarinds; but Jack rejoined, “Thou art no Cæsar, Barbarossa! Eyes and old shoes! at thine own peril touch! Wait for some boy, with three-ha’porth of ginger.”

A mob, in which more than one of Barber’s own brethren showed themselves, now formed round the disputants. The contested bag seemed inevitably the officer’s prize. Even the doughty Jones exclaimed, “Nam

"Mighty fine, sir!" cried Wilson; "but let me tell you, I am less than ever to be classed with your playfellows, for you are no longer the Concord's second mate. If you choose to earn a common sailor's wages till we see Barbadoes, do so. There I discharge you; and every captain in the fleet shall hear of your misconduct."

"As you please, sir. I can have a character from a gentleman who knew how to take my jests better than you do."

Wilson clenched and slightly raised his hand; Edward clung to him, sobbing bitterly, and poor George, motioning the refractory Jack to retire, asked—"Who is to take his place, sir?"

"Tom Cooke," was the reply.

"If I do I'm—etcetera'd!" ejaculated that hero from behind them. "What! rise y his fall! Not I! If Jack goes afore the mast, I go too; and, when he's sent adrift, ash me, but I follow in his wake!"

"Teed to cootness, put that's prave, tough!" shouted Peter.

"Him jolly boy, Old Razor!" joined in the Steward; "what a lady-passenger say, Massa John go worky like nigger? Ki! at nebbaw do!"

"Eyes, but we shall have a mutiny!" laughed Jack.

"Silence, all hands there!" cried George. His fine face was flushed; and, though he ung his head, the chaste moon betrayed as haste a tear, which paid tribute to his sense of the favouritism enjoyed by that brother, rho, foibles and all, was the pride of his heart and the delight of his eyes.

"Shaddock," said Wilson, taking his and, "I respect and feel for you, and for ttle Ned, whom I cuffed for his elder's transgression."

"The devil you did?" muttered Jack, ercely. Then, relenting, he continued—"Oh, sir! don't visit my sins upon the innocent! He's vexed enough at my disgrace; nd 't is no lie for me to say that I feel it most on account of my brothers and friends. might add more, as I know you hate to e severe, but you would n't believe my word."

"Stop, John!" answered Wilson, softening apace; "all I meant was, that what you aid in joke to Ned could not be true; you ought to set him a better example, by following that of George. If you were as free from mpudence as you are from artifice, I don't hink that I could find a fault in you; so, as Cooke won't take your station, go back to our duty, and behave like a man. And you, ellows, who were so ready to rebel in his cause, follow Blackey, and bid him serve out an extra-allowance of grog, to drown all ostilities."

Jack bowed. George and Thomas cordially shook hands with the reinstated scapegrace, while Ned and Blue Peter danced for

joy to Steward's shout of "Wilson por ebaw! nebbaw say die!"

"Captain," said John, with emotion, "you shall find that gratitude can make even me respectful."

Well and wisely did he conduct himself, till they were safe in port; then his love of land broke forth, and "leave to go ashore," was his constant request. On one occasion Wilson very mildly remonstrated. "Your brother and I," he said, "dine with Mr. Cumberbatch to-day. True, you've nothing to do, and may easily be spared; but don't now, there's a good fellow, run wild, and mix in scenes beneath a lad of your situation. You can't deny that you sometimes stoop even to junket with the free coloured people, at—what do the beasts call their sweltering hops?"

"Dignity balls, sir! Oh, I assure you, we've great fun there, and no harm neither. Such ceremony, such finery, amid the quad-room and mustee damsels; some travellers indeed prefer the blacks; but—I say nothing, except that I'll neither drink nor dance with any of 'em this evening, but take Ned with me, to show him the charms and wonders of the isle."

This promise John kept. As he was returning early to the vessel, he fell in with George and Cooke. The former hinted that the captain, a little elevated by Madeira, had just parted with him, to go on board, whither he was following. John confided Edward to his elder brother, proposing to join them, after a quiet stroll on the moonlit beach with his Horatio.

Scarcely were the friends left *tête-à-tête*, when the sound of music, if such it might be called, attracted them towards the gaily illumined store of their mulatto laundress. "Ma'am Lilywhite."

"So that I don't break my word, I may stand by and see the sport," said Jack.

Instead of courting the boisterous welcome with which his appearance at a Dignity was invariably greeted, he concealed himself and companion under a portico, to watch the revels of his "little, tawny, tight ones."

"For Heaven's love!" whispered Horatio, "who do I spy footing it with the dingiest of yon gigglers? Look, Hamlet, look! by jingo, 't is he himself!"

"Jack, cramming his handkerchief into his mouth, to check the explosion of a laugh, dragged his friend from the scene. When out of hearing, their risibility would bear no longer control, but burst forth in peals—in roars.

"Belay, belay!" cried John, at last; "I'll serve it out to him, in fine style! Precious timbers! here'll be a yarn for all our townsmen! I'll work up old junk with him yet. To quarters, Razor, and mum!"

On board they went; but for another hour George had to wonder at the protracted ab-

sence of their captain. At last he came. Jack was keeping watch, and, as Mr. Wilson rather unsteadily approached him, he closed his eyes. The inspector paused to contemplate this supposed breach of duty, and then shook him by the shoulder.

Jack was very apt to babble in his sleep, and now murmured, gradually raising his voice, "Eh! what? 't is false! who says so? I did not enter. Can Horatio have betrayed?—What! Captain Wilson, after warning me, caper with his black washer-woman! Well, sir, if you confess to 't, where's the shame!" And here he seemed to wake himself with laughing.

His words had been overheard by others besides their subject, and a suppressed chuckle ran from lip to lip. Wilson, ever good-humoured in his cups, hurried his tormentor down the companion into the state-room.

"You rascal!" he began; "you sham-Abraham! I was just going to give it you for napping; but now, I ask you, what do you deserve?"

"Why, a glass of shrub, sir, for keeping myself sober, as I said I would."

"And for coming out with your glowing descriptions, which tempt your betters into the tom-fooleries you are the first to expose!"

"Lord, captain!" exclaimed John, very naively, "as if you had never done so before! Bless ee! we're used to all your ways. Are you the only man of us who never heard the songs in which the dusky improvisa—what's the word?—celebrated your last year's condescensions? You stare! Wigs, sir! I could sing you a dozen of their extrumperies."

"One will do, if you can have the face to try it," answered Wilson, not so much crediting this statement as curious to hear our wag's imitation. John instantly assumed such a Coast of Guinea expression of countenance that a beholder might almost have fancied his complexion, features, and hair, changed to match it. He rose, and, tying a silk handkerchief round his waist, by way of an apron, threw himself into a dancing attitude, made a little tray his tambourine, and thus began, though in a louder tone than his auditor desired:

"Ob all da sarey Concord's crew
Hers cappin's my delight;
Him raly clebbaw man, por true,
Him dancy all a night,
Mid Dinna
An Rosanna
Lilywhite."
King ob all da Buckra! neblaw see da day
Such anodaw come, sa, when him go away!

"Billy Will-sin lucky be,
Cause him generous cretur;
Blackee Steward no more free
Mid de galls at Dignity;
Nor Blue Peter:

Spose him kissa
Colour missee;
Massa Johnny teach 'em well
Nebbaw, nebbaw, tell!
Duty boun um sing a one cord,
Bless da sarey Concord!"

The Captain laughed so heartily at this choice lay, that he left himself no right to complain of the numerous echoes which his mirth found in the other listeners to Jack's minstrelsy.

When the ship returned to Bristol, I again met Hamlet and Horatio at a farm-house, whither I was sent for my health. Wilson had recommended his second mate to the Niobe, of which our hero was to be the first.

"I never yet sailed without George and Razor," said Jack. "I shall miss Ned too, and all of 'em; but—she's a fine craft, well manned, and prettily armed. I'd like no better chance than to fall in with a Yankee; let one of 'em come athwart my hawse, and, stars! but we'd show her some sport. We're sure of merry weather, for that's our captain's name. This crying woman will be my third missis; my first is now little better than the pleasure yacht of my old commander. There are no more such masters—though Wilson's a capital fellow, I must say; but my earliest patron was a cut above that—a reg'lar first-rate. He was *always* called Captain, and eldest brother Master. Well, he retired on his fortune, but could not part with his floating palace, though he only airs her about the coast now-a-days, taking his daughter with him. They say he has not met one squall since her name was on the ship's books. Methinks he might brave the wickedest sea that's known to mariners, with such a venture between decks! Shove your boat off, Tom! 't is no laughing matter: she and I were neither old enough nor ugly enough to be of the same mess; but 't is all one. He, by this time, maybe, forgets my last voyage with him; but I can't. Never did we think to make the harbour. Badly off enough we were, to be sure, nearing a dangerous part of our shore, in a foul October, and, what's worse, not all of a mind. There were those amongst us who made mouths behind the captain's back, laughed at his nice slippers, and dancing-master legs; just because he did not drink and bully, they thought he was not fit for a sailor; so they hated his favourites. I happened to be one of 'em then—no matter. I felt for him trebly, as master, merchant, and married man; yet I hoped on, in spite of appearances, in spite of all the croakers, did n't I?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Horatio; "and as you hoped you sung. Tip us the stave you made on the occasion; but first I'll put in my oar, and say for you what you won't say for yourself. Hark to this, my little dizzy, you that's so fond of 'da mortal bird,' as Steward calls Shakspeare, even afore

big to be shipped up the sleeve of
cket—In the midst of toil I caught
ere, humming some words, which
e he must have picked up out of a
now remembered, without trying
t the burden was 'ever and anon'
s sailor-like address with which our
d inspired us; for sea-phrases, un-
rders, were so rare from him that
to one's very heart. In a short
wled down the rhymes, and Jack
to our shipmates. They ran like
rom mouth to mouth; and, in the
te—a blessed one, I can tell ye—
ses were heard above the storm,
ry quarter. I do believe Jack's
l as much as his *nous* to save us—
as much."

! that's a good one!—with a long
uttered John, blushing. "Sing I
d help us! but, if you think 't will
tle Miss, why, take the will for the
here goes!"
ed by all present, John, in a sweet,
se, and to a very appropriate air,
with great enthusiasm the follow-

SONG.

With a will, and hang Despair!
ugh storms may rave above us,
erve our arms by honest prayer,
thoughts of those who love us;
e'er desert our gallant bark,
ugh breakers heave around her,
en the heavens be frowning dark;
Matchless must not founder;
Stick to your posts,
Old England's boasts!
ale brave hearts may weather,
By a long pull,
And a strong pull,
pull all together!

ore, mayhap, 'twixt friend and friend,
en no man dreamt of danger,
might be tiffs; but let's defend
craft 'gainst slave or stranger;
ith our skipper sink or swim,
ach were born his brother,
hatue'er we've known of him,
ll ne'er find such another:
Confound his foes!
He toils for those
art to life who tether;
With a long pull,
And a strong pull,
pull all together!

like his ship, seen from without,
Ocean's brightest rover;
l the strength which some folks doubt
l hours like these discover.
Is our Matchless *buoyant* still,
I for one believe him;
as though 't were not God's will
h hope should e'er deceive him.
While logged at sea,
What *pumps* heeds he,
rese, of toughest leather,
For a long pull,
And a strong pull,
pull all together?

"From little Bob, the cabin-boy,
To honest George, the master,
There's but one strife of pride and joy—
'T is which shall work the faster.
We sail upon no foreign sea;
Oft in these waves we've sported;
And 'neath the rocks that loom a-lee
Our sweethearts oft we've courted:
Let pirate fear,
Or privateer,
We'll show not one white feather,
But a long pull,
And a strong pull,
And a pull all together!

"And see, my boys, the clouds disperse,
The billows cease their tumbling;
We've had a squeak; thank God, no worse!
The thunder walks off grumbling.
My blessing on that bonny moon!
She gilds our princely river;
Cappun! we'll dance beneath her soon,
On deck, as gay as ever.
The peril's o'er;
We'll drink on shore—
I scent its blooming beather;
So, a long pull,
And a strong pull,
And a pull all together!"

I have little more to say. John had his
wish. They did fall in with an American,
and bravely fought. His conduct and cou-
rage helped to enable the Briton, though
she could not make the enemy her prize, to
escape capture herself, and with the loss of
only one man, but in him Niobe mourned
her fairest child, for that one was Jack. At
the age of five-and-twenty the interesting
merchantman fell, mortally wounded. His
last words, save a prayer, were reported to
me; he smiled as he spoke them.

"Bless all hands, of all colours, for me;
men, women, and children. Bid Peter tell
Wilson to keep up his dignity, and tell
Steward 't is well to be him; his suit of sa-
bles is ready made, and a good fit—he need
not put himself to the cost of mourning.
Give Chubb my dog, but say he must n't
set him at old Barber, for the puppy never
obeyed any commands to be civil, save from
me. Beg Horatio not to let dear George and
poor Ned be too downhearted, for the sake
of mother and sisters. My loving duty to
my first commander, and—the young lady.
Ah! now, I feel the leak! but I never was
afraid of going aloft yet. Good bye; we
shall meet again. Lay me ship-shape and
Bristol fashion. Good bye!"

And so he died, and lies in a grave, briny
as the tears which traced their course in fur-
rows on his brother's cheek, deep as the re-
gret with which all who once had seen him
must have long remembered poor Jack Shad-
dock.

From Friendship's Offering.

OLD MAIDS.

I love an old maid;—I do not speak of an
individual but of the species,—I use the

singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself, she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in Heaven, some people say that they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them which is not of the earth earthy. They are Spectators of the world, not Adventurers nor Ramblers; perhaps Guardians; we say nothing of Tattlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance. Why then are they single?—It is their fate!

On the left hand of the road between London and Liverpool, there is a village, which, for particular reasons, I shall call Littleton; and I will not so far gratify the curiosity of idle inquirers as to say whether it is nearer to London or to Liverpool; but it is a very pretty village, and let the reader keep a sharp look out for it next time he travels that road. It is situated in a valley, through which runs a tiny rivulet as bright as silver, but hardly wide enough for a trout to turn round in. Over the little stream there is a bridge, which seems to have been built merely out of compliment to the liquid thread, to save it the mortification of being hopped over by every urchin and clodpole in the parish. The church is covered with ivy, even half way up the steeple, but the sexton has removed the green intrusion from the face of the clock, which, with its white surface and black figures, looks at a little distance like an owl in an ivy bush. A little to the left of the church is the parsonage house, almost smothered with honeysuckles: in front of the house is a grass plot, and up to the door there is what is called a carriage drive; but I never saw a carriage drive up there, for it is so steep that it would require six horses to pull the carriage up, and there is not room enough for more than one. Somewhat farther up the hill which bounds the little valley where the village stands, there is a cottage; the inhabitants of Littleton call it the *white cottage*. It is merely a small white-

washed house, but as it is occupied by genteelish sort of people, who cannot afford a large house, it is generally called a cottage. All these beautiful and picturesque objects, and a great many more which I have not described, have lost with me their interest. It would make me melancholy to go into that church. The interest which I had in the parsonage house was transferred to the white cottage, and the interest which I had in the white cottage is now removed to the church-yard, and that interest is in four graves that lie parallel to each other, with head-stones of nearly one date. In these four graves lie the remains of four old maids. Poor things! Their remains! Alack, alack, there was not much that remained of them. There was but little left of them to bury. The bearers had but light work. I wondered why they should have four separate graves, and four distinct tomb-stones. The sexton told me that it was their particular desire, in order to make the churchyard look respectable; and they left behind them just sufficient money to pay the undertaker's bills and to erect four grave-stones. I saw these ladies twice, and that at an interval of thirty years. I made one more attempt to see them, and I was more grieved than I could have anticipated, when the neighbours showed me their newly closed graves. But no one long pities the dead, and I was, after a while, glad that they had not been long separated. I saw these ladies twice;—and the first time that I saw them, the only doubt was, which of the four would be first married. I should have fallen in love with one of them myself, I do not know which, but I understood that they were all four more or less engaged. They were all pretty, they were all sensible, they were all good-humoured, and they knew the world, for they had all read Rollin's "Ancient History." They not only had admirers, but two of them even then had serious suitors. The whole village of Littleton, and many other villages in the neighbourhood rang with the praises of the accomplished and agreeable daughters of the rector: nor were the young ladies dependent for their hopes of husbands merely on their good qualities; they had the reputation of wealth, which reputation I am constrained to say was rather a bubble. The rectory of Littleton was said to be worth a thousand a year—but it never produced more than six hundred. And the worthy rector was said to be worth ten or twelve thousand pounds. Bless him! he might be *worth* that and a great deal more, but he never possessed so much; the utmost of his private fortune was fifteen hundred pounds in the three per cents.

It is enough to designate the ladies by their christian names. Their good father used to boast that his daughters had

really christian names. The eldest was Mary, the second Martha, the third Anna, and the youngest Elizabeth. The eldest was, when I first knew them, actually engaged to a young gentleman who had just taken a wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and had gained a prize for a Greek epigram. Such an effort of genius seemed next to miraculous at Littleton, for the people of that village never gain prizes for Greek epigrams. The farmers, who had heard of his success, used to stare at him for a prodigy and almost wondered that he should walk on two legs, and eat mutton, and say "How do you do?" like the rest of the world. And every body said he was such a nice man. He never skipped irreverently over the river, as some young men of his age would do, but always went over the bridge. It was edifying to see how gracefully he handed the young ladies over the said bridge, Mary always the last, though she was the eldest. The young squire of the parish was generally considered as the suitor of the second. The third had many admirers; he was what is called a showy young woman, having a little of the theatrical in her style. She was eloquent, lively, and attitudinizing. She had a most beautiful voice, and her good papa used to say, "My dear Anna, the sound of your voice is very delightful, and it does me good to hear you sing to your own harpsichord, but I wish I could hear you sing at church."—Poor man! he did not consider that there was no possibility of hearing any other voice while that of the parish-clerk was dinging in his ears. Elizabeth, the youngest, was decidedly the prettiest of the four; sentimentality was her forte, or more properly speaking, her foible. She sighed much herself, and was the cause of sighing to others. I little thought when I first saw them that I beheld a nest of predestinated old maids; but it was so, and the next time that I saw them they were all living together, spinsters. How I was occupied the next thirty years would be tedious to relate, therefore I pass over that period and come again to Littleton.

Time is like a mischievous urchin that plays said tricks in our absence, and so disarranges things and persons too, that when we come back again we hardly know where to find them. When I made my second visit to Littleton, the good old rector had been several years in his grave; and when I asked after his daughters, I was told that they were living, and were together, and that they occupied the white cottage. I was rather pleased to hear that they were single, though I was surprised at the information. I knew that I should be well received, that I should not find all their old affections alienated by new ties. I knew that I should not have to encounter the saucy and interrogatory eyes of husbands,

that I should not be under the necessity of accommodating myself to new manners. I had indeed some difficulty in making myself known, and still more difficulty in distinguishing the ladies, the one from the other, and connecting their present with their past appearance; for Anna's attitudinizing days were over, and Elizabeth had ceased to sigh. But when the recognition had taken place, we were all exceedingly glad to see each other, and we all talked together about every body and every thing at once.

My call at the white cottage was at the latter end of August. The weather was fine, but there had recently been much rain, and there were some few heavy clouds, and some little growling of the wind, like the aspect and tone of an angry schoolmaster who had just given a boy a sound thrashing, and looks as if he were half inclined to give him some more. The cottage was very small, very neat, very light. There was but one parlour, and that was a very pretty one. A small carpet covered the middle of the room; a worked fire-screen stood in one corner; a piece of needle-work, representing Abraham going to sacrifice Isaac, hung opposite to the door; shells, sea-weed, and old china stood on the mantel-piece; an old harpsichord, in a black mahogany case, stretched its leviathan length along one side of the room; six exceedingly heavy and clumsily carved mahogany chairs, with high backs, short legs, and broad square flat seats, any one of which might have accommodated all the four sisters at once, according to their mode of sitting, stood around the room; these chairs, I recollected, had been in the dining-room at the rectory, but then there was a great lubberly cub of a footman to lug them about. The fire-place was particularly neat. It had an old brass fender, polished up to the semblance of gold, delineating in its pattern divers birds and beasts, the like of which never entered Noah's ark, but they had a right to go in by sevens, for they were as clean as a penny. The poker looked like a tooth-pick, the shovel like an old-fashioned salt-spoon, and the tongs like a pair of tweezers. The little black stove shown with an icy coldness, as if the maid had been scrubbing it all the morning to keep herself warm; and the cut paper was arranged over the vacant bars with a cruel exactitude that gave no hopes of fire. The ladies themselves looked as cold as the fire-place; and I could hardly help thinking that a stove without a fire, at the cold end of August, looked something like an old maid. The ladies however were very chatty; they all spoke together—or nearly so, for when one began the others went on, one after another, in the way and after the manner of a catch, or more accurate-

When I called on them, I had not dined, but I supposed they had, for they asked me to stay and drink tea with them; though I should have preferred dinner to tea, yet for the sake of such old acquaintance, I was content to let that pass. They pressed me very much to take a glass of wine, and I yielded—but afterwards I repented it. Single elderly ladies are very much imposed on in the article of wine; ill luck to those who cheat them! Then we had tea. I knew the old cups and saucers again, and the little silver tea-pot, and the little silver cream-jug, and the sugar-tongs, made like a pair of scissors; I was glad to see the tea-urn, for it helped to warm the room. The tea made us quite communicative; not that it was strong enough to intoxicate, quite the contrary, it was rather weak. I should also have been glad of some more bread and butter, but they handed me the last piece, and I could not think of taking it, so it went into the kitchen for the maid, and I did not grudge it her, for she seemed by the way to be not much better fed than her mistresses. She was a neat respectable young woman.

After tea we talked again about old times, and I gave several broad hints and intimations that I should like to hear their respective histories; in other words, I wished to know how it was that they had all remained single; for the history of an old maid is the narrative of her escapes from matrimony. My intimation was well received, and my implied request was complied with. Mary, as the eldest, commenced.

"I believe you remember my friend Mr. M——?"

power to convince us that he was it was all to no purpose. Indeed I had not considered himself a kind only because we talked to him. I was most ingeniously to show that formity of opinion was not essential. But I could not think to marry a man who had a concern concerning the Articles; for, as very justly observed, when a man begins to doubt, it is impossible to say where it will end. And so the matter goes on from year to year, and so it remains, and so it is likely to remain to the chapter. I will never give up the twenty-nine Articles."

All the sisters said that she was right; and then Martha told her the story. "It was just about the time we were visiting Littleton that Mr. B—— had long paid me very particular attention, and made me an offer. Mr. B—— was a man of first-rate talents, thoughtful, and wanted for understanding; he was a very good humoured, though a little subject to fits of violence. I, however, most strenuously objected to the match, and from being on friendly terms with us he suddenly dropped off. I was almost persecuted by him; there was a man of high spirit, who did not patiently brook the insults he offered me, and I have every reason to believe that thereby his days were shortened. I had, however, as the elder Mr. B—— proposed our union, the affection of Mr. B—— seemed to increase, and he proposed a marriage in Scotland."

"I," said Anna, have a different story. I had four offers before I was 21 years of age; and I thought that I was exercising great judgment and discretion in endeavouring to ascertain which was most worthy of my choice; so I walked, and sang, and played, and danced with all in their turn; and because I could make up my mind which to accept, I lost them all, and gained the chance of a flirt. It seems very unfortunate that I am placed under the necessity of making that decision which must influence my whole destiny for life, at that very period when we least know what life is." "It is inexpedient," said I, "to entertain several lovers at once." "It is inexpedient," said Elizabeth, "to entertain several lovers in succession. My first lover won my heart by flute playing; he was a lieutenant in the navy, and lived in the neighbourhood. My father disapproved the connexion, but I said that I could not live without him, and so a compromise was extorted; but, alas! my flute playing was ordered to the West Indies, and I heard of him no more. My next lover, who succeeded to the first rather too much to the opinion of some people, was a Frenchman, and for a marriage with him no consent was obtained from my father, but before matters could be arranged, he found that his business did not stand, and he departed. Another succeeded in my business, and also to my affections, but his reluctant consent was extorted; when the young gentleman found that the sort of my father's wealth had been rated, he departed also; and in time I became accustomed to these disappointments, and bore them better than I expected. I might perhaps have had a husband, but I should have lived without a lover." "And then," said I, "you ended their sad stories; and after tea you walked into the garden. It was a small garden, with four sides and a circular centre, small, that as we walked round we made the names in a round robin, it was not to say which was first. I shook hands with them at parting, gently, for fear of hurting them, for their fingers were long, and cold and fleshless.—The next time I tried that way they were all in their beds, and not much colder than when I am at the cottage."

From the Forget-Me-Not.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, ESQ.

have all heard of the Cheviot mountain. If you have not, they are a rough, majestic, chain of hills, which a right term the Roman wall of Nature; and with snow, belted with storms,

surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the plains below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp rivetting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old, grey-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm indeed were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general landmarks; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about; and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's table.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw-house, which unfortunately was built immediately across the "ideal line" dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that, being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as his birth-place. They, however, were not involved in the same perplexities as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two-thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and therefore were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debatable boundary line, which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman; all his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts; and few families were more

whizzed through the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best putter on the Borders quailed from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrank back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire for ever!" once exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire! wha are ye squiring at?" returned Peter. "Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire! My name's Peter Elliot—your man, or ony body's man, at whatever they like!"

Peter's soul was free, bounding, and buoyant, as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane, upon his native hills; and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening our darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them, but Janet was still as kind, and in his eyes as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow: he was blest in his

swollen into the wild torrent, as forth as cataracts in fury and in loped the valleys in an angry flood. Marchlaw the fire blazed blif kitchen groaned beneath the load-rations for a joyful feast; and glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not because it was Christmas, as in its being the birth-day of Thomas, born, who that day entered his year. With a father's love he loved for all his children, but Thomas pride of his eyes. Cards of apology then found their way among the hills; and, as all knew that, although admitted no spirits within his threshold, a drunkard at his table, he was not a niggard in his hospitality, his were accepted without ceremony. Guests were assembled; and, being the only apartment in the large enough to contain them, the spread upon a long, clear, oak stretching from England into Scotland. The English end of the board was ponderous plum-pudding studded with tation, and a smoking sirloin; or a savoury and well-seasoned hag sheep's head and trotters: while the mediate space was filled with things in this life common to both and to the season.

The guests from the north and south were arranged promiscuously; seat was filled—save one. The Peter's right hand remained vacant. He had raised his hand before his besought a blessing on what was

your right hand in that very chair, and I canna ink o' beginning our dinner while I see it empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrives."

"Ye are not a faither, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter remained not. The guests became hungry, peevish, and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove by every possible effort to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to have gone to seek him when he kenned the dinner wouldna keep. And I'm sure Thomas kenned it would be ready one o'clock to a minute. It is sae unliking and unfriendly like to keep folk waiting." And, endeavouring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued, in an anxious whisper, "Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth, hinny?"

The maiden blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a tear, which had for some time been an unwilling prisoner in her brightest eyes in the room; and the monosyllable "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible only to the ear of the enquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot dispatched one of her children after another, in quest of their father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, and observing that Thomas's absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his father, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment; but it was needless waiting, and begged they would see no ceremony, but just begin.

No second invitation was necessary. Good-humour appeared to be restored; and iridines, pies, pasties, and moorfowl, began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment, Mrs. Elliot apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh to her elbow again drove the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart fell heavily within her; all the mother gushed into her bosom; and, rising from the table, "What a world can be the meaning o' this?" said she, as she hurried with a troubled countenance towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

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"Where have ye been, Peter?" said she, eagerly; "have ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no cast up yet?" and, with a melancholy glance, his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue faltered.

"Gude forgie me!" said he: "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I can think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbours," he added, leaving the house; "I must away again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by myself, friends," said Adam Bell, a decent-looking Northumbrian, "that a faither's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his ee: and I think we would show a want o' natural sympathy and respect for our worthy neighbour, if we didna every one get his foot into the stirrup without loss o' time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough, country way o' thinking, it must be something particularly out o' the common that could tempt Thomas to be amissing. Indeed, I needna say *tempt*, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills," he concluded in a lower tone, "are not ow'r chancy in other respects besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming o' this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with happiness, but thoughts came stealing upon me like ghouls, and I felt a lonely souging about my heart, without being able to tell the cause—but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas—the very pride and staff o' my life—is lost!—lost to me for ever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliot," replied the Northumbrian. "it is an easy matter to say compose yourself, for them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But, at the same time, in our plain, country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my faither say, and I've as often remarked it myself, that, before any thing happens to a body, there is a *something* comes ow'r them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun; a sort of dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And though I trust there is naething o' the kind in your case, yet, as ye observe, when I find myself growing dizzy, as it were, with happiness, it makes good a saying o' my mother's, poor body!—'Bairns, bairns,' she used to say, 'there is ow'r muckle singing in your heads to-night; we will have a shower before bed-time:' and I never in my born days saw it fail."

At any other period, Mr. Bell's dissertation on presentiments would have been found a fitting text on which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, and marvellous circumstances, that had been handed down to the

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company from the days of their grandfathers; but, in the present instance, they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to be taken in their search.

Twelve horsemen and some half-dozen pedestrians were seen hurrying in divers directions from Marchlaw, as the last faint lights of a melancholy day were yielding to the heavy darkness which appeared pressing in solid masses down the sides of the mountains. The wives and daughters of the party were alone left with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep not, for their brother would soon return; while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the infant in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other to inspire hope, and poured upon her ear their mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remained silent. The daughter of Adam Bell, who sat by Mrs. Elliot's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room. Before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears. Her bosom throbbed convulsively; and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company.

Mrs. Elliot approached her, and, taking her hand tenderly within both of hers, "Oh, hinny! hinny!" said she, "your sighs go through my heart like a knife! And what can I do to comfort ye! Come, Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best. Ye see before you a sorrowing mother!—a mother that fondly hoped to have seen you and—I canna say it!—and am ill qualified to give comfort, when my own heart is like a furnace! But O! let us try and remember the blessed portion, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,' and inwardly pray for strength to say, 'His will be done!'"

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen. "No, no, no!" cried the mother again and again, with increasing anguish, "it is not the foot o' my own bairn"—while her keen gaze still remained rivetted upon the door, and was not withdrawn nor the hope of despair relinquished till the individual entered, and, with a silent and ominous shake of his head, betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper ghostliness to their sepulchral silence. For they sat, each rapt in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maid-

en, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length the barking of the farm-dog announced footsteps at a distance. Every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but, before the tread was yet audible to the listeners, "Oh, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed, as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what is this come upon us at last!"

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver passed over his manly frame, as his eye again rested on the vacant chair, which no one had dared to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours," said Adam Bell, "morn is a new day, and we will wait to see what it may bring forth; but, in the time, let us read a portion o' the Deity's word, and kneel together in prayer, whether or not the day-dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement. The Sun of Righteousness may arise with shining on his wings, upon the hearts of our afflicted family, and upon the hearts of the present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend, taking down the Bible, read the chapter wherein it is written—"It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting; and again—"It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no news of the lost son. After a solemn farewell to the visitants, save Adam Bell and his sister, returned every one to their own homes; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search of the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years, rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy calm; but their lost son was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The general belief was, that he had perished in the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived merely spoke of his death as a "very extraordinary circumstance," remarking that "he was a wild, venturesome sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birthday of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterised the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, as still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But, as the younger branches

ced in years, the remembrance became less poignant. With all around them a day they began to make merry; while their parents partook of a smile, half of sorrow.

had passed away; Christ-nessor. The hills had not summer verdure; the sun, its heat, had lost none of glory, and looked down upon the gladsome, blue sky was tranquil as beneath the moon. Many were assembled at Marchlaw. Elliot and the young men were assembled upon a level space, amusing themselves with the hammer and other Border sports, recounting the deeds of Johnson, the sheep-farmer, already mentioned, now a staid fellow of two-and-thirty, who every game the palm from. More than once, as Peter defeated, he felt the spirit of his veins, and "Oh!" muttered, "had my Thomas here, he would have thrown me after the hammer, before he beat by ever a Johnson in

soliloquized, and with diffidence impulse to compete with the dark, foreign-looking, man unceremoniously ap- proach with his arms folded, cast a look upon the boasting con- ceit was turned with a scruple upon the stranger. In height he stood five feet nine, but his was the model of muscular strength; his eyes were open and manly, his countenance was weather-beaten; his black hair, curled into ringlets; and the billow, fell thickly over his forehead; and whiskers were more conspicuous for size than for character of fierce- ness otherwise possessing; of manly beauty. With- out hesitation, he stepped forward, and, swinging it around his head upwards of five yards be- fore, he made a successful throw. "Well, the astonished spectators. After Elliot warmed within himself, hurrying forward to grasp his hand, when the words burst from his mouth, "It was just such a throw as Thomas would have made!— Thomas!" The tears burst

into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house to conceal his emotion.

Successively at every game the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that dinner waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noontide of her beauty; but sorrow had passed over her features like a veil before the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crestfallen and out of humour at his defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot as a rival for her affections; and, stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table; and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair, the chair of his first-born, whereon none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Bairns," said he, "did none o' ye ask the sailor to come up and take a bit o' dinner with us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger, entering; "and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye are a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no meeting o' mirth-makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste ye, lassies," he added to the servants; "some o' ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman indeed!" muttered Johnson, between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman: "this will do!" and, before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years-unoccupied, chair! The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation than did this filling of the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, sir! excuse me, sir!" said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue, "but ye cannot—ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "get out o' that! get out o' that!—take my chair!—take any chair in the house!—but dinna, dinna, sit there! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it filled by another is a thing I cannot endure!"

And left the strong man, when it pass'd,
Frail as the sere leaf in the blast;
A long, long winter's illness bow'd
His head; spring-daisies deck'd his shroud.

Scarce was he buried out of sight,
Ere his tenth infant sprang to light;
And Mary from her child-bed throes
To instant, utter ruin rose.
Harvests had fail'd, and sickness drain'd
Her frugal stock-purse, long retain'd;
Rents, debts, and taxes, all fell due,
Claimants were loud, resources few,
Small and remote; yet time and care
Her shattered fortunes might repair,
If but a friend, a friend in need—
Such friend would be a friend indeed!—
Would, by a mite of succour lent,
Wrongs irretrievably prevent:
She look'd around for such a one,
And sigh'd, but spake not—"Is there none!"
Ah! if he come not ere an hour,
All will elapse beyond her power;
And homeless, helpless, hopeless, lost,
Mary on this cold world be toss'd,
With all her babes! * * * *

Came such a friend?—I must not say;
Mine is a tale of every day;
But visit thou, in their distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And thou shalt know the worst of all,
The wormwood mingled with the gall;
And thou shalt find such woe as this,
Such breaking up of earthly bliss,
Is no strange thing, but, strange to say,
The tale, the truth, of every day.
Go, visit thou, in their distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

GIULIETTA—A TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY L. E. L.

The crimson shadows of the evening, mantling over the sky, and mirrored on the ocean, steeping the marble villas on the coast with their rich hues, and giving the pale orange-flowers a blush not their own—how welcome were they after a day so sultry as that which had just set over Genoa! The sea-breeze came fresh, as if its wings were cool with sweeping over snowy mountains, or those islands of ice of which northern voyagers tell, but softened ere it reached the land by thousand odours which floated from the shore.

But there was one eye to which the glad sunset brought no light, one lip to which the evening wind brought no freshness, though the heavy arm-chair had been drawn to the window, and the lattice flung back to its utmost extent. The Lady Giulietta Aldobrandini was far beyond their gentle influences; yet a few more nights, and hers would be the deep, unbroken sleep of death. It was hard to die, with such ties as bound her to life. She gazed on the three lovely girls, who watched her lightest look, and felt how

bitter it was to know that in a few more days they would be motherless: she had supplied their father's loss, but who could supply hers! She had been commending them to the care of their uncle, the Cardinal Aldobrandini, who had undertaken the charge of those who would so soon be orphans; but her heart yearned to say yet more, and she signed to them to leave the room. The cardinal watched with moistened eyes their graceful figures disappear amid the shower of scented leaves, which, as they passed, they shook from the flowering shrubs, and his lip quivered as he said, "And how may I supply a mother's place to those most ill-fated children! Is there no hope, Giulietta?" and, even as he spoke, his own conviction answered, "There is none."

The countess replied not to his question touching herself. She knew that it was asked in vain, and she had yet much to say. "Two of them will cumber you but little; Constanza and Bianca are of calm and gentle natures; from infancy they have felt sorrow lightly, and their affection is half habit. I feel within my dying soul a steadfast conviction that life to them will be as an unbroken stream, whose tranquil course no fierce wind has ever ruffled. But, my name-child, my Giulietta, she, whose eyes fill with tears, and whose cheek reddens at the slightest emotion, whose strong feelings and whose timid temper require at once so much caution and yet so much encouragement—for Giulietta's future I tremble. God forgive me, if my youngest has been my dearest! but they have not known it; I knew it not myself till now."

She sank back exhausted; and for a moment Aldobrandini was too much moved to reply. He was a man in whom all earthly affections were reputed to be dead. Cold and stern in manner, rigid in conduct, severe in judgment, he knew no interests but those of the church which he served. His talents were great, and his influence in Genoa almost unbounded; for his bitterest foe—and the successful have always enemies—had no hold on a man who had no weaknesses. But, where the desert seems most bare, be sure the sun has burned most fiercely; and the young and enthusiastic Giulio Aldobrandini had given little indication of the future cold and impassive prelate. He was the younger son, and the beautiful Giulietta was the betrothed of his brother. It was said that the bride looked somewhat pale, and it was deemed a harsh decree which had sent the younger Aldobrandini to a distant convent. Time passed as rapidly as time ever passes, be the change what it will upon its path; and when Aldobrandini returned to his native city, he looked wan and worn, but it was with toil and vigil that had brought their own reward: for, in those days, ability

and energy found a ready career to power and honour in the church. It may be believed that Aldobrandini would not have exchanged the waking certainties of his ambition for the realization of all his once-romantic fantasies; but, for a moment, the flood of years rolled back, the woman he had once so loved was dying at his side, and feeling became but the more bitter from the consciousness of the vanity of indulgence.

"Giulietta," at length, he said, in a low and broken tone, "years have passed since you and I spoke of the future as of a thing in which we took interest together. Then we spoke in vain: not so now; for, let the remembrance of our own youth be the pledge how precious another—your—Giulietta shall be in my sight."

The countess extended her emaciated hand towards him. Aldobrandini remembered it when its perfect beauty had been a model for the sculptor; he took it tenderly. Could it be the rigid and ascetic priest whose tears fell heavily on the dying Giulietta's hand? The lady was the first to recover herself. "Aldobrandini," she whispered, "I trust her happiness wholly to you." The girl now re-appeared in the garden, the cardinal himself beckoned them in, and, with a few brief but kind words, took his departure to the city.

Deeper and deeper fell the shades of melancholy over that sea-side villa. Day by day, those youthful sisters became more conscious of the approach of death. Their voices took a lower tone; their steps were more subdued; and their laughter, once so frequent, was unheard. At length, the worn eyes of the countess closed for ever: but their latest look was on her children.

Drearly did the rest of the summer pass away; and, when the leaves fell from the garden, and the bleak sea-breeze swept through the desolate lattices, it was with a feeling of rejoicing that the two elder sisters heard that they were to leave the villa, and pass the next year in the convent of Santa Caterina: after which their home would be the palace of the cardinal. But Giulietta left her mother's late dwelling with reluctance: it seemed almost like another separation. She visited and re-visited every spot which she could remember that the countess had once loved, and parted from it with many and bitter tears, as if it had been an animate object conscious of her regret. But youth is as a flowing stream, on whose current the shadow may rest but not remain; sunshine is natural to its glad waters, and the flowers will spring up on its banks: thus, though still preserving the most tender recollection of the parent whom she had lost, Giulietta's spirits gradually recovered their tone, and some very happy hours were spent in the convent.

A year in youth is like a month in spring; it is wonderful what an alteration it makes; the germ expands into a leaf, and the bud into a flower, almost before we have marked the change. On the cardinal's return from Rome, where he had made a long sojourn, he was surprised to perceive how the three Aldobrandini had sprung up into graceful womanhood. Constanza, the eldest, was nineteen, and Giulietta seventeen; but the sisters had never been parted, and he resolved that they should together take up their residence in his palace.

It was early in a spring evening when the Aldobrandini arrived at their uncle's dwelling. It was an old and heavy-looking building. Constanza and Bianca, as the massy gate swung behind them, on their arrival in the dark, arched court, simply remarked that they were afraid it would be very dull: but Giulietta's imagination was powerfully impressed; a vague terror filled her mind, which the gloom of the huge and still chambers through which they were ushered did not tend to decrease. At length, they paused in a large vaulted room, while the aged domestic went on, to announce them to the cardinal. Giulietta glanced around; the purple hangings were nearly black with age, so was the furniture, while the narrow windows admitted shadows rather than light. Some portraits hung on the walls, all dignitaries of the church; but the colour of their scarlet robes had faded with time, and each wan and harsh face seemed to turn frowning on the youthful strangers. A door opened, and they were ushered into the presence of their uncle. He was standing by a table, on which was a crucifix and an open breviary, while a volume of the life of St. Chrysostom lay open on the floor. A window of stained glass was half screened by a heavy curtain, and the dark pannels of carved oak added to the gloom of the oratory. The sisters knelt before him, while gravely and calmly he pronounced over them a welcome and a blessing. Constanza and Bianca received them gracefully and meekly, but Giulietta's heart was too full; she thought how different would have been the meeting had they been but kneeling before parents instead of the stern prelate. She bowed her head upon the breviary; and her dark hair fell over her face while she gave way to a passionate burst of tears. Next to indulging in the outward expression of feeling himself, the cardinal held it wrong to encourage it in another. Gently, but coldly, he raised the weeping Giulietta; and, with kind but measured assurances of his regard and protection, he dismissed the sisters to their apartments. Could Giulietta have known the many anxious thoughts that followed her, how little would she have doubted her uncle's affection!

The light of a few dim stars shed a variable gleam amid the thick boughs of a laurel grove, too faint to mark the objects distinctly, but enough to guide the steps of one who knew the place. The air was soft and warm, while its sweetness told of the near growth of roses; but a sweeter breath than even the rose was upon the air, the low and musical whisper of youth and of love. Gradually, two graceful forms became outlined on the dark air—the one a noble-looking cavalier, the other Giulietta. Yet the brow of the cavalier was a gloomy one to turn on so fair a listener in so sweet a night; and his tone was even more sad than tender.

"I see no hope but in yourself. Do you think my father will give up his life's hatred to the name of Aldobrandini, because his son loves one of its daughters, and wears a sad brow for a forbidden bride? or, think you, that yonder stern cardinal will give up the plans and power of many years, and yield to a haughty and hereditary foe, for the sake of tears even in thy eyes, Giulietta?"

"I know not what I hope," replied the maiden, in a mournful, but firm voice; "but this I know, I will not fly in disobedience and in secrecy from a home which has been even as my own."

"And what," exclaimed the cavalier, "can you find to love in your severe and repelling uncle?"

"Not severe, not repelling, to me. I once thought him so; but it was only to feel the more the kindness which changed his very nature towards us. My uncle resembles the impression produced on me by his palace: when I first entered, the stillness, the time-worn hangings, the huge, dark rooms, chilled my very heart. We went from these old gloomy apartments to those destined for us, so light, so cheerful, where every care had been bestowed, every luxury lavished; and I said within myself, 'My uncle must love us, or he would never be thus anxious for our pleasure.'"

A few moments more, and their brief conference was over. But they parted to meet again; and at length Giulietta fled to be the bride of Lorenzo da Carrara. But she fled with a sad heart and tearful eyes; and when, after her marriage, every prayer for pardon was rejected by the cardinal, Giulietta wept as if such sorrow had not been foreseen. Her uncle felt her flight most bitterly. He had watched his favourite niece, if not with tenderness of look and tone, yet with deep tenderness of heart. When her elder sisters married and left his roof, he missed them not; but now it was a sweet music that had suddenly ceased, a soft light that had vanished. The only flower that, during his severe existence, he had permitted himself to cherish, had passed away even from the hand that sheltered it. It was an illusion fresh from

his youth: his love for the mother had revived in a gentler and holier form for her child, and now that, too, must perish. He felt as if punished for a weakness; and all Giulietta's supplications were rejected: for pride made his anger seem principle. "I have been once deceived," said he; "it will be my own fault if I am deceived again."

Yet how tenderly was his kindness remembered, how bitterly was his indignation deplored, by the youthful Countess da Carrara!—for such she now was—Lorenzo's father having died suddenly, soon after their union. The period of mourning was a relief; for bridal pomp and gaiety would have seemed too like a mockery, while thus unforgiven and unblessed by one who had been as a father in his care. At her earnest wish they fixed their first residence in the marine villa where her mother died.

"And shall you not be sad, my Giulietta?" asked her husband. "Methinks the memory of the dead is but a mournful welcome to our home."

"Tender, not mournful," said she. "I do believe that even now my mother watches over her child, and every prayer she once breathed, every precept she once taught, will come more freshly home to my heart, when each place recalls some word or some look there heard and there watched. It is for your sake, Lorenzo, I would be like my mother."

They went to that fair villa by the sea; and pleasantly did many a morn pass in the large hall, on whose frescoed walls was painted the story of Ceneone, she whom the Trojan prince left, only to return and die at her feet. On the balustrade were placed sweet-scented shrubs, and marble vases filled with gathered flowers; and, in the midst, a fountain, whose spars and coral seemed the spoil of some sea-nymph's grotto, fell down in a sparkling shower, and echoed the music of Giulietta's lute. Pleasant, too, was it in an evening to walk the broad terrace which overlooked the ocean, and watch the silver moonlight reflected on the sea, till air and water were but as one bright element.

And soon had Carrara reason to rejoice that he had yielded to his wife's wish; for, ere they had been married three months, the plague broke out in Genoa, with such virulence as if, indeed, a demon had been unchained upon earth. "The spirit of your mother, my sweet wife, has indeed been our guardian angel," said the count, as he watched a fresh sea-breeze lift up the long dark curls, and call the crimson into Giulietta's cheek. Still, though safe themselves—for, though the distance from Genoa was but short, their secluded situation and the sea-air precluded all fear of infection—still an atmosphere of terror and woe was around them, and their thoughts were carried out of their

own sweet home by dim and half-told tales of the dangers around them. And, among other things, Giulietta heard of her uncle's heroic conduct; others fled from the devoted city—but he fled not; others shut themselves up in their lonely palaces—he went forth amid the dead and dying; his voice gave consolation to the sick man, and his prayer called on Heaven for mercy to the departed soul. Giulietta heard, and in the silence of her chamber wept; and, when her tears were done, knelt, and gave thanks to God for her uncle.

For the first time hope arose within her, and she said to herself—"He who walks now even as an angel among his fellow-men cannot but forgive the errors and the weakness of earth." She went to meet her husband with a lightened heart; but, as she met him on the terrace, she saw that his brow was clouded, and his first words told her that important business would oblige him to go for a week to an ancient castle on the verge of the state, as his neighbours were disposed to question his boundary rights. It was but a day's, a summer day's, journey, through a healthy district; and yet how sorrowful was he parting! Alas! how soon the presence of beloved ones becomes a habit and a necessity! but a few weeks with them at our side, and we marvel how ever life was endured without them. The young countess touched her lute—it had no music; she gathered flowers—they had no sweetness; she turned to the fairy page of Ariosto—but she took no interest in his knights or dames; and at length the day was spent ere she had finished pacing the hall, and imagining all the possible and impossible dangers that could befall Carrara.

She was walking languidly on the terrace early the following morning, when a hum of voices caught her ear; one name rivetted her attention: a horrible conviction rushed upon her mind. She called a page, who at first equivocated; but the truth was at last owned. The cardinal was stricken with the plague. She signed the page to leave her, and sank for a moment against one of the columns. It was but for a moment. She withdrew her hands from her face: it was pale, but tearless; and she left the terrace for her chamber with a slow but firm step. Two hours afterwards, the countess was sought by her attendants, but in vain; a letter was found addressed to their master, and fastened by one long, shining curl of raven darkness, which all knew to be hers.

Leaving the household to the dismay and confusion which such a departure occasioned, we will follow the steps of the countess, who was now on the road to Genoa. She had waited but to resume the black serge dress, which, as a novice of St. Caterina's, she had worn, and in which she knew she might pass

for one of the sisters who had vowed attendance on the sick; and, during the hour of the *siesta*, made her escape unobserved. Giulietta had been from infancy accustomed to long rambles by the sea-shore, or through the deep pine-forests; but now, though her purpose gave her strength, she felt sadly weary; when, on the almost deserted road, she overtook a man who was driving a small cart laden with fruit and vegetables. She accosted him; and the offer of a few piastres at once procured a conveyance to Genoa, for thither was her companion bound.

"The plague," said he, "makes every thing so scarce, that my garden has brought me a little fortune; it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"And are you not afraid of the infection?" asked the seeming Sister of Charity.

"Nothing hazard nothing win. A good lining of ducats is the best remedy for the plague," returned the gardener.

"Holy Madonna," thought Giulietta, "shall I not encounter for gratitude and dear love the peril which this man risks for a few ducats?"

The quarter where stood her uncle's palace was at the entrance of the city, and to reach it they had to traverse the principal street. How changed since last the countess passed that way! Then it was crowded with gay equipages and gayer company. She remembered the six white mules with their golden trappings, which drew the emblazoned coach of her uncle along; and how she leant back upon its purple velvet cushions, scarcely daring to glance amid the crowd of white-plumed cavaliers who reined in the curvettings of their brave steeds, lest she should meet Lorenzo da Carrara's eye, and betray their whole secret in a blush. Now not one living creature walked the street, and the sound of their light cart was like thunder. She was roused from her reverie by observing that her companion was taking an opposite direction to that of the palace; and requested to alight, mentioning her destination.

"To the archbishop's! Why, you will not find one living creature there. The good cardinal would have all the sick he could find brought to his palace, but they fell off like dried leaves; and when he was struck with the plague himself none ventured to approach it; for we all agree that the air there must be more deadly than elsewhere, since it has not even spared his eminence. So, if it is there you are bound, Madonna, we part company; but it is just tempting Providence."

Giulietta's only answer was to offer the gardener a small sum for her conveyance; but to her surprise he refused it. "No, no, you are going on a holier errand than I; keep your money; you will want it all if you stay in this city, every thing is so dear."

A sudden thought struck Giulietta. "I do not ask you," said she, "to venture to a spot which seems marked for destruction; but if I meet you here to-morrow will you bring with you a small supply of provisions and fruit? I can afford to pay for them."

"I will come, be sure," replied the man; "and the saints keep you, maiden, for your errand is a perilous one. He watched her progress till she disappeared round a corner in the street. "I wish," muttered he, "I had gone with her to the palace; at all events, I will be here to-morrow; she is, for all her black veil and pale face, so like my little Minetta. Ay, ay, if this plague lasts, I shall be able to tell down her dowry in gold;" and the gardener pursued his way.

When Giulietta arrived at her uncle's palace, she paused for a moment, not in fear but in awe, the stillness was so profound; not one familiar sound broke upon her ear. The doors were all open, and she entered the hall; pallets were ranged on each side, and on one or two of the small tables stood cups and phials; but not a trace appeared of an inhabitant. On she passed through the gloomy rooms; every thing was in disorder and out of place: it was indeed as if a multitude had there suddenly taken up their abode and as suddenly departed. But Giulietta hurried on to her uncle's sleeping apartment; it was vacant. Her heart for the first time sank within her, and she leant against the wainscot, sick and faint. "I have yet a hope," exclaimed she, and even as she spoke she turned to seek the oratory. She was right. The crucifix stood, and the breviary was open on the small table, even as they were the first time she entered that room: and on a rude mattress beside it lay her uncle. She sank on her knees, for he lay motionless; but, thanks to the holy Virgin, not breathless; no, as she bent over him, and her lips touched his, she could perceive the breath, the precious breath, of life: his hand too! it burnt in hers, but she could feel the pulse distinctly.

Giulietta rose, and threw herself before the crucifix. A violent burst of tears, the first she had shed, relieved her; and then calmly she prayed aloud for strength to go through the task which she had undertaken. The room was hot and oppressive; but she opened the window, and the sweet air came in, fresh and reviving from the garden below. She bathed her uncle's temples with aromatic waters, and poured into his mouth a few drops of medicine. He opened his eyes, and turned faintly on his pallet, but sank back, as though exhausted. Again he stretched out his hand, as if in search for something, which failing to find he moaned heavily. Giulietta perceived at once that parching thirst was consuming him. From the balcony a flight of steps led to the gar-

den; she flew down them to the fountain, whose pure, cold water made the shadow of the surrounding acacias musical as ever. She returned with a full pitcher; and the eagerness with which the patient drank told how much that draught had been desired. The cardinal raised his head, but was quite unconscious; and all that long and fearful night had Giulietta to listen to the melancholy complainings of delirium.

The next day, she went to meet the gardener, who had waited, though, as he owned, in hopelessness of her coming. How forcibly the sense of the city's desolation rose before Giulietta, when she remembered that her ignorance of the hour proceeded from there being no one now to wind up the church-clocks! Again she returned to the unconscious sufferer; but little needs it to dwell on the anxiety or the exertion in which the next three days were passed. On the early morning of the last, as she watched over her uncle's pillow, she perceived that there was a slight moisture on his skin, and that his sleep was sound and untroubled. His slumbers were long and refreshing; and when he awoke it was with perfect consciousness. Dreading the effect of agitation, Giulietta drew her veil over her face, and to his enquiry of "was any one there?" she answered in a low and feigned voice.

"I am faint and want food; but who, daughter, are you, who thus venture into the chamber of sickness and death?"

"A stranger; but one whose vow is atonement."

"Giulietta!" exclaimed the cardinal, and the next moment she was at his side; and both wept the sweetest tears ever shed by affection and forgiveness. Eagerly she prepared for him a small portion of food, and then, exerting the authority of a nurse, forbade all further discourse, and, soon exhausted, he slept again.

The cool shadows of the coming evening fell on the casement, when Giulietta first ventured to propose that she should send a letter by the gardener to Lorenzo, and desire that a litter might be sent to convey her uncle to their villa.

"My sweet child, do with me as you will," said the cardinal; "take me even to the house of a Carrara."

"And nowhere could you be so welcome," said a stranger entering, and Giulietta, springing from her knees, found herself in the arms of her husband. "I knew, Giulietta, I should find you here, though your letter told me but of prayer and pilgrimage."

And what now remains to be told! The cardinal accompanied them to the villa, where his recovery was rapid and complete: and the deep love which he witnessed in that youthful pair made him truly feel how great had been Giulietta's devotion to himself. The

ague had done its worst in Genoa; and men were enabled to return to their habits, their occupations, and their duties, things ever inseparably connected. The cardinal when that hour treated Lorenzo da Carrara as a son; and their family union was happy self-sacrifice and enduring affection could make it. In the picture-gallery, there is still reserved a portrait of the countess in her lover's garb; her cheek pale, her graceful form hidden by the black serge robe, and her beautiful hair put out of sight; and the count, her husband, used to say that "she never looked more lovely."

From Friendship's Offering.

RURAL JOYS.

Poets may rave about their groves,
And pin a verse to every tree,
Where "little birds sing of their loves"—
But no one sings of love to me.
The winding vale, the mossy seat,
In sonnets look extremely well—
But oh! to me how much more sweet,
A walk with Harry in Pall Mall.

My aunt is raving all the year,
What prospects deck her Vale of Peace;
She never thinks how staying here
Destroys the prospects of her niece.
She tells me of the hills and rocks,
The valley, and the lake's calm tide—
I'm thinking of the opera box,
And Harry listening at my side.

She boasts about the garden's bloom,
With living roses sprinkled o'er—
What are they to the dancing room,
With flowers in chalk upon the floor!
Where music rises clear and high,
To banish sadness and regrets;
Where pleasure beams in every eye—
And Harry whispers 'tween the sets!

But here, e'en here, Time passes on—
Dear Time! don't spare your lazy wing;
Winter and snow will soon be gone,
And Harry joins us in the spring.
How sweet shall be the sheltered glen!
The bird's soft music sounding through!
How I shall love to listen then—
If Harry loves to listen too!

How lifeless now each scene appears—
How gaudily those gardens flaunt—
And then—so dull—one never hears
Soft pretty speeches from one's aunt!
Well—but 'twould be absurd to weep,
Though sorrow thus my memory racks—
I'll off and sink my woes in sleep.
And dream of Harry and Almack's!

From Friendship's Offering.

COURTSHIP.

"Oh Laura! will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain?"

I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure the richest I'm worth;
I offer thee *love*, the sincerest,
The warmest e'er glowed upon earth!"
But the maiden a haughty look flinging,
Said, "Cease my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing;
And they're poor whose *sole* treasure is love!"

"My name will be sounded in story;
I offer thee, dearest, my name:
I have fought in the proud field of glory!
Oh Laura, come share in my fame!
I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art,
Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee
Of tenderness fresh from the heart."
But the maiden said, "Cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings;
Ah, Fame's but a pitiful fortune—
And hearts are such valueless things!"

"Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
Too boldly!—may turn not away,—
For my heart with affliction is broken—
My uncle died only to-day!
My uncle, the nabob—who tended
My youth with affectionate care,
My manhood who kindly befriended—
Has—died—and—has—left me—his—heir!"
And the maiden said, "Weep not, sincerest!
My heart has been your's all along:
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Do, Edward, go on with your song!"

From Friendship's Offering.

CROMWELL-HOUSE.*

OR, THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE A COMMON-WEALTH'S MAN.

"That opportunity! lo! it comes yonder,
Approaching with swift steeds—then, with a swing
Throw thyself up into the chariot seat,
Seize with firm hands the reins. The moment comes—
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee—
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, 'now's the time.'"

Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

A spirit-stirring scene did the quiet little village of Highgate display, one bright summer's morning in the memorable year 1642;

* "Cromwell-house" is the appellation of a substantial old mansion of red brick, which still exists in good repair, at the top of the bank as you enter the village of Highgate by the Holloway road. It is known by tradition to have been, during the Commonwealth, the residence of General Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law; and the military carvings and adornments with which its interior is decorated, afford additional evidence of the fact. It is chiefly interesting as a place in which some of the most distinguished men of that eventful period, Cromwell, Milton, Marvell, Ireton, &c. frequently assembled.

On the opposite side of the road stands "Lauderdale House,"—now occupied as a boarding school, but about the period of the Restoration, the suburban villa of the crafty nobleman of that name. It is reported to have been for some time the residence of the celebrated Nell Gwyn.

The house of Andrew Marvell also still exists in the same vicinity.

for up the *then* steep side of its picturesque hill, and along its only road, toiled in long succession pikemen in plain iron caps and breastplates, bearing their tall pikes in glittering and bristling array,—matchlock men, in their quaintly jagged buff-coats, with belt, bandeliers, and bullet-pouch, the ponderous matchlock slung across the shoulder, and the touchwood match carried in readiness in the hand,—and, lastly, a gallant array of well-mounted troopers, wearing half-armor, and trebly supplied with offensive weapons in the form of a pair of huge pistols, a large basket-hilted sword, and a long dagger inserted in the girdle. A “goodly company” did they seem, as they slowly but proudly passed along with banners borne aloft, each with emblem and motto expressive of the final success of their cause; Skippon’s, with the hand and sword, its characteristic inscription, “*Ora et pugna*,” Haselrigge’s, with the anchor in the clouds, and the words, “Only in Heaven,” and that flag, which eventually waved above the prostrate lions of the royal standard, with its sword and olive branch, and the motto, “*Pax queritur bello*.” It was indeed a spirit-stirring scene; for these were no mercenary hirelings trafficking their blood for pay, still less were they the profligate opponents of all lawful rule, those worst enemies of freedom, “who license mean, when they cry liberty,” but men, who deemed themselves called by Heaven to lift the sword, and “who being well fenced within by satisfaction of their own consciences and without by good iron arms, would as one man stand firmly and charge desperately.”

“Who can sit idly at home, and see the good cause fought for at our very doors,” cried a middle aged man, whose pale and worn looks seemed fairly to allow him that license; “so, good cousin Heywood, take charge of my poor boy, and send him down to my brother; my purpose is fixed and I will forthwith off to the Parliament army.”

“Cousin Mayhew, ye mean not so!” cried master Heywood; “twill shorten your life.”

“And what is life in comparison with this great cause?” cried the enthusiastic sick man; “it hath been borne in upon my mind that my time is short; and how better shall I spend that remnant than by lifting the sword of the Lord?”

Master Heywood drew back in amazement: “Good cousin, the Parliament *may* be in the right—heaven forbid I should not say so, seeing it is carrying things with so high a hand—but, had we not better wait for farther light? The king hath had store of plate sent to him at York, and there is talk of arms and troops from Holland: what if affairs should turn again, and then we find that we have gone a warfare on our own charges?”

“Affairs will *not* turn again,” cried the enthusiast, to whom the ardent aspirations of an imaginative mind bore the impress of supernatural revelation; “this cause is of God, and it *shall* prevail!”

“An answer—a manifest answer to our doubts and misgivings!” said an officer of the troop that had just passed, and who was then following slowly along with two or three of the company. “Thanks good brother for that comforting word. I have had not a few challenges as to our success, but this is a manifest answer.”

“It *will* prevail!” repeated the enthusiast eagerly, gazing with admiration at the excellent appointments, and bold and determined looks of the troopers, who, enthusiastic as their officer, were now pressing round him. “Ay, my sand is almost run out; but after I am gone, the banner of the parliament shall wave from every castle-keep in England!”

“Thou speakest as a prophet!” cried the officer; and his heavy features lighted up with a fire, such as high intellect, and vehement feeling alone can give. “Now tell me, what message hast thou for *me*?”

The sick enthusiast looked into those flashing grey eyes, with a gaze almost as eager as that which the unknown officer was casting upon him. “Thou art no common man,—nor shall thine be a common lot!”

“I *feel* it,” replied the officer, “but what is the word?”

“Behold my servant whom I have raised up—he shall set free my people.”

“Let that be my commission, and that be my work—*His* counsel shall stand!” cried the officer.

“And truly, good master, your words are not spoken in man’s wisdom,” said one of the troopers; “’twas not for nought that brave and godly Colonel Cromwell was so wonderfully prevented from leaving England.”

“Is this *he*?” cried the sick enthusiast. “I’ll onward with him.—Farewell, young Edward,” addressing a fine boy that stood by his side; “my time is short, for I shall fall in the first battle, but you will live to see that man towering high above his fellows.”

* * *

One glorious summer’s evening in 1652, a young horseman rode slowly up to a small house, still to be seen near the summit of Highgate Hill, and dismounting, knocked at the door. His name and errand were quickly told; and the worthy master Heywood, who had now discovered, by the clearest possible light, that it was his bounden duty to uphold the Commonwealth, rushed to the door: “Come in, good cousin Mayhew.—So ye seek an introduction to his Excellency. Glorious times these!”

wondrous appearing of Providence! Truly, the spirit of prophecy *did* rest upon your godly father. I never forget his words; for was the like ever heard!—he raised up even as David, and kings of the earth bringing gifts unto him; or, as learned Dr. Godwin set forth in his last morning exercise, like Joseph,

“That he might at his pleasure bind
The princes of the land;
And he might teach his senators
Wisdom to understand.”

Glorious things do our eyes behold! Why, this house, worth full three hundred pounds, I purchased for half, and the hangings into the bargain:—‘who is there,’ as worthy Colonel Harrison saith, ‘but must rejoice in the welfare of Zion.’”

“But where is the Lord General?” enquired Mayhew.

“He is staying out, there yonder, at my lady Ireton’s. But surely, or my eyes deceive me, there is his Excellency, with Colonel Harrison, now coming along the path.”

The young man turned quickly round, eager to catch a view of that extraordinary man, whose fame was the theme of all Europe. In the younger of the two, a bold, good-humoured, though coarse-looking man, he recognized Harrison; but could the elder, he, whose heavy features, awkward gait, and plain suit of dark grey, seemed to mark him but as some thrifty farmer, some small freeholder, could *he* be the warrior, who, snatching the banner from the flying cornet, rallied the twice discomfited host at Marston Moor, and bore away a glorious victory? Could that harsh voice bid triumphant defiance to the monarchy on the proud field of Naseby? Could the members of that mightiest parliament have quailed before the flash of that dull grey eye? Ere young Mayhew had recovered his surprise, Master Heywood had hastened toward the pair with bows, expressing the quintessence of reverential feeling.

“Stand up, man, put on thy hat—wherefore all this reverence to a fellow-mortal—who hast here?” and, in the searching, though momentary glance which the speaker cast, young Mayhew felt that he indeed stood in the presence of a master spirit.

“A young kinsman of mine, so please your Excellency, son to worthy Captain Mayhew, who was killed at Edgehill, and who said so truly how great your Excellency would be—he is come to offer his services to our glorious Commonwealth.”

“I knew him well, and for his sake the son is welcome,” answered Cromwell, a smile of singular benignity playing over those heavy features. He paused a few moments, and then laying his hand familiarly on young Mayhew’s shoulder, said, “Can’st go a journey for me?”

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“Right willingly, your Excellency, this very night.”

“*Thou* art a man for the Commonwealth’s service,” cried the general, smiling at the young man’s eagerness; “come down to me at my daughter’s house within half an hour.”

“You’re a made man, master Edward,” cried his admiring cousin. “You see the general remembered your late godly father, for I have never been slack when I could get speech of his Excellency, to say somewhat concerning you. Now there’s a vacancy for a cornet in the general’s own troop; might you not edge in a word, as they say, for my second boy, Maher-Shalal-Hashbaz, whose name I changed from that heathenish one Charles, when news came how that son of Belial was going to send over for the Irish papists, and I was grieved for the afflictions of our Zion.”

Young Mayhew went down; but vainly did Master Heywood endeavour to ascertain the result of that interview, for by the earliest dawn on the morrow he departed.

Three days passed; and then, as evening closed in, the young man, faint, and worn, leaping from his tired horse, presented himself at the door of the Lady Ireton’s, and demanded instant conference with the Lord General Cromwell.

“His Excellency is in close discourse with some friends,” said his trusty secretary Thurloe; “nor can he be seen, save by him *who bringeth glad tidings*.”

“*His counsel shall stand*,” responded young Mayhew; and the secretary, recognizing the countersign, immediately led him up the noble staircase, adorned with military emblems, and decorated with neatly carved small figures of the parliament soldiers, each bearing his appropriate arms, into the withdrawing room, where the general was seated at the head of a large table, and with him three friends. “Now for an account of your journey,” said he, smiling familiarly.

The young man hesitated, and glanced a look around.

“Heed not; these are my right trusty friends,” said Cromwell; “besides, what you have to say might be told in the presence of Charles Stuart himself. Well, what success?”

“But little, your Excellency. I could not hear a single word.”

“Tush, man, you could *see*; and plots, ye will find, are carried on rather by visible signs than audible words.”

“I arrived at Trent Bridge; walked two bow-shots toward the right, and sat down with my fishing-rod.”

“Ay, catching of gudgeons—a goodly sport; well?”

“After some time a tall person in a brown cloak came past, and methought he looked narrowly at me.”

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"That did he—I have scarcely an intelligencer whom he knows not—well, you hummed a cavalier tune?"

"Yes, your Excellency, I made as though I was singing 'The king shall enjoy his own again;' and he went and stood beneath a maple at some distance, when a young man in a grey cloak came up and began talking."

"An elderly, short man," interrupted the general, glancing at a paper he held in his hand.

"No, your Excellency, a young tall man, very swarthy, with long black hair, thick lip—"

"Say you so? I was not advertised of this. You watched them narrowly?"

"I did; but could hear nought. After half an hour, a small boat with one man came up the stream; he stopped opposite, and held up a small flag."

"What colour?" eagerly cried the general.

"Green; and he waved it twice. The two then came to the brink, and the man threw five stones, one by one, into the water."

A gleam of uncontrollable joy lighted up the general's features. "Farewell to the hopes of the cavaliers!" cried he, striking his hand on the table. "And which way turned the boatman?"

"He turned the boat fairly round, and then shot down the stream."

"There ended their hopes of France!" responded Cromwell, with a triumphant smile. "Go, sit down yonder, Master Mayhew; we must take you into our especial service. Thurloe, send message forthwith to Lord Ormond, we desire instant speech of him: if he ask ought of the messenger, he may say that the council have been conferring, as they truly have, about Lord Compton's fine, and the business of the Irish estates. Were there ever such wondrous appearings of Providence as these?" continued he, turning to those who sat around him, and glancing a look of proud complacency on the flattering letter he had that morning received from Cardinal de Retz, and the weightier packet beside it from which depended the huge seal of the States-general, and wherein their High Mightinesses supplicated the good offices of Cromwell to procure them, on any terms, a peace. "Are not all, and each of these, so many doors of hope, from whence we may soon see the welcome prospect of the government being fixed on a stable foundation?"

"And so it will, if men, leaving their short-sighted views, will hope, and wait, and seek that light which is promised unto the upright in heart," replied a young man, whose uplifted eye proclaimed the enthusiast, but whose lofty, intellectual brow declared him one of no common order.

"Have we not earnestly sought light, Harry Vane?" replied Cromwell, "and is it not clearly borne in on the minds of all, that nought but a speedy settlement of our unhappy divisions can give us rest? We are at the very edge of Canaan, and want but a Joshua to lead us over this Jordan. The ship of the Commonwealth standeth even now within sight of the harbour; O! for a skilful pilot to bring her safely into port."

"What Joshua can we need, save Him who led his people through the wilderness?—what pilot save Him who sitteth upon the floods as king?" replied Vane, sternly.

"True, good brother," answered Cromwell meekly; "but under-leaders, and under-pilots, are yet by heaven's appointment."

"Let such be well assured that they are so, by heaven's own appointment, and then all may be well," said Vane.

"True, good Harry Vane; but where shall we look for the seal of heaven's appointment, save in evident fitness; and for that we must judge by the light vouchsafed us."

"Clearly hath that light been vouchsafed," cried Harrison, "when, after long fasting, precious Master Venner opened the Bible for the lot, and what was the word?—even thrice, 'Behold he cometh quickly;' what need have we for earthly rulers, when he, 'the King of kings,' is at hand?"

"Diverse are the kinds of light by which man doth direct his steps," replied the more gifted enthusiast; "and therefore beware, lest mistaking the delusive dreams of a heated fancy, or the false glare of ambition for the pure supernal light, we be found to have followed not an heaven-born star, but an earth-bred meteor."

"So might Joseph's brethren have said," responded Cromwell, "when he told them the dream that foreshadowed his greatness; so might the children of Israel have said, when Gideon declared his divine commission. Scant comfort shall he have who is so called, I well know, for many evil tongues will shoot at him sharp arrows, even bitter words."

"And keenly shall pierce those arrows," replied the pure-minded enthusiast, Vane; "keenly, unless he be clad in armour of proof, even conviction that he sought not that high station. But alas! even for the best and wisest! We build for heaven with one hand, and for ourselves with the other; we cry, 'The sword of the Lord,' but forget not Gideon's also. O! what are we, that we should seek to interpose our private destinies, our fleeting interests, in the track of the divine purposes!—that triumphal chariot, whose goings forth have been from eternity, and whose progress shall be staid but by the final consummation of all things."

"Good Harry Vane, who seeketh to do so?" replied Cromwell. "But shall not he work whom heaven hath commanded? When civil affairs have run on into confusion, is it not his duty who shall have the power to reduce those dissettlements to order? Heaven knoweth, I was thrust upon this work, and whether herein I have sought too much mine own advantage, is known but to Him who formed me. Moreover, if I be set in this government above my fellows, 'tis a mighty price I must pay."

"It is a solemn truth," said a middle aged man, whose peculiarly luxuriant locks of light brown hair and studied neatness of apparel contrasted rather strongly with the appearance of those around him, lifting his hand, and turning his eyes, clear, but destitute of vision, toward the lord general; "it is a solemn truth, that he who is called forth to a mighty work must lay down a mighty price! For, not alone must he endure the scoff and scorn of the brutish herd, that growl at the gentle violence which unlooses their chains, but the scoff of the worldly-wise, the scorn of the prudent among men, and more than all, the averted eye even of the good, who, standing not on his vantage ground, see not the glorious results, and censure, even as the owl and bat blame the noontide sun, because too bright for their imperfect vision. And thus is the patriot leader crowned, not with laurel but with thorn,—lifted up, not in triumph, but in mockery,—fed, not with honied praise and odorous benedictions, but with the gall of fierce revilings. Yet, shall he pause on his high career? Shall he draw back whom Heaven bids onward? No; though his staff in his hand become a serpent—though all the waves of the Erythrean main are dashing before him,—though his own people, even those for whom he wrought so great deliverance, cry, 'Who is this Moses that we should obey him?'"

"The Jews were a stiff-necked race," interposed Harrison, "nor were they commissioned to keep the throne for Him whose right it is. An unskilful counsellor art thou, John Milton, because, leaving the pure gold of Scripture, thou takest heed oftentimes to heathen fable and doctrines of the Gentiles."

"And well may we expatiate in those pleasant fields, not without flowers, of ancient fable," replied the poet; "for many a hidden truth, well worth the diligent searching out, shall ye find in the stores of the old inspired poets—those Pactolian streams whose sands are purest gold,—those amaranthine garlands hung high in the temple of Fame,—those laurel leaves, more precious than the Sybil's scattered treasures, plucked from that hallowed tree whose root is fed by the pure fount of Castaly, and beneath whose shade unshorn Apollo singeth to his golden lyre."

"Away with such heathen fooleries," cried Harrison. "Wo to this land, if human learning and poets bear sway; and truly, methinks, we can scarce expect a blessing while that same tongue is used in our public acts, wherein the Man of Sin putteth forth his soul-destroying balls."

"Speak not thus ignorantly," replied the indignant poet, "of that glorious tongue,—the language of those who once ruled the world, and yet rule it from the tomb; nor, presumptuous, do thou scorn the poet—him whose prophet-eye can discern the golden harvest, where thou mayest scarcely behold the springing blade,—him whose adamantine pen can grave for thee a praise that shall last for ever,—him whose golden key can unlock the high chambers of immortality—him, upon the pinions of whose song thy fame may take wing and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

"He speaketh truly," cried Cromwell, who had listened with intense interest to the words of his Latin secretary; "and my mind hath been refreshed with his speech, even as the parched wilderness is refreshed with the dew. Well do you understand, Master John Milton, the oppositions, and strivings, and misrepresentations, which he who is set forward on a mighty work must meet. And yet, may there not come a time when men may judge a juster judgment, and when a fair fame may no longer be denied?—saith not the Scriptures, 'A good name is better than precious ointment?' and a memory famous to all generations was the heritage promised to the righteous."

"Nor shalt thou lose that reward, illustrious man!" answered the poet, solemnly raising his hand, his fixed eyes lifted up toward Heaven, as though by a finer sense a vision of the unseen future were vouchsafed to him in recompense for his mortal blindness. "Scorn thou to reap a quick but scanty fame, which, gourd-like, a night may mature and a short day destroy; but be thy fame the slowly-springing, firmly-rooted, wide-spreading bay, that through the long succession of centuries shall flourish o'er thy tomb. Thy tomb! did I say—they may cast thee out of thy grave, and scatter thy dust to the winds: but, can they blot out thy name! can they scatter thy memory? That name, which like the doom-announcing sentence traced by no earthly hand, shall appal each crowned tyrant in the midst of his unhallowed banquet of uncontrolled rule. A blight, deep and deadly, may gather round thy fame, and those who trembled at the living hero may spurn with asinine hoof the lifeless corpse; but, heed not thou! thou, who by the selfsame appointment that placed the giver of glowing light in the heavens, art set to be the ruler of men below. He may sink in clouds, but to-morrow he arises in fresh

ng winds, the dull creeping mist, and the fast-falling leaves, all seemed to shadow forth the total ruin of that cause to which twenty years before, his young energies had been pledged. "Good cousin," said worthy Master Heywood,—who had now discovered a monarchy to be the only enduring form of government, and in reward for his well-timed discovery had become master of that very house in which the Lady Ireton had resided—"Good cousin! what glorious times! what wondrous providences! You are doubtless a cavalier now. Ay

"Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,

Pray for cavaliers—

Rub a dub, rub a dub, have at old Beelzebub!"—

for Oliver is keeping him company, and Harrison set off after him from Tyburn. I'm like to go wild with joy.—His sacred Majesty, who is over yonder at my good Lord Lauderdale's, saith he will even come over here to drink 'confusion to the Roundheads' in old Noll's own withdrawing room. An unpardonable crime is schism and rebellion! as worthy Doctor Parker set forth. Ay—there's my son coming over to say they are coming—Maher-Shalal-Hashbaz, as ye may remember: we doffed *that* name with his trooper's blue cloak, and he is now Master Charles James Heywood, in the Duke of Albermarle's own company."

Edward Mayhew turned away in silence; and he thought on the four celebrated men whom he last beheld in that room. Vane, the lofty-minded, who, with more than Roman courage, had laid down his head on the scaffold—Harrison, the less gifted but equally sincere enthusiast, who died prophesying with his latest breath the resurrection of "the good cause"—he, the master-spirit of the age, cast out of his grave, a scorn and mockery—and he, who alone survived, unknown as yet as the Homer of England, in poverty and obloquy, fain to seek in obscurity a refuge from the dastard vengeance of the triumphant party. "And *this* man lives on!" said he, bitterly.

"The King! the King!" shouted many voices; and in rushed a troop of richly dressed courtiers, and in the midst of them, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Ormond, the very person who, in the grey cloak, had stood beneath the maple beside the Trent.

"Yes, in this very room," cried Lauderdale, bustling up, his most truculent physiognomy rendered yet more striking by the extravagant richness of his dress,"—in this very room did that cursed Usurper send that insolent message by my good Lord Duke."

"Truly, my Lord," replied Charles, laughing carelessly, "Ormond had cause to thank old Noll for sending him back with a head on his shoulders—the Commonwealth, methinks, was stronger than the monarchy."

"Your Majesty should remember where you are," whispered a stern voice behind him.

"Well, my good Lord Clarendon, is't true or no?" replied Charles, petulantly; "we have been schooled quite long enough—the devil take old Noll and the canting puritans, but even the devil should have his due."

"The devil hath had his due, since Oliver is gone to keep him company," stammered Lauderdale. "Come, Master Heywood, some sack and canary; and, bare-headed and bare-knee'd, we will drink King Charles for ever, and the devil take the Roundheads."

"The presbyterians, in especial!" cried the king, laughing, as he tossed off his long Venice glass of Rosa Solis, and nodding significantly to Lauderdale. "Well, good Master What's-your-name, how have ye managed in these difficult times!—were you ever a psalm-singer?"

"Never, heaven bless your sacred Majesty—never, so help me heaven," cried the terrified Heywood.

"He was a canting Roundhead not three years ago," whispered Buckingham; "give it him scundly, Rowley; why, he signed the Engagement."

"Come, come, man," said the King, laughing heartily, "your memory is short; take a cup of sack to refresh it, and then perhaps, you may remember somewhat called an Engagement."

A loud laugh burst from the surrounding courtiers. "Come, man, confess, for you shall not be hung for it—why you look like a Roundhead at Tyburn!" cried Charles, convulsed with laughter at the appearance of the rueful figure before him.

"Nay, your Majesty, 'let bygones be bygones,'" interposed Lauderdale, who had his own peculiar reasons for disliking allusions to convenient changes of opinion.

"Nay, 'tis a stiff-necked brother, as precious Master Case of 'the morning exercise' would say," persisted Charles; "so, dearly beloved, did not you engage, 'to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, and not to propose, or give any consent to alter the government as it is settled.'"

"Alas! so please your Majesty I did but—"

"Ha! ha! you see, my Lord Clarendon, I can ferret out the truth as well as you, and your green bag," cried the merry monarch: "so ye confess at last!"

"I *did* take the Engagement, so please your Majesty," stammered the now confessed renegade; "but I never intended to keep it; I took it in the same sense that your sacred Majesty took the Covenant."

A loud laugh burst from all present, a laugh in which the monarch felt was his own.

lip—"

"Say you so? I was not advertised of this. You watched them narrowly?"

"I did; but could hear nought. After half an hour, a small boat with one man came up the stream; he stopped opposite, and held up a small flag."

"What colour?" eagerly cried the general.

"Green; and he waved it twice. The two then came to the brink, and the man threw five stones, one by one, into the water."

A gleam of uncontrollable joy lighted up the general's features. "Farewell to the hopes of the cavaliers!" cried he, striking his hand on the table. "And which way turned the boatman?"

"He turned the boat fairly round, and then shot down the stream."

"There ended their hopes of France!" responded Cromwell, with a triumphant smile. "Go, sit down yonder, Master Mayhew; we must take you into our especial service. Thurloe, send message forthwith to Lord Ormond, we desire instant speech of him: if he ask ought of the messenger, he may say that the council have been conferring, as they truly have, about Lord Compton's fine, and the business of the Irish estates. Were there ever such wondrous appearances of Providence as these?" continued he, turning to those who sat around him, and glancing a look of proud complacency on the flattering letter he had that morning received from Cardinal de Retz, and the weightier packet beside it from which depended the huge seal of the States-general, and wherein their High Mightinesses supplicated the good offices

"True, good brother," answered he well meekly; "but under-leaders and pilots, are yet by heaven's appointment."

"Let such be well assured that so, by heaven's own appointment, all may be well," said Vane.

"True, good Harry Vane; shall we look for the seal of heaven's pointment, save in evident signs that we must judge by the light of us."

"Clearly hath that light been shed," cried Harrison, "when, after long, precious Master Venner opened the lot, and what was there even thrice, 'Behold he cometh what need have we for earthly riches, 'the King of kings,' is at hand."

"Diverse are the kinds of light man doth direct his steps," replied the gifted enthusiast; "and therefore lest mistaking the delusive or heated fancy, or the false glare for the pure supernal light, we have followed not an heaven-born or an earth-bred meteor."

"So might Joseph's brethren," responded Cromwell, "when he the dream that foreshadowed his so might the children of Israel when Gideon declared his division. Scant comfort shall he have so called, I well know, for tongues will shoot at him sharp and bitter words."

"And keenly shall pierce those replied the pure-minded enthusiast, "keenly, unless he be clad in

d but life; Him, the All-wise, I sought,
d but wisdom; Him, the Bountiful,
And found but love.

e I sought: I ask'd in the high heavens,
rius and Orion dimly shine,
eir eternal round about the pole
a and Bootes dance,
hrough the Moon's phosphor-bright plains, the
reams
ng lava from her mountains flow—
responded thence. And I beheld
r-white axis of great Jupiter;
led by his golden ring, explor'd
rn and the farther Uranus.
d to the Sun's resplendent orb,
rom star to star, and onward still,
: no stars shine more—where a faint gleam
ough the darkling void of the Infinite,
is which human eye have never lit;
y anxious search for Thee I saw
rutable—there traced thy Providence—
r's everlasting mansion found,
But saw not Thee.

in the immeasurable heights of heaven
again to my familiar dust;
nd cried aloud—"He who hath framed
drous fabric of the Universe—
scoteth unimagined joys
id tribes which crowd its ev'ry nook—
Needs He a worm like me?
He given me in his house a place.
am I that He remembereth me!
Yet me He doth remember."

l generations of the Earth
creation pass'd before my sight
ppear'd: the tyrant's transient rule
fetter'd millions I beheld—
ie nations' mad and bloody wars,
r, wealth, and power, Ambition's aims,
the airy shadow of a dream.
an's history is but a web
ty's joys and sorrows. The Most Holy
: cross yielded his innocent life,
uilt has led to laurell'd victory;
each folly's grave hath wisdom sprung.
the sullen mineral the flame,
ming darkness into light, ascends
renward aspires, so, too, aspires,
scends from perishable dust
it to the Imperishable Source.
y, what contrasts meet in thee,
yet plunged i' th' depths of ancient Night,
w all radiant with the light of God!
ath happiness supreme been sought
r power, in pleasure or in fame:
est knowledge of the wise at last
undecieved!—I'm undecieved!
sought God, and I found but dust!
hese thrones, worlds, suns—what are they? dust!
ed the immortal spirit owns,
ie Father of immortal things.

I shall be His,
is frail body hath gone down to dust;
I shall be His,
in the solid globe itself dissolves.
e Sun's splendour long hath been extinct,
l the Godhead's glorious light shine on,
hat light a feeble spark be mine.

n dust, 't is in the spirit alone,
y of its maker is revealed.
fim! in me, through me, He speaks.
ot He himself, taught Man his name?
e him knowledge of the Invisible?

Who turn'd his face toward heaven? Who placed within
A judge of all his actions? Who instructs
Frail mortals to adjust the strife between
Passion and Duty by far other rules
Than those which Pleasure dictates? Whence, too, is it
That for an unseen, spiritual good
We cheerfully forego the joys of life?
Dust draws to dust, the spirit to the spirit—
To Thee, Most Holy One, who through thyself
Revealed art in Man.

No more I seek Thee,
No more in dust I seek the living God:
Thy universe is my abiding place,
And thine eternity—it is my time.
Existence is but one eternity,
Life but a step to everlasting bliss.

O joy transcending ev'ry earthly joy,
O rapture inexpressible, to know
My destin'd lot!—Because God is, I am—
God lives for ever, therefore I shall live—
God dwells in bliss, bliss therefore shall be mine!
To Him be adoration, praise, and love!

From Friendship's Offering.

RESPECTABILITY.

"Pray, what do you mean by 'respectability'?"
Is it wisdom, or worth, sir? or rank or gentility?
Is it rough sound sense? or a manner refined?
Is it kindness of heart? or expansion of mind?
Is it learning, or talent, or honour, or fame,
That you mean by that phrase (so expressive) to name?"—
—"No, no—these are not, sir, the things now in vogue:
A 'respectable man,' sir, may be a great rogue,—
A 'respectable person' may be a great fool,
Have lost even the little he picked up at school,—
Be a glutton, adulterer, deep drowned in debt,—
May forfeit his honour, his best friend forget,—
May be a base sycophant, tyrant, or knave—
But a livery-servant, at least, he must have:
In vice he may vie with the vilest of sinners—
But he must keep a cook, and give capital dinners.

From the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.

SEVEN AND SEVENTEEN.

BY MISS S. C. HALL.

"And am I indeed—indeed seven years
old to-day? And in seven years more, nurse,
shall I be a young woman, and have my own
way, and do always as I please?"

"Yes, my beauty."

"And dirty as many frocks as I like?"

"My darling, you do so now."

"Well, I know that," replied the pretty
little lady, pertly; "but no one will then dare
to say, Miss Ida, don't, or Miss Ida, do; be-
cause then I shall be—I know what."—

"An angel, my dear?"

"No—something better."

"And what can be better than an angel,
my precious?"

"Why, a beauty and an heiress, to be
sure. La, nurse, how stupid you are, not to
know that!"

"Oh, you dear, sweet, clever little creature—they may well say, in the housekeeper's room, and the servants' hall, that you are the most wonderful child that ever was born."

"I don't care what they say in the housekeeper's room, or the servants' hall," retorted Miss Ida, with an aristocratic toss of her head: "let me hear what they say in the drawing-room. I wonder, will papa, when he returns to-night, admire the ease and grace my dancing-master talks of—lol tol, lol de rol de ree." And the embryo heiress pirouetted before the cheval-glass that graced her nursery, almost as well as a dancing-master could desire.

I am very certain no young friend of mine can have read thus far without feeling convinced that Ida Leverton belonged to the unhappy class of children called "*spoilt*;" and that her silly and ignorant nurse was guiding her to destruction. Providence had given the little heiress of Leverton a great deal of beauty and a fair share of understanding. She had, moreover, a quick and ready wit—such as wise parents and sensible governesses may so bring under subjection—turning it to quicken *thoughts*, not *words*—that, though a dangerous thing to play with, it becomes a pleasant and a profitable thing to use. But, my dear reader, the mother of poor Ida died a few hours after she was born: and as her father had much to think of, she was left entirely to the care of a foolish though an affectionate servant. She had aunts; but I regret to say they very erroneously considered the little girl too young to be injured by the society of Nurse Scroop. We shall see.

It was Ida's birth-day; and her papa, before he left home, had invited a number of nice ladies and gentlemen, and a great many little folk, to his house, to spend the evening—and there was to be a dance,—and the carpet in the great drawing-room was removed,—and the beautiful curtains and couches that had been covered with ever so much striped cotton, were disrobed, and looked as beautiful as—oh dear! my young friends must find the simile. Well, Ida's head, I am sorry to say, ran upon nothing but finery for ten days at least before this grand gala; and she had neglected every thing in the shape of work or lessons, and talked of blond and bouquets as if she were a milliner's maid. I beg it to be understood, that I would not make the acquaintance of any young lady who disregarded her apparel, whose frock was not always neatly closed, whose hair did not shine and throw off the sunbeams as unsullied as they came; because I know that a well-ordered mind will invariably be shown by well-ordered and well-fitted garments. But the dress I admire is of habit, not of preparation; and next

to "a sloven," all rational people dislike "a dresser"—one who thinks time is like gossamer, only useful in frittering and flouncing;—but to my story.

Ida was ushered into the drawing-room by Nurse Scroop, who whispered, "Hold up your head, my darling, and speak out, and show off your dancing: you'll beat them all out, though there are a great many strange ladies—my beauty—that's a love!" And old nurse parted with her nursing, after administering this precious sugar-and-poison advice.

How the lamps burned—how the music played—how the ladies praised—how the children waltzed—I leave to my young friends' imagination. Ida would have been perfectly happy, had she not overheard Lady Sarcasm say to Lady Deafness, that little Cecilia Howard carried herself much better than Miss Leverton. Now, she had so often been told to hold her head up, that she imagined it must be holding it well; and she positively strained her neck in the effort to make it as long as Cecilia's. Presently Mr. Leverton, who had not entered until the company were assembled, came to her, and taking her hand, led her across the room, and introduced her to a mild, pale lady, who took her on her knee, and kissed her so very kindly, that for a little while she ceased to think about her own Honiton lace frock and her silver band; and thought she liked the strange visitor better than any one she had ever seen.

"She is very like you, Leverton," said the lady; "and I am sure, at least I hope, that she is a good girl."

"She has been sadly neglected, I fear," replied Mr. Leverton, "and knows very little of any thing worth knowing." Ida was astonished; she thought she knew a great deal of *every* thing worth knowing.

The lady smiled and kissed her again.

"This is her seventh birth-day," said Ida's papa; adding, "what will she be in ten year's time?"

"Every thing you could wish her, I am sure, if she is properly managed," replied the mild lady.

"If she has learnt nothing good, I am sure she has learnt nothing bad," observed Mr. Leverton; "and that, at least is something."

"I cannot agree with you. I am convinced that the mind never remains inactive: if she has learnt nothing good, she *must* have learnt something bad. However, we will try and root out the evil as soon as possible, and sow good seed in such fertile ground."

"Are you to be my governess, then?" inquired Ida, who drew such conclusion from the tenor of the lady's words.—"Are you to be my governess?" she repeated, looking into the mild lady's face, who she perceived grew very red.

"Little girls must not ask questions,"

said Mr. Leverton, patting her cheek, and smiling at the same time.

"May I again say I do not exactly agree with you?" observed the lady. "Little girls may surely ask questions, provided they do it in a modest, quiet manner, and without interrupting the conversation of others. Curiosity is a virtue, when it seeks to discover what is necessary and useful to be known;—it only becomes dangerous when, like the lady in Blue Beard, it peeps into forbidden things."

"I have read Blue Beard," said Ida, anxious to display her information, "and a great many other books;" adding, with a dangerous longing for admiration, "Did you see me dance?"

"Yes, my dear."

Ida looked as if she expected some commendation; but neither the lady (whose cheek was again pale) nor her papa added one word of praise. This mortified the little maid sadly, and she felt ready to burst into tears. She, however, restrained herself, and was soon again called upon to dance with Sybella Leslie.

"She certainly dances very gracefully," said the pale lady to Mr. Leverton; "but I did not like to tell her so, because she appears to solicit applause; a female cannot be too early taught the danger of vanity, and the true incitement to accomplishments."

"And what is the true incitement?"

"Usefulness."

"But you would not make a woman *merely* useful?" persisted Mr. Leverton.

"No—I would make her *greatly* useful. I consider accomplishments to be so as well as knowledge. Even in the formation of a flower, the Almighty has made the more beautiful parts essential to its value. The gaudy leaves of a tulip protect the germ from injury. On the same principle I would have every woman educated rather to form a valuable whole, than a brilliant part."

"I have heard some very clever persons say, that education was always the effect of circumstances."

"More shame for the parents who permit it to be so!" replied the lady. "I, too, have often heard the observation; but *never* from those who had been cared for in their youth. I am willing to admit that strong minds are capable of great exertions, and frequently educate themselves; yet they always remind me of a garden, where some glorious flowers are cherished with peculiar care, but where you are perpetually annoyed by disagreeable weeds, that increase, multiply, and mar the beauty of the parterre. Nevertheless, granting that strong minds perform great things, what is to become of the weak ones?—they are not less valuable in the sight of their Creator because of their weakness; though if neglected in their youth, they too often become wicked. But I am

betrayed into the error of speaking a homily, where I only intended to make a reply. The young ladies will expect us to lead the way to their early supper; and——"

"We shall have plenty of time to talk over dear Ida's education," interrupted her father, as he conducted the lady to the supper-room.

Ida was very tired and very sleepy, yet she was startled and surprised at the agitation of her nurse, who, when she conducted her from the drawing-room, almost suffocated her with tears and kisses.

"What's the matter, nurse?" she inquired. "Do take off my shoes and my frock. I wish nobody would ever give any balls; though every body did admire my dancing, except papa and that pale mild lady."

"Ah, miss, miss—that pale lady! you may well call her pale—so unlike your own dear mamma, who had cheeks like roses. Mild—*mild* indeed! My poor darling, that I have petted so much, and humoured in every thing, that I never, in all my life contradicted, and who never knew what it was not to have her own way! Ah! you, my sweet young lady, will soon find the difference between your poor nurse Scroop and a step-mother!"

"A what!" screamed Ida, stamping at the same moment on the floor.

"A step-mother!—A horrid step-mother, and most likely a step-brother into the bargain: they will beat you black and blue, feed you on mouldy bread, and dress you in coarse cloth."

Ida wept outright at such a picture.

"There, don't cry, darling," continued the kind-minded but most injudicious nurse; "don't cry, but go to bed. I should not be at all surprised if you were put to sleep in the garret by and by:—and to think that his own servants knew nothing about the wedding till to-night! Oh, I wish you were old enough to pluck up a spirit!"

"But I *am* old enough!" shouted the lady vixen; "and I know what a step-mamma is—it's worse ten times, and wicked, than a governess—and I won't have a step-mamma, that I won't; and I'll go to the drawing room and say so."

"Oh, no! my lamb, you must not do that," exclaimed Mrs. Scroop; but before the words were out of her mouth, the lady (who at that moment was as little like *a lamb* as can well be imagined) was out of the nursery, down the stairs like a lap-wing, and positively into the apartment where Mr. and Mrs. Leverton and one or two intimate friends were conversing in a group, near the fire-place.

Ida flung herself into her father's arms, and sobbed on his bosom. Her long, half-curved, silken hair fell over her neck and shoulders, and her disarranged dress gave her altogether a wild and unrestrained ap-

pearance. The pale lady, whom we shall hereafter designate as Mrs. Leverton, kindly advanced to inquire the cause of her agitation; but the child, in her violence, threw off the hand that would have caressed her, and sobbed out, "I won't have a step-mamma—I won't have a step-mamma!"

"And who told you you *had* a step-mamma?" said her father.

"Oh, I know that lady is my step-mamma, and I won't have a step-mamma—indeed, indeed I won't!" persisted Ida, crying as if her heart would break. Nurse Scroop followed her down stairs, but dreaded to enter the room, lest her master and her new mistress should be displeased at her mischievous interference.

Mr. Leverton disengaged the child from his arms; and walking to the door, observed the nurse on the landing-place.

"This is some of your doings," he said to her, in an angry tone; "but since you are pleased thus to pervert my daughter's mind, the sooner you provide for yourself elsewhere, the better."

"You shan't send away my nurse—you shan't send away my nurse!" vociferated the angry Ida, losing all respect for her father's presence and authority. Mr. Leverton, as I have said at the commencement of my story, did not understand how children ought to be managed; and so he looked towards his wife, as if he wished her to determine what was to be done.

Mrs. Leverton advanced mildly from the other end of the room; and addressing the nurse in a firm, and yet a very sweet-toned voice, observed:—

"Take Miss Leverton out of the room, put her to bed, and to-morrow your master and I will determine upon what course it is best to pursue as regards both the young lady and yourself. Thus much I would say now: I should be sincerely sorry that any old servant, after living long, and (to the best of her abilities) serving faithfully in this house, should be dismissed, unless strong necessity commanded it. I am sure you are attached to your nursing; and next to my husband's happiness, it is both my duty and my pleasure to minister to the happiness of his child."

Nurse Scroop had entered the drawing-room with a scowling brow and a trembling lip; but there was a dignity and a sweetness about *the new lady*, that both awed and won her; and without making any reply to her observations, she curtsied respectfully, and left the room.

"I opposed the mystery you wished preserved towards Ida, as to my new relationship to her, my dear Leverton," continued Mrs. Leverton, addressing her husband; "because mystery is little else than falsehood—it is incompatible with either truth or innocence, and therefore should never have

been resorted to: it would have been much better for you to have told her that I was what the world calls a 'step-mother;' and then pointed out, kindly and judiciously, the advantages which I hope she will derive from my care and affection. I cannot love you, dearest, without loving your child."

Mr. Leverton looked affectionately on his wife; and well he might. With more beauty than usually falls to the lot of woman, she also possessed a store of rich and practical information, a calm judgment, a subdued and patient spirit, and a warm heart. She was fully alive to the advantages of education, because she had experienced their excellence in herself; and she resolved to devote herself steadily to the formation of Ida's character, and the direction of her abilities. "I am not blessed," she would say, "with a strong, or even a healthy constitution; and I am sure, that in a very few years dear Leverton will again weep over his widowhood: be it my task to prevent its being lonely, as before. I will train Ida to be his friend and companion; I will build my monument within their bosoms; and when I am dead, they will bless me for the happiness I planted in their own home."

This excellent lady had undertaken a task of no little difficulty. It was very wicked, but it is no less true, that Ida at first positively *hated* her step-mother with a most decided hatred.

Poor Nurse Scroop had of necessity been discharged; and Mrs. Leverton devoted herself, as she intended, to eradicate evil, and forward the growth of good in her step-child's mind. She never attempted to mislead her, in any way, or on any topic. She told her that God had made her beautiful; but she also convinced her, how much more admiration was excited by plain girls who are good, than by pretty girls who are unamiable.

Mrs. Leverton loved to draw her comparisons from nature, because then she was convinced that her ground-work was just; and one day, when Ida appeared discontented at some remarks she had made on beauty, she sent her into the garden, with an injunction to gather a nosegay of the flower she herself liked best. It was early in the month of May, and the little maid soon returned with a nosegay of wall-flowers.

"What, Ida!" exclaimed her wise and gentle teacher; "wall-flowers—wild, simple wall-flowers! Did you not see tulips, bluebells, anemones, and many other much handsomer blossoms?"

"Oh, yes! many *handsomer*, certainly."

"Then why did you not gather them?"

"Because they had no smell."

"True, Ida," replied Mrs. Leverton, kissing her forehead; "and this very bouquet proves what I have so often said. My dear girl, *goodness* is to the *person* what *fra-*

grance is to the *flower*—an essence that will endure when the beauty of *both* decay. Do you understand me?"

Ida did understand her; and a precept so illustrated must be long remembered by every child, because the sight of the flower cannot fail to recall it.

She also managed so to temper Ida's wit, that it retained its brightness though it lost its edge—enlivening, not cutting; yet notwithstanding all her care and culture, she could not but regret that the young lady was a favourite with this dangerous yet fascinating tempter, who too often sits enthroned on the prettiest lips in the world, armed with glittering but poisoned arrows.

"Wit must make you foes," Mrs. Leverton would say; "but remember, love, it will never make you friends."

Ida, who began by hating, at last, and imperceptibly, finished by loving her, whom she of herself now called "her darling *mamma*." And even nurse Scroop, who after a time was permitted occasionally to visit Miss Ida, "allowed that the dear child was astonishingly improved."

It must be confessed, that had Ida been a child of weak understanding, she would not so soon have profited by her mother's instruction; and, be it also remembered, that though a girl of quick and violent temper, she was totally free from the mean and abominable vice of obstinacy, ready to acknowledge, and atone for a fault almost as soon as it was committed. It is even more difficult to manage the obstinate than the foolish—the one you can command; but the other you can rarely lead.

I will now pass over the lapse of years from seven to seventeen, convinced that my young friends anticipate a happy result from the care bestowed upon her whom we commenced by calling a 'young heiress.'

In a beautiful and well-ordered room at Leverton Castle, and on a couch covered with blue silk, lay a *very* thin, *very* pale lady; her lips were quite white, and looked dry and parched—so parched, that ever and anon a tall and graceful girl, in the bloom of early womanhood, applied a cooling liquid to their surface; and then the very thin, very pale lady looked up, and a smile passed over her still beautiful countenance and beamed in her soft eyes.

"Dearest Ida," she said, addressing the tall graceful girl, "this is your seventeenth birth-day, and yet you are chained by your kind and affectionate feelings to my couch of sickness and suffering. I know you ought to be elsewhere; yet the selfishness with which our nature is impregnated, makes me love to retain you here."

"My own dear mamma," replied Ida Leverton, throwing her arms round her neck, and pressing her rich glowing cheek to the pale one of the excellent lady—"my own

dearest mamma, can you think I could be happy out of your sight at any time during your illness, but particularly *this* day—this *dear* day, when I feel my obligations to you return tenfold? This day ten years, what bitter promise I held out! Vain, ignorant, violent, and prejudiced against my best friend—who could have attributed the smallest portion of blame to you, if you had dismissed me to some school, where, amongst other foolish girls, my vices might have been confirmed, and my prejudices established? Remembering what I was, and feeling what education has done for me—how can I appreciate its advantages as they deserve?"

"I am amply rewarded," said Mrs. Leverton, "amply rewarded at all times; but more than ever rewarded when I see the affection you bestow upon your little brother. Ida, Ida, the time will soon come when you must be to that child in the place of a mother; and such is my trust in you, that I can leave him with a mind fully and entirely resting on the excellence and judgment of seventeen: it is events, not time, that bring wisdom; and you, my own Ida, are older than many who have numbered twenty years."

Ida hid her face in her hands, and wept.

The day passed on; and as the evening advanced, the invalid became so visibly worse, that Ida longed most impatiently for her father's return from town. Her step-brother (whose birth had destroyed all prospect of the heirship Nurse Scroop taught her to look forward to at such an early age,) was leaning from the window, watching for 'papa'; and Mrs. Leverton's dimming eyes were eagerly fixed upon the trees that overshadowed the avenue, as if on their topmost boughs she could discern indications of his approach.

"Read to me again, love," she said; "or sing to your harp one of David's penitential Psalms." Ida obeyed, though her voice was tremulous and low.

She had hardly finished, when Mrs. Leverton raised her finger, and the word '*hush*' lingered on her lip; "I hear the tramping of your father's horses,—is it not so, Edward?"

"It is dear papa," replied the child: "may I run and meet him?"

"Gently, gently," repeated Ida, as the little fellow, who understood not he would soon have only *one* parent to meet, rushed from the room.

Mrs. Leverton raised herself a little from the couch; and, supported by Ida's arm, prepared to meet her husband—she felt, though she did not say so, for the last time.

"My dearest Leverton, I am so glad, so thankful, that God has spared me for this meeting—is the deed executed?"

Mr. Leverton, who was greatly shocked at the change that had taken place in his wife's appearance since the morning, silently plac-

ed a roll of parchment in his wife's extended hands.

"For you, my child," she said, laying the bond on Ida's lap; "your father has gifted you with half this property. I would not have you receive *only* a daughter's portion, through the instrumentality of me or mine."

Ida would have interrupted her; but she raised her hand in token of silence, and looked on the clouds, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun.—"About this hour, this day ten years, dearest Leverton, we both looked upon your child; and, in answer to the question you put, of 'What will *she* be in ten years' time'—I replied, 'Every thing you can wish her, *if she is properly managed*.' Is she every thing you can wish? and are you satisfied with your poor wife's stewardship?"

"Satisfied, Mary," he replied, "is a poor word to express the thankfulness, the gratitude I feel for what you have done." He was too agitated to proceed, but pressed her hand earnestly to his heart.

"It is enough," she murmured; and requested that her little son might be brought into the room. She motioned that he should stand between his father and sister, and then she placed a hand of his in theirs:—"You will be as a mother to him, Ida?" Ida's tears replied. "How wise it is," she continued, in a low, wavering tone—"how very wise it is to do our duty! Had I neglected Ida, she would have been unfitted for the charge she has so willingly promised to undertake. May the Almighty bless you all; and may the renewal of each day be the renewal of happiness!"

She laid down her head, and her existence and her blessing passed from her lips at the same moment.

I need only add to this true tale, that Ida, after SEVENTEEN, realised the prophecy made when she was SEVEN.

From the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.

LADY JANE GREY.*

BY MISS LESLIE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"Oh! not for me—oh! not for me,
That fatal toy of gems and gold—
Blood on its ermine band I see
And thorns are in its velvet fold.
"To me that glittering circlet seems
A burning ring to sear my brow;
To me that shining sceptre gleams
The axe to which our heads shall bow.
"And show me not th' unjust decree
Extorted from a timid boy;
Nor deem that it can bring to me
One thro' of pride, one glow of joy.
"Dark visions pass before my eyes—
Prophetic warnings whisper round;
I see the sable scaffold rise—
I see our life-blood stain the ground.

* These stanzas were suggested by C. R. Leslie's picture of "Lady Jane Grey's reluctance to accept the crown of England."

"And shall not I, in that dread hour,
Confess the justice of my fate?—
I, who usurped another's power,
I, who assumed another's state?"

"Let me the shaded pathway keep,
Remote from wild ambition's glare;
Nor lead me up the dizzy steep,
For clouds and storms are gathering there."

She said—and nerved her gentle soul
To hear, unmoved, the syren song;
Nor let her kindred's schemes control
Her sense of right, her fear of wrong.

Their prayers th' ambitious fathers join;
Her sire, and he of haughtiest main,
The chief of Dudley's lofty line,
Kneel at her feet, and hail'd her queen!

And she, that dame of regal grace,
Proud Suffolk's duchess, grasped her hand,
And gazed imploring on her face,
With eyes still longing to command.

Vainly they tried each specious art,
Each sophistry of anxious zeal,
Till the young partner of her heart
Made to her love a fond appeal.

She yielded then—and who shall blame
The youthful lord's exulting tone,
When soon the herald's loud acclaim
Announced them heirs of England's throne?

Dim was their star, and short their hour,
And weak their friends, and fierce their foes;
And captives soon to Mary's power,
Nor voice nor hand to save them rose.

There, where their transient court had shone,
In Caesar's towers of awful fame,
The hapless pair resigned their throne,
And there their bloody death-hour came.

She died—that glory of her age—
As never Roman heroine died;
And Britain's history has no page
More dear to British woman's pride.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Illustrations of the Bible.—Mr. Martin proceeds in his beautiful work, the "Illustrations of the Bible," with a perseverance which is the best evidence of his determination to do that justice to his subject which no artist of our own time has so much the power to execute well. Four parts out of ten, each containing two prints, have been completed. In his print of the deluge, Mr. Martin has treated the subject in a manner somewhat different, as respects design, from his large picture on the same subject, proving thereby the versatility of his genius. It is a plate full of grandeur and spirit; rocks are in commotion, lightnings flash, waters rage, and man, in his agony or imprecation, appears the perishing and humbled being which, on the eve of punishment, his pride and wickedness might be supposed to make him. The black gulf in the front ground adds to the sublime effect of the scene, though hardly correct, unless we suppose the waters not to have arisen, but to have rushed in one huge wave over the earth, as some have imagined they did. The "Death of Abel" is another of the series, the gloom over which well sustains the story of the first homicide. The "Bow of the Covenant," is a grand and pleasing composition. The ark reversed on the mountains above is well put in; the very spirit of true poetry. Lastly, we have the "Destruction of Sodom and the cities of the Plain," an engraving of horrid interest, full of the same fine perspective and lofty imagining which distinguish this artist's pencil. The plates are, all of them, on subjects of terror rather than beauty; they partake of the awful dealings of Heaven with mankind, and are severe, and romantic, and glowing, as the scenes they purport to represent seem to demand. No illustrations of sacred history which are extant are equal, in our opinion, to these.

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